
D:IACOBO MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ
DU
BARTAS
HIS
Deuine Weekes and
Workes Translated:
And Dedicated to the
Kings most excellent
Maiestie
by Iosuah Sylvester.
Now finally corrected & augm

ANAGRAMMATA REGIA:

Regi.

IACOBVS STVART:
Iusta Scrutabo.

IAMES STVART:
A iust Master.

FOr A iust Master *haue I labour'd long:*
To A iust Master *haue I vow'd my best:*
By A iust Master *should I take no wrong:*
With A iust Master *would my life be blest.*
In A iust Master *are all Vertues met:*
From A iust Master *flowes aboundant grace:*
But, A iust Master *is so hard to get,*
That A iust Master *seems of Phœnix race:*
Yet, A iust Master *haue I found in fine.*
Of A iust Master *if you question This,*
Whom A iust Master *I so iust define;*
My Liege IAMES STVART A iust Master *is.*
And A iust Master *could my Work deserue,*
Such A iust Master *would I iustly serue.*

Voy Sire Salustc.

Au

Tres-puiſſant, tres-prudent, & tres-*Auguſte* IAQVES (*par la grace de Dieu*) *Roy de la Grande Britaigne, de* France, & *d'*Irlande: *Defenſeur de la Foy vnique Catholique, Apoſtolique, & Chriſtiene.*

* * *

VOY (SIRE) ton SALVSTE habillé en *Anglois*
(*Anglois* encore plus de *Cœur* que de *language*)
Qui, cognoiſſant loyal ton Royal *Heritage*
En ces beaux *Lizdorez* au Sceptre des *Gaulois*
(Cõme au vray *Souverain* des vrays Subiects *François*)
Cy a tes pieds ſacrez te faict ſon ſainct *Hommage*
(De ton *Hœur* & *Grandeur* eternal teſmoignage)
Miroir de touts *Heros*, Miracle de touts *Roys*. (bre;
VOY (SIRE) tõ SALVSTE, ou (pour le moins) ſon om-
Ou l'ombre (pour le moins) de ſe *Traicts* plus divins,
Qui, ores trop noyrçis par mõ pinçeau trop ſombre,
S'eſclairçiront aux Raiz de tes Yeux plus benins.
Donques d'vn *œil benin* & d'vn accueil *Auguſte*
Reçoy ton cher *Bartas*, & VOY SIRE SALVSTE.

Anagrammatiſme
de
IOSVA SYLVESTRE:

de voſtre Maieſtè
Tres humble Subiect
&
Seruiteur.

A l'iſteſſa ſua Mäeſtá ſereniſma.

NEptun', *gielozo de La* Muſa Ingléze,
L'immura ſi del Braccio cryſtallino,
Ch'il piu divin del Canto *ſuo divino*
Poco ſ'intende fuòr del ſuo Paëze:
Però (*Signor*) *Come già la* Francèze
T'à Celebrato di-quà l' Apenino;
Di-là, l' ITALICA *al Peregrino*
Anche farà l'alte tue Lodi intèſe.
Siche, la Sèna, *el* Pàdo *preſtaranno*
Lor Chori *ſacri, per Cantàr l'immenza*
Alma Virtù, Valòr, Pietà, Prudénza
Di GIACOMO (*gran* SALOMON Britanno)
Per di tua Gloria (*vdita qual e quanta*)
Rapír il Mondo in maraviglia ſanta.

L'iſteſſo

Oſſeruantiſsimo

I. S.

To England's, Scotland's, France & Ireland's KING:
Great Emperour of EVROPE'S greateſt Iles:
Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and euery thing
Beneath BOOTES, manie thouſand myles:
Vpon whoſe Head, Honour and Fortune ſmiles:
About whoſe brows, cluſters of Crowns do ſpring:
VVhoſe Faith, Him Champion of the FAITH en-ſtiles:
VVhoſe VViſdome's *Fame*
O're all the World doth ring:



Her faire Daughters bring
The DAPHNEAN Crown,
To Crowne Him (Laureat)
VVhole and ſole Soueraigne
Of the THESPIAN Spring:
Prince of PARNASSVS, & Pierian State:
And with their Crown, their kingdoms Arms they yeeld:
Thrice three Penns Sun-like in a Cynthian field.
Sign'd by TIMES-SELVES, and their high Treaſorer
BARTAS, the great: Ingroſst by SYLVESTER.

Our SVNNE did Set, and yet no NIGHT enſew'd;
Our WOE-full loſſe ſo IOY-full gaine did bring,
In teares wee ſmile, amid our ſighes we Sing:
So ſuddainely our dying LIGHT renew'd.
As when the ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne
Her aged body in ſweete FLAMES to death,
Out of Her CINDERS
A newe Birde hath breath,



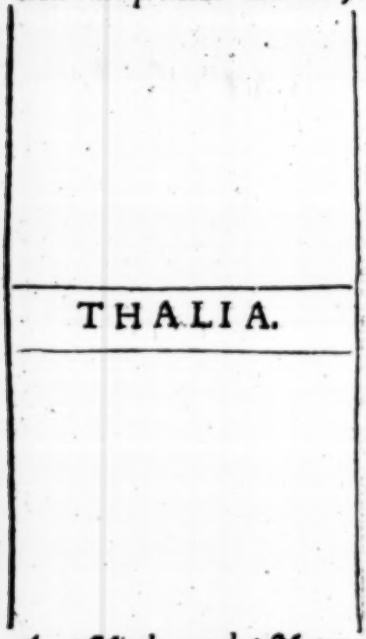
In whom the BEAVTIES
Of the FIRST returne;
From Spicie Aſhes of the ſacred VRNE
Of our dead Phœnix (dear ELIZABETH)
A new true PHOENIX *liuely flouriſheth,*
Whom greater glories than the Firſt adorne.
So much (O KING) thy ſacred Worth preſum-I-on,
IAMES, thou iuſt Heire of *England's ioyfull* VNION.

IAMES, Thou iuſt Heire of *England's ioyfull* VNION,
VNITING now too This long ſever'd ILE
(*Sever'd for Strangers, from it Selfe the while*)
Vnder one Scepter in One Faith's Communion:
That in our Loues may never bee diſ-vnion,
Throughout all Kingdomes in thy Regall Stile,
Make CHRIST thy Guide
(*In whom was neuer guile*)

CLIO.

To RVLE thy Subiectes
In his GOSPEL'S Vnion.
So, on thy Seate thy Seede ſhall euer Floriſh,
To SION's Comfort and th'eternall Terror
Of GOG and MAGOG, Atheïſme & Error:
So ſhal one TRVTH thy people train & nouriſh
In meeke Obedience of Th'Almightie's Pleaſure,
And to give CEASAR what belongs to CÆSAR.

And (to give CÆSAR what belongs to CÆSAR)
To ſacred Thee (drad Soveraigne) deereſt IAMES,
While ſad-glad ENGLAND *yields Hir Diadems,*
To be diſpos'd at Thine Imperiall Pleaſure:
While Peers & States expoſe their pomp & treaſure
To entertaine thee from thy Tweed to THAMES
With Royall Preſentes,
And rare-pretious Gemmes;



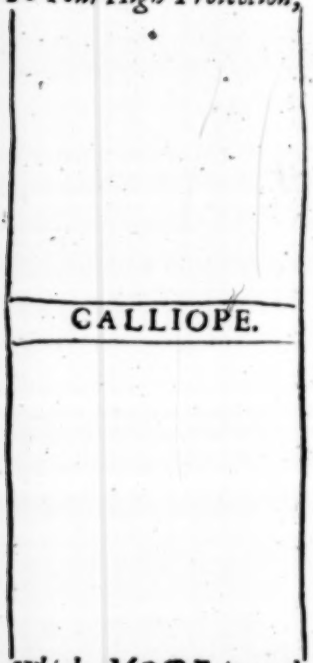
As Mindes and Meanes
Concurre in happy meaſure.
Heer (gracious Lord) lowe proſtrate I preſent you
The richeſt Iewell my poore FATE affoords,
(*A Sacrifice, that long long ſince I meant you*)
Your Minion BARTAS, *masked in My words:*
With Him, my Selfe, my Seruice, Wit and Arte,
With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart.

With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart,
Vnto Your Royall Handes I humblie Sacre
These weeks(*the works of the worlds glorius Maker*)
Diuinely warbled by LORD BARTAS *Art*
(Though through my rudenes heer miſ-tun'd in part)
For, to whom meeter ſhould This Muſe betake her,
Than to Your Highneſſe,
Whom(*as chiefe Partaker*)



All MVSES *Crowne*
For Principall Deſarte?
To whom ſhould ſacred Arte and learned Pietie
In Higheſt Notes of Heauenly Muſike Sing
The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Dëitie,
But to a learned and religious KING?
To whom but You ſhould Holy FAITH cõmend-her,
Great king of ENGLAND, chriſtiã FAITH's defender?

Great king of ENGLAND, Christiã FAITH's defender.
No Selfe-presuming of my Witt's perfection
(In what is mine of this Diuine Confection
Boldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:
But with the Reſt, the Beſt I haue to render
For loyall Witneſſe of my glad affection,
My MITE I offer
To Your High Protection,



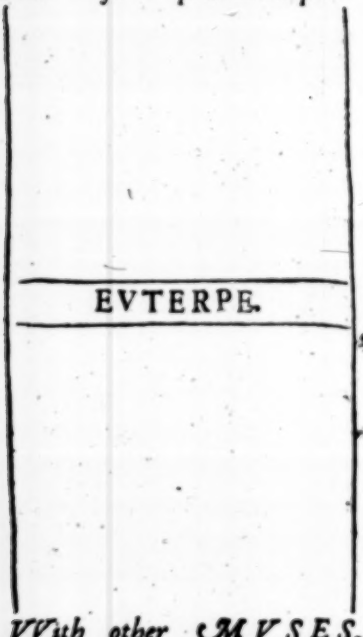
Which MORE it needs,
The more it ſelfe is ſlender.
But, for mine AVTHOR, in his Sacred-fury,
I know your Highnes knows him Prince of Singers,
And His rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers
(Though heer His luſtre too-too much obſcure-I)
For His ſake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine indignitie.

Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie
(Smoothing with ſmiles ſterne Maieſties Seueritie)
Sith from this Errour of my bolde temeritie,
Great good may grow, through heav'ns and your benignitie:
For, farre more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,
This may prouoke (with more diuine dexteritie)
Some NOBLER Wit,
To SING to our Poſteritie

TERPSICHORE.

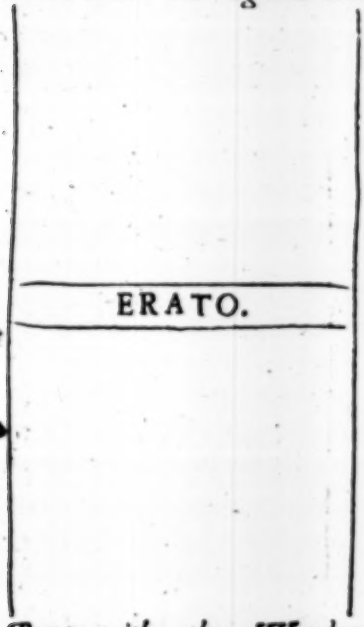
This NOBLEST Worke,
After it Self's Condignitie:
Or elſe the ſweete Rayes of your Royall Fauour
May ſhine ſo warme on theſe wilde Fruites of mine,
As much may mend their vertue, taſte, and ſauour,
And Ripen faire the Reſt that are behinde:
The rather, if ſome Clowde of COMFORT drop
Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope.

Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope,
Three Noble pearches had my Muse of late,
Where (*Turtle-like*) *groaning Sad tunes she sate*:
But (*O!*) *curst* ENVIE *did vntimely lop*
The First: the Next, bruiz'd with his Fall, did drop;
The Third remaines, growen a great arm of State:
Most WORTIE *So*,
But so præ—occupate



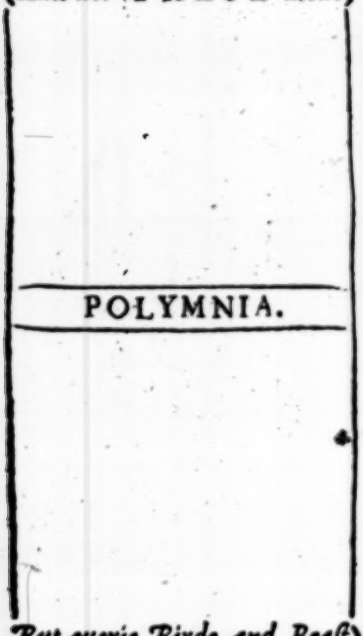
With other MVSES,
That OVRS *hath no scope.*
Wherefore for succour in her wearie flight,
Hardly pursu'd by that sharpe Vulture, WANT,
Shee's fain my Liege (*with your good leaue*) *to light*
Amid the Top-leaues of Your CEDAR-*Plant*:
Where, if you daign Her Rest frō FORTVNE's wrong,
Shee shall more sweetely Ende her solemne Song.

Shee ſhall more ſweetely Ende Her ſolemne Song
(If Heaven grant Life, and You give leaue to doo-it)
By adding fitly All thoſe Partes vnto it,
Which more preciſely to Your Praiſe belong
(Wherein expreſly, with a Thankefull tongue,
To your great Self, APOLLO's ſelf applies-him,
Yeeldes YOV His Laurells,
And dooth all agnize-him



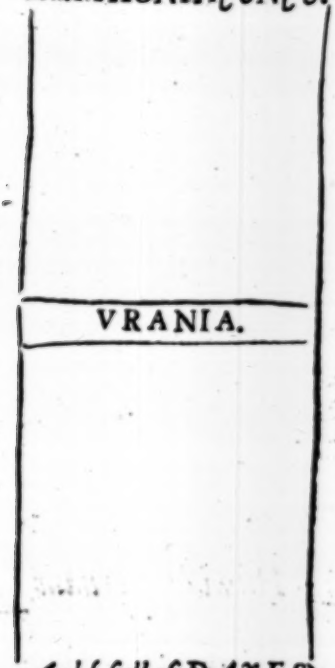
Rapt with the VVonder
Of Your Vertues, Young).
All the Poſthumiall race of that rare Spirit
(His Swan tunes, ſweeteſt neer his lateſt breath)
Which, of his glory their Childes-part inherit
(Though born, alas!) after their Father's death)
As Epilogue, ſhall PAY[E] our gratefull Vowes
Vnder the ſhaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes.

Vnder the ſhaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes,
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mounte LIBANON
(*Greater then that great Tree of* BABYLON)
No maruaile if our TVRTLE *ſeek to Houſe*;
Sith CAESAR's Eagles, that ſo ſtrongly Rouſze:
Th' olde Hagard FALCON, hatcht by *Pampelon:*
Th' IBERIAN GRIPHIN
(*And not* THESE *alone,*



But euerie Birde and Beaſt)
With HV MBLE *vowes,*
Seekes rooſt or reſt vnder your mighty Bowers:
So mighty hath th' Almighty made you now:
O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd You,
And build His houſe who thus hath bleſſed Yours.
So, STVARTS ay ſhall ſtand (propt with His Power)
To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower:

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower:
ERROR's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:
A Sword to Wrong, a Shielde to Innocence:
Cheering the mild; checking the wild with powr:
The Starre of other States, and Sterne of Our:
The Rod of Vice, & VERTVE's Recompence:
Long liue King IAMES
in al MAGNIFICENCE:



And (full of DAYES)
When (in his Blis-ful Bowr)
Heauens king shal crown thee with th' immortal flowr,
Fall all These Blessings on that forwarde Prince
HENRIE (*our Hope*) *to Crowne His Excellence*
A KING *at Home, abroad a* CONQVEROR.
So Happily, that wee may still Conclude,
Our Sunne did Sette and yet no Night ensew'd.

SVBSCRIPTIO.

YOVR MAIESTIES

Most loyall Subiect

&

Humble Seruant

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

The Order of the Bookes or Tracts of this Volume.

THE FIRST WEEKE containeth *Seaven Dayes.*

THE
- 1. Day. pag. 1.
- 2. Day. 24.
- 3. Day. 59.
- 4. Day. 91.
- 5. Day. 114.
- 6. Day. 144.
- 7. Day. 175.

THE SECOND WEEK likewise *Seauen* DAIES: *whereof Three were neuer* finiſhed.

ADAM, 1. Day,
- *Eden.* pag. 215.
- The *Impoſture.* 236.
- The *Furies.* 254.
- The *Handy-Crafts.* 276.

NOAH, 2. Day,
- The *Arke.* pag. 298.
- *Babylon.* 315.
- The *Colonies.* 335.
- The *Columnes.* 358.

ABRAHAM, 3. Day.
- The *Vocation.* pag. 381.
- The *Fathers.* 421.
- The *Law.* 436.
- The *Captains.* 477.

DAVID. 4. Day.
- The *Tropheis.* pag. 514.
- The *Magnificence.* 551.
- The *Schiſme.* 590.
- The *Decay.* 619.

- *Vrania.* pag. 656.
- The *Triumph of Faith.* 672.
- The *Quadrains of Pibrac.* 697.
- The *miraculous Peace of France.* 738.
- A *Paradox againſt Liberty.* 780.

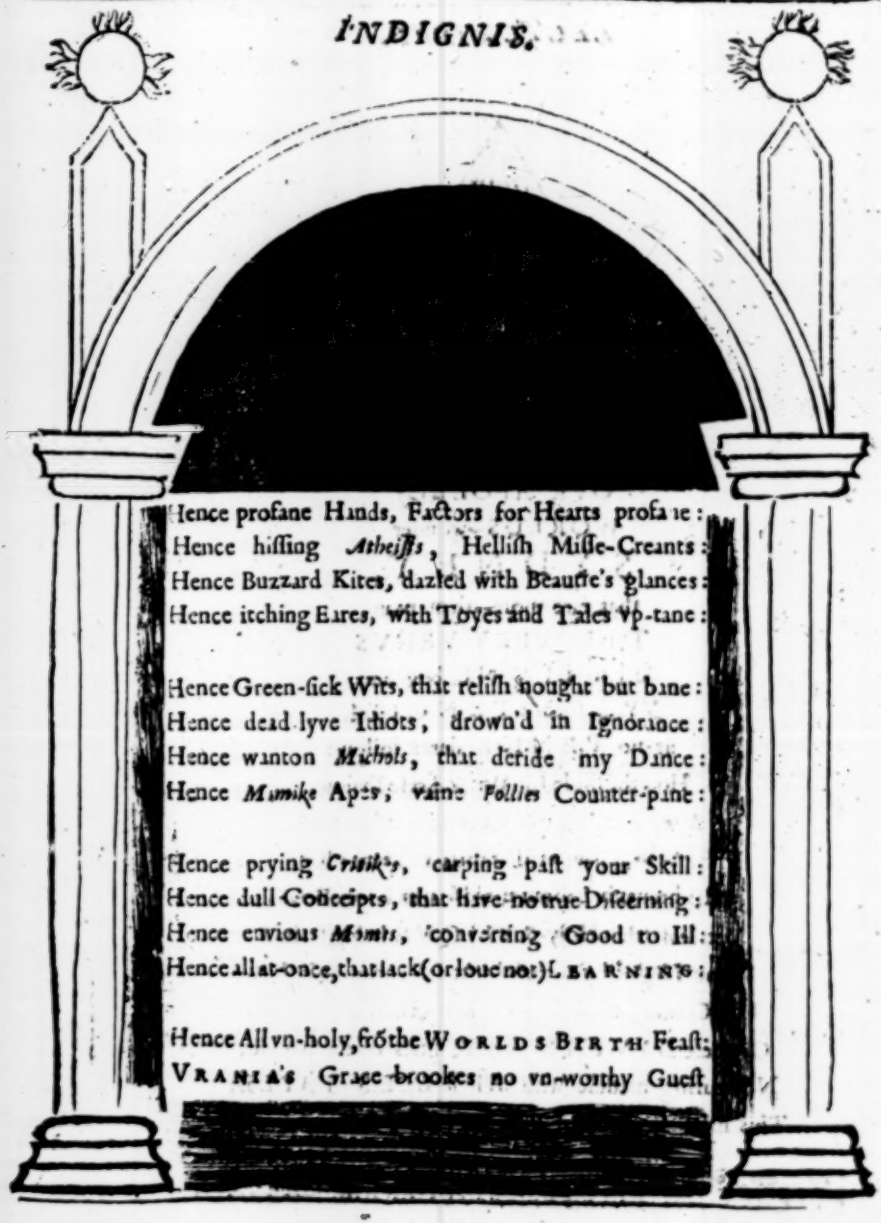


CEs Tempes laurizez, du *Laurier* meſme honeur ;
Ces Yeux contemple-Cieux, ou la *Vertu* ſe lit ;
Ces traits au front, marquez de *Scavoir* & d'*Eſprit* ;
Ne ſont que du BARTAS vn ombre *exterieur*.
Le Pinçeau n'en peut plus : Mais, de ſa propre Plume
Il ſ'eſt peint le *Dedans*, dans ſon divin *Volume*.

Theſe laureat Temples which the Laurel *grace* ;
Theſe Honeſt *Lines, theſe Signes of* Wit *and* Art ;
This Map of Vertues, *in a* Muſe-*full Face* ;
Are but a bluſh of BARTAS *outward part*.
The Pencil could no more : But his owne Pen
Limms him with-in, the Miracle of Men.



ENGLAND'S
Apelles (rather
OVR APOLLO)
WORLD'S--wonder
SYDNEY,
that rare more--than-man,
This LOVELY VENVS
first to LIMNE beganne,
VVith such a PENCILL
as no PENNE dares follow:
How thẽ shold I, in Wit & Art so shalow,
Attẽpt the *Task* which yet none other can?
Far be the thought, that mine vnlearned hand
His heauenly Labour shold so much vnhallow:
Yet, least (that Holy-RELIQVE being shrin'd
In som High-Place, close lockt frõ common light)
My Couutry-men should bee debarr'd the sight
Of these DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde;
Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE;
This haue I muddled, as my MVSE was able.

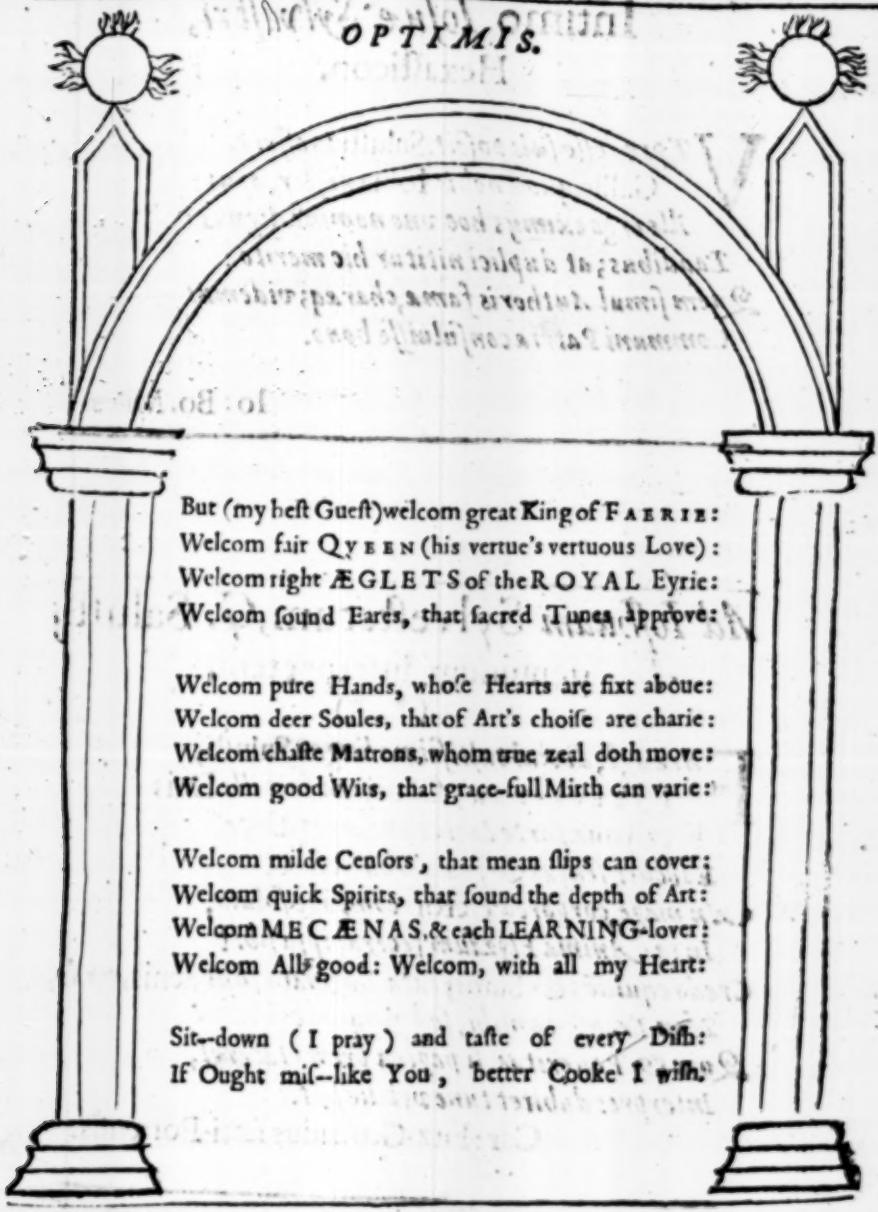


Hence profane Hands, Factors for Hearts profane:
Hence hiſſing *Atheiſts*, Helliſh Miſſe-Creants:
Hence Buzzard Kites, dazled with Beautie's glances:
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales vp-tane:

Hence Green-ſick Wits, that reliſh nought but bane:
Hence dead-lyve Idiots, drown'd in Ignorance:
Hence wanton *Michols*, that deride my Dance:
Hence *Mumike* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter-paint:

Hence prying *Critiks*, carping paſt your Skill:
Hence dull Conceipts, that haue no true Diſcerning:
Hence enuious *Momus*, converting Good to Ill:
Hence all at-once, that lack (or loue not) LEARNING:

Hence All vn-holy, frõ the WORLDS BIRTH Feaſt;
VRANIA's Grace-brookes no vn-worthy Gueſt



But (my heſt Gueſt) welcom great King of FAERIE:
Welcom fair QVEEN (his vertue's vertuous Love):
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie:
Welcom ſound Eares, that ſacred Tunes approve:

Welcom pure Hands, whoſe Hearts are fixt aboue:
Welcom deer Soules, that of Art's choiſe are charie:
Welcom chaſte Matrons, whom true zeal doth move:
Welcom good Wits, that grace-full Mirth can varie:

Welcom milde Cenſors, that mean ſlips can cover:
Welcom quick Spirits, that ſound the depth of Art:
Welcom MECÆNAS & each LEARNING-lover:
Welcom All-good: Welcom, with all my Heart:

Sit--down (I pray) and taſte of every Diſh:
If Ought miſ--like You, better Cooke I wiſh.

Intimo *Ioſuæ Sylveſtri*, Hexaſticon.

VT prodeſſe ſuis poſsit, Saluſtius *offert*
Gallis, *quod nobis* Ioſua *noſter*, *opus*:
Ille ergo eximijs hoc vno nomine dignus
Laudibus; *at duplici nititur hic merito*:
Quem ſimul Authoris famæ, *charæq*; *videmus*
Communi Patriæ conſuluiſſe bono.

Io: Bo. Miles.

Ad Ioſhuam Sylveſterum, *G.* Saluſtij genuinum Interpretem.

(***)

FAre agê, *divini cultiſsima lingua* Saluſti,
(SYLVESTER) Clarij *ceu fuit ille* Dei;
Elyzij *qua parte Iugi convenerat*, *& te*
Edocuit ſenſus & ſua verba Senex?
An mage, *corporeâ* Herois *compage ſoluta*,
In te Anima Elyzium fecerat ipſa ſibi?
Credo equidê; *&* Samij *rata Dogmata ſunt* Senis; *vnde*,
Non Tranſlata mihi, *ſed genuina canis*.
Quin & Poſteritas, *ſi pagina prima taceret*,
Interpres dubitet tunc vel ille ſiet.

Car: Fitz-Geofridus Lati-Portenſis.

Ioſua Silueſter Anagr:
Verè Os Saluſtij.

O S tu SYLVESTER *noſtro cur Ore vocaris?*
An quòd in ORE *feras* Mel? *quòd in Aure* Mel-os?
An quòd BARTASSI *faciem dum pingis et* ORA,
ORA *tui pariter qualibet ora colit?*
Nempe licèt duram præ te fers nomine SILVAM,
Silvas et ſalebras carmina nulla tenent:
Sed quod Athenarum COR, *dux Salaminius olim*
Dixit, Ineſt libris Os*q; vigor q; tuis.*
Ergo Os *eſto alijs, mihi* Suadæ LINGVA *videris;*
Muſis et Phœbo charus OCELLVS *eris.*

Ad Gallum de Bartaſsio iamtoto Anglicè donato.

Quòd Gallus factus modò ſit, mirare, Britannus,
Galle? novum videas, nec tamen invideas:
Silveſter *veſter, noſter* Bartaſsius, *ambo*
Laude quidem gemina digni, vt et ambo pari.

In Detractores ad Authorem.

Tace at malevolum Os *malè ſtrepentis Zoili;*
Monſtrum bilingue, ſeptuplex Hydræ caput:
Dum Septimanam *ſepties fauſtam canis*
Te Septimana ſepties fauſtum facit
Quævis, nec vlla deleat Ioſuam *Dies.*
Nempe ORE *fari Vera ſi licet meo,*
Os *ipſe* VERE *diceris* SALVSTII;
Qui ſi impetaris dentibus mordentibus
Impurioris ORIS, ἄθεος *Theon*
Os *non carere dentibus ſciat tuum.*

E. L. Oxon.

In duo Poetarum lumina, *Bartam* & *Sylvesterum*, *carmen Asclepiadeum Gliconicum, dicol. Distroph.*

TE *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos,
Vel Germana soror nympha Polymnia,
Musarúmue potens pater,
Pulsans plectra sonantia.
Sylvestere, meam tu superas lyram,
Et linguam modulum, dum rudis obstrepit:
Vatem commeruit decus
Illustrem ingenij tui.
Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,
Vel Martem valuit scribere bellicum
Digne, vel Veneris rosæ
Vultum purpureæ parem:
Nec vestram valeo tollere versibus
Laudem ter geminam Sicælidum meis.
Sacra progenies satis;
Non vos æqui parem modis.
Gallorum Druidas hospites arborum
Bartas grandiloqui carminis alite
Præstat: noster amat sui
Ponti vincere Naiadas:
Ambo sic proprias viribus ingenî
Divas ruricolas ponticolas simul
Vicistis, trivij meum,
Vicistis miserum melos.
Cœlum percutiat Gallia vertice,
Ipsos cœlicolas terra Britannica,
Quæ vates tulerint duos
Claros præ reliquis novos.

G. B. Cantabrig.

EPIGRAM.
To M. Iosuah Sylvester.

IF to admire were to commend, my Praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:
But, as it is (the Child of Ignorance,
And vtter stranger to all ayre of France)
How can I speak of thy great paines, but erre?
Since they can onlie iudge, that can confer.
Behold! The reuerend Shade of BARTAS *stands*
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commaunds
That to the world I publish, for him, This;
BARTAS doth wish thy *English* now were His.
So all in that are his inuentions wrought,
As His will now be the Translation *thought,*
Thine the Originall; *and* France *shall boast,*
No more, those mayden glories she hath lost.

B. Iohnson.

In prayse of the Translator.

IF diuine BARTAS (*from whose blessed Braines*
Such Works of grace, or gracefull works did stream)
Were so admir'd for Wit's *celestiall* Strain's
As made their Vertues Seate, the high'st Extream;
Then, IOSVAH, *the* Sun *of thy bright praise*
Shall fixed stand in Arts *fair* Firmament
Till Dissolution *date* Times *Nights, and Daies,*
Sith right thy Lines *are made to* BARTAS *Bent,*
Whose Compass *circumscribes (in spacious Words)*
The Vniuersall *in particulars;*
And thine the same, in other Tearms, affords;
So, both your Tearms agree in friendly Wars:
If Thine be onely His, and His be Thine,
They are (like God) eternall, sith Diuine.

Iohn Dauies of Hereford.

To M. Iosuah Sylvester, *of his* Bartas *Metaphrased.*

I Dare confesse; of Muses, more than nine,
Nor list, nor can I envy none, but thine.
Shee, drencht alone in Sion's sacred Spring,
Her Makers praise hath sweetly chose to sing,
And reacheth neereſt th' Angels notes aboue;
Nor lists to sing or Tales, or Warrs, or Loue.
One while I finde hir, in hir nimble flight,
Cutting the brazen spheares of heav'n bright:
Thence, straight she glides, before I be aware,
Through the three regions of the liquid ayre:
Thence, rushing down, through Nature's Closet-dore,
She ransacks all her Grandame's secret store;
And, diuing to the darknes of the Deep,
Sees there what wealth the waues in prison keep:
And, what shee sees aboue, belowe, betweene,
She showes and sings to others eares and eyne,
T'is true; thy Muse another's steps doth presse:
The more's her paine; nor is her praise the less.
Freedom giues scope, vnto the rouing thought;
Which, by restraint, is curb'd. Who wonders ought,
That feet, vnfettred, walken farre, or fast?
Which, pent with chains, mote want their wonted haste.
Thou follow'st Bartasses diuiner streine;
And sing'st his numbers in his native veine.
BARTAS was some French Angell, girt with Bayes:
And thou a BARTAS art, in English Layes.
Whether is more? Me seems (the sooth to say'n)
One BARTAS speaks in Tongues, in Nations, twayn.

Ios. Hall.

To my good friend, M. Sylveſter, in honour of this ſacred Work.

THus to aduenture forth, and re-conuay
The beſt of treaſures from a forraine Coaſt,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried moſt,
And make it ours by ſuch a gallant pray,
And that without iniuſtice; doth bewray
The glory of the Work, that we may boaſt
Much to haue wonn, and others nothing loſt
By taking ſuch a famous prize away,
As thou induſtrious SYLVESTER *haſt wrought,*
And heer enricht vs with th'immortall ſtore
Of other's ſacred lines; which from them brought,
Coms by thy taking greater than before:
So haſt thou lighted from a flame deuout,
As great a flame, that neuer ſhall goe out.

Samuel Daniel.

To M. Ioſuah Sylueſter.

A SONNET.

THe glorious Saluſt, *morall, true, diuine,*
Who (all inſpired with a Holy rage)
Makes Heav'n *his ſubiect, and the* Earth *his ſtage,*
The Arts *his Actors, and the* Triple-Trine:
Who his rich language gildes, and graceth fine:
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;
Whoſe World's *bleſt* Birth, *and bleſſed* Pupillage,
Gain him a world of fame for euerie line;
Hath heer obtain'd a true Interpreter,
Whom, fame, nor gaine, but loue to Heav'n and vs,
Mov'd to vn-French *his learned labours thus.*
Thus loues, thus liues all-loued SYLVESTER.
Forward, ſweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and Men,
All to this task prefer thine only Pen.

G. Gay-Wood.

Dilectiſsimo *Io: Sylueſtri.*

GAllica viſa fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec vlla
Illi vel ſimilis, vel mihi maior erat:
Credideram magni nullo ſermone referri
BARTASI ingenium poſſe, vel eloquium:
Cum ſubito clarum dedit alma Britannia ſolem,
Ingenij tenebras abſtulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;
Et ſi ſucceſſu non meliore, pari.
O, ter felicem venam, Dulceiſq; Camœnas!
Queis tanto Vati contigit eſſe pares.
Incepto felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;
Tam bene ne cœptum deſtituatur opus.
Sic pia Sicælides aſpirent Numina Muſæ:
Sic faueat cœptis doctus Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit et ipſa ſuum.

Io: Mauldæus Germanus.

Amiciſsimo Ioſuæ Sylueſtri, G. Saluſtij D. BARTASII *interpreti, Encomium.*

QVod conſpecta Pharus vario dat lumine vaſta
Æquora ſulcanti, cum vaga Luna ſilet:
Et quod luſtratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris
Erranti in ſyluis dum manifeſtat iter:
Hoc dat præſtanti methodo SALVSTIVS illis
Cognitio Sanctæ queis placet Hiſtoriæ.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis IOSVA noſter,
Qui ſolus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Muſa tua eſt BARTAS dulciſsima: Muſa videtur
Ipſa tamen NOSTRI, dulcior eſſe mihi.

Si. Ca. Gen.

Flexanimo *Saluſtÿ du Bartas* interpreti, *Io.* Sylueſtri, carmen Encomiaſticon.

OFt haue I ſeen ſweet fancie-pleaſing faces
Conſort themſelues with ſwart miſhapen features,
To grace the more their ſoule-ſubduing graces,
By the defect of ſuch deformed creatures;
As Painters garniſh with their ſhadowes ſable
The brighter colours in a curious Table:
So, Engliſh Bartas, *though thy beauties, heer*
Excell ſo far the glory of the reſt,
That France *and* England *both muſt hold thee deer,*
Sith both their glories thou haſt heer expreſt
(Shewing the French tongues plenty to be ſuch,
And yet that ours can vtter full as much)
Let not thy faireſt Heav'n-aſpiring Muſe
Diſdaine theſe humble notes of my affection:
My faulty lines let faithfull loue excuſe,
Sith my defects ſhall adde to thy perfection:
For, theſe rude rimes, thus ragged, baſe, and poore,
Shall (by their want) exalt thy worth the more.

E. G.

In Commendation of du BARTAS, *and his* Tranſlator, M. IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

A SONNET.

WHile nights black wings the dayes bright beauties hide,
And while fayre Phœbus *dines in weſtern deep;*
Men (gazing on the heav'nly ſtages ſteep)
Commend the Moon, and many Stars beſide:
But, when Aurora's *windowes open wide,*
That Sol's *clear rayes thoſe ſable clouds may baniſh,*
Then ſodainly thoſe petty lights do vaniſh,
Vailing the glories of their gliſtring pride:
So, while du Bartas *and our* Sylueſter
(The glorious light of England *and of* France)
Haue hid their beams, each glowe-worme durſt prefer
His feeble glimpſe of glimmering radiance:
But, now thoſe Suns begin to gild the day,
Thoſe twinkling ſparks are ſoon diſperſt away.

R. H.

In Commendation of this worthy Work.

FOole that I was; I thought, in younger times,
That all the *Muſes* had their graces ſowen
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and ſweet *Daniels* Rimes
(So, good ſeems beſt, where better is vnknowen).
While thus I dream'd, my buſie phantaſie
Bad me awake, open mine eyes, and ſee

How SALVST's Engliſh *Sun* (*our* SYLVESTER)
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vaile: and how the *Sheaues*
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing do *prefer*
His *Fruits* before their Winter-ſhaken *Leaues*:
So much for *Matter*, and for *Manner* too,
Hath He out gon thoſe that the reſt out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*: let *Enuie's* vip'rous ſeed
Gnaw forth the breſt which bred and fed the ſame;
Reſt ſafe (Sound truth from fear is euer freed)
Malice may bark, but ſhall not bite thy Name:
IOSVA, thy Name with BARTAS name ſhall liue
For, double life you each to other giue.

But, Mother *Enuie*, if this *Arras* ſpunne
Of *Golden* threds be ſeen of *Engliſh* eyes,
Why then (alas!) our *Cob-webs* are vndone:
But She, more ſubtile, than religious-wiſe,
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,
Pale, ſwoln as Toade (though cuſtomed to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace*: but (O!) what Peace hath She
With *Vertue*? none: Therefore defie her frown.
Gainſt greater force growes greater victory.
As Camomile, the more you tread it down,
The more it ſprings; *Vertue*, deſpightfully
Vſed, doth vſe the more to fructifie:

And ſo do Thou, vntill thy *Mauſole* rare
Do fill this World with wonderment; and, that
In *Venus* Form no clumſie fiſt may dare
To meddle with thy Pencil and thy Plat;
I fear thy life more, till thy goale be run,
Than Wife hir Spouſe, or Father fears his Son.

R. R.

Malum patienti lucrum.

An Acroſtick Sonnet, to his friend M. Iosva Sylvester.

I IF profit, mixt with pleaſure, merit Praiſe,
O Or Works diuine be 'fore profane preferr'd:
S Shall not this heauenly Work the Workers raiſe,
V Vnto the Clouds on Columnes ſelfly-rear'd?
A And (though his Earth be lowe in Earth interr'd)
S Shall not du BARTAS (Poets pride and glorie)
I In after Ages be with wonder heard,
L Liuely recording th' VNIVERSAL Story?
V Vndoubtedly He ſhal: and ſo ſhalt Thou,
E Eare-charming Eccho of his ſacred Voice:
S Sweet SYLVESTER, how happy was thy choiſe,
T To Task thee thus, and thus to quight thee now?
E End as thou haſt begun; and then by right
R Rare Muſes NON-SVCH, ſhal thy Work be hight.

R. N. *Gen.*

To the Same.

HAd golden Homer, and great Maro kept
In enuious ſilence their admired meaſures,
A thouſand Worthies worthy deeds had ſlept:
They, reſt of prayſe; and we of learned pleaſures.
But (O!) what rich incomparable treaſures
Had the world wanted, had not this modern glory,
Diuine du BARTAS, hid his heauenly ceaſures,
Sirging the mighty World's immortall ſtory?
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding
To Chapman, and to Phaer! but, yet much more
To thee (deare SYLVESTER) for thus vnfolding
These holy wonders, hid from vs before.
Thoſe works profound, are yet profane; but thine,
Graue, learned, deepe, delightfull, and diuine.

R. N.

Du

BARTAS

His

FIRST WEEK,

Or

Birth of the WORLD:

Wher-in

In SEAVEN DAYES

The glorious Work

Of

The CREATION

is diuinely handled.

In the {
1. *Day, The CHAOS.*
2. *Day, The ELEMENTS.*
3. *Day, The SEA & EARTH.*
4. *Day, The HEAVENS, SVN, MOON, &c.*
5. *Day, The FISHES & FOVLES,*
6. *Day, The BEASTS & MAN.*
7. *Day, The SABAOTH.*
}



Acceptam refero.

The first Daie of the First VVeek.

THE ARGVMENT.

GOD's Ayde implor'd: the Summ of All propos'd:
World *not eternall, nor by* Chaunce *compos'd:*
But of meer Nothing *God it essence gaue:*
It had Beginning: *and an* End *shall haue:*
Curst Atheists quipt: the Heathen Clarks control'd:
Doom's *glorious* Day: Star-Doctors *blam'd, for bold:*
The Matter *form'd: Creation of the* Light:
Alternate Changes *of the* Day *and* Night:
The Birth of Angels; *some for* Pride *deiected:*
The rest persist in Grace, *and guard th' Elected.*

THOu, glorious Guide of Heav'ns star-glistring motion,
Thou, thou (true *Neptune*) Tamer of the *Ocean*,
Thou, Earth's drad Shaker (at whose only Word,
Th' *Eölian* Scoutes are quickly still'd and sturr'd)
Lift vp my soule, my drossie spirits refine,
With learned Art enrich This Work of mine:
O Father, graunt I sweetly warble forth
Vnto our seede the WORLD's renowned BIRTH:
Graunt (gracious God) that I record in Verse
The rarest Beauties of this VNIVERSE;
And grant, therein Thy Power I may discern;
That, teaching others, I my self may learn.

The Poet implo-reth the gracious assistance of the true God of Hea uen, Earth, Ayre and Sea, that he may happily fi-nish the work he takes in hand.

The Trãſlator knowing and acknowledging his owne inſufficiẽcy for ſo excellent a labor, craueth alſo the ayde of the Allſufficient God.

And alſo graunt (great Architect of Wonders,
Whoſe mighty Voice ſpeaks in the midſt of Thunders,
Cauſing the Rocks to rock, and Hills to tear;
Calling the things that Are not, as they were;
Confounding Mighty things by means of Weak;
Teaching dumb Infants thy dread Praiſe to ſpeak;
Inſpiring Wiſedom into thoſe that want,
And giuing Knowledge to the Ignorant)
Graunt mee, good Lord (as thou haſt giu'n me hart
To vndertake ſo excellent a Part)
Graunt me ſuch Iudgement, Grace, and Eloquence,
So correſpondent to that Excellence,
That in ſome meaſure, I may ſeem t'inherit
(Eliſha-*like*) *my dear* Elias *Spirit.*

The World was not from euerlaſting.

CLEAR FIRE for euer hath not Ayre imbraç't,
Nor Ayre for-ay inuiron'd Waters vaſt,
Nor Waters always wrapt the Earth therein;
But all this *All* did once (of nought) begin.
Once All was made; not by the hand of *Fortune*
(As fond *Democritus* did yerſt importune)
With iarring Concords making Motes to meet,
Inuiſible, immortall, infinite.

Neither made by Chance. But created together with Time by the almighty wiſedome of God.

Th'immutable diuine Decree, which ſhall
Cauſe the Worlds End, caus'd his Originall:
Neither in Time, nor yet before the ſame,
But in the inſtant when Time firſt became.
I mean a Time confuſed; for, the courſe
Of years, of months, of weeks, of daies, of howrs,
Of Ages, Times, and Seaſons, is confin'd
By th'ordred Daunce vnto the Stars aſſign'd.

God was before the World was.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place,
God all in all, and all in God it was:
Immutable, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehenſible, all ſpirit, all light,
All Maieſty, all-ſelf-Omnipotent,
Inuiſible, impaſſiue, excellent,
Pure, wiſe, iuſt, good, God raign'd alone (at reſt)
Himſelf alone ſelfs Palace, hoſt, and gueſt.

Thou

He confuteth the Atheists, questioning what God did before he created the World.

Thou scoffing Atheist, that enquirest, what
Th'Almighty did before he framed that?
What waighty Work his minde was busied on
Eternally before this World begun
(Sith so deep Wisedom and Omnipotence,
Nought worse beseems, then sloath and negligence)?
Knowe (bold blasphemer) that, before, he built
A Hell to punish the presumptuous Guilt
Of those vngodly, whose proud sense dares cite
And censure too his Wisedom infinite.
Can Carpenters, Weauers, and Potters passe
And liue, without their seuerall works a space?
And could not then th'Almighty All-Creator,
Th'all-prudent, *B E E*; without this frail Theater?
Shall valiant *Scipio* Thus himself esteem,
Neuer lesse sole then when he sole doth seem:
And could not God (O Heav'ns! what frantike folly!)
Subsist alone, but sink in melancholy?
Shall the *Pryénian* Princely *Sage* auerr,
That *all his goods he doth about him bear:*
And should the Lord, whose Wealth exceeds all measure,
Should he be poor, without this Worldly treasure?
God neuer seeks, out of himself, for ought;
He begs of none, he buies or borrows nought;
But aye, from th'*Ocean* of his liberall Bounty,
Hee poureth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.

What God did before he created the World.

Yer *Eurus* blew, yer Moon did Wax or Wain,
Yer Sea had Fish, yer Earth had grass or grain,
God was not void of sacred exercise;
He did admire his Glorie's Mysteries:
His Power, his Iustice, and his Prouidence,
His bountious Grace, and great Beneficence
Were th'holy obiect of his heav'nly thought,
Vpon the which, eternally it wrought.
It may be also that he meditated
The Worlds *Idëa*, yer it was Created:
Alone he liv'd not; for, his Son and Spirit
Were with him ay, Equall in might and merit.

Of 3. Persons in one only Essence

of God: of the eternall generation of the Son.

For, *sans* beginning, seed, and Mother tender,
This great Worlds Father he did first ingender
(To wit) His Son, Wisedom, and Word eternal,
Equall in Essence to th' *All-One* Paternal.

Of the Holy-Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Sonne: The which three Persons are one onely and the same God.

Out of these Two, their common Power proceeded,
Their Spirit, their Loue; in Essence vndiuided:
Onely distinct in Persons, whose Diuinity,
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.
Soft, soft, my *Muse*, launch not into the Deep,
Sound not this Sea: see that aloof thou keep
From this *Charybdis* and *Capharean* Rock,
Where many a ship hath suffered wofull wrack,
While they haue fondly ventred forth too-far,
Following frail Reason for their only Star.

How to think & speak of God.

Who on this Gulf would safely venture fain,
Must not too-boldly hale into the Main,
But longst the shoar with sails of *Faith* must coast;
Their Star the Bible; Steers-man th' Holy-Ghost.
How many fine wits haue the World abus'd,

The Heathen Philosophers lost themselues and others in their curiosities: & weening to be wise, became fooles.

Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd;
And, scorning of the loyall Virgins Thred,
Haue them and others in this Maze mis-led?
In sacred sheetes of either Testament
'Tis hard to finde a higher Argument,
More deep to sound, more busie to discuss,
More vse-full, knowne; vnknowne, more dangerous.
So bright a Sun dazles my tender sight:
So deep discourse my sense confoundeth quite:
My Reason's edge is dull'd in this Dispute,
And in my mouth my fainting words be mute.

God the Father, Sonne, & Holy-Ghost created of Nothing the Worlds goodly frame.

This TRINITY (which rather I adore
In humblenes, then busily explore)
In th' infinit of *Nothing*, builded all
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball;
Wherein appears ingrav'n on euery part
The Builders beauty, greatnes, wealth, and Art;
Art, beauty, wealth, and greatnes, that confounds
The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds.

Climb

Climb they that liſt the battlements of Heav'n,
And with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n,
Beyond the World's wals let thoſe Eagles flie,
And gaze vpon the Sun of Maieſtie:
Let other-ſome (whoſe fainted ſpirits do droop)
Down to the ground their meditations ſtoop,
And ſo contemplate on theſe Workmanſhips,
That th' Authors praiſe they in Themſelues eclipſe.

Leaning curious ſpeculations, the Poet teacheth how to contemplate God in his Workes.

My heedfull *Muſe*, trained in true Religion,
Diuinely-humane keeps the middle Region:
Leaſt, if ſhe ſhould too-high a pitch preſume,
Heav'ns glowing flame ſhould melt her waxen plume;
Or, if too-lowe (neer Earth or Sea) ſhe flag,
Laden with Miſts her moiſted wings ſhould lag.
It glads me much, to view this Frame; wherein
(As in a Glaſſe) God's glorious face *is* ſeen:
I loue to look on God; but in this Robe
Of his great Works, this vniuerſall Globe.
For, if the Suns bright beams doo blear the ſight
Of ſuch as fixtly gaze againſt his light;
Who can behold aboue th' Empyriall Skies
The lightning ſplendor of God's glorious eies?
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without
His Works, which bear his Image round about?

God, of himſelf incapable to ſenſe,
In's Works, reueales him t'our intelligence:
There-in, our fingers feel, our noſtrils ſmel,
Our palats taſte his vertues that excel:
He ſhewes him to our eyes, talks to our ears,
In th' ord'red motions of the ſpangled Sphears.

God makes himſelfe (as it were) viſible in his Workes.

The World's a School, where (in a generall Story)
God alwayes reads dumb Lectures of his Glory:
A pair of Stairs, whereby our mounting Soule
Aſcends by ſteps aboue the Arched Pole:
A ſumptuous Hall, where God (on euery ſide)
His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide:
A Bridge, whereby we may paſs-o're (at eaſe)
Of ſacred Secrets the broad boundleſs Seas.

Sundrie compariſons, ſhewing what vſe Chriſtians ſhould make in conſidering the workes of God in this mighty World.

The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth cleer,
Not faire *Latona's* quiv'red Darling deer;
But the true *Phœbus*, whose bright countenance
Through thickest vail of darkest night doth glance.
The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,
His Iustice, Knowledge, Loue, and Prouidence,
Do act their Parts; contending (in their kindes)
Aboue the Heav'ns to rauish dullest mindes.
The World's a Book in *Folio*, printed all
With God's great Works in letters Capitall:
Each Creature is a Page; and each Effect,
A faire Character, void of all defect.
But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools,
In steed of learning, learn to play the fools:
We gaze but on the Babies and the Couer,
The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded-ouer;
And neuer farther for our *Lesson* look
Within the Volume of this various Book;
Where learned Nature rudest ones instructs,
That, by His wisedome, God the World conducts.

Although the world discouer sufficently euen to the most rude the Eternity and Power of God: Yet only the true Christians do riglitly conceiue it.

To read This Book, we need not vnderstand
Each strangers gibbrish; neither take in hand
Turks Characters, nor *Hebrue* Points to seek,
Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greek*.
The wandring *Tartars*, the *Antartiks* wilde;
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scythians* fel, the Childe
Scarce seav'n year old, the bleared aged eye,
Though void of Art, read heer indifferently.
But he that wears the spectacles of *Faith*,
Sees through the Sphears, aboue their highest heighths:
He comprehends th' Arch-mooner of all Motions,
And reads (though running) all these needfull Notions.
Therefore, by *Faith's* pure rayes illumined,
These sacred *Pandects* I desire to read:
And, God the better to beholde, beholde
Th' Orb from his Birth, in's Ages manifolde.
Th' admired Author's Fancy, fixed not
On some fantastik fore-conceited Plot:

Much

Much leſs did he an elder World elect,
By form whereof, he might this Frame erect:
As th'Architect that buildeth for a Prince
Some ſtately Palace, yer he do commence
His Royall Work, makes choiſe of ſuch a Court
Where coſt and cunning equally conſort:
And if he finde not in one Edifice
All anſwerable to his queint deuice;
From this fair Palace then he takes his Front,
From that his Finials; here he learns to mount
His curious Stairs, there findes he *Friſe* and *Corniſh*,
And other Places other Peeces furniſh;
And ſo, ſelecting euery where the beſt,
Doth thirty Models in one Houſe digeſt.

God, needing no Idea, nor premeditatiõ, nor Pattern of his work, of nothing made all the World.

Nothing, but *Nothing*, had the Lord Almighty,
Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this Citie:
Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, and Sea did frame,
He ſought not far, he ſwet not for the ſame:
As *Sol*, without deſcending from the ſky,
Crowns the fair Spring in painted brauery;
Withouten trauaile cauſeth th'Earth to bear,
And (far off) makes the World young euery year:
The Power and Will, th'affection and effect,
The Work and Proiect of this Architect
March all at once: all to his pleaſure ranges,
Who *Alwaies-One*, his purpoſe neuer changes.

A fit Simile to that purpoſe.

Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receiue
Matter and Forme: For, as we may perceiue
That Hee who means to build a warlike Fleet,
Makes firſt prouiſion of all matter meet
(As Timber, Iron, Canuaſe, Cord, and Pitch)
And when all's ready; then appointeth, which
Which peece for Planks, which plank ſhall line the waſte,
The Poup and Prow, which Fir ſhall make a Maſt;
As Art and Vſe directeth, heedfully,
His hand, his tool, his iudgement, and his eye;
So God, before This Frame he faſhioned,
I wote not what great *Word* he vttered

Of Nothing, God created the matter, whereunto afterward he gaue the form and figure which now we behold in the creatures.

From's ſacred mouth; which ſummon'd in a Maſſe
Whatſoeuer now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.
But, where the Shipwright, for his gainful trade,
Findes all his ſtuffe to's hand already made;
Th'Almightie makes his, all and euery part,
Without the help of others Wit or Art.

That firſt World (yet) was a moſt formleſs *Form*,
A confus'd Heap, a *Chaos* moſt deform,
A Gulf of Gulfs, a Body ill compact,
An vgly medly, where all difference lackt:
Where th'Elements lay iumbled all together,
Where hot and colde were iarring each with either;
The blunt with ſharp, the dank againſt the drie,
The hard with ſoft, the baſe againſt the high;
Bitter with ſweet: and while this brawl did laſt,
The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't:
Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt;
Water, Earth, Aire within the Fire were fixt;
Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide;
Aire, Fire, and Water, in the Earth did hide.
For, yet th'immortall, mightie Thunder-darter,
The Lord high-Marſhall, vnto each his quarter
Had not aſſigned: the Celeſtiall Arks
Were not yet ſpangled with their fiery ſparks:
As yet no flowrs with odours Earth reuiued:
No ſcaly ſhoals yet in the waters diued:
Nor any Birds, with warbling harmony,
Were born as yet through the tranſparent Sky.

What that new-created Chaos was, before God gaue it forme, figure, place, and ſituation.

All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light;
All without faſhion, ſoule, and motion, quite.
Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,
Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.
Or if one could, in ſuch a World, ſpy forth
The Fire, the Ayre, the Water, and the Earth;
Th'Earth was not firm, the Fier was not hot,
Th'Aire was not light, the Water cooled not:
Briefly, ſuppoſe an Earth, poore, naked, vain,
All void of verdure, without Hill or Plain,

Geneſ. 1. 2.

A Heav'n vn-hangd, vn-turning, vn-transparant,
Vn-garnished, vn-gilt with Stars apparant;
So maist thou ghesse what Heav'n and Earth was that,
Where, in confusion, raigned such debate:
A Heav'n and Earth for my base stile most fit,
Not as they were, but as they were not, yet.
This was not then the World: 'twas but the Matter,
The Nurcery whence it should issue after;
Or rather, th'*Embryon*, that within a *Weeke*
Was to be born: for that huge lump was like
The shape-les burthen in the Mothers womb,
Which yet in Time doth into fashion com:
Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,
And euery member in proportion meet;
Round, large, and long, there of it selfe it thriues,
And (*Little-World*) into the World arriues.
But that becomes (by Natures set direction)
From foul and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.
But this dull Heap of vndigested stuf
Had doubtles neuer come to shape or proof,
Had not th'Almighty with his quick'ning breath
Blow'n life and spirit into this Lump of death.
The dreadfull Darknes of the *Memphytists*,
The sad black horror of *Cimmerian* Mists,
The sable fumes of Hell's infernall vault
(Or if ought darker in the World be thought)
Muffled the face of that profound Abyss,
Full of Disorder and fell Mutinies:
So that (in fine) this furious debate
Euen in the birth this Ball had ruinate,
Saue that the Lord into the Pile did pour
Some secret Mastik of his sacred Power,
To glew together, and to gouern fair
The Heav'n and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire,
Who ioyntly iustling, in their rude Disorder,
The new-born Nature went about to murder.
As a good Wit, that on th'immortall Shrine
Of *Memory*, ingraues a Work Diuine,

The Chaos how to be considered.

A simile.

Of the secret power of God in quickning the matter whereof the World was made.

The Spirit of God, by an inconceiueable

Abroad,

Abroad, a-bed, at boord, for euer vſes
To minde his Theam, and on his Book ſtill muſes:
So did Gods Spirit delight it ſelf a ſpace
To moue it ſelf vpon the floating *Maſſe*:
No other care th'Almightie's minde poſſeſt
(If care can enter in his ſacred breſt).
Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood,
(Som of her own, ſom of adoptiue blood)
Sits cloſe thereon, and with her liuely heat,
Of yellow-white balls, doth lyue birds beget:
Euen in ſuch ſort ſeemed the Spirit Eternall
To brood vpon this Gulf; with care paternall
Quickning the Parts, inſpiring power in each,
From ſo foul Lees, ſo fair a World to fetch.
For, 't's nought but All, in't ſelf including All:
An vn-beginning, midleſs, endles Ball;
'Tis nothing but a World, whoſe ſuperfice
Leaues nothing out, but what meer nothing is.

meane, maintained, and (as it were brooding) warmed the ſhape-leſſe Maſſe. Geneſ. 1.

Now, though the great *Duke*, that (in dreadful! aw)
Vpon Mount *Horeb* learn'd th'eternall *Law*,
Had not aſſur'd vs that Gods ſacred Power
In *ſix Dayes* built this Vniuerſall Bower;
Reaſon it ſelf doth ouer-throw the grounds
Of thoſe new Worlds that fond *Leucyppus* founds:
Sith, if kind Nature many Worlds could *clip,
Still th'vpper Worlds water and earth would ſlip
Into the lower; and ſo in concluſion,
All would return into the Old Confuſion.
Beſides, we muſt imagin empty diſtance
Between theſe Worlds, wherein, without reſiſtance
Their wheels may whirl, not hindred in their courſes,
By th'inter-iuſtling of each others forces.
But, all things are ſo faſt together fixt
With ſo firm bonds, that there 's no void betwixt.
Thence coms it, that a Cask, pear ç't to be ſpent,
Though full, yet runs not till we giue it vent.
Thence is 't that Bellowes, while the ſtrout is ſtopt,
So hardly heaue, and hardly can be op't.

That there is but one World: confuting the Error of Leucyppus *& his Diſciples, by two reaſons.*

*embrace.

Thence

Thence is't that water doth not freez in Winter,
Stopt close in vessels where no ayre may enter.
Thence is't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept close,
Let fall no liquor at their siue-like nose.
And thence it is, that the pure siluer source,
In leaden pipes running a captiue course,
Contrary to it's Nature, spouteth high:
To all, so odious is Vacuity.
God then, not onely framed Nature one,
But also set it limitation
Of Form and Time: exempting euer solely
From quantity his own self's Essence holy.
How can we call the Heav'ns vnmeasured?
Sith measur'd Time their Course hath measured.
How can we count this Vniuerse immortall?
Sith many-wayes the parts proue howerly mortall:
Sith his Commencement proues his Consummation,
And all things ay decline to Alteration.
Let bold *Greek* Sages fain the Firmament
To be compos'd of a fift Element:
Let them deny, in their profane profoundnes,
End and beginning to th' Heav'ns rowling roundnes:
And let them argue that Deaths lawes alone,
Reach but the Bodies vnder *Cynthias* Throne:
The sandy grounds of their *Sophistick* brawling
Are all too-weak to keep the World from falling.
One Day, the Rocks from top to toe shall quiuer,
The Mountains melt and all in sunder shiuer:
The Heav'ns shall rent for fear; the lowely Fields,
Puft vp, shall swell to huge and mighty Hills:
Riuers shall dry: or if in any Flood
Rest any liquor, it shall all be blood:
The Sea shall all be fire, and on the shoar
The thirsty Whales with horrid noyse shall roar:
The Sun shall seize the black Coach of the Moon,
And make it midnight when it should be noon:
With rusty Mask the Heav'ns shall hide their face,
The Stars shall fall, and All away shall pass:

Confutation of another Error of such as make Nature and the Heauens infinite

A liuely description of the ende of the World.

Disorder,

Diſorder, Dread, Horror, and Death ſhall com,
Noiſe, ſtorms, and darknes ſhall vſurp the room.
And then the *Chief-Chief-Iuſtice*, venging Wrath
(Which heer already often threatned hath)
Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball,
As once he made it a vaſt Ocean all.

Againſt iudicial Aſtrologers, that preſume to poinct the verie time thereof.

Alas! how faith-les and how modeſt-les
Are you, that (in your *Ephemerides*)
Mark th'yeer, the month and day, which euermore
Gainſt yeers, months, daies, ſhal dam-vp *Saturnes* dore!
(At thought whereof (euen now) my heart doth ake,
My fleſh doth faint, my very ſoule doth ſhake)
You haue miſ-caſt in your *Arithmetike*,
Miſ-laid your Counters, groapingly yee ſeek
In nights blacke darknes for the ſecret things
Seal'd in the Casket of the King of Kings.
'Tis hee, that keeps th'eternall Clock of Time,
And holds the waights of that appointed Chime:
Hee in his hand the ſacred book doth bear
Of that cloſe-claſped finall *Calender*,
Where, in *Red letters* (not with vs frequented)
The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed;
That dreadfull Day, which doth ſo ſwiftly poſt,
That 'twil be ſeen, before fore-ſeen of moſt.
Then, then (good Lord) ſhall thy dear Son deſcend
(Though yet he ſeem in feeble fleſh ypend)
In complete Glory, from the gliſtering Sky:
Millions of Angels ſhall about him fly:
Mercy and *Iuſtice*, marching cheek by ioule,
Shall his Diuine *Triumphant Chariot* roule;
Whoſe wheeles ſhall ſhine with Lightning round about,
And beames of Glory each-where blazing out.
Thoſe that were laden with proud marble Toombs,
Thoſe that were ſwallow'd in wilde Monſters woombs,
Thoſe that the Sea hath ſwill'd, thoſe that the flaſhes
Of ruddy Flames haue burned all to aſhes,
Awaked all, ſhall riſe, and all reueſt
The fleſh and bones that they at firſt poſſeſt.

All

All ſhall appear, and hear, before the Throne
Of God (the Iudge without exception)
The finall Sentence (ſounding ioy and terror)
Of euer-laſting Happineſs or Horror.
Som ſhall his *Iuſtice*, ſom his *Mercy* taſte;
Som call'd to ioy, ſom into torment caſt,
When from the Goats he ſhall his Sheep diſſeuer;
Theſe *Bleſt* in Heav'n, thoſe *Curſt* in Hell for euer.
O thou that once (ſcornd as the vileſt drudge)
Didſt fear the doom of an *Italian* Iudge,
Daign (deereſt Lord) when the laſt Trump ſhall ſummon,
To this *Grand Seſſions*, all the World in common;
Daign in That Day to vndertake my matter,
And, as my Iudge, ſo be my Mediator.

Hauing ſpoken of the creation of the Matter, he ſheweth how & what Forme God gaue vnto it, creating in ſix Dayes his admirable workes.

Th'eternall Spring of Power and Prouidence,
In Forming of this All-circumference,
Did not vnlike the Bear, which bringeth forth
In th'end of thirty dayes a ſhapeleſs birth;
But after, licking, it in ſhape ſhe drawes,
And by degrees ſhe faſhions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beaſt that firſt deformed thing.
For when his Word in the vaſt Voyd had brought
A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,
In time the high World from the lowe he parted,
And by it ſelf, hot vnto hot he ſorted;
Hard vnto hard, cold vnto cold he ſent;
Moiſt vnto moiſt, as was expedient.
And ſo in *Six Dayes* form'd ingeniouſly,
All things contain'd in th'VNIVERSITIE.

Wherefore God imployed ſix Dayes in creating the World.

Not, but he could haue, in a moment, made
This flowry Manſion where mankind doth trade;
Spred Heav'ns blew Curtains, & thoſe Lamps haue burniſht;
Earth, aire, & ſea; with beaſts, birds, fiſh, haue furniſht:
But, working with ſuch Art ſo many dayes,
A ſumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raiſe,
Yer Man was made yet; he declares to vs,
How kinde, how carefull, and how gracious,

He

He would be to vs being made, to whom
By thousand promises of things to-come
(Vnder the Broad-Seal of his deer Sons blood)
He hath assur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.
How men should imitate God in his workes. By his Example he doth also shewe-vs
We should not heedles-hastily bestowe-vs
In any Work, but patiently proceed
With oft re-vises; *Making sober speed*
In deerest business, and obserue, by proof,
That, *What is well don, is don soon enough.*
The 1. creature extracted from the Chaos, was Light. O Father of the Light! of Wisedom Fountain;
Out of the Bulk of that confused Mountain
What should (what could) issue, before the *Light?*
Without which, Beauty were no beauty hight.
In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclope* drawn,
In vain *Parrhasius* counterfeited Lawn,
In vain *Apelles Venus* had begun,
Zeuxis Penelope; if that the Sun
To make them seen, had neuer showen his splendor:
In vain, in vain had been (those *Works of Wonder*)
Th' *Ephesian Temple*, the high *Pharian-Tower*,
And *Carian Toomb* (Tropheis of Wealth and Power)
In vain they had been builded euery one,
By *Scopas*, *Sostrates*, and *Ctesiphon*;
Had All been wrapt-vp from all humane sight,
In th'obscure Mantle of eternall Night.
What one thing more doth the good Architect,
In Princely Works (more specially) respect,
Then lightsomnes? to th'end the Worlds bright Eye,
Careering dayly once about the Sky,
May shine therein; and that in euery part
It may seem pompous both for Cost and Art.
Sundry opinions concerning the matter, and creation of Light. Whether Gods Spirit, mouing vpon the Ball
Of bubbling Waters (which yet couered All)
Thence forç't the Fire (as when amid the Sky
Auster and *Boreas* iusting furiously
Vnder hot *Cancer*, make two Clouds to clash,
Whence th'aire at mid-night flames with lightning flash):

Whether,

Whether, when God the mingled Lump dispackt,
From Fiery Element did Light extract:
Whether about the vast confused Crowd
For twice-six howrs he spread a shining Cloud,
Which after he re-darkned, that in time
The Night as long might wrap-vp either Clime:
Whether that God made, then, those goodly beams
Which gild the World, but not as now it seems:
Or whether else som other Lamp he kindled
Vpon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)
Which flying round about, gaue light in order
To th'vn-plaç't Climates of that deep disorder;
As now the Sun, circling about the Ball
(As Light's bright Chariot) doth enlighten All.
No sooner said he, *Be there Light*, but lo
The form-les Lump to perfect Form gan growe;
And all illustred with Lights radiant shine,
Doft mourning weeds, and deckt it passing fine.

Gen. 1. 3.

Of the excellent vse and commoditie of Light.

All-hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred, and excelling;
Sorrow and Care, Darknes and Dread repelling:
Thou World's great Taper, Wicked mens iust Terror,
Mother of Truth, true Beauties onely Mirror,
God's eldest Daughter: O! how thou art full
Of grace and goodnes! O! how beautifull!
Sith thy great Parent's all-discerning Eye
Doth iudge thee so: and sith his Maiesty
(Thy glorious Maker) in his sacred layes
Can doo no les then sing thy modest prayse.

Why God ordained the Night and Day alternately to succeed each other.

But yet, because all Pleasures wax vnpleasant,
If without pawse we still possesse them, present;
And none can right discern the sweets of Peace,
That haue not felt Warrs irkesom bitterness;
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by
(For, contraries each other best descry)
Th'All's Architect, alternately decreed
That Night the Day, the Day should Night succeed.

The commodities that the Night bringeth vs.

The Night, to temper Dayes exceeding drought,
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout.

The

The Night is ſhe that all our trauails eaſes,
Buries our cares, and all our griefs appeaſes.
The Night is ſhe, that (with her ſable wing,
In gloomy Darknes huſhing euery thing)
Through all the World dumb ſilence doth diſtill,
And wearied bones with quiet ſleep doth fill.
Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas!)
Our life were loathſom; euen a Hell to paſs.
For, outward pains and inward paſſions ſtill,
With thouſand Deaths, would ſoule and body thrill.
O Night, thou pulleſt the proud Mask away
Where-with vain Actors, in this Worlds great Play,
By day diſguiſe-them. For, no difference
Night makes between the Peaſant and the Prince,
The poor and rich, the Priſoner and the Iudge,
The foul and fair, the Maiſter and the Drudge,
The fool and wiſe, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*:
For, Night's black Mantle couers all alike.
He that, condemn'd for ſom notorious vice,
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Auarice;
Or, ſwelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
Our ſoules dire ſulphur; reſteth yet at Night.
He that, ſtill ſtooping, toghes againſt the tide
His laden Barge alongſt a Riuers ſide,
And filling ſhoars with ſhouts, doth melt him quite;
Vpon his pallet reſteth yet at Night.
He that in Sommer, in extreameſt heat
Scorched all day in his own ſcalding ſweat,
Shaues, with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes; reſteth yet at Night,
And in the arms of his deer Pheer forgoes
All former troubles and all former woes.
Onely the learned Siſters ſacred Minions,
While ſilent Night vnder her ſable pinions
Foldes all the World; with pain-leſs pain they tread
A ſacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;
And higher then the Heav'ns their Readers raiſe
Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.

Euen

EVEN NOVV I listned for the Clock to chime
Dayes latest hower; that for a little time,
The Night might ease My Labours: but, I see
As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me;
My Work still growes: for, now before mine eyes
Heav'ns glorious Hoast in nimble squadrons flyes.

Before he conclude the first Day, he treateth of Angels.

Whether, *This-Day*, God made you, Angels bright,
Vnder the name of Heav'n, or of the Light:
Whether you were, after, in th'instant born
With those bright Spangles that the Heav'ns adorn:
Or, whether you deriue your high Descent
Long time before the World and Firmament
(For, I nill stifly argue to and fro
In nice Opinions, whether so, or so;
Especially, where curious search, perchance,
Is not so safe as humble Ignorance);
I am resolv'd that once th'Omnipotent
Created you immortall, innocent,
Good, fair, and free; in brief, of Essence such
As from his Own differd not very much.

The time of their Creation not certainly resolued.

But euen as those, whom Princes fauours oft
Aboue the rest haue rais'd and set-aloft,
Are oft the first that (without right or reason)
Attempt Rebellion and doo practice Treason;
And so, at length are iustly tumbled down
Beneath the foot, that raught aboue the Crown:
Euen so, som Legions of those lofty Spirits
(Envy'ng the glory of their Makers merits)
Consspir'd together, stroue against the stream,
T'vsurp his Scepter and his Diademe.
But He, whose hands doo neuer Lightnings lack,
Proud sacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,
Hurld them in th'Aire, or in som lower Cell:
For, where God is not, euery where is Hell.

Some of the are fallen, revolting from God: and are cast into Hell; therefore called Euill Angels, Wicked Spirits, and Diuels.

This cursed Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,
Of vs, at least, haue this aduantage got,
That by experience they can truly tell
How far it is from highest Heav'n to Hell:

For, by a proud leap, they haue tane the meaſure,
When headlong thence they tumbled in diſpleaſure.
The inſolent and audacious attempts of Satan and his Fellowes againſt God and his Church.
These Fiends are ſo far-off from bett'ring them
By this hard Iudgement, that ſtill more extream,
The more their plague, the more their pride increaſes,
The more their rage: as Lizards, cut in peeces,
Threat with more malice, though with leſſer might,
And euen in dying ſhewe their liuing ſpight.
For, euer ſince, againſt the King of Heav'n
Th'Apoſtate Prince of Darknes ſtill hath ſtriv'n,
Striv'n to depraue his Deeds, t'interr their Story,
T'vndoo his Church, to vnder-mine his Glory;
To reaue this World's great Body, Ship, and State,
Of Head, of Maiſter, and of Magiſtrate.
But finding ſtill the Maieſty diuine
Too ſtrongly fenç't for him to vnder-mine;
His Ladders, Canons, and his Engines, all
Force-leſs to batter the celeſtiall Wall;
Too weak to hurt the Head, he hacks the Members:
The Tree too hard, the Branches he diſmembers.
The Fowlers, Fiſhers, and the Foreſters,
Set not ſo many toyls, and baits, and ſnares,
To take the Foul, the Fiſh, the ſauage Beaſts,
In Woods, and Floods, and fear-full Wildernes:
As this falſe Spirit ſets Engines to beguile
The cunningeſt, that practice nought but wile.
The diuers baits of the Diuell to entrap mankind.
With wanton glaunce of Beauties burning eye
He ſnares hot Youth in ſenſuality.
With Golds bright luſtre doth he Age intice
To Idolize deteſted Auarice.
With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate.
With curious Skill-pride, and vain dreams, he witches
Thoſe that contemn Pleaſure, and State, and Riches.
Yea, *Faith* it ſelfe, and *Zeal*, be ſomtimes Angles
Wherewith this-Iuggler Heav'n-bent Soules intangles:
Much like the green Worm, that in Spring deuours
The buds and leaues of choiſeſt Fruits and Flowrs;

Turning

Turning their ſweeteſt ſap and fragrant verdure
To deadly poyſon and deteſted ordure.
Who but (alas!) would haue been gull'd yer-whiles — *Their Oracles.*
With Night's black Monark's moſt malitious wiles?
To hear Stones ſpeak, to ſee ſtrange wooden Miracles,
And golden Gods to vtter wondrous Oracles?
To ſee Him play the Prophet, and inſpire
So many *Sibyls* with a ſacred fire?
To raiſe dead *Samuel* from his ſilent Toomb, — *1. Samuel. 28. 14, 17.*
To tell his King Calamities to-com?
T'inflame the Flamine of *Ioue Ammon* ſo
With Heathen-holy fury-fits, to knowe
Future euents, and ſomtimes truly tell
The blinded World what afterwards befel?
To counterfait the wondrous Works of God; — *Their falſe Miracles.*
His Rod turn Serpent, and his Serpent Rod? — *Exod. 7, 11, 22. & 8, 7.*
To change the pure ſtreams of th' *Egyptian* Flood
From cleareſt water into crimſin blood?
To rain-down Frogs, and Graſs-hoppers to bring
In the bed-chambers of the ſtubborn King?
For, as he is a Spirit, vnſeen he ſees
The plots of Princes, and their Policies;
Vnfelt, he feels the depth of their deſires;
Who harbours vengeance, and whoſe heart aſpires:
And, as vſ'd dayly vnto ſuch affects,
Such feats and faſhions, iudges of th' effects. — *Their Wiles.*
Beſides, to circumvent the quickeſt ſprighted,
To blind the eyes (euen of the cleareſt ſighted)
And to enwrap the wiſeſt in his ſnares,
He oft fore-tels what he himſelf prepares.
For, if a Wiſe-man (though Mans dayes be don
As ſoon almoſt as they be heer begun;
And his dull Fleſh be of too ſlowe a kinde — *Wherefore their effects are ſo ſtrange & wonderfull.*
T'enſue the nimble Motions of his minde)
By th'onely power of Plants and Minerals
Can work a thouſand ſuper-naturals:
Who but will think, much more theſe Spirits can
Work ſtrange effects, exceeding ſenſe of Man?

Sith being immortall, long experience brings
Them certain knowledge of th'effects of things;
And, free from bodie's clog, with leſs impeach,
And lighter ſpeed, their bold Deſignes they reach.

God reſtraines them at his pleaſure.

Not that they haue the bridle on their neck,
To run at random without curb or check,
T'abuſe the Earth, and all the World to blinde,
And tyrannize our body and our minde.
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power;
That, without leaue, one minute of an hower
They cannot range. It was by his permiſſion,
1. Kings, 22.35 The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition;
Making him march againſt that Foe with force,
Which ſhould his body from his ſoule diuorce.
Arm'd with Gods ſacred Paſs-port, he did try
Iob. 1, 15, &c. Iuſt humble *Iob's* renowned Conſtancy:
He reaues him all his Cattel, many wayes,
By Fire and Foes: his faithfull Seruants ſlayes:
To loſſe of Goods he adds his Childrens loſs,
And heaps vpon him bitter croſs on croſs.

Why the Lord ſometimes lets looſe thoſe wicked Spirits.

For th'Onely Lord, ſomtimes to make a tryall
Of firmeſt *Faith*; ſomtimes with Errors vioII
To drench the Soules that Errors ſole delight;
Lets looſe theſe *Furies*: who with fell deſpight
Driue ſtill the ſame Nail, and purſue (incenſed)
Their damned drifts in *Adam* firſt commenced.

Of the good Angels ſeruing to the glory of God, and good of his Church, both in generall and particular.

But, as theſe Rebels, maugré all their will,
T'aſſiſt the Good, be forç't t'aſſault the Ill:
Th'vnſpotted Spirits that neuer did intend
To mount too high, nor yet too lowe deſcend,
With willing ſpeed they euery moment goe
Whether the breath of diuine grace doth blowe:
Their aims had neuer other limitation
Then God's own glory, and his Saints ſaluation.
Law-leſs Deſire ne'r enters in their breſt,
Th'Almightie's Face is their *Ambroſiall* Feaſt:
Repentant tears of ſtrayed Lambs returning,
Their *Nectar* ſweet: their *Muſike*, Sinners Mourning.

Ambi-

Ambitious Mans greedy Desire doth gape
Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap:
These neuer thirst for greater Dignities.
Trauail's their ease, their bliss in seruice lies.
For, God no sooner hath his pleasure spoken,
Or bow'd his head, or giuen som other token,
Or (almost) thought on an Exploit, wherein
The Ministry of Angels shall be seen,
But these quick Postes with ready expedition
Fly to accomplish their diuine Commission.
One followes *Agar* in hir pilgrimage, *Gen.* 21,17,18.
And with sweet comforts doth her cares asswage.
Another guideth *Isaac*'s mighty Hoasts; *Exod.* 23,23,
Another *Iacob* on th' *Idumean* Coasts. & 33,2.
Another (skill'd in Physick) to the Light
Restores old faithfull *Tobies* failing sight. *Tobi.* 11,7,11,
In *Nazareth*, another rapt with ioy, & 12,14, & 15
Tels that a Virgin shall bring forth a Boy;
That *Mary* shall at-once be Mayd-and-Mother, *Luk.* 1,26.
And bear at-once her Son, Sire, Spowse, and Brother:
Yea, that Her happy fruitfull woomb shall hold
Him, that in Him doth all the World infold.
Som in the Desart tenderd consolations, *Matth.* 4,11.
While IESVS stroue with Sathans strong Temptations.
One, in the Garden, in his Agonies, *Luk.* 22,43.
Cheers-vp his fears in that great enterprise,
To take that bloody Cup, that bitter Chalice,
And drink it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.
Another certifies his Resurrection *Matth.* 28, 25.
Vnto the Women, whose faith's imperfection
Suppos'd his colde limbs in the Graue were bound
Vntill th' Archangels lofty Trump should sound.
Another, past all hope, doth pre-auerr *Luk.* 1,13.
The birth of *Iohn Christ's* holy Harbenger. *Acts* 12.1.
One, trusty Seriant for diuine Decrees,
The *Iewes* Apostle from close Prison frees:
One, in few howers, a fearfull slaughter made
Of all the First-born that the *Memphians* had; *Exod.* 12,29.

Exempting Thoſe vpon whoſe door-poſtes ſtood
A ſacred token of Lambs tender blood.
2.*Kings*, 10.35 Another mowes-down in a moments ſpace,
Before *Hieruſalem* (Gods choſen place)
Senacharib's proud ouer-daring Hoaſt,
That threatned Heav'n, and 'gainſt the Earth did boaſt;
In his Blaſphemous braues, comparing ev'n
His Idol-Gods, vnto the God of Heav'n.
His Troups, victorious in the Eaſt before,
Beſieg'd the City, which did ſole adore
The Onely God; ſo that, without their leaue,
A Sparrow ſcarce the ſacred Wals could leaue.
Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,
Poizing the danger of theſe ſad euents
(His Subiects thrall, his Cities wofull Flames,
His Childrens death, the rape of noble Dames,
The Maſſacre of Infants and of Eld,
And 's Royall Self with thouſand weapons queld;
The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Cenſer voyd
Of ſacred vſe, Gods Seruants all deſtroyd)
Humbled in Sack-cloath and in Aſhes, cries
For ayd to God, the God of Victories;
Who hears his ſuit, and thunders down his Fury
On thoſe proud *Pagan* Enimies of *Iury*.
For, while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*
About the Fire ſecurely ſnorted hard,
From Heav'n th' Almighty looking ſternly down
(Glancing his Friends a ſmile, his Foes a frown)
A ſacred Fencer 'gainſt th' *Aſſyrians* ſent,
Whoſe two-hand Sword, at euery veny, ſlent,
Not through a ſingle Souldiers feeble bones,
But keenly ſlyces through whole Troops at once:
And heaws broad Lanes before it and behinde,
As ſwiftly whirling as the whiſking winde.
Now gan they fly; but all too ſlowe to ſhun
A flying Sword that follow'd euery one.
A Sword they ſaw; but could not ſee the arm
That in one Night had don ſo diſmall harm:

As

As we perceiue a Winde-mils ſayls to go;
But not the Winde, that doth tranſport them ſo.
Bluſhing *Aurora*, had yet ſcarce diſmiſt
Mount *Libanus* from the Nights gloomy Miſt,
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, diſcov'ring plain
An hundred foure ſcore and fiue thouſand ſlain,
Exceeding ioyfull, gan to ponder ſtricter,
To ſee ſuch Conqueſt, and not knowe the Victor.
O ſacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of Gods Elect, you Purſuiuants prepar'd
To execute the Counſails of the Higheſt;
You Heav'nly Courtiers, to your King the nigheſt;
Gods glorious Heralds, Heav'ns ſwift Harbengers,
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true Interpreters;
I could be well content and take delight
To follow farther your celeſtiall Flight:
But that I fear (heer hauing ta'n in hand
So long a iourney both by Sea and Land)
I fear to faint, if (at the firſt) too faſt
I cut away, and make too-haſty haſte:
For, Trauailers, that burn in braue deſire
To ſee ſtrange Countries manners and attire,
Make haſte enough, if onely the *Firſt Day*
From their own Sill they ſet but on their way.

So Morne and Euening the Firſt Day conclude,
And God perceiu'd that All his Workes were good.

THE SECOND DAIE OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Lewd Pöets *checkt: Our* Pöets *chaſt Intents:*
Heav'ns Curtain *ſpread: th' all-forming* Elements;
Their number, nature, vſe and Domination,
Concent, exceſſe, continuance, ſituation:
Aire's *triple* Regions; *and their* Temper's *change:*
Windes, Exhalations, *and all* Meteors *ſtrange;*
Th' effects, the vſe (*apply'd to Conſcience*)*:*
Mans Reaſon non-pluſt *in ſom* Accidents:
Of Prodigies: *of th'* Elementall Flame:
Heav'ns ten-fold Orbs: Waters *aboue the ſame.*

A iuſt reproof of wanton & laſcivious Poets of our Time.

THoſe learned Spirits, whoſe wits applyed wrong,
With wanton Charms of their inchanting ſong,
Make of an olde, foul, frantike *Hecuba*,
A wondrous freſh, fair, witty *Helena:*
Of lewd *Fauſtina* (that looſe Empereſs)
A chaſte *Lucretia*, loathing wantonneſs:
Of a blinde Bowe-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Baſtard,
No petty Godling, but the Gods great Maſter;
On thankleſs furrows of a fruitleſs ſand
Their ſeed and labour loſe, with heedleſs hand;
And (pitching Netts, to catch I little wott
What fume of Fame that ſeems them to beſott)

Reſemble

Reſemble Spiders, that with curious pain
Weaue idle Webs, and labour ſtill in vain.
But (though then Time we haue no deerer Treaſure)
Leſs ſhould I wail their miſs-expence of leaſure,
If their ſweet *Muſe*, with too-well ſpoken Spell,
Drew not their Readers with themſelues to Hell.
For, vnder th' hony of their learned Works
A hateſull draught of deadly poyſon lurks:
Whereof (alas) Young ſpirits quaffe ſo deep,
That drunk with Loue, their Reaſon falls aſleep;
And ſuch a habit their fond Fancy gets,
That their ill ſtomack ſtill loues euill meats.
Th'inchanting force of their ſweet eloquence
Hurls headlong down their tender Audience,
Ay (childe-like) ſliding, in a fooliſh ſtrife,
On th'Icie down-Hills of this ſlippery Life.
The Songs their *Phœbus* doth ſo ſweet inſpire,
Are euen the Bellows whence they blow the fire
Of raging Luſt (before) whoſe wanton flaſhes
A tender breſt rak't-vp in ſhamefaç't aſhes.
Therefore, for my part, I haue vow'd to Heav'n
Such wit and learning as my God hath giv'n;
To write, to th'honour of my Maker dread,
Verſe that a Virgine without bluſh may read.
Clear Source of Learning, ſoule of th'Vniuerſe
(Sith thou art pleas'd to chuſe mine humble verſe
To ſing thy Praiſes) make my Pen diſtill
Celeſtiall *Nectar*, and this Volume fill
With th' *Amalthéan* Horn; that it may haue
Som correſpondence to a Theam ſo graue:
Rid thou my paſſage, and make clear my way
From all incumbers: ſhine vpon *This Day*;
That guided ſafely by thy ſacred Light,
My *Rendez-vous* I may attain yer night.
THAT HVGE broad-length, that long-broad height-
Th'infinite finit, that great moundleſs Mound, (profound,
I mean that *Chaos*, that ſelf-iarring Maſs,
Which in a moment made of Nothing was;

The danger of their ſeduced Readers.

Our Poets modeſt purpoſe.

Again he calleth vpon God, for aſsiſtance in the deſcriptiõ of the 2. Dayes worke.

Which is the Firmament mẽtioned by Moſes in the 1. Ch. of Gen. V. 6. 7, 8. Comprehending the

Was

Heauens, and all the Elementary Region.

Was the rich Matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heav'ns ſhould iſſue, and the Elements.
Now th'Elements, twin-twins (two Sons, two Daughters)
To wit, the Fire, the Aire; the Earth, and Waters
Are not *compounded*: but, of them is all
Compounded firſt, that in our ſenſe can fall:
Whether their qualities, in euery portion
Of euery thing, infuſe them with proportion:
Whether in all, their ſubſtance they confound,
And ſo but one thing of their foure compound:
As in a *Venice* Glaſs, before our eyne,
We ſee the water intermix with wine:
Or, in our ſtomack, as our drink and food
Doe mingle, after to conuert to blood.
This in a Fire-brand may we ſee, whoſe Fire
Doth in his flame toward's natiue Heav'n aſpire,
His Ayre in ſmoak; in aſhes falls his Earth,
And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.
Euenſuch a War our Bodies peace maintains:
For, in our Fleſh, our Bodie's Earth remains:
Our vitall ſpirits, our Fire and Aire poſſeſs:
And, laſt, our Water in our humours reſts.
Nay, ther's no Part in all this Bulk of ours,
Where each of theſe not intermix their powers;
Though 't be apparant (and I needs muſt graunt)
That aye ſom one is moſt Predominant.
The pure red part, amid the Maſs of Bloud,
The *Sanguine* Aire commaunds: the clotted mud,
Sunk down in Lees, Earths *Melancholy* ſhowes:
The pale thin humour, that on th'out-ſide flowes,
Is watery *Phlegme*: and the light froathy ſcum,
Bubbling aboue, hath Fiery *Cholers* room.

Diuers ſimiles.

Of the foure Elements, ſimple in thẽſelues: whereof all things ſubiect to our ſenſe, are compoſed.

Not, that at all times, one ſame Element
In one ſame Body hath the Regiment:
But, in his turn each raigning, his ſubiects draws
After his Lore: for ſtill *New Lords, new Lawes*;
As *ſans* reſpect how rich or Noble-born,
Each Citizen rules and obayes, by turn,

A viciſsitude of the Elements predominance.

In

In chart'red Towns; which ſeem, in little ſpace,
Changing their Ruler, euen to change their face
(For, as (*Chameleons* vary with their obiect,
So *Princes manners do transforme the Subiect*):
So th'Element in Wine predomining,
It hot, and cold, and moiſt, and dry doth bring;
By's perfect or imperfect force (at length)
Inforcing it to change the taſte and ſtrength:
So that it doth Grapes ſharp-green iuice transfer
To Muſt, Muſt t'wine, and Wine to Vineger.
As while a Monarch, to teach others aw,
Subiects his own ſelfs-Greatnes to his Law,
He ruleth fearleſs: and his Kingdoms flouriſh
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nouriſh);
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen ſword be euer
Vniuſtly drawn, if he be ſated neuer
With Subiects blood; needs muſt his Rage (at laſt)
Deſtroy his State, and lay his Countrey waſte:
So (or much like) the while one Element
Ouer the reſt hath modeſt Gouernment;
While, in proportion (though vnequall yet)
With Soueraign Humours Subiect Humours fit,
The Body's ſound; and in the very face
Retains the Form of beauty and of grace:
But if (like that inhumane Emperour
Who wiſht, all People vnderneath his Power
Had but one head, that he might butcher ſo
All th'Empires Subiects at one onely blowe)
It, Tyranniz'ing, ſeek to wrack the reſt,
It ruines ſoon the Prouince it poſſeſt;
Where ſoon appears, through his proud vſurpation,
Both outward change and inward alteration.
So, too-much Moiſt, which (vnconcoct within)
The Liuer ſpreads betwixt the fleſh and skin,
Puffs vp the Patient, ſtops the pipes & pores
Of Excrements; yea, double bars the dores
Of his ſhort breath; and ſlowely-ſwiftly curſt,
In midd'ſt of Water makes him euer thirſt:

Excellent Similes ſhewing the commodity or diſcommodity of the proportiõ, or exceſſe of euery of the Elements.

Exceſſe of moiſture.

Nor

Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked vp in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of Drought.

So, too-much Drought a lingring Ague drawes,
Which ſeeming painleſs, yet much pain doth cauſe;
Robbing the nerues of might, of Ioy the heart,
Of mirth the face, of moiſture euery part
(Much like a Candle fed with it own humour,
By little and little it own ſelfs conſumer)
Nor giues mans Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked vp in a colde heap of ſtones.

Of Heate.

So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Feuer,
Which ſpurrs our Pulſe, and furrs our Palat euer;
And on the tables of our troubled brain,
Fantaſtikely with various penſill vain
Doth counterfait as many Forms, or mo
Then euer Nature, Art, or Chance could ſhowe:
Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked vp in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of Colde.

So, too-much Cold couers with hoary Fleece
The head of Age, his fleſh diminiſhes,
Withers his face, hollowes his rheumy eyes,
And makes himſelf euen his own ſelf deſpiſe;
While through his marrow euery where it enters,
Quenching his natiue heat with endleſs Winters:
Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked vp in a cold heap of ſtones.

Of the continuance of the Elements; maintaining that whatſoeuer is now new formed, hath ſtil his ſubſtance frõ the Materia prima: *& whatſoeuer diſſolues, reſolues into the ſame; changing onely forme: And alſo confuting the contrary Errors.*

Yet think not, that this *Too-too-much*, remiſes
Ought into nought: it but the Form diſguiſes
In hundred fathions; and the Subſtances
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leeſe.
For, all that's made, is made of the *Firſt Matter*
Which in th'old *Nothing* made the All-Creator.
All, that diſſolues, reſolues into the ſame.
Since firſt the Lord of Nothing made This Frame,
Nought's made of nought; and nothing turns to nothing:
Things birth, or death, change but their formall clothing:
Their Forms doe vaniſh, but their bodies bide;
Now thick, now thin, now round, now ſhort, now ſide.

For,

For, if of Nothing any thing could ſpring,
Th' Earth without ſeed ſhould wheat and barly bring.
Pure Mayden-wombs deſired Babes ſhould bear:
All things, at all times, ſhould grow euery where.
The Hart in Water ſhould it ſelf ingender;
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lambling tender:
Th'Ocean ſhould yeeld the Pine and Cornell Tree;
On Hazels Acorns, Nuts on Oaks ſhould bee:
And breaking Natures ſet and ſacred vſe,
The Doues would Eagles, Eagels Doues, produce.
If of themſelues things took their thriuing, then
Slowe-growing Babes ſhould inſtantly be men:
Then in the Foreſts ſhould huge boughs be ſeen
Born with the bodies of vnplanted Treen:
Then ſhould the ſucking Elephant ſupport
Vpon his ſhoulders a well-manned Fort:
And the new-foaled Colt, couragious,
Should neigh for Battail, like *Bucephalus*.
Contrariwiſe, if ought to nought did fall;
All, that is felt or ſeen within this All,
Still looſing ſomwhat of it ſelf, at length
Would com to Nothing: If Death's fatall ſtrength
Could altogether Subſtances deſtroy,
Things then ſhould vaniſh even as ſoon as dy.
In time the mighty Mountains tops be bated;
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fatted;
And what, when *Trent* or *Auon* ouer-flowe,
They reaue one field, they on the next beſtowe:
Loue-burning Heav'n many ſweet Deaws doth drop
In his deer Spouſes fair and fruitfull lap;
Which after ſhe reſtores, ſtraining thoſe ſhowrs
Through th'hidden pores of pleaſant plants and flowrs.
Whoſo hath ſeen, how one warm lump of wax
(Without increaſing, or decreaſing) takes
A hundred figures; well may iudge of all
Th'inceſſant Changes of this nether Ball.
The Worlds own Matter is the waxen Lump,
Which, vn-ſelf-changing, takes all kinde of ſtamp:

By an apt ſimilitude, he ſheweth the continuall Change of the World, in the matter and form

The

therof, according to Gods pleaſure; in ſuch ſort, yet, that the matter remaines, though it receiue infinite Formes.

The Form's the Seal; Heav'ns gratious Emperour
(The Liuing God)'s the great *Lord Chancellour*,
Who at his pleaſure ſetting day and night
His great *Broad Seales*, and *Priuy Signets* right
Vpon the Maſs ſo vaſt and variable,
Makes the ſame Lump, now baſe, now honourable.
Heer's nothing conſtant: nothing ſtill doth ſtay:
For, Birth and Death haue ſtill ſucceſſiue ſway.
Heer one thing ſprings not, till another dy:
Onely the Matter liues immortally
(Th'Almighties Table, body of this All,
Of change-full Chances common Arçenall,
All like it ſelf, all in it ſelf contained,
Which by Times Flight hath neither loſt nor gayned)
Change-leſs in Eſſence; changeable in face,
Much more then *Proteus*, or the ſubtile race
Of rouing *Polypes*, who (to rob the more)
Transform them howrly on the wauing ſhore:

Sundry Similes to that purpoſe.

Much like the *French* (*or like our ſelues, their Apes*)
Who with ſtrange habit do diſguiſe their ſhapes;
Who louing noucls, full of affectation,
Receiue the Manners of each other Nation;
And ſcarcely ſhift they ſhirts ſo oft, as change
Fantaſtik Faſhions of their garments ſtrange:
Or like a *Laïs*, whoſe inconſtant Loue
Doth euery day a thouſand times remooue;
Who's ſcarce vnfolded from one Youths embraces,
Yet in her thought another ſhe embraces;
And the new pleaſure of her wanton Fire
Stirs in her, ſtill, another new deſire:
Becauſe the Matter, wounded deep in heart
With various Loue (yet, on the ſelf ſame part,
Incapable, in the ſame time, at once
To take all figures) by ſucceſſions,
Form after Form receiues: ſo that one face
Another faces features doth deface.

The chief motiue of this change of Formes in the matter.

Now the chief Motiue of theſe Accidents,
Is the dire diſcord of our Elements:

Truce-

Truce-hating Twins, where Brother eateth Brother
By turns, and turn them one into another,
Like Ice and Water that beget each other;
And ſtill the Daughter bringeth-forth the Mother.
But each of theſe hauing two qualities
(One bearing Rule, another that obayes)
Thoſe, whoſe effects do wholly contradict,
Longer and ſtronger ſtriue in their Conflict.
The hot-dry Fire to cold-moiſt Water turns not;
The cold-dry Earth, to hot-moiſt Aire, returns not,
Returns not eas'ly: for (ſtill oppoſite)
With tooth and nail as deadly foes they fight.
But Aire turn Water, Earth may Fierize,
Becauſe in one part they do ſymbolize;
And ſo, in combate they haue leſs to doo;
For, *'t's eaſier far, to conquer one then two.*

Enigma.

Sith then the knot of ſacred Mariage,
Which ioynes the Elements, from age to age
Brings forth the Worlds Babes: ſith their Enmities,
With fell diuorce, kill whatſoeuer dyes:
And ſith, but changing their degree and place,
They frame the various Forms, wherewith the face
Of this fair World is ſo imbelliſhed
[As ſix ſweet Notes, curiouſly varied
In skilfull Muſike, make a hundred kindes
Of Heauenly ſounds, that rauiſh hardeſt mindes;
And with Diviſion (of a choiſe deuiſe)
The Hearers ſoules out at their ears intice:
Or, as of twice-twelue *Letters*, thus tranſpos'd,
This World of Words, is variouſly compos'd;
And of theſe Words, in divers order ſowen,
This ſacred *Volume* that you read, is growen
(Through gracious ſuccour of th' *Eternall Deitie*)
Rich in diſcourſe, with infinite Variety]
It was not cauſe-leſs, that ſo carefully
God did diuide their common Signory;
Aſſigning each a fit-confined Sitting,
Their quantity and quality befitting.

Of the Situation of the Elements, & of the effects therof, compared to the Notes of Muſick & to the letters of the Alphabet.

Whoſo

A ſimile liuely repreſenting the ſeparation of the Elements.

Whoſo (ſomtime) hath ſeen rich Ingots tri'd,
When forç't by Fier their treaſures they diuide
(How fair and ſoftly, Gold to Gold doth paſs,
Siluer ſeeks Siluer, Braſs conſorts with Braſs;
And the whole Lump, of parts vnequall, ſeuers
It ſelf apart, in white, red, yellow Rivers)
May vnderſtand how, when the Mouth *Diuine*
Op'ned (to each his proper Place t'aſſigne)
Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water ſlid,
Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.

Situation of the earth, and fire.

Earth, as the Lees, and heauy droſs of All
(After his kinde) did to the bottom fall:
Contrariwiſe, the light and nimble Fire
Did through the crannies of th'old Heap aſpire
Vnto the top; and by his nature, light
No leſs then hot, mounted in ſparks vpright:
As, when we ſee *Aurora*, paſſing gay,
With Opals paint the Seeling of *Cathay*,
Sad Floods doe fume, and the celeſtiall Tapers
Through Earths thin pores, in th'Aire exhale the vapours.

Of aire & water plac't between the earth & fire.

But leaſt the Fire (which all the reſt embraces)
Being too neer ſhould burn the Earth to aſhes;
As choſen Vmpires, the great All-Creator
Between theſe Foes placed the Aire and Water:
For, one ſuffiz'd not their ſtern ſtrife to end.
Water, as Cozen, did the Earth befriend:
Aire, for his Kinſman Fire, as firmly deals:
But both, vniting their divided zeals,
Took vp the matter, and appeas'd the brall;
Which doubt-leſs elſe had diſcreated All.
Th'Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water vnder it,
Not caſually, but ſo diſpoſed fit
By him who (Nature in her kind to keep)
Kept due proportion in his Workmanſhip;

Why the aire was lodged next the Element of Fire.

And, in this Store-houſe of his Wonders treaſure,
Obſerv'd in all things number, waight, and meaſure.
For, had the Water next the Fire been plaç't,
Fire, ſeeming then more wrongd and more diſgraç't,

Would

Would ſodainly have left his Aduerſary,
And ſet vpon the Vmpire (more contrary).
But all the Links of th'holy Chain, which tethers
The many Members of the World togethers,
Are ſuch, as none but only he can breake them,
Who at the firſt did (of meere nothing) make them.
Water, as arm'd with moiſture and with cold,
The cold-dry Earth with her one hand doth hold;
With th'other th'Aire: The Aire, as moiſt and warm,
Holds Fire with one; Water with th'other arm:
As Country Maidens, in the Month of *May*,
Merrily ſporting on a Holy-day,
And luſty dancing of a lively Round,
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes ſound;
Hold hand in hand, ſo that the firſt is faſt
(By means of thoſe between) vnto the laſt.

The diſpoſing & combining of the Elements.

A Similitude.

For, ſith 'tis ſo that the dry Element
Not onely yeelds her owne Babes nouriſhment,
But with the milke of her aboundant breſts,
Doth alſo feede th' Aires nimble winged gueſts,
And alſo all th' innumerable Legions
Of greedy mouths that haunt the Bryny Regions
(So that, th'Earth's Mother, or elſe Nurſe of all
That run, or fly, or ſwim, or ſlide, or crawl)
'Twas meet, it ſhould be it ſelf's Counterpoize,
To ſtand ſtill firm againſt the roaring noiſe
Of wrackfull *Neptune*, and the wrathfull blaſts
Of parching *South* and pinching *Boreas*.
'Twas meet, her ſad-ſlowe body to digeſt
Farther from Heav'n than any of the reſt:
Leaſt, of Heav'ns Courſe th' Eternall ſwift Careers,
Ruſhing againſt her with their whirling Sphears,
Should her tranſport, as ſwift and violent,
As ay they do their neighbour Element.

Why the Earth is the loweſt, and enuironed with the other three Elements, whereof it is the center.

And ſith, on th'other ſide, th'harmonious Courſe
Of Heav'ns bright Torches is th'immortall ſource
Of earthly life: and ſith all alterations
(Almoſt) are caus'd by their quick agitations

In all the World, God could not place ſo fit
Our Mother Earth, as in the midſt of it.
For, all the Stars reflect their lively rayes
On Fire and Aire, and Water, diuers wayes;
Diſperſing, ſo, their powerfull influence
On, in, and through theſe various Elements:
But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr,
And all vnite their ſeuered force in her;
Simile. As in a Wheel, which with a long deep rut
His turning paſſage in the durt doth cut,
The diſtant ſpoaks neerer and nearer gather,
And in the Nave vnite their points together.
Simile. As the bright Sun ſhines thorough ſmootheſt Glaſs,
The turning Planets influence doth paſs
Without impeachment through the glift'ring Tent
Of the tralucing Fierie Element,
Th' Aires triple Regions, the tranſparent Water;
But not the firm Baſe of this fair Theater.
And therefore rightly may we call thoſe Trines
(Fire, Aire, and Water) but Heav'ns Concubines:
For, neuer Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars inioy
The loue of theſe, but only by tl.eway,
As paſsing by: whereas inceſſantly,
The luſty Heav'n with Earth doth company;
And with a fruitfull ſeed, which lends All life,
With-childs each-moment his owne lawfull wife;
And with her louely Babes, in form and nature
The Water, betweene the Earth and Aire. So diuers, decks this beautifull Theater.
The Water, lighter then the Earthy Maſſe,
Heauier then Aire, betwixt them both hath place;
The better ſo with a moiſt-cold, to temper
Th'ones over-drineſs, th'others hot diſtemper.
Leauing the Earth and Sea till the next Booke, hee comes to treate of the Aire. But, my ſweet Muſe, whither ſo faſt away?
Soft, ſoft, my Darling: draw not dry *To-Day*
Caſtalian Springs; defer the Cirque, and Seat,
The power, and praiſe, of Sea and Earth as yet:
Do not anticipate the Worlds Beginning;
But, till *To-Morrow*, leaue the enter-blinning

Of Rocky Mounts, and rouling Waues ſo wide.
For, euen *To-Morrow* will the Lord diuide,
With the right hand of his Omnipotence,
Theſe yet confus'd and mingled Elements;
And liberally the ſhaggy Earth adorn
With Woods, and Buds of fruits, of flowers and corn.
'Tis time, my Loue, 'tis time, mine onely Care,
To hie vs hence, and Mount vs in the Aire:
'Tis time (or neuer) now, my deareſt Minion,
To imp ſtrong farcels in thy ſacred pinion;
That lightly born vpon thy Virgin back,
Safe through the Welkin I my courſe may take:
Com, com, my Ioy, lend me thy lillie ſhoulder;
That, thereon raiſed, I may reach the bolder
(Before the reſt of my deer Country-men,
Of better wit, but worſe-applied pen)
At that green *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies
So long haue hidden from my longing eies.
Th' *Aire* (hoſte of Miſts, the bounding Tennis-ball,
That ſtormy Tempeſts toſs and play withall;
Of winged Clouds the wide inconſtant Houſe,
Th'vnſetled kingdom of ſwift *Æolus*,
Great Ware-houſe of the Windes, whoſe traffik giues
Motion of life to euery thing that liues)
Is not throughout all one: our Elder Sages
Haue fitly parted it into Three Stages.
Wherof, becauſe the Higheſt ſtill is driv'n
With violence of the *Firſt-mouing* Heav'n,
From Eaſt to Weſt; and from Weſt returning
To th'honored Cradle of the roſiall Morning,
And alſo ſeated next the Fiery vault;
It, by the learned, very hot is thought.
That, which we touch, with times doth variate,
Now hot, now cold, and ſometimes temperate;
Warm-temp'red ſhowers it ſendeth in the Spring:
In *Autumn* likewiſe, but more varying:
In Winter time, continuall cold and chill:
In Sommer ſeaſon, hot and ſoultry ſtill;

The Aire diſtinguiſhed into 3 Regions.

The High.

The Lowe.

For then, the Fields, ſcorched with flames, reflect
The ſparkling rayes of thouſand Stars aſpect;
And chiefly *Phœbus*, to whoſe arrows bright,
Our Globy Grandame ſerues for But and White.
The Middle Region of the Aire. But now, becauſe the Middle Region's ſet
Far from the Fiery ſeelings flagrant heat,
And alſo from the warm reuerberation
Which aye the Earth reflects in diuers faſhion;
That Circle ſhiuers with eternall colde.
Of the cauſes of Haile. For, into Hail how ſhould the Water molde,
Euen when the Sommer hath gilt *Ceres* Gowne,
Except thoſe Climes with Ycicles, were ſowne?
So ſoon as *Sol*, leaving the gentle *Twins*,
With *Cancer*, or thirſt-panting *Leo* Inns,
The mid-moſt Aire redoubleth all his Froſts;
Being beſieged by two mighty Hoaſts
Of Heat more fierce 'gainſt his Cold force then ever,
Calls from all quarters his chil troups together.
T'incounter them with his vnited Powr,
Which then diſperſed, hath far greater powr:
As *Chriſtian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,
And out of fear of *Turks* outrageous War,
March in diſorder, and become (diſperſt)
As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerſt;
So that ſomtimes th'vntrained Multitude
With bats and boawes hath beat them, and ſubdu'd:
But if they once perceive, or vnderſtand
The *Moony* Standards of proud *Ottoman*
To be approaching, and the Sulph'ry thunder
Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade* vnder;
They ſoon vnite, and in a narrow place
Intrench themſelues; their courage growes apace,
Their heart's on fire; and Circumciſed Powrs,
By their approach, double the ſtrength of ours.
'Tis (doubt-leſs) this * *Antiperiſtaſis*
(Bear with the word) I hold it not amiſs
T'adopt ſomtimes ſuch ſtrangers for our vſe,
When Reaſon and Neceſſity induce:

* Contrary Circumſtance.
The effects thereof in the middle Region of the Aire.

As namely, where our natiue Phraſe doth want
A Word ſo force-full and ſignificant)
Which makes the Fire ſeem to our ſenſe and reaſon
Hotter in Winter then in Sommer ſeaſon:
'Tis it which cauſeth the cold frozen *Scythia*,
Too-often kiſt by th'husband of *Orithya*,
To bring forth people, whoſe ſtill hungry breſt
(Winter or Sommer) can more meat digeſt
Then thoſe lean ſtaruelings which the Sun doth broil
Vpon the hot ſands of the *Libyan* ſoyl:
And that our ſelues, happily ſeated fair,
Whoſe ſpongy lungs draw ſweet and holeſom Aire,
Hide in our ſtomacks a more liuely heat,
While bi-front *Ianus* froſty frowns do threat,
Then when bright *Phœbus*, leauing ſwarty *Chus*,
Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on vs.
Th'Almighties hand did this Partition form;
To th'end that Miſt, Comets, and Winde, and Storm,
Deaw, drizling Showrs, Hail, ſlippery Ice, & Snowe,
In the Three Regions of the Aire might growe:
Wherof ſom, pointed th'Earth to fertilize,
Other to puniſh our impieties,
Might dayly grave in hardeſt hearts the love
And fear of him, who Raigns in Heav'n above.

Why the air was thus diſtinguiſhed in the 3. Regions.

For, as a little end of burning wax,
By th'emptineſs, or if it ſelf attracts
In Cupping-glaſſes, through the ſcotched skin
Behind the Poule, ſuperfluous humors thin,
Which fuming from the brain did thence deſcend
Vpon the ſight, and much the ſame offend:
So the ſwift Coach-man, whoſe bright flaming hair
Doth euery Day gild either *Hemiſphear*,
Two ſorts of Vapours by his heat exhales
From floating Deeps, and from the flowry Dales:
Th'one ſomwhat hot, but heauy, moiſt, and thick;
The other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick;
Which, through the Welkin roaming all the year,
Make the World diuers to it ſelf appear.

Of exhalations and whereunto they are appropriate, by the Sun and the Regions of the Aire.

Now, if a vapour be ſo thin, that it
Cannot to Water be transformed fit,
Of Miſt. And that with Cold-lym'd wings, it houer neer
The flowry Mantle of our Mother deer;
Our Aire growes dusky, and moiſt drowſy Miſt
Vpon the Fields doth for a time perſiſt.
And if this vapour fair and ſoftly ſty,
Of Deaw and Ice. Not to the cold Stage of the middle Sky,
But 'bove the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)
In *April*, Deaw; in *Ianuary* Ice.
But, if the Vapour brauely can aduenture
Vp to th'eternall ſeat of ſhiuering Winter,
The ſmall thin humour by the Cold is preſt
Of Rain. Into a Cloud; which wanders Eaſt and Weſt
Vpon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain
It fall into his Grandames lap again:
Whether ſom boiſtrous winde, with ſtormy puff
Iouſtling the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff,
Do break their brittle ſides, and make them ſhatter
In drizling Showres their ſwift diſtilling water:
Diuers Similes ſhewing how the Rain is cauſed through the incounter of the Cloudes, which are the matter of it. As when a wanton heedleſs Page (perhaps)
Raſhly together two full glaſſes claps;
Both being broken, ſodainly they pour
Both their brew'd liquors on the duſty flour.
Whether ſom milder gale, with ſighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their tears diſſeuereth:
As after rain another rain doth drop
In ſhady Foreſts from their ſhaggy top,
When through their green boughs, whiffing Winds do whirl
With wanton puſs their waning locks to curl.
Or whether th'vpper Clouds moiſt heauineſs
Doth with his waight an vnder Cloud oppreſs,
And ſo one humour doth another cruſh,
Till to the ground their liquid pearls do guſh:
As, the more cluſters of ripe grapes we pack
In Vintage-time vpon the hurdles back;
At's pearced bottom the more fuming liquor
Runns in the ſcummy Fat, and falls the thicker.

Then,

Then, many Heav'n-flouds in our Flouds do loſe-am;
Nought's ſeen but Showers: the Heav'ns ſad ſable boſom
Seems all in tears to melt; and Earths green bed
With ſtinking Frogs is ſomtimes couered:
Either, becauſe the floating Cloud doth fold
Within it ſelf both moiſt, dry, hot, and cold,
Whence all things heer are made: or elſe for that
The actiue windes ſweeping this duſty Flat,
Somtimes in th'aire ſom fruitfull duſt doo heap:
Whence theſe new-formed vgly creatures leap:
As on the edges of ſom ſtanding Lake
Which neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,
The foamy ſlime, it ſelf transformeth oft
To green half-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,
Half-made, half-vnmade; round about the Floud,
Half-dead, half-liuing; half-a frog, half-mud.

Whence it proceedeth, that ſometimes it raineth Frogs.

Somtimes it happens that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold
In ſiluer Flakes a heav'nly Wooll to fall;
Then, Fields ſeem graſs-leſs, Foreſts leafe-leſs all,
The World's all white; and, through the heaps of Snowe,
The higheſt Stag can ſcarce his armour ſhowe.

Of Snow.

Somtimes befals, that, when by ſecret powr,
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping ſhowr,
Th'exceſſiue cold of the mid-Aire (anon)
Candies it all in bals of Icy-ſtone:
Whoſe violent ſtorms ſomtimes (alas) doo proin,
Without a knife, our Orchard and our Vine:
Reap without ſickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,
Diſgrace our woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.

Of Haile.

If Heav'ns bright Torches, from Earth's kidneys, ſup
Som ſomwhat dry and heatfull Vapours vp,
Th'ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire
Would ſodainly neer th'Azure Cirques aſpire:
But ſcarce ſo ſoon their fuming creſt hath raught,
Or toucht the Coldnes of the middle Vault,
And felt what force their mortall Enemy
In Garriſon keeps there continually;

Of fume, Vapours, or exhalations whirling in the Lowe and Middle Regions of the aire, and whereof the windes are ingendred.

When down again, towards their Dam they bear,
Holp by the waight which they haue drawn from her:
But in the inſtant, to their aid arriues
Another new heat, which their heart reuiues,
Re-arms their hands, and hauing ſtaied their flight,
Better reſolv'd brings them again to fight:
Well fortifi'd then, by theſe freſh ſupplies,
More brauely they renew their enterprize:
And one-while th'vpper hand (with honour) getting,
Another-while diſgracefully retreating,
Our lower Aire they toſſe in ſundry ſort,
As weak or ſtrong their matter doth comport.
This laſts not long; becauſe the heat and cold,
Equall in force and Fortune, equall bold
In theſe aſſaults; to end this ſodain brall,
Th'one ſtops their mounting, th'other ſtayes their fall.
So that this Vapour, neuer reſting ſtound,
Stands neuer ſtill, but makes his motion round,
Poſteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amain
From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.
But though theſe bluſtring ſpirits ſeem alwaies blow'n
By the ſame ſpirit, and of like Vapour grow'n;
Yet, from their birth-place, take they diuerſly
A diuers name and diuers quality.

Of the Windes, whereof there are foure principall, compared to the foure Seaſons, the foure Complexions, the foure Elements, and the foure Ages of man: & aſſigned to the foure Corners of the World: And called Eaſt, Weſt North & South

Feeling the fower Windes, that with diuers blaſt,
From the fower corners of the World doo haſte;
In their effects I finde fower Temp'raments,
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.
Th'*Eaſt-winde*, in working, follows properly
Fire, Choler, Summer, and ſoft Infancy:
That, which dries-vp wild *Affrick* with his wing,
Reſembles Aire, Bloud, Youth, and liuely Spring:
That, which blowes moiſtly from the *Weſtern* ſtage,
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heauy Age:
That, which comes ſhiv'ring from cold Climates ſolely,
Earth, withered Eld, Autumn, and Melancholy.
Not, but that Men haue long yer this found-out
More then theſe foure Windes, *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North*, and *South*:

Thoſe

Thoſe that (at Sea) to ſee both Poles are wont,
Vpon their Compaſs two and thirty count,
Though they be infinite, as are the places
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation paſſes:
But whereſoeuer their quick courſe they bend,
As on their Chiefs, all on theſe Foure depend.
One while, with whisking broom they bruſh and ſweep *Diuers effects of the Winds.*
The cloudy Courtains of Heav'ns ſtages ſteep:
Anon, with hotter ſighes they dry the Ground,
Late by *Electra* and her ſiſters drownd.
Anon refreſh they, with a temperate blowing,
The ſoultry Aier, vnder the Dog-ſtar glowing:
On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear,
In cods the Pouſſe, the Corn within the ear:
Anon, from North to South, from Eaſt to Weſt
With ceaſ-leſs wings they driue a Ship addreſt:
And ſomtimes whirling, on an open Hill,
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,
In flowry motes they grinde the pureſt grain,
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.
If th'Exhalation hot and oily proue, *Diuers effect of hot exhalations.*
And yet (as feeble) giueth place aboue
To th' Airy Regions euer-laſting Froſt,
Inceſſantly th'apt-tinding fume is toſt
Till it inflame: then like a Squib it falls,
Or fire-wingd ſhaft, or ſulp'hry Powder-Balls.
But if This kinde of Exhalation tour *Of Comets.*
Aboue the walls of Winters icy bowr
T-inflameth alſo; and anon becoms
A new ſtrange Star, preſaging wofull dooms:
And, for this Fier hath more fewell in't
Then had the firſt, 't is not ſo quickly ſpent:
Whether the Heav'ns inceſſant agitation,
Into a Star transforming th'Exhalation,
Kindle the ſame: like as a coal, that winkt
On a ſticks end (and ſeemed quite extinct)
Toſt in the dark with an induſtrious hand,
To light the night, becoms a fier-brand:

Or

Or whether th'vpper Fire doo fire the ſame;
As lighted Candles doo th'vnlight inflame.

Of other fiery impreſsions in the regions of the Aire.

According as the vapour's thick or rare,
Euen, or vn-even, long or large, round or ſquare,
Such are the Forms it in the Aire reſembles:
At ſight whereof, th'amazed Vulgar trembles.
Heer, in the night appears a flaming Spire,
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;
Heer a bright Comet, there a burning Beam,
Heer flying Launces, there a Fiery Stream:
Heer ſeems a horned Goat environ'd round
With fiery flakes about the Aire to bound.
There, with long bloody hair, a Blazing Star
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and War:
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many croſſes:
To all Eſtates, ineuitable Loſſes:
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hap-leſs Seaſons:
To Saylers, Storms: to Cities, ciuill Treaſons.

A lively deſcription of thunder and lightning.

But hark: what hear I in the Heav'ns? me thinks
The Worlds wall ſhakes, and his Foundation ſhrinks:
It ſeems euen now that horrible *Perſiphoné*,
Looſing *Meger*, *Alecto*, and *Tyſiphoné*,
Weary of raigning in black *Erebus*,
Tranſports her Hell between the Heav'n and vs.

How they are ingendred.

'Tis held I knowe, that when a Vapour moiſt
As well from Freſh as from Salt water's hoiſt
In the ſame inſtant with hot-Exhalations,
In th'Aiery Regions ſecondary ſtations;
The Fiery Fume, beſieged with the Croud
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampiſh Cloud,
Strengthens his ſtrength; and with redoubled Volleys
Of ioyned Heat, on the the Cold Leagher ſallies.

A ſimile.

Like as a Lion, very late exil'd,
From's natiue Foreſts; ſpit-at and reuil'd,
Mock't, moov'd, and troubled with a thouſand toyes,
By wanton children, idle girls and boyes;
With hideous roaring doth his Priſon fill,
In's narrow Cloiſtre ramping wildely, ſtill,

Runs

Runns to and fro; and furious, less doth long
For liberty, than to reuenge his wrong:
This Fire, desirous to break forth again
From's cloudy Ward, cannot it self refrain;
But, without resting, loud it grones and grumbles,
It roules and roars, and round-round-round it rumbles,
Till (hauing rent the lower side in sunder)
With Sulph'ry flash it haue shot-down his thunder:
Though, willing to vnite, in these alarms,
To's Brothers Forces, his own fainting arms;
And th'hottest Circle of the World to gain,
To issue vp-ward, oft it striues in vain:
But, 't is there fronted with a Trench so large
And such an Hoast, that though it often charge,
On this and that side, the Cold Camp about,
With his Hot Skirmish; yet still, still the stout
Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry push;
So that (despairing) with a furious rush,
Forgetting honour, *it is* fain to fly
By the back-door, with blushing Infamy.
Then th'Ocean boyls for fear; the Fish doo deem
The Sea too shallow to safe-shelter them: *Their effects.*
The Earth doth shake; the Shepheard in the field
In hollow Rocks himself can hardly shield:
Th'affrighted Heav'ns open; and, in the Vale
Of *Acheron*, grim *Plutoes* self looks pale:
Th' Aire flames with Fire: for, the loud-roaring Thunder
(Renting the Cloud, that it includes, asunder)
Sends forth those Flashes which so blear our sight:
As wakefull Students, in the Winters night
Against the steel glauncing with stony knocks, *Simile.*
Strike so dain sparks into their Tinder-box.
Moreouer, Lightning of a fume is fram'd: *Admirable effects of lightning.*
Through't selfs hot-dryness, euermore inflam'd:
Who se powr (past-credit) without razing skin
Can bruiz to powder all our bones within:
Can melt the Gold that greedy Mizers hoord
In barred Cofers, and not burn the boord:

Can

Can break the blade and neuer ſindge the ſheath:
Can ſcorch an infant in the Womb to death;
And neuer blemiſh, in one ſort or other,
Fleſh, bone, or ſinew of th'amazed Mother:
Conſume the ſhooes and neuer hurt the feet:
Empty a Cask, and yer not periſh it:
My yonger eyes haue often ſeen a Dame,
To whom the flaſh of Heav'ns fantaſtike flame
Did els no harm, ſaue (in a moment's ſpace)
With windy Raſor ſhaue a ſecret place.
Shall I omit a hundred Prodigies
Of Crownes and circles about the Sunne, Moone, and other Planets. Oft ſeen in forehead of the frowning Skies?
Somtimes a Fiery Circle doth appear
Proceeding from the beautious beams and clear
Of Sun and Moon, and other Stars aſpect,
Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct;
When, not of force to thruſt their rayes through-out-it,
In a round Crown they caſt them round about-it:
Simile. Like as (almoſt) a burning candle, put
Into a Cloſet with the door cloſe ſhut;
Not able through the boords to ſend his light,
Out at the edges round about ſhines bright.
But, in's declining, when *Sols* countenance
Direct vpon a wat'riſh Cloud doth glance
(A wat'riſh Cloud, which cannot eaſily
Hold any longer her moiſt Tympany)
Of the Rainbow and how it is made. On the moiſt Cloud he limns his lightſom front;
And with a gawdy Pencill paints vpon't
A blew-green-gilt Bowe bended ouer vs:
For, th'aduerſe Cloud, which firſt receiueth thus
Apollos rayes, the ſame direct repells
On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells
Simile. Her various coulours: like as when the Sun
At a bay-window peepeth in vpon
A boule of water, his bright beams aſpect
With trembling luſtre it doth far reflect
Againſt th'high ſeeling of the lightſom Hall
With ſtately Fret-work ouer-cruſted all.

On

On th' other ſide, if the Cloud ſide-long ſit,
And not beneath, or iuſtly oppoſite
To Sun or Moon: then either of them Forms
With ſtrong aſpect double or trebble Forms
Vpon the ſame. The Vulgar's then affright
To ſee at once three Chariots of the Light;
And, in the Welkin on Nights gloomy Throne,
To ſee at once more ſhining Moons then one.

How it comes to paſſe that ſometimes appear diuers Suns and Moones at once.

But, O fond Mortals! Wherefore doo yee ſtriue
With reach of Senſe, Gods wonders to retriue?
What proud deſire (rather what *Furie's* drift?)
Boldens you God-leſs, all Gods works to ſift?
I'le not deny, but that a learned man
May yeeld ſome Reaſon (if he liſt to ſcan)
Of all that moues vnder Heav'ns hollow Cope;
But not ſo ſound as can all ſcruple ſtop:
And though he could, yet ſhould we euermore,
Praying theſe tools, extoll His fingers more
Who works withall, and many-waies doth giue
To deadeſt things (inſtantly) ſoules, to liue.

A check to mans Pride in ſtriuing to yeeld reaſon in Nature, of all theſe accidents.

Me thinks I hear, when I doo hear it Thunder,
The voice that brings Swayns vp, and *Ceſars* vnder:
By that Towr-tearing ſtroak, I vnderſtand
Th' vndaunted ſtrength of the Diuine right hand:
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
Me thinks I ſee th' Almighties glorious eyes:
When I perceiue it Rain-down timely ſhowrs,
Me thinks the Lord his horn of Plenty pours:
When from the Clouds exceſſiue Water ſpins,
Me thinks God weepes for our vnwept-for ſins:
And when in Heav'n I ſee the Rain-bow bent,
I hold it for a Pledge and Argument,
That neuer more ſhall Vniuerſall Floods
Preſume to mount ouer the tops of Woods
Which hoary *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,
Or on the Crowns of *Caucaſus* doo ride:
But, aboue all, my perced ſoule inclines,
When th' angry Heav'ns threat with Prodigious Signes;

True Philoſophy for Chriſtians, to apply all to their conſcience for amendment of life.

When

When Natures order doth reuerſe and change,
Prepoſterouſly into diſorder ſtrange.
Let all the Wits, that euer ſuckt the breſt
Of ſacred *Pallas*, in one Wit be preſt,
And let him tell me (if at leaſt he can
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)
A ſound and certain reaſon of the Cream,
The Wooll, and Fleſh, that from the Clouds did ſtream.
Let him declare what cauſe could yerſt beget,
Amid the Aire, thoſe drizzling ſhowers of Wheate,
Which in *Carinthia*, twice were ſeene to ſhed;
Wherof that people made them ſtore of Bread.
God, the great God of Heav'n, ſometimes delights,
From top to toe to alter Natures Rites;
That his *ſtrange* Works, to Nature contrary,
May be fore-runners of ſome miſery.
The drops of Fire, which weeping Heav'n did ſhowr
Vpon *Lucania*, when *Rome* ſent the Flowr
Of *Italy* into the wealthy Clime,
Which *Euphrates* fatts with his fruitfull ſlime;
Perſag'd, that *Parthians* ſhould, the next yeer, tame
The proud *Lucanians*, and nigh quench their Name.
The claſh of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd
Victoriouſly, on the (now-Canton'd) *Swiſſes*,
Cymbrians, and *Almans*, hewing all in peeces;
Gainſt *Epicures* profane aſſertions, ſhowe
That 'tis not Fortune guides this World belowe.
Thou that beheld'ſt from Heav'n, with triple Flaſhes,
Curſed *Olympius* ſmitten all to aſhes,
For Blaſphemies 'gainſt Th'ONE Eternall-THREE?
Dar'ſt thou yet belch againſt the TRINITIE?
Dar'ſt thou, profane, ſpit in the face of God,
Who for blaſphemers hath ſo ſharpe a rod?
Iews (no more Iews, no more of *Abr'ham* Sons;
But *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Scythians*, *Leſtrigons*)
Say what you thought; what thought you, when ſo long
A flaming Sword ouer your Temple hung;

All the learned in the World cannot out of the ſchool of Nature giue reaſon for many things that are created in the High and Middle Regiõs of the Aire.

The true cauſe of theſe Prodigies.

Exãples drawne out of the Hiſtorie of the Romãs, Iews, Turks, & French, both Eccleſiaſticall and profane.

But

But that the Lord would with a mighty arm
The righteous vengeance of his wrath perform
On you, and yours? that what the Plague did leaue,
Th'inſatiate gorge of Famine ſhould bereaue?
And what the Plague and Famine both did ſpare,
Should be clean gleaned by the hand of War?
That ſucking Infants crying for the teat,
Self-cruell Mothers ſhould vnkindely eat?
And that (yer long) the ſhare and coultar ſhould
Rub off their ruſt vpon your Roofs of gold?
And all, becauſe you (curſed) crucifi'd
The Lord of life, who for our ranſom dy'd.
The ruddy Fountain that with bloud did flowe:
Th'huge Fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did throwe
Into *Liguria*: and the Bloudy Croſſes
Seen on mens garments, ſeem'd with open voices
To cry aloud, that the *Turks* ſwarming hoaſt
Should pitch his proud *Moons* on the *Genoan* coaſt.
O Frantick *France*! why doſt not Thou make vſe
Of ſtrangefull Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce
Thee to repentance? Canſt thou tear-leſſe gaze
(Euen night by night) on that prodigious Blaze,
That hairy Comet, that long ſtreaming Star,
Which threatens Earth with Famine, Plague, and War
(Th'Almighty's *Trident*, and three-forked fire
Wherwith he ſtrikes vs in his greateſt Ire)?
But, what (alas!) can Heauens bear threatnings vrge?
Sith all the ſharpe Rods which ſo hourely ſcourge,
Thy ſenſ-leſſe back, cannot ſo much as wreſt
One ſingle ſigh from thy obdurate breſt?
Thou drink'ſt thine own bloud, thine owne fleſh thou eateſt,
In what moſt harms thee thy delight is greateſt.
O ſenſ-leſſ Folk, ſick of a Lethargy,
Who to the death deſpiſe your Remedy!
Like froward Iades that for no ſtriking ſtur,
But wax more reſtif ſtill the more we ſpur:
The more your wounds, more your ſecurenes growes,
Fat with afflictions, as an Aſſe with blowes:

The Poet ſeuerely taxeth his Countrymen for not marking, or not making vſe of ſtrange & extraordinary tokens of Gods imminent diſpleaſure.

And

And as the ſledge hardens with ſtrokes the ſteel;
So, the more beaten, ſtill the leſs ye feel.

Vpon like conſideration the Trãſlator ſharply citeth Eng. & to rouze her frõ her preſent ſecuritie, propoſeth fearfull exãples of her own troublous changes, & others terrible Chaſtiſements.

And wanton ENGLAND, *why haſt thou forgot*
Thy viſitation, as thou hadſt it not?
Thou haſt ſeen ſignes, and thou haſt felt the rod
Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
The frowning Heav'ns in fearefull Sightes fore-ſpoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, *and* Norman *Yoak:*
And ſince (alas!) vnkinder wounds then thoſe,
The Ciuill rents of thy diuided ROSE:
And, laſt of all the raging Wolues of Rome,
Tearing thy limbs (Chriſt's Lambs) in Martyrdom.
Beſides Great Plagues, *and grieuous* Dearths, *which (yerſt)*
Haue oft the Sinnews of thy ſtrength reuerſt.
But thou, more faulty more forgetfull art
Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the ſmart:
All this is paſt; and thou, paſt fear of it,
In Peace *and* Plenty, *as a Queen dooſt ſit,*
Of Rods *forgetfull, and for* Reſt *ingratefull*
(That, ſottiſh dulnes: this, a ſinne moſt hatefull)
Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath ſent;
And thy late Queen, his ſacred Inſtrument,
By whoſe pure hand, he hath more bleſſed Thine,
Then yerſt his owne Choice-planted Hebrew Vine:
From whence hee look't for Grapes (as nov from thee);
That bore him Crabs: Thou worſe (if worſe may be):
That was deſtroy'd, the wilde Boar entred in:
ENGLAND *beware:* Like puniſhment, like ſinne.
But, O! what boots, or what auailes my ſong
To this deaf Adder that hath ſlept ſo long,
Snorting ſo loud on pillows of Securitie,
Dread-leſs of danger, drowned in Impurity;
Whoſe Senſes all, all ouer-grow'n with Fat,
Haue left no door for Fear to enter at?
Yet once again (deer Country) muſt I call:
ENGLAND *repent; Fall, to preuent thy* Fall.
Though Thou be blinde, thy wakefull watchmen ſee
Heav'ns Irefull vengeance hanging ouer thee

Eſay Chap. 5. 1. 2. 3. &c.

In

In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy Sinn's Deluge, *which all ouer-flowes.*
Thine vncontrold, bold, open Atheïsm:
Close Idol-seruice: *Cloaked* Hypocrism:
Common Blaspheming *of Gods Name, in* Oaths:
Vsuall Profaning *of his* Sabbaoths:
Thy blinde, dumb, Idol-shepheards, *choakt with steeples,*
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing *States:*
Bribes and Affection *swaying Magistrates:*
Wealth's mercie-less Wrong, Vsury, Extortion:
Poore's Idleness, Repining *at their Portion:*
Thy drunken Surfets; *and* Excess *in Diet:*
Thy Sensuall *wallowing in* Lascivious Riot:
Thy huft, puft, painted, curld, purld, Wanton Pride
(*The Baud to* Lust, *and to all Sinns beside*)
These are thy Sinns: These are the Signes *of Ruin,*
To euery State *that doth the same pursue-in:*
Such, *cost the* Iews and Asians *Desolation,*
Now turned Turks, *that were* the Holy Nation.
Happy who take by others dangers warning:
All that is writ, is written for our learning:
So preach thy Prophets: But who heeds their cry?
Or, who beleeues? *Then much less hope haue I.*
Wherefore (*Deer* Bartas) *hauing warned them;*
From this Digression, turn we to our Theam.
As our All-welcom SOVERAIN (*Englands solace,* *Simile.*
Heav'ns care, Earths comfort) *in his stately Palace,*
Hath next His Person, Princes of His Realms
Next him in bloud, extract from Royall Stems;
Next those, the Nobles; next, the Magistrates
That serue him truly in their seuerall States;
As more or less their diuers Dignity
Coms neer the Greatnes of his Maiesty:
So, next the Heav'ns, God marshall'd th'Element *Hauing sufficiently discourſed of the Aire, he begins to handle the Element of Fire.*
Which seconds them in swift bright Ornament:
And then the rest, according as of kin
To th'Azure Sphears, or th'Erring Fiers they bin.

Yet ſom (more crediting their eyes, then Reaſon)
Againſt ſuch as deny the Fire to be an Element. From's proper place this Eſſence doo diſſeiſin;
And vainly ſtrive (after their Fancies ſway)
To cut the World's beſt Element away,
The nimble, light, bright-flaming, heat-full *Fire*,
Fountain of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,
Cook, Surgeon, Soldier, Gunner, Alchymiſt,
The ſource of Motion: briefly, what not is't?
Apt for all, acting all; whoſe arms embrace,
Vnder Heav'ns arms, this Vniverſall Maſs.
Their Reaſons. For, if (ſay they) the *Fire* were lodg'd between
The Heav'ns and vs, it would by night be ſeen;
1 Sith then, ſo far-off (as in Meads we paſs)
We ſee leaſt Glow-wormes gliſter in the graſs:
Beſides, how ſhould we through the *Fiery Tent*,
Perceiue the bright eys of the Firmament?
2 Sith heer the ſoundeſt and the ſharpeſt ey
Can nothing through our Candle-flames deſcry.
Aunſweres. O! hard-beleeuing Wits! if *Zephyrus*
And *Auſters* ſighes were neuer felt of vs,
You would ſuppoſe the ſpace between Earth's Ball,
And Heav'ns bright Arches, void and empty all:
And then no more you would the *Aire* allow
For Element, then th'hot-bright *Flamer* now.
Difference betweenth'Elementary fire and ours. Now ev'n as far as *Phœbus* light excels
The light of Lamps, and every Taper els
Wherewith we vſe to lengthen th'After-noon
Which *Capricorn* ducks in the Sea too ſoon;
So far in pureneſs th'*Elementall Flame*
Excels the Fire that for our vſe we frame.
For, ours is nothing but a dusky light,
Groſs, thick, and ſmoaky, enemy to ſight:
But, that aboue (for being neither blent
With fumy mixture of groſs nouriſhment,
Nor toſt with Windes, but far from vs) coms neer
It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.
Heere for concluſion of this ſecond booke, hee But, of what ſubſtance ſhall I, after-thee
(O match-leſs Maſter) make Heav'ns Canapey?

Vncertain,

Vncertain, heer my resolutions rock
And waver, like th'inconstant Weather-Cock
Which, on a Towr turning with every blast,
Changeth his Master, and his place as fast.
Learned *Lyceum*, now awhile, I walk-in:
Then th'*Academian* sacred Shades I stalk-in.
Treading the way that *Aristotle* went,
I doo depriue the Heav'ns of Element,
And mixture too; and think, th'omnipotence
Of God did make them of a Quint-Essence;
Sith of the Elements, two still erect
Their motion vp; two euer down direct:
But the Heav'ns course, not wandring vp nor down,
Continually turns onely roundly round.
The Elements haue no eternal race,
But settle ay in their assigned place:
But th'azure Circle without taking breath,
His certain course for euer gallopeth;
It keeps one pase, and mov'd with waight-les waights,
It neuer takes freih horse, nor neuer baits.
Things that consist of th'Elements vniting,
Are euer tost with an intestin fighting;
Whence, springs (in time) their life and their deceasing,
Their diuers change, their waxing and decreasing:
So that, of all that is, or may be seen
With mortall eyes, vnder Nights horned Queen,
Nothing retaineth the same form and face,
Hardly the half of half an howrs space.
But, the Heav'ns feel not Fates impartiall rigour:
Years add not to their stature nor their vigour:
Vse wears them not; but their green-euer Age
Is all in all still like their Pupillage.
Then sodainly, turnd studious *Platonist*,
I hold, the Heav'ns of Elements consist:
'Tis Earth, whose firm parts make their Lamps apparant,
Their bodies fast; Aire makes them all transparant;
Fire makes their rest-les circles pure, and cleer,
Hot, lighsom, light, and quick in their career:

commeth to discourse of the Heauens, & first intreateth of their matter and Essence. According to the opinions of the Philosophers.

Their course.

Heauen not subiect to alteration, as are the Elements.

What vse of Elements in the Heauens.

And Water, 'nointing with cold-moiſt the brims
Of th'enter-kiſſing turning Globes extreams,
Tempers the heat (caus'd by their rapid turning)
Which elſ would ſet all th' elements a-burning.

Difference betwixt the Elements, whereof the Heauens are compoſed, and theſe inferiour Elements.

Not, that I doo compare or match the Matter
Whence I compoſe th' All-compaſſing Theater,
To thoſe groſs Elements which heer belowe
Our hand and ey doth touch and ſee and knowe:
'T's all fair, all pure; a ſacred harmony
Thoſe bodies bindes in end-leſs Vnity:
That Aier's not flitting, nor that Water floating,
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating:
Nor one to other aught offenſiue neither,
But (to conclude) Celeſtiall altogether.

Deteſting the preſumption of thoſe curious wits ſearching theſe ſecrets, He limits himſelf within the bounds of Chriſtian Sobriety.

See, ſee the rage of humane Arrogance:
See how far dares man's erring ignorance,
That with vnbridled tongue (as if it oft
Had try'd the mettle of that vpper Loft)
Dares, without proof or without reaſon yeelded,
Tell of what timber God his Palace builded.
But, in theſe doubts much rather reſt had I,
Then with mine errour draw my Reader wry;
Till a Saint *Paule* doo re-deſcend from Heav'n,
Or till my ſelf (this ſinfull roab be reav'n,
This rebell Fleſh, whoſe counterpoize oppreſſes
My pilgrim Soule, and euer it depreſſes)
Shall ſee the beauties of that Bleſſed Place:
If (then) I ought ſhall ſee, ſaue Gods bright Face.

Diuers opinions of the number of the Heauens.

But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber
Th'old Heathen Schools about the Heav'ns number:
One holds but one; making the Worlds Eys ſhine
Through the thin-thicknes of that Cryſtal line
(As through the Oceans cleer and liquid Flood
The ſlippery Fiſhes vp and down dooſcud.)
Another, judging certain by his ey,
And ſeeing Seav'n bright Lamps (moov'd diverſly)
Turn this and that way: and, on th'other ſide,
That all the reſt of the Heav'ns twinkling pride

Keep all one course; ingeniously, he varies
The Heav'ns rich building into eight round Stories.
Others, amid the Starriest Orb perceiuing
A triple cadence, and withall conceiuing
That but one naturall course one body goes,
Count nine, som ten; not numbring yet (with those)
Th'empyreall Palace, where th'eternall Treasures
Of *Nectar* flowe, where ever-lasting Pleasures
Are heaped-vp, where an immortall *May*
In bliss-full beauties flourisheth for ay,
Where Life still liues, where God his *Sises holds,
Environ'd round with Seraphins, and Soules
Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious Flight
Yerst mounted Earth above the Heav'ns bright.
Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume
So high a Song and Subiect to assume.

*Assises.

O fair, fiue-double Round, sloath's Foe apparant,
Life of the Wolrd, Dayes, Months, and yeers own Parent;
Thine own selfs model, never shifting place,
And yet, thy pure wings with so swift a pase
Fly over vs, that but our Thought alone
Can (as thy babe) pursue thy motion:
Infinite finite; free from growth and grief,
Discord and death; dance-louer; to be brief,
Still like thy self, all thine own in thee all,
Transparent, cleer, light; law of this lowe Ball:
Which in thy wide bout, bound-les all doost bound,
And clasp'st all, vnder, or in thy Round;
Throne of th'Almighty, I would fain rehearse
Thy various Dan es in this very Verse,
If it were t me, and but my bounded Song
Doubteth to make this *Second Day* too-long.
For, notwithstanding, yet another day
I fear som Critick will not stick to say,
My babbling Muse did fail with every gale,
And mingled yarn to length her web withall.

He stoppeth at the contemplation and praise of the Heauens. Which he considereth as distinguished into ten stages or Heauens.

But know, what e'r thou be, that heer I gather
Iustly so many of Gods works together,

The summe of what hath been handled in this

booke, & what it to be vnderſtood by the firmament which Moyſes deſcribeth in the firſt of Gen. v. 6

Becauſe by th'Orbe of th'ample Firmament
Which round *This-Day* th'Eternall Fingers pent
Betweene the lower Waters and the higher;
I mean the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th'vpper Fire,
Which ſeparate the Oceans waters ſalt.
From thoſe which God pour'd o'r th' Ethereal Vault.

Againſt thoſe that think there are no waters aboue the firmament: Whom he confuteth by diuers Reaſons. Simile.

Yet haue I not ſo little ſeen and ſought
The Volums, which our Age hath chiefeſt thought,
But that I knowe how ſuttly greateſt Clarks
Preſume to argue in their learned Works,
T'o'r-whelm theſe Floods, this Cryſtal to deface,
And dry this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.
But, as the beauty of a modeſt Dame,
Who, well-content with Natures comly Frame,
And native Fair (as it is freely giv'n
In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n)
Doth not, with painting, prank, nor ſet-it-out
With helps of Art, ſufficient Fair without;
Is more prayſe-worthy, then the wanton glance,
Th'affected gait, th'alluring countenance,
The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and painting,
Whence Courtiſans refreſh their beauties fainting:

1. The word of God to be preferred before the voice of man.

So doe I more the *ſacred Tongue* eſteem,
Though plain and rurall it doe rather ſeem,
Then ſchool'd *Athenian*; and Diuinity,
For onely varniſh, haue but Verity;
Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,
Wherewith men burniſh their erroneous vanity.

2. Gods word mẽtioneth waters aboue the firmament.

I'l rather giue a thouſand times the ly
To mine own Reaſon, then but once defy
The ſacred voice of th'ever-laſting Spirit,
Which doth ſo often and ſo loud averr-it,
That God, above the ſhining Firmament,
I wot not, I, what kinde of Waters pent:
Whether, that pure, ſuper-celeſtiall Water,
With our inferiour haue no likely nature:
Whether, turnd Vapour, it haue round embow'd
Heav'ns higheſt ſtage in a tranſparent Cloud:

Gen. 1, 7
Pſal. 104, 3
Pſal. 148, 4

Or

Or whether (as they say) a Crystall case
Do (round about) the Heav'nly-Orb embrace.
But, with coniectures wherefore strive I thus?
Can doubtfull proofs the certainty discuss?
I see not, why Mans reason should withstand,
Or not beleeve, that Hee whose powrfull hand
Bay'd-vp the *Red-Sea* with a double Wall,
That *Israels* Hoast might scape *Egyptian* thrall,
Could prop as sure so many waves on high
Above the Heav'n Star-spangled Canapy.

3. The power of God ought to be of greater authority then Mans Reason.

See we not hanging in the Clouds each howr
So many Seas, still threatning down to pour,
Supported only by th'Aier's agitation
(Selfly too weak for the least waight's foundation)?
See wee not also, that this Sea belowe,
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flowe,
Remains still round; and maugre all the surly
Æolian Slaves and Water's hurly burly,
Dares not (to levell her proud liquid Heap)
Neuer so little past her limits leap?
Why then beleeue we not, that vpper Sphear
May (without falling) such an Ocean bear?

4. The consideration of the waters which hang in the Aire, and of the Sea which compasseth the Earth.

Vncircumcised! O hard hearts! at least
Lett's think that God those Waters doth digest
In that steep place: for, if that, Nature heer
Can form firm Pearl and Crystall shining cleer
Of liquid substance; let's beleeue it rather
Much more in God (the Heav'ns and Natur's Father)
Let vs much more, much more lett's peiz and ponder
Th'Almighties Works, and at his Wisedom wonder:
Let vs obserue, and double-waigh it well,
That this proud Palace whear we rule and dwell
(Though built with match-less Art) had fall'n long since,
Had 't not ben seel'd-round with moist Elements.
For, like as (in Man's *Little-World*) the Brain
Doth highest place of all our Frame retain,
And tempers with it's moistfull coldnes so
Th'excessive heat of th'other parts belowe:

5. Diuers effects continual & admirable in Nature.

Th'eternall Builder of this beautious Frame
To enter-mingle meetly Froſt with Flame,
And cool the great heat of the *Great-Worlds* Torches,
This-Day ſpred Water over Heav'ns bright Arches.
These Seas (they ſay) leagu'd with the Seas belowe,
Hiding the higheſt of the Mountains tho,
Had drown'd the whole World had not *Noah* builded
A holy Veſſell, where his houſe was ſhielded:
Taking occaſiõ by his former diſcourſe he treateth of the incoũter of the vpper waters with the lower: whence followed the general flood in the daies of Noah: Which here he liuely repreſenteth.
Where, by direction of the King of Kings,
He ſav'd a ſeed-payr of all liuing things;
No ſooner ſhipt, but inſtantly the Lord
Down to th'*Æolian* dungeon him beſtirr'd,
There muzled cloſe Cloud-chaſing *Boreas*,
And let looſe *Auſter*, and his lowring race,
Who ſoon ſet forward with a dropping wing;
Vpon their beard for every hair a ſpring,
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,
Their wattled locks guſht all in Rivers out;
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds aſunder,
Send forth fierce lightning, tempeſt, rain and thunder.
Brooks, Lakes, and Floods, Rivers, and foaming Torrents
Sodainly ſwell; and their confuſed Currents,
Loſing their old bounds, break a neerer way
To run at randon with their ſpoyls to Sea.
Th'Earth ſhakes for fear, and (ſweating) doth conſume her,
And in her veins leaues not a drop of humour.
And thou thy ſelf, O Heav'n, didſt ſet wide ope
(Through all the Marſhes in thy ſpacious cope)
All thy large ſluces, thy vaſt Seas to ſhed
In ſodain ſpouts on thy proud ſiſters head;
Whoſe aw-leſs, law-leſs, ſhame-les life abhord,
Onely delighted to deſpight the Lord.
Th'Earth ſhrinks & ſinks; now th'Ocean hath no ſhore:
Now Rivers run to ſerue the Sea no more;
Themſelues are Sea: the many fundry Streams,
Of fundry names (deriv'd from fundry Realms)
Make now but one great Sea: the World it ſelf
Is nothing now but a great ſtanding Gulf,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſwelling ſurges ſtrive to mix their Water
With th'other Waves above this round Theater.
The Sturgeon, coaſting over Caſtles, muſes
(Vnder the Sea) to ſee ſo many houſes.
The *Indian* Manat and the Mullet float
O'r Mountain tops, where yer'ſt the bearded Goat
Did bound and brouz the crooked Dolphin ſcuds
O'r th'higheſt branches of the hugeſt Woods.
Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hart or Horſ,
Or Hare, or Grey-hound, their ſwift ſpeedy courſ;
For, ſeeking Land, the more they ſtrain & breath them,
The more (alas) it ſhrinks and ſinks beneath them.
The Otter, Tortoiſ, and fell Crocodile
Which did enioy a double houſe yer-while,
Muſt be content with only water now.
The Wolf and Lamb, Lions and Buçks, do rowe
Vpon the Waters, ſide by ſide, ſuſpect-leſs.
The Glead and Swallow, laboring long (effect-leſs)
'Gainſt certain death, with wearied wings fall down
(For want of Perch) and with the reſt do drown.
And, for mankinde, imagine ſom get vp
To ſom high Mountains over-hanging top;
Som to a Towr, ſom to a Cedar tree,
(Whence round about a World of deaths they ſee)
But whereſoeuer their pale fears aſpire
For hope of ſafety, th'Ocean ſurgeth higher,
And ſtill-ſtill mounting as they ſtill do mount,
When they ceaſe mounting, doth them ſoon ſurmount.
One therefore ventures on a Plank to rowe,
One in a Cheſt, another in a Trough:
Another, yet half-ſleeping, ſcarce perceives
How's bed and breath, the Flood at once bereaves;
Another labouring with his feet and hands,
A while the fury of the Flood withſtands,
(Which by his ſide hath newly droun'd his Mother,
His Wife, his Son, his Siſter, Sire, and Brother):
But tyr'd and ſpent, weary and wanting ſtrength,
He needs muſt yeeld (too) to the Seas at length;

All,

All, all muſt die then: but *th'*impartiall Maids*,
Who wont to vſe ſo ſundry tools for ayds,
In execution of their fatall ſlaughters,
Had only now the furious foaming Waters.
Safely the while, the ſacred Ship did float
On the proud ſhoulders of that boundleſs-Moat,
Though maſt-les, oar-les, and from Harbour far;
For God was both her Steers-man, and her Star.
Thrice fifty dayes that Vniuerſall Flood
Waſted the World; which then the Lord thought good
To re-erect, in his Compaſſion great.
No ſooner ſounds he to the Seas retreat,
But inſtantly wave into wave did ſink
With ſodain ſpeed, all Rivers gan to ſhrink;
Th'Ocean retires him to his wonted priſon;
The Woods are ſeen; the Mountain tops are riſen
Out of their ſlimy Bed: the Fields increaſe
And ſpread apace, ſo faſt the waters ceaſe.
And (briefly) th'onely thundring hand of God
Now Earth to Heav'n, Heav'n vnto Earth re-ſhow'd;
That he again *Panchaian* Fumes might ſee
Sacred on Altars to his Maieſty.

Lord, ſith 't hath pleas'd thee likewiſe, in our Age,
To ſaue thy Ship from Tyrants ſtormy rage,
Increaſe *in Number* (Lord) thy little Flock;
But more *in Faith*, to build on thee, the Rock.

*Parcæ, à non parcendo: *Three-none-ſparing Fates: that is to ſay, Death.*

He concludeth with a moſt godly prayer accommodated to the ſtate of the Church in our time.

So, Morn and Euen the ſecond Day conclude,
And God perceiu'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE THIRD DAIE OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:
Seuer'd a-part: Bounds of the Oceans rage:
Th'imbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:
Why it is ſalt: How it doth Ebb, and Flowe:
Rare ſtreams, and Fountains of ſtrange operation:
Earth's firmnes, greatnes, goodnes: ſharp taxation
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treaſon, Auarice.
Trees, Shrubs, & Plants: Mines, Metals, Gemms of price:
Right vſe of Gold: the Load-ſtones rare effects:
The Countrey-life preferr'd in all reſpects.

MY ſacred Muſe, that lately ſoared high
Among the gliſt'ring Circles of the Sky
(Whoſe various dance, which the firſt Moover driues
Harmoniouſly, this Vniverſe reuiues)
Commanding all the Windes and ſulphry Storms,
The lightning Flaſhes, and the hideous Forms
Seen in the Aire; with language meetly brave
Whilom diſcourſt vpon a Theam ſo grave:
But, *This-Day*, flagging lowely by the *Ground*,
She ſeems conſtrain'd to keep a lowely ſound;
Or, if ſomtimes, ſhe ſomwhat raiſe her voice,
The ſound is drown'd with the rough Oceans noiſe.

Frõ the Heauen & Regions of the Aire, the Poet deſcendeth to the Earth and Sea.

O King of graſſie and of glaſſie Plains,
Whoſe powrfull breath (at thy drad will) conſtrains

He calleth vpon the true God to

The

be assisted in the description of these two Elements, and the things therein.

The deep Foundations of the Hills to shake,
And Seas salt billows 'gainst Heav'ns vaults to rake:
Grant me, *To-Day*, with skilfull Instruments
To bound aright these two rich Elements:
In learned numbers teach me sing the natures
Of the firm-Earth, and of the floating Waters:
And with a flowring stile the Flowrs to limn
Whose Colours now shall paint the Fields so trim.

God in this third Day gathers together the Waters, & separates them from the Earth.

All those steep Mountains, whose high horned tops
The misty cloak of wandring Clouds enwraps,
Vnder First Waters their crump shoulders hid,
And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,
Vntill th' All-Monarch's bountious Maiesty
(Willing t'enfeof man this worlds Empery)
Commaunded *Neptune* straight to Marshall forth
His Floods a-part; and to vnfold the Earth:
And, in his Waters, now contented rest,
T'haue all the World, for one whole day, possest.

By an apt cõparison, he sheweth how the Water withdrewe from off the Earth.

As when the muffled Heav'ns have wept amain,
And foaming streams assembling on the Plain,
Turn'd Fields to Floods; soon as the showrs do cease,
With vnseen speed the Deluge doth decrease,
Sups vp it self, in hollow sponges sinks,
And's ample arms in straighter Chanell shrinks:
Even so the Sea, to't self it self betook,
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forsook;
And sodainly in smaller cask did tun
Her Waters, that from every side did run:
Whether th'imperfect Light did first exhale
Much of that primer Humour, wherewithall
God, on the *Second-Day*, might frame and found
The Cry stall Sphears that he hath spred so round:
Whether th'Almighty did new place provide
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide
Th'Earth's Hollow Pores, it pleas'd him to conueigh

Of the lodging and bed of the sea.

Deep vnder-ground som Arms of such a Sea:
Or whether, pressing waters gloomy Globe,
That cov'red all (as with a cloudy Robe)

He

He them impris'ned in those bounds of brass,
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not pass
Without his licence. For, th' Eternall, knowing
The Seas commotive and inconstant flowing,
Thus curbed her; and, 'gainst her enuious rage,
For-ever fenç't out Flowry-mantled Stage:
So that we often see those rowling Hils,
With roaring noise threatning the neighbour Fields,
Through their owne spite to split vpon the shore,
Foaming for fury that they dare no more.

The Sea kept within her bounds by the Almighty power of God.

For, what could not that great, high Admirall
Work in the Waues, sith at his Seruants call,
His dreadfull voice (to save his ancient Sheep)
Did cleave the bottom of th' *Erythrean* Deepe?
And toward the Crystall of his double source
Compelled *Iordan* to retreat his course?
Drown'd with a *Deluge* the rebellious World?
And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purl'd?

Exod. 14, 21
Iosuah, 3, 16
Gen. 7, 21
Exod. 17. 6

Lo, thus the waighty Water did yer-while
With winding turns make all this world an Ile.
For, like as molten Lead being poured forth
Vpon a leuell plot of sand or earth,
In many fashions mazeth to and fro;
Runs heer direct, thear crookedly doth go,
Heer doth diuide it self, there meets again;
And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vain,
On the smooth table crawling like a worm,
Almost (in th' instant) euery form doth form:
God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground
In sundry figures; som in fashion round,
Some square, som crosse, som long, som lozenge-wise,
Som triangles, som large, som lesser size;
Amid the Floods (by this fair difference)
To giue the world more wealth and excellence.
Such is the *German* Sea, such *Persian* Sine,
Such th' *Indian* Gulf, and such th' *Arabian* Brine,
And such Our Sea: whose divers-brancht * retortions,
Divide the World in three vnequall Portions.

A fit Simile shewing the winding turns of the Sea about the Earth.

* *Windings.*

And

The arms of the Sea distinguished into smaller members with cõmodities and vse thereof.

And, though each of these Arms (how large soever)
To the great Ocean seems a little Riuer:
Each makes a hundred sundry-Seas besides
(Not sundry in waters, but in Names and Tides)
To moisten kindely, by their secret Vains,
The thirsty thickness of the neighbour Plains:
To bulwark Nations, and to serue for fences
Against the inuasion of Ambitious Princes:
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:
To further Traffick through all Earthly Climates:
T'abbridge long Iourneys; and with ayd of Winde
Within a month to visit eyther *Inde*.

A Catalogue of most of the most famous Riuers in the World.

But, th' Earth not only th'Oceans debter is
For these large Seas: But sh' owes him *Tanäis*,
Nile (*Aegypts* treasure) and his neighbour stream
That in the Desart (through his haste extream)
Loseth himself so oft; swift *Euphrates*;
And th'other proud Son of cold *Niphates*:
Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous brother,
That lends his name vnto their noble Mother:
Gold-sanded *Tagus*, *Rhyne*, *Rhône*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,
Danubius, *Albis*, *Pô*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;
The *Darian*, *Plate*, and *Amazónian* River,
(Where SPAIN's Gold-thirsty Locusts cool their liver):
Our siluer Medway, *(which doth deep indent*
The Flowrie Medowes of My natiue KENT;
Still sadly weeping (vnder Pensherst *walls)*
Th' Arcadian Cygnet's *bleeding* Funerals)
Our Thames *and* Tweed, *our* Severn, Trent, *and* Humber,
And many moe, too infinite to number.

Of him, she also holds her Silver Springs,
And all her hidden Crystall Riverlings:
And after (greatly) in two sorts repaies
Th' Humour she borrows by two sundry waies:

Fountains Springs and Riuers welling out of the Earth.

For, like as in a Limbeck, th'heat of Fire
Raiseth a Vapour, which still mounting higher
To the Still's top; when th'odoriferous sweat
Aboue that Miter can no further get,

It

It softly thickning, falleth drop by drop,
And Cleer as Chrystall, in the glass doth drop;
The purest humour in the Sea, the Sun
Exhales in th' Aire: which thear resolv'd, anon,
Returns to water; and descends again
By sundry waies vnto his Mother Main.
For, the dry Earth, having these waters (first)
Through the wide sive of her void entrails search;
Giving more room, at length from Rockie Mountains:
She (night and day) pours forth a thousand Fountains:
These Fountains make fresh Brooks (with murmuring cur-
These murmuring Brooks, the swift & violēt Torrents; (rents
These violent Torrents, mighty Rivers; These,
These Riuers make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.
And all the highest Heav'n-approaching Rocks
Contribute hither with their snowie locks:
For, soon as *Titan*, having run his Ring,
To th'ycie climates bringeth back the Spring;
On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,
Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps
On every side, it foames, it roares, it rushes,
And through the steep and stony hilles it gushes,
Making a thousand Brooks; wherof, when one
Perceives his fellow striving to be gone;
Hasting his course, he him accompanies;
After, another and another hies,
All in one race; ioynt-losing all of them
Their Names and Waters in a greater stream:
And He that robs them, shortly doth deliver
Himself and his into a larger River:
And That, at length, how euer great and large
(Lord of the Plain) doth in som Gulf discharge
His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,
According to th' Eternall *Rendez-vous*.
Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter
In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her:
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,
Matcht with great *Neptune*, seem as much as none;

A Similie shewing how the waters of the Earth are exhaled by the Sun & then powred into the Sea.

How the Fountains come to breake forth of the Earth.

The increasing of Brooks and Riuers, and of their falling into the sea.

Why the sea receiueth no increase of all the Waters that fall therein.

The

The Sun (as yerſt I ſaid) and Windes withall,
Sweeping the ſur-face of the Brinie-Ball,
Extract as much ſtill of her humours thin,
As weeping Aire and welling Earth pours in.
But as the ſwelting heat, and ſhivering cold,
Gnaſhing and ſweat, that th' Ague-ſick do hold,
Come not at hazzard, but in time and order
Afflict the body with their fell diſorder:

Of the Ebbing & Flowing of the ſea: & ſundry cauſes therof

The Sea hath fits, alternate courſe ſhe keepes,
From Deep to Shoar, and from the Shoar to Deeps.
Whether it were, that at the firſt, the Ocean
From Gods owne hand receiv'd this double Motion,
By means whereof, it never reſteth ſtound,

Simile.

But (as a turning Whirli-gig) goes round,
Whirls of it ſelf, and good-while after takes
Strength of the ſtrength which the firſt motion makes:
Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantick* call,
B: but a peece of the *Grand Sea* of all;
And that his Floods entring the ample Bed
Of the deep Main (with fury hurried
Againſt the Rocks) repulſed with diſdain,
Be thence compelled to turn back again:
Or whether *Cynthia*, that with Change-full laws
Commands moiſt bodies, doth this motion cauſe:
As, on our Shoar, we ſee the Sea to riſe
Soon as the Moon begins to mount our skies.

Proofe of the third cauſe: viz. that the waxing and wauing of the Moon, cauſeth the flowing and ebbing of the Sea.

And when, through Heav'ns Vault vailing toward *Spayn*,
The Moon deſcendeth, then it Ebbs again.
Again, ſo ſoon as her inconſtant Crown
Begins to ſhine on th' other *Horizon*,
It Flowes again: and then again it falls
When ſhe doth light th' other *Meridionalls*.
We ſee more-over, that th' *Atlantik* Seas
Doo Flowe far farther then the *Genöeſe*,
Or both the *Boſphores*; and that *Lakes*, which growe
Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe:
Becauſe (they ſay) the ſiluer fronted Star,
That ſwells and ſhrinks the Seas (as pleaſeth her)

Pours

Pours with leſs powr her plentious influence
Vpon theſe ſtraight and narrow ſtreamed Fennes,
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,
Then on an Ocean vaſt and void of bounds:
Euen as in Sommer, her great Brothers Ey,
When windes be ſilent, doth more eaſily dry
Wide ſpreading Plains, open and ſpacious Fields,
Then narrow Vales vaulted about with Hills. *Simile.*

If we perceive not in the *Deep* ſo well
As by the ſhoar, when it doth ſhrink and ſwell;
Our ſprightfull Pulſe the tide doth well reſemble,
Whoſe out-ſide ſeems more then the midſt to tremble. *Why the tide is not ſo well perceived at ſea as by the ſhoare.*

Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars leſs mighty
Then his pale Siſter, on vaſt *Amphitrité*.
For *Phoebus*, boyling with his lightſom Heat
The Fiſh-full Waves of *Neptunes* Royall Seat,
And ſupping vp ſtill (with his thirſty Rayes)
All the freſh humour in the floting Seas,
In *Thetis* large Cells leaveth nought behind,
Save liqvid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine. *The cauſe of the ſaltnes of the ſea*

But ſee (the while) ſee how the Sea (I pray)
Through thouſand Seas hath caried me away,
In fear t' have drown'd my ſelf and Readers ſo,
The Floods ſo made my words to over-flowe.
Therfore a-ſhoar; and on the tender Lee
Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let's ſee
The ſoverain vertues of their ſeverall Waters,
Their ſtrange effects, and admirable natures,
That with incredible rare force of theirs,
Confound our wits, raviſh our eyes and ears. *Of waters ſeparated from the Sea.*

Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phoebus* Torch is light,
Is cold as Ice; and (oppoſite) all night
(Though the cold Creſcent ſhine thereon) is hot,
And boiles and bubbles like a ſeething Pot. *Wonderfull effects of diuers Fountaines.*

They ſay (forſooth) the Riuer *Silarus*,
And ſuch another, call'd *Eurimenus*,
Conuert the boughs, the barke, the leaves, and all,
To very ſtone, that in their Waters fall.

O! ſhould I blaunch the *Iewes* religious River,
Which every *Saboth* dries his Chanell over;
Keeping his Waues from working on that Day
Which God ordain'd a ſacred Reſt for ay?
If neer vnto the *Eleuſinian* Spring,
Som ſport-full Iig, ſom wanton Shepheard ſing,
The Raviſht Fountain falls to daunce and bound,
Keeping true Cadence to his ruſtick ſound.
Cerona, *Xanth.* and *Cephiſius*, do make
The thirſty-Flocks that of their Waters take,
Blacke, red, and white. And neer the crimſin Deepe,
Th' *Arabian* Fountain maketh crimſin Sheep.
Soloxian Fountain, and thou *Andrian* Spring,
Out of what Cellars do you daily bring
The Oyl and Wine that you abound-with, ſo?
O Earth! do theſe within thine entrails grow?
What? be there Vines and Orchards vnder ground?
Is *Bacchus* Trade and *Pallas* Art there found?
What ſhould I, of th' *Illyrian* Fountain, tell?
What ſhall I ſay of the *Dodónean* Well?
Whereof, the firſt ſets any cloathes on-fire;
Th' other doth quench (who but will this admire?)
A burning Torch; and when the ſame is quenched,
Lights it again, if it again be drenched.
Sure, in the *Legend* of abſurdeſt Fables
I ſhould enroule moſt of theſe admirables;
Save for the reverence of th' vnſtayned credit
Of many a witnes where I yerſt have read it:
And ſauing that our gain-ſpurr'd Pilots finde,
In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.
Of all the Sources infinite to count,
Which to an ample Volume would amount,
Far hence on Forrain vnfrequented Coaſt,
I'le onely chuſe ſom five or ſixe at moſt,
Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few;
And yet no more incredible then true.
In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of thoſe ſame ſeav'n
Whereto our Elders* *Happy* name had giv'n)

A continuation of the admirable effects of certain Waters.

* *Inſula fortunate.*

The Savage people neuer drink the ſtreams
Of Wells and Riuers (as in other Realms)
Their drink is in the Aire; their guſhing ſpring
A weeping Tree out of it ſelf doth wring:
A Tree, whoſe tender-bearded Root being ſpred
In dryeſt ſand, his ſweating Leaf doth ſhed
A moſt ſweet liquor; and (like as the Vine
Vntimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her wine,
In pearled tears) incetſantly diſtills
A Cryſtall ſtream, which all their Ciſterns fills,
Through all the Iland: for all hither hy,
And all their veſſels cannot draw it dry.
In froſty *Iſland* are two Fountains ſtrange:
Th' one flowes with Wax: the other ſtream doth change
All into Iron; yet with ſcalding ſteam
In thouſand bubbles belcheth vp her ſtream.
In golden *Peru*, neere Saint *Helens* Mount
A ſtream of Pitch comes from a ſpringing Fount.
What more remains? That *New-found World*, beſides,
Toward the Weſt many a fair River guides;
Whoſe floating Waters (knowing th' vſe aright
Of Work-fit Day, and Reſt-ordained Night,
Better then men) run ſwiftly, all the Day;
But reſt, all Night, and ſtir not any way.
Great Enginer, Almighty Architect,
I fear, of Enuy I ſhould be ſuſpect,
Enuy of thy Renown and and ſacred glory,
If my ingrateful Rimes ſhould blaunch the Story
Of Streams, diſtilling through the Sulphur-Mines,
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins;
Which (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure
A thouſand Greefs we mortals heere endure,
Old in th' April of our age therewith,
Whoſe rigour ſtriues to *ante*-date our death.
Now, as my happy *Gaſcony* excells,
In Corne, Wine, Warriours, every Country els;
So doth ſhe alſo in free *Bathes* abound;
Where ſtrangers flock from every part around.

Of Bathes and Medicinable Waters.

Of the excellent Bathes in Gaſcony.

The barren womb, the Palſie-ſhaken wight,
Th' vlcerous, gowtie, deaf, and decrepit,
From Eaſt and Weſt arriving, fetch from hence
Their ready help with ſmall or no expence.
Witnes *Ancoſſa, Caud'rets, Aigueſcald,*
Barege, Baigners; Baigners, the pride of all,
The pride, the praiſe, the onely Paradiſe
Of all thoſe Mountains mounting to the skies,
Where yerſt the *Gaulian Hercules* begot
(Wanton *Alcmena's* Baſtard, meane I not)
On faire *Pirēne* (as the fame doth go)
The famous Father of the *Gaſcons*; who
By noble deeds, do worthily averr
Their true deſcent from ſuch an Anceſter.
On th' one ſide, Hils hoar'd with eternal Snowes,
And craggy Rocks *Baigneres* do incloſe:
The other ſide is ſweetly compaſt-in
With fragrant skirts of an immortall Green,
Whoſe ſmiling beauties far excell, in all,
The famous praiſe of the *Peneian* Vale:
There's not a Houſe, but ſeemeth to be new;
Th' even-ſlated Roofs reflect with gliſtring blew:
To keep the Pavement ever cleane and ſweet,
A Cryſtall River runs through every Street,
Whoſe Siluer ſtream, as cold as Ice, doth ſlide
But little off the *Phyſick* Waters ſide;
Yet keeps his nature, and diſdaines, a iot
To intermix his cold with th' others hot.
But, all theſe Wonders that adorn my Verſe,
Yet come not neer vnto the wondrous *Lers:*
If it be true, that the *Stagyrian* Sage
(With ſhame confus'd, and driv'n with deſperate rage)
Becauſe his Reaſon could not reach the knowing
Of *Euripus* his ſeav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing,
Leapt in the ſame, and there his life did end,
Compriz'd in that he could not comprehend.

Of the moſt wonderfull Fountain of Beleſtat.

What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain,
Which ſprings at *Belſtat* neere the famous Mountain

Of

Of *Foix*; whose Floods bathing *Maserian* Plains,
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tholousains?*
As oft as *Phœbus* (in a compleat Race)
On both th' *Horizons* shews his radiant Face,
This wondrous Brook) for foure whole months) doth flowe,
Foure-times-six-times, and Ebbs as oft as lowe
For half an houre may dry-shod past that list:
The next half houre, may none his course resist.
Whose foaming stream striues proudly to compare
(Euen in the birth) with Fame-fullst Floods that are.
O! learned (Nature-taught) *Arithmetician!*
Clock-less, so iust to measure *Time's* partition.
And little LAMBS-BOVRN, *though thou match not* Lee,
Nor hadst the Honor of DV BARTAS *Verse;*
If mine *haue any*, Thou *must needs partake,*
Both for thine Owne, *and for thine* Owners *sake;*
Whose kinde Excelles *Thee so* neerely *touch,*
That Yeerely *for them Thou doost* weep *so much,*
All Summer-long *(while all thy Sisters shrink,)*
That of thy teares *a million dayly drink;*
Besides thy Waast, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAVCER'S Donnington:
But (while the rest are full vnto the top)
All Winter-long, *Thou never* show'st *a drop,*
Nor send'st a doit *of need-less Subsidie,*
To Cramm the Kennet's *Want-less Treasurie,*
Before her Store be spent, & Springs be staid:
Then, then, alone Thou lendst a liberall Ayd;
Teaching Thy wealthy Neighbours (Mine, of late)
How, When, and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to greaz still the too-greazy Swine:
Neither, for fame, nor forme (when others doo)
To giue a Morsel, or a Mite or two;
But seuerally, and of a selfly motion,
When others miss, to giue the most deuotion.

Most wisely did th' eternall All-Creator,
Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water:

The intermedling of the Earth and Sea, and of

the commodities thence arising, & contrariwise of the confusion that would follow if they were separated.

For, sith th' one could not without drink subsist,
Nor, th' other without stay, bottom and list,
God intermixt them so, that th' Earth her brest
Op'ning to th' Ocean, th' Ocean winding prest
About the Earth, a-thwart, and vnder it,
For the Worlds Center, both together fit.
For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly
Iust the iust midst of the Worlds Axle-tree,
All Climats then should not be serv'd a-right
With equall Counterpoiz of day and night:
The *Horizons* il-leuell'd circle wide,
Would sag too-much on th' one or th' other side:
Th' *Antipodes*, or we, at once should take
View of more *Signes* then half the *Zodiack*:
The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain,
And setled Seasons would be then vncertain.

The Masse of the Earth and Water together make a perfect Globe.

This also serueth for probation sound,
That th' Earths and Waters mingled Mass is Round,
Round as a Ball; seeing on euery side
The Day and Night successiuely to slide.
Yea, though *Vespucio* (famous *Florentine*)
Mark Pole, and *Columb*, braue *Italian* Trine,
Our (*Spain's Dread*) *Drake*, *Candish*, *and Cumberland*
Most valiant Earle, *most worthy High Command*,
And thousand gallant modern *Typheis* else,
Had neuer brought the *North-Poles* Parallels
Vnder the *South*; and, sayling still about,
So many *New-worlds* vnder vs found out.
Nay, neuer could they th' *Artik* Pole haue lost,
Nor found th' *Antartik*; if in euery Coast
Seas liquid Glass round-bow'd not euery-where,
With sister Earth, to make a perfect Sphear.

How it commeth to passe that the Sea is not flat nor leuel; but rising round and bowed about the Earth.

But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,
Props, staies, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long
This hanging, thin, sad, slippery Water-Ball,
From falling out, and ouer-whelming all?
May it not be (good Lord) because the Water
To the Worlds Center tendeth still by nature;

And

And toward the bottom of this bottom bound,
Willing to fall, doth yet remain ſtill round?
Or may't not be, becauſe the ſurly Banks
Keep Waters captiue in their hollow flanks?
Or that our Seas be buttreſt (as it were)
With thouſand Rocks diſperſed heere and there?
Or rather, Lord, is't not Thine onely Powr
That Bows it round about Earths branchy Bowr?
Doubt-leſs (great God) 'tis doubt-leſs thine owne hand
Whereon this Manſion of *Mankinde* doth ſtand.
For, thogh it hang in th' Aire, ſwim in the water,
Though every way it be a round Theater,
Though All turn round about it, though for ay
It ſelfs Fundations with ſwift Motions play.
It reſts vn-mooueable: that th' Holy Race
Of *Adam* there may finde fit dwelling place.

The ſecond part of this 3. Book intreating of the Element of earth and firſt of the firmnes thereof.

The Earth receiues man when he firſt is born,
Th' Earth nurſes him; and when he is forlorn
Of th' other Elements, and Nature loaths-him,
Th' Earth in her boſom with kinde burial cloaths-him.
Oft hath the Aire with Tempeſts ſet-vpon-vs,
Oft hath the Water with her Floods vndon-vs,
Oft hath the Fire (th' vpper as well as ours)
With wofull flames conſum'd our Towns and Towrs:
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements,
Vnto Mankinde is kinde without offence:
Onely the Earth did neuer iot diſplace
From the firſt ſeat aſſign'd it by thy grace.

Earth is the Mother, Nurſe, and Hoſteſſe of mankinde.

Yet, true it is, (good Lord) that mov'd ſomtimes
With wicked Peoples execrable crimes,
The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,
Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake,
With ayd of Windes: which (as impriſoned deep)
In her vaſt entrails, furious murmurs keep.
Fear chils our hearts (what hart can fear diſſemble?)
When Steeples ſtagger, and huge Mountains tremble
With wind-leſs winde, and yawning Hell devours
Somtimes whole Cities with their ſhining Towrs.

Of Earth quakes and of the opening of the earth

The Globe of the Earth & Sea, is but as a little point, in comparison of the great circumference of Heauen:

Sith then, the Earth's, and Waters blended Ball
Is center, heart, and nauel of this All;
And sith (in reason) that which is included,
Must needs be less then that which doth include it;
'Tis question-less, the Orb of Earth and Water
Is the least Orb in all the All-Theater.
Let any iudge, whether this lower Ball
(Whose endless greatnes we admire so, all)
Seem not a point, compar'd with th'vpper Sphear
Whose turning turns the rest in their Career;

Sith by the Doctrine of Astronomers, the least Starre in the Firmament is 18 times bigger then all the earth,

Sith the least Star that we perceiue to shine
Aboue, disperst in th' Arches crystalline
(If, at the least, Star-Clarkes be credit worth)
Is eighteen times bigger then all the Earth:
Whence, if we but substract what is possest
(From North to South, & from the East to West)
Vnder the Empire of the Ocean
Atlantike, *Indian*, and *American*;
And thousand huge Arms issuing out of these,
With infinites of other Lakes and Seas:
And also what the Two *intemperate Zones*
Doo make vnfit for habitations;
What will remaine? Ah! nothing (in respect):

By consideration whereof, the Poet taketh occasion to censure sharply the Ambition, Bribery, Vsury, Extortion, Deceipt, and generall Couetousnes of Mankinde.

Lo heer, O men! Lo wherefore you neglect
Heav'ns glorious Kingdom: Lo the largest scope
Glory can giue to your ambitious hope.
O Princes (subiects vnto pride and pleasure)
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's breadth, the measure
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,
Couer the Fields with bloudy Carcases:
O Magistrates, who (to content the Great)
Make sale of *Iustice*, on your sacred Seat;
And, broaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,
To leaue a Leek to your vnthankfull Race:
You strict Extorters, that the Poor oppress,
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-less,
To leaue your Off-spring rich (of others good)
In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood:

You City-Vipers, that (inceſtuous) ioyn
Vſe vpon vſe, begetting Coyn of Coyn:
You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, periur'd Hypocrites,
Diſſembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,
Who falſifie your Meaſures and your Weights,
T' inrich your ſelues, and your vnthrifty Sons
To Gentillize with proud poſſeſſions:
You that for gain betray your gracious Prince,
Your natiue Country, or your deereſt Friends:
You, that to get you but an inch of ground,
With curſed hands remoue your Neigbours bound
(The ancient bounds your Anceſtors haue ſet)
What gain you all? alas! what do you get?
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
All the round Earth to his ſubiection;
Lo heer the Guerdon of his glorious pains:
A needles point, a More, a Mite, he gains,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All poſſeſs);
Or, if then nothing any thing be leſs.

When God, whoſe words more in a moment can,
Then in an Age the proudeſt ſtrength of Man,
Had ſeuered the Floods, leuell'd the Fields,
Embas't the Valleys, and emboſt the Hils;
Change, change (quoth he) O fair and firmeſt Globe,
Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe;
Cheer thy ſad brows, and ſtately garniſh them,
With a rich, fragrant, flowry Diadem;
Lay forth thy locks, and paint thee (*Lady-like*)
With freſheſt colours on thy ſallow cheek.
And let from hence-forth thy aboundant breſts
Not only Nurſe thine own Wombs natiue gueſts,
But frankly furniſh with fit nouriſhments
The future folk of th' other Elements;
That Aire, and Water, and the Angels Court,
May all ſeem iealous of thy praiſe and port.

God hauing diſcouered the earth commands it to bring forth euery green thing, hearbs, trees, flowers and fruits.

No ſooner ſpoken, but the lofty *Pine*
Diſtilling-pitch, the *Larch* yeeld-Turpentine,
Th' euer *Valley*.

Of Trees growing in Mountains and in

Th' euer-green *Box*, and gummy *Cedar* ſprout,
And th' Airy Mountaines mantle round about:
The Maſt-full *Oke*, the vſe-full *Aſh*, the *Holm*,
Coat changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, ſhady *Elm*,
Through Hill and Plain ranged their plumed Ranks.
The winding Riuers bordered all their banks
With ſlice-Sea *Alders*, and green *Oſiars* ſmal,
With trembling *Poplars*, and with *VVillows* pale,
And many Trees beſide, fit to be made
Fewell, or Timber, or to ſerue for Shade.

Of fruit-trees.

The dainty *Apricock* (of Plums the Prince)
The veluet *Peach*, gilt *Orenge*, downy *Quince*,
All-ready bear grav'n in their tender barks,
Gods powerfull prouidence in open marks.
The ſent-ſweet *Apple*, and aſtringent *Pear*,
The *Cherry*, *Filberd*, *VVal-nut*, *Meddeler*,
The milky *Fig*, the *Damſon* black and white,
The *Date*, and *Olyue*, ayding appetite,
Spread euery-where a moſt delightfull Spring,
And euery-where a very *Eden* bring.

Of ſhrubs.

Heer, the fine *Pepper*, as in cluſters hung,
There *Cinamon* and other *Spices* ſprung.
Heer, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty pains
Yearly repay the *Bandans* wondrous gains;
There growes (th' *Heſperian* Plant) the precious Reed
Whence *Sugar* ſirrops in aboundance bleed;
There weeps the *Balm*, and famous Trees from whence
Th' *Arabians* fetch perfuming *Frankincenſe*.

Of the Vine, and the excellent vſe of Wine temperately taken.

There, th' amorous *Vine* coll's in a thouſand ſorts
(With winding arms) her Spouſe that her ſupports:
The Vine, as far inferiour to the reſt,
In beauty, as in bounty paſt the beſt:
Whoſe ſacred liquor, temperately taen,
Reviues the ſpirits and purifies the brain,
Cheers the ſad heart, increaſeth kindly heat,
Purgeth groſs blood, and doth the pure beget,
Strengthens the ſtomack, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the wit, and doth the bladder cleanſe,

Opens

Opens obstructions, excrements expels,
And easeth vs of many Languors els.
And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly state
Our Parents barr'd vs) th' Earth degenerate
From her first beauty, bearing still vpon her
Eternall Scars of her fond Lords dishonour:
Though with the Worlds age, her weak age decay,
Though she becom less fruitfull every day
(Much like a Woman with oft teeming worn;
Who with the Babes of her owne body born,
Having almost stor'd a whole Town with people,
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)
Yet doth she yeeld matter enough to sing
And praise the Maker of so rich a Thing.

He preuenteth an obiection, and sheweth that notwithstanding mans fall, the Earth yeeldeth vs matter inough to praise and magnifie her Maker.

Simile.

Neuer mine eies in pleasant Spring behold
The azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,
The *Violet's* purple, the sweet *Rose's* stammell,
The *Lillie's* snowe, and *Pansey's* various ammell;
Bnt that (in them) the Painter I admire,
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
Then fresh *Aurora's* rosie cheeks display,
When in the East she Vshers a fair Day:
Or *Iris* Bowe, which bended in the Sky
Boades fruitfull deaws when as the Fields be dry.

Of Flowers.

Heer (deer S. BARTAS) *giue thy Seruant leaue.*
In thy rich Garland one rare Flowr *to weaue,*
VVnose wondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy diuine, immortalizing Pen:
But, from thy sight, when SEIN *did swell with Bloud,*
It sunk (perhaps) vnder the Crimsin Flood
(VVhen Beldam, Medices, Valois, *and* Guise
Stain'd Hymens *Roab with* Heathen *cruelties)*
Because the Sun, to shun so vile a view,
His Chamber kept; and wept with Bartholmew.
For so, so soon as in the Western Seas.
Apollo *sinks, in siluer* Euphrates
The Lotos *dues, deeper and deeper ay*
Till mid-night: then, remounteth toward Day:

An addition by the Translator, of the rare Sun-louing LOTOS.

But not aboue the Water, till the Sun
Doo re-aſcend aboue the Horizon.
Semper eadem *So euer-true to* Titans *radiant Flame,*
That (Riſe he, Fall he) it is Still the ſame.
A Real Emblem of her Royal Honour
That worthily did take that Word *vpon-her;*
Sacred ELIZA, *that enſu'd no leſs*
Th' etenall Sun of Peace and Righteouſnes;
VVhoſe liuely lamp (what euer did betide-her)
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.
For, in her Fathers and her Brothers Daies,
Fair roſe this Roſe *with Truth's new-ſpringing raies:*
And when again the Goſpels *glorious Light*
Set in her Siſters ſuperſtitious Night;
She ſunk withall vnder afflictions ſtreams
(As ſinks my Lotos *with* Sols *ſetting beams):*
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,
Ther-with, again her Royal Crown ſhe rear'd;
And in an Ile amid the Ocean ſet
(*Maugre the* Deluge *that* Romes *Dragon ſpet,*
VVith ſpightfull ſtorms ſtriuing to ouer-flowe her,
And Spain *conſpyring iointly t' ouer-throwe-her*)
Her Maiden *Flowr flouriſht aboue the VVater;*
ELIZABETA REGINA. *Anagram.* *For, ſtill Heav'ns Sun cheriſht his louing Daughter:*
Bel fior d' Honor, ch' in Mare 'l Mondo ammira,
Ei ben t' alza e gira. Al Sole ſacro, ch' EI BEN T' ALZA E GIRA
(*So, my deer* Wiat, *honouring* Stil the ſame,
In-ſoul'd an Impreſe *with her* Anagramm):
And laſt, for guerdon of her conſtant Loue,
Rapt her intirely, to himſelf aboue.
So ſet our Sun; and yet no Night enſu'd:
So happily the Heav'ns our Light renu'd:
For, in her ſtead, of the ſame Stock of Kings
Another Flowr (or rather Phœnix) ſprings;
Another like (or rather Still the ſame)
No leſſe in Loue with that Supernall Flame.
So, to God's glory, and his Churches good,
Th' honour of England, *and the Royall blood,*

Long

Long happy Monark may king IAMES *perſiſt;*
And after him, His; Still the ſame *in Chriſt.*
God, not content t' haue giuen theſe Plants of ours
Precious Perfumes, Fruits, plenty, pleaſant Flowrs,
Infuſed Phyſick in their leaues and Mores,
To cure our ſicknes, and to ſalve our ſores:
Elſe doubt-leſs (Death aſſaults ſo many waies)
Scarce could we liue a quarter of our Daies;
But like the Flax, which flowrs at once and falls,
One Feaſt would ſerue our Births and Burials:
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb,
Our tender Spring our Winter would becom.
Good Lord! how many gaſping Soules haue ſcap't
By th' ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Graue hath gap't;
Who, euen about to touch the *Stygian* ſtrand!
Haue yet beguil'd grim *Pluto's* greedy hand!
Beard-leſs *Apollo's* beardy * Sonn did once
With iuice of Hearbs reioin the ſcattered bones
Of the chaſte * Prince, that in th' *Athenian* Court
Preferred Death before inceſtuous ſport.
So did *Medea*, for her *Iaſon's* ſake,
The frozen limbs of *Æſon* youthfull make.
O ſacred Simples that our life ſuſtain,
And when it flies vs, call it back again!
'Tis not alone your liquor, inly taen,
That oft defends vs from ſo many a baen:
But euen your ſauour, yea, your neighbourhood,
For ſom Diſeaſes is exceeding good;
Working ſo rare effects, that only ſuch
As feel, or ſee them, can beleeue ſo much.
Blew *Succorie*, hangd on the naked neck,
Diſpels the dimneſs that our ſight doth check.
Swines-Bread, ſo vſed, doth not onely ſpeed
A tardy Labour; but (without great heed)
If ouer it a Child-great Woman ſtride,
Inſtant abortion often doth betide.
The burning Sun, the baneſull Aconite,
The poyſonie Serpents that vnpeople quite

Of diuers hearbs and Plants, and of their excellent vertues.

Simile.

* *Eſculapius.*

* *Hyppolitus.*

The vertue of Succorie.

Of Swines-bread.

Cyrenian Deſarts, neuer Danger them
That wear about them th' * *Artemiſian* Stem.
About an Infants neck hang *Peonie*,
It cures *Alcydes* cruell maladie.
If fuming boawls of *Bacchus*, in exceſs,
Trouble thy brains with ſtorms of gyddineſs,
Put but a garland of green *Saffron* on,
And that mad humour will be quickly gon.
Th' inchanting Charms of *Syrens* blandiſhments,
Contagious Aire ingendring Peſtilence,
Infect not thoſe that in their mouthes haue taen
Angelica that happy counter-baen,
Sent down from Heav'n by ſome Celeſtiall ſcout,
As well the name and nature both avow't.
So *Pimpernel*, held in the Patients hand,
The bloody-Flix doth preſently with-ſtand:
And ruddy *Madder's* root, long handeled,
Dies th' handlers vrine into perfect red.
O Wondrous *Woad*! which, touching but the skin,
Imparts his colour to the parts within.
Nor (powerfull Hearbs) do we alonely finde
Your vertues working in frail humane kinde;
But you can force the fierceſt Animals,
The felleſt Fiends, the firmeſt Mineralls,
Yea, faireſt Planets (if Antiquitie
Have not bely'd the Haggs of *Theſſalie*).
Onely the touch of *Choak-Pard* * *Aconite*,
Bereaves the *Scorpion* both of ſenſe and might:
As (oppoſite) *Helleborus* doth make
His vitall powers from deadly ſlumber wake.
With *Betonie*, fell Serpents round beſet,
Lift vp their heads, and fall to hiſs and ſpet,
With ſpightfull fury in their ſparkling eyes,
Breaking all truce, with infinite defies:
Puft vp with rage, to't by the eares they goe,
Baen againſt baen, plague againſt plague they throwe,
Charging each other with ſo fierce a force
(For friends turn'd foes have lightly leaſt remorſe)

* *Mugwort.*
Peonie.
Saffron.
Angelica.
Pimpernell or Burnet.
Madder.
* *Libbards bane*
Helleborus.
Betonie.

That

That wounded all (or rather all a wound)
With poyſoned gore they cover all the ground;
And nought can ſtint their ſtrange inteſtine ſtrife,
But onely th'end of their deteſted life.
As *Betonie* breaks friendſhips ancient bands,
So *Willo-wort* makes wonted hate ſhake hands: *Willow-worte.*
For, being faſtned to proud Courſers collers,
That fight and fling, it will abate their cholers.
The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*, *Tamarice.*
Conſume their ſpleen. The like effect ther is
In *Finger-Fern:* which, being given to Swine, *Finger-Ferne.*
It makes their Milts to Melt away in fine,
With ragged tooth chooſing the ſame ſo right
Of all their Tripes to ſerue it's appetite.
And Horſe, that, feeding on the graſsy Hills,
Tread vpon * *Moon-woort* with their hollow heeles; * *Lunaria.*
Though lately ſhod, at night goe bare-foot home,
Their Maiſter muſing where their ſhooes become:
O *Moon-wort!* tell vs where thou hidſt the Smith,
Hammer, and Pincers, thou vnſhoo'ſt them with?
Alas! what Locke or Iron Engine is't
That can thy ſubtile ſecret ſtrength reſiſt,
Sith the beſt Farrier cannot ſet a ſhoo
So ſure, but thou (ſo ſhortly) canſt vndoo?
But I ſuppoſe not, that the earth doth yeeld
In Hill or Dale, in Forreſt or in Field,
A rarer Plant then *Candian* * *Dittanie*, * *Dictaminum Candia.*
Which wounded Dear earing, immediatly
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainſt the Shooter doth the ſhaft repell.
Moreover (Lord) is't not a Work of thine *Great varietie in colour and form of Plants, and ſtrange contrariety of effects, according to the bodies that they work vpon.*
That every where, in every Turf we finde
Such multitude of other Plants to ſpring,
In form, effect, and colour differing?
And each of them in their due Seaſons taen,
To one is Phyſick, to another baen:
Now gentle, ſharp anon: now good, then ill:
What cureth now, the ſame anon doth kill.

Th'hearb

Th' hearb* *Sagapen* ſerues the ſlowe Aſſe for meat,
But kils the Ox if of the ſame he eat.
So branched* *Hemlock* for the Stares is fit;
But, death to man, if he but taſte of it.
And* *Oleander* vnto beaſts is poyſon;
But, vnto man a ſpeciall counter-poyſon.
What ranker poyſon? what more deadly baen
Then* *Aconite*, can there be toucht or taen?
And yet his iuice beſt cures the burning bit
Of ſtinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.
O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!
Diſdainfull Poyſon! noble combatant!
That ſcorneth aid, and loves alone to fight,
That none partake the glory of his might:
For, if he finde our bodies fore-poſſeſt
With other Poyſon, then he lets vs reſt,
And with his Rivall enters ſecret Duel,
One to one, ſtrong to ſtrong, cruel to cruel,
Still fighting fierce, and never over-giue
Till they both dying, give Man leave to live.
And to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,
Ruſh through the Woods, or clamber vp the Hills,
I finde God every-where; Thence all depend,
He giueth frankly what we thankly ſpend.
Heer for our food, Millions of flow'rie grains,
With long Muſtachoes, waue vpon the Plains;
Heer thouſand fleeces, fit for Princes Robes,
In *Serean* Forreſts hang in ſilken Globes:
Heer ſhrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner vſe)
The fine white balls of *Bombace* do produce.
Heer th' azure-flowred Flax is finely ſpun
For fineſt Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun:
Heer fatall *Hemp*, which *Denmark* doth afford,
Doth furniſh vs with Canuaſs, and with Cord,
Cables and Sayles; that, Windes aſsiſting either,
We may acquaint the Eaſt and Weſt together,
And dry-foot daunce on *Neptunes* Watry Front,
And in aduenture lead whole Towns vpon't.

* *Fenel gyant.*
* *Hemlock.*
* *Roſe-bay.*
* *Wolfes bane.*
Of grain, ſilke, Cotton-Wool (or Bombace) Flax & Hemp which the Earth produceth.

Heer of one grain of * *Maiz*, a Reed doth spring, **Indian-wheat.*
That thrice a year, fiue hundred grains doth bring;
Which (after) th'*Indians* parch, and punn, and knead,
And thereof make them a most holesom bread.
Th'Almighty Voyce, which built this mighty Ball,
Still, still rebounds and ecchoes ouer all:
That, that alone, yeerly the World revives;
Through that alone, all springs, all lives, all thrives:
And that alone makes, that our mealy grain
Our skilfull Seed-man scatters not in vain;
But being covered by the tooth-full Harrow,
Or hid awhile vnder the folded furrow,
Rots to revive; and, warmly-wet, puts-forth
His root beneath, his bud above the Earth;
Enriching shortly with his springing Crop,
The Ground with green, the Husband-man with hope:
The bud becoms a blade, the blade a reed, *An exact description of the growing of wheat and other like kindes of graine.*
The reed an ear, the ear another seed:
The seed, to shut the wastefull Sparrows out
(In Harvest) hath a stand of Pikes about,
And Chaffie Husks in hollow Cods inclose-it;
Least heat, wet, winde, should roste, or rot, or lose-it:
And, least the Straw should not sustein the ear,
With knotty ioints 'tis sheathed heer and there.
Pardon me (Reader) if thy raviſht Eyes
Have seen *To-Day* too great varieties
Of Trees, of Flowrs, of Fruites, of Hearbs, of Grains,
In these my Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Plains;
Sith th'*Ile* of *Zebut's* admirable Tree *Of the Indian Cocos a most admirable fruit.*
Beareth a fruit (call'd *Cocos* commonly)
The which, alone, far richer Wonders yields
Then all our Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Fields.
What? would'st thou drink? the wounded leaues drop wine.
Lack'st thou fine linnen? dress the tender rine,
Dress it like Flax, spin it, and weave it wel,
It shall thy Cambrik and thy Lawn excel.
Long'st thou for Butter? bite the poulpy part,
And never better came to any Mart.

Needeſt thou Oyl? then boult it to and fro,
And paſſing oyle it ſoon becommeth ſo.
Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?
Then ſun it wel, and it will ſharply bite.
Or wantſt thou Sugar? ſteep the ſame a ſtound,
And ſweeter Sugar is not to be found.
'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:
Should *Mydas* touch't (I think) it would be Gold.
And God (I think) to crown our life with ioyes,
The Earth with plenty, and his Name with praiſe,
Had don enough; if he had made no more
But this one Plant, ſo full of wondrous ſtore:
Save that, the World (where one thing breeds ſatiety)
Could not be fair, without ſo great variety.
But th'Earth not onely on her back doth bear
Abundant treaſures gliſtering every where
(*As glorious vnthrifts, croſt with Parents Curſe,*
Wear golden Garments; but an empty Purſe:
Or Venus *Darlings, fair without; within*
Full of Diſeaſe, full of Deceipt and Sinne:
Or ſtately Toombes, externly gilt and garniſht;
With duſt and bones inwardly fill'd and furniſht)
Of the riches vnder or within the Earth. But inwardly ſhee's no leſs fraught with riches,
Nay rather more (which more our ſoules bewitches).
Within the deep folds of her fruitfull lap,
So bound-leſs Mines of treaſure doth ſhe wrap,
That th'hungry hands of humane avarice
Cannot exhauſt with labour or device.
For, they be more then ther be Starrs in Heav'n,
Or ſtormy billows in the Ocean driv'n,
Or ears of Corn in *Autumn* on the Fields,
Or Savage Beaſts vpon a thouſand Hills,
Or Fiſhes diving in the ſilver Floods,
Or ſcattred Leaves in Winter in the Woods.
Of Minerals. *Slat*, *Jet*, and *Marble* ſhall eſcape my pen,
I over-paſs the Salt-mount *Oromene*,
I blanch the *Brine-Quar* Hill in *Aragon*,
Whence (there) they pouder their proviſion.

I'le onely now emboss my Book with *Brass*,
Dye't with *Vermilion*, deck't with *Coperas*,
With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead* and *Mercury*,
Tin, *Iron*, *Orpine*, *Stibium*, *Lethargy*:
And on my Gold-work I will onely place
The *Crystall* pure, which doth reflect each face;
The precious *Ruby*, of a Sanguin hew,
The Seal-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,
The *Cassidonie*, full of circles round,
The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,
The various *Opal*, and green *Emerald*,
The *Agate* by a thousand titles call'd,
The skie-like *Turquez*, purple *Amethists*,
And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames resists.

Of pretious stones.

I knowe, to Man the Earth seems (altogether)
No more a Mother, but a Step-dame rather:
Because (alas) vnto our loss she bears
Blood-shedding *Steel*, and *Gold* the ground of cares:
As if these Mettals, and not Man's amiss,
Had made Sin mount vnto the height it is.
But, as the sweet bait of aboundant Riches,
Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches:
Gold gilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings
To raise their thoughts vnto the rarest things.
The wise, not onely Iron well apply
For houshold turns, and Tools of Husbandry;
But to defend their Country (when it calls)
From forrain dangers, and intestine bralls:
But, with the same the wicked never mell,
But to do seruice to the Haggs of Hell;
To pick a Lock, to take his neighbours Purse,
To break a House, or to doo somthing worse;
To cut his Parents throat, to kill his Prince,
To spoyl his Country, murder Innocents.
Even so, profaning of a gift divine,
The Drunkard drowns his Reason in the Wine:
So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wresting Eloquence,
Excuse rich wrong, and cast poor Innocence:

The vse, or abuse of things, makes the good or euill: helpfull, or hurtful to Mankinde

So *Antichriſts*, their poyſon to infuſe,
Miſs-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuſe.
For, as a Cask, through want of vſe grow'n fuſty,
Makes with his ſtink the beſt *Greek* Malmſey muſty:
So God's beſt gifts, vſurpt by wicked Ones,
To poyſon turn through their contagions.

Of the rare vertue of the Loadſtone.

But, ſhall I baulk th'admired *Adamant*,
Whoſe dead-live power, my Reaſons power doth dant.
Renowned *Load-ſtone*, which on Iron acts,
And by the touch the ſame aloof attracts;
Attracts it ſtrangely with vnclapſing crooks,
With vnknow'n cords, with vnconceived hooks,
With vnſeen hands, with vndiſcerned arms,
With hidden Force, with ſacred ſecret charms,
Wherewith hee wooes his *Iron Miſteriſs*,
And never leaves her till he get a kiſs;
Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull boſom,
Never to part (except we, love-leſs, looſe-em)
With ſo firm zeal and faſt affection
The Stone doth love the Steel, the Steel the Stone.
And though ſomtime ſom Make-bate com betwixt,
Still burns their firſt flame; 'tis ſo ſurely fixt:
And, while they cannot meet to break their mindes,
With mutuall skips they ſhew their loue by ſignes
(*As baſhfull Suters, ſeeing Strangers by,*
Parley in ſilence with their hand or eye).
Who can conceiue, or cenſure in what ſort
One Loadſtone-touched Annlet doth tranſport
Another Iron-Ring, and that another,
Till foure or fiue hang dangling one in other?
Greateſt *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)
Could tell the Reaſon of theſe hanging links:
Sith Reaſon-ſcanners haue reſolved all,
That heavie things, hangd in the Aire, muſt fall.
I am not ignorant, that He, who ſeeks
In *Romane* Robes to ſute the *Sageſt Greeks*,
Whoſe iealous wife, weening to home-revoke-him
With a Love-potion, did with poyſon choak-him;

Hath

Hath ſought to ſhowe, with arguing ſubtilty,
The ſecret cauſe of this rare Sympathy.
But ſay (*Lucretius*) what's the hidden cauſe
That toward the *North-Star* ſtill the needle draw's,
Whoſe point is toucht with Load-ſtone? looſe this knot,
And ſtill-green *Laurell* ſhall be ſtill thy Lot:
Yea, Thee more learned will I then confeſs,
Then *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.
W'are not to *Ceres* ſo much bound for Bread,
Neither to *Bacchus*, for his Cluſters red,
As (*Signor Flauio*) to thy witty triall,
For firſt inuenting of the Sea-mans Diall
(Th'vſe of the Needle, turning in the ſame)
Diuine deuice! O admirable Frame!
Whereby, through th'Ocean, in the darkeſt night,
Our hugeſt *Caraques* are conducted right:
Whereby w'are ſtor'd with Truch-man, Guide, and Lamp
To ſearch all corners of the watery Camp:
Whereby a Ship, that ſtormy Heav'ns haue whurld
Neer in one Night into another World,
Knowes where ſhe is; and in the *Card* deſcries
What degrees thence the *Equinoctiall* lies.
Cleer-ſighted Spirits, that cheer with ſweet aſpect
My ſober Rymes, though ſubiect to defect;
If in this Volume, as you ouer-read it
You meet ſom things ſeeming exceeding credit,
Becauſe (perhaps) heer proued yet by no-man;
Their ſtrange effects be not in knowledge common:
Think, yet, to ſom the Load-ſtone's vſe is new;
And ſeems as ſtrange, as we haue try'd it true:
Let therefore that which Iron draw's, draw ſuch
To credit more then what they ſee or touch.

Of the excellent vſe of the Mariners Compaſſe.

Nor is th'Earth onely worthy praiſe eternall,
For the rare riches on her back externall;
Or in her boſom: but her own ſelfs worth
Solicits me to ſound her glory forth.
I call to witnes all thoſe weak diſeaſed,
Whoſe bodies oft haue by th'effects been eaſed

Of medicinable Earthes.

Of *Lemnos* ſeal'd earth, or *Eretrian* ſoil,
Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile.
All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towrs,
The Earths Encomion.
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Phyſik, and Fruits, and Flowrs,
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, ſweet,
Sumptuouſly cloathed in a Mantle meet
Of mingled-colour; lac't about with Floods,
And all imbrodered with freſh blooming buds,
With rareſt Gemmes richly about emboſt,
Excelling cunning and exceeding coſt.
All-hail great Heart, round Baſe, and ſtedfaſt Root,
Of All the World, the Worlds ſtrong fixed foot,
Heav'ns chaſteſt Spouſe, ſupporter of this All,
This glorious Buildings goodly Pedeſtall.
All hail deer Mother, Siſter, Hoſteſs, Nurſe,
Of the Worlds Soverain: of thy liberall purſe,
W'are all maintained: match-leſs Empereſs,
To doo thee ſeruice with all readineſs,
The Sphears, before thee bear ten thouſand Torches:
The Fire, to warm thee, foldes his heatfull arches
In pureſt flames aboue the floating Cloud:
Th' Aire, to refreſh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waues, and well content to ſuffer
Milde *Zephyrs* blaſts, and *Boreas* bellowing rougher:
Water, to quench thy thirſt, about thy Mountains,
Wraps her moiſt arms, Seas, riuers, lakes and fountains.
Commendations of the Country-life.
O how I grieue, deer Earth, that (given to gays)
Moſt of beſt wits contemn thee now-a-days:
And nobleſt hearts proudly abandon quight
Study of Hearbs, and *Country-lifes* delight,
To bruteſt men, to men of no regard,
Whoſe wits are Lead, whoſe bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerſt the reuerend Patriarks,
Whoſe prayſe is penned by the *ſacred* Clarks.
Noah the iuſt, meek *Moſes*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* becam)
Were Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at leaſt)
And in the Fields paſſed their Dayes the beſt.

Such

Such were not yerſt *Attalus*, *Philemetor*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Pretor*;
Great Kings & Conſuls, who haue oft, for blades
And gliſtering Scepters, handled hooks and ſpades.
Such were not yerſt, *Cincinnatus* *Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who vn-ſelf-delicious,
With Crowned Coultars, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman* lands.
Great *Scipio*, *ſated* with fain'd curtſie-capping,
With Court-*Eclipſes*, and the tedious gaping
Of golden beggers: and that Emperour,
Of Slave, turn'd King; of King, turnd Labourer;
In Country Granges did their age confine:
And ordered there, with as good Diſcipline,
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat firſt;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerſt.
O thrice, thrice happy He, who ſhunns the cares
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs;
And, ſeruing *Ceres*, Tills with his own Teem
His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him!
Never pale Enuie's poyſonie heads doo hiſs
To gnaw his heart; nor Vultur Auarice:
His Field's bounds, bound his thoughts: he never ſupps,
For *Nectar*, poyſon mixt in ſilver Cups;
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
For ſweet *Ambroſia* deadly *Arſenick*:
His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glaſs)
The ſiluer Brook his ſweeteſt *Hypocraſſe*:
Milk, Cheeſe, and Fruit (fruits of his own endeuour)
Dreſt without dreſſing, hath he ready ever.
False Counſailours (Concealers of the Law)
Turn-coat Attourneys, that with both hands draw;
Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,
Proud Purſe-Leaches, Harpies of *Weſtminſter*,
With fained chiding, and foul iarring noyſe,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his ioyes.
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him ſweet *Good-morrows*,
With Natures Muſick doo beguile his ſorrows;

Free from enuy, ambition, & auarice: and conſequently from the diueliſh praCtiſes of Machiauilli Politikes.

Not vexed with counterfait wreſtlings of wrangling Laywers.

Teaching the fragrant Forreſts, day by day,
The *Diapaſon* of their Heav'nly Lay.

Not dreading ſhipwracke, nor in danger of Pirates.

His wandring Veſſell, reeling to and fro,
On th' irefull Ocean (as the Windes doo blowe)
With ſodain Tempeſt is not ouer-whurld,
To ſeek his ſad death in another World:
But, leading all his life at home in Peace,
Alwaies in ſight of his own ſmoak; no Seas,
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
Then that which waters, with his ſiluer Corrent
His Natiue Medowes: and that very Earth
Shall giue him Buriall, which firſt gaue him Birth.

Not diſeaſed in body through delicious Idlenes.

To ſummon timely ſleep, he doth not need
Æthyop's cold Ruſh, nor drowſy *Poppy*-ſeed;
Nor keep in conſort (as *Mecænas* did)
Luxurious Villains (Viols I ſhould haue ſayd);
But on green Carpets thrumd with moſſy Beuer,
Frendging the round skirts of his winding Riuer,
The ſtreams milde murmur, as it gently guſhes,
His healthy limbs in quiet ſlumber huſhes.

Not drawen by factions to an vntimely Death

Drum, Fife, and Trumpet, with their loud A-larms,
Make him not ſtart out of his ſleep, to Arms:
Nor deer reſpect of ſom great *Generall*,
Him from his bed vnto the block doth call.
The creſted Cock ſings *Hunt is vp* to him,
Limits his reſt, and makes him ſtir betime,
To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads,
Impearld with tears, that ſweet *Aurora* ſheads.

Not choaked with contagion of a corrupted Aire.

Never groſs Aire, poyſond in ſtinking Streets,
To choak his ſpirit, his tender noſtrill meets;
But th' open Sky, where at full breath he liues,
Still keeps him ſound, and ſtill new ſtomack giues:
And Death, drad Seriant of th' eternall Iudge,
Coms very late to his ſole ſeated Lodge.

Nor (Chameleō-like) changing, with euery obiect, the colour of his conſcience.

His wretched yeers in Princes Courts he ſpends not:
His thralled will on Great mens wils depends not:
He, changing Maſter, doth not change at once
His *Faith*; *Religion*, and his *God* renounce:

With

With mercenary lies hee doth not chaunt,
Prayſing an Emmet for an Elephant:
Sardanapalus (drown'd in ſoft exceſs)
For a triumphant vertuous *Hercules*;
Therſites foul, for *Venus* louely Loue;
And every Changeling for a Turtle-Doue;
Nor laviſhes in his laſcivious layes,
On wanton *Flora*, chaſte *Alceſtes* prayſe.
But all ſelf-priuate, ſerving God, he writes
Fear-leſs, and ſings but what his heart indites.

Nor ſoothing Sin: nor licking the Tayl of Greatneſſe.

No ſallow Fear doth day or night afflict-him:
Vnto no fraud doth night or day addict-him;
Or if he muſe on guile, 'tis but to get
Beaſt, Bird, or Fiſh, in toil, or ſnare, or net.

Neither preſt with Fear, nor plotting Fraud.

What though his Wardrobe be not ſtately ſtuft
With ſumptuous ſilks (pinked, and pownc't, and puft)
With gold-ground Velvets, and with ſiluer Tiſſue,
And all the glory of old *Enes* proud Iſſue?
What though his feeble Cofers be not cramd
With Miſers Idols, golden Ingots ramd?
He is warm-wrapped in his own-growen Wooll;
Of vn-bought Wines his Cellar's ever full;
His Garner's ſtor'd with grain, his Ground with flocks,
His Barns with Fodder, with ſweet ſtreams his Rocks.
For, heer I ſing the happy Ruſtiks weal,
Whoſe handſom houſe ſeems as a Common-weal:
And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde,
Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords doo grinde;
The pined Fiſher, or poor-Daiery-Renter
That liues of whay, for forfeiting Indenture;
Who ſcarce haue bread within their homely Cotes
(Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats.
Let me, good Lord, among the Great vn-kend,
My reſt of daies in the calm *Countrey* end.
Let me deſerue of my deer Æ GLE-Brood,
For Windſor-*Forreſt*, *walks in* Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley *Pond my Sea*; Lambs-bourn *my Thames*;
Lambourn *my* London; Kennet's *ſiluer ſtreams*,

My fruitfull Nile; my Singers and Muſicians,
The pleaſant Birds with warbling repetitions;
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will;
My Court, a Cottage on a lowely Hill;
Where, without let, I may ſo ſing thy Name,
That times to-com may wonder at the ſame.
Or, if the new North-ſtar, my Souerain, IAMES
(The ſecret vertue of whoſe ſacred beams
Attracts th'attentiue ſeruice of all ſuch
Whoſe mindes did euer Vertue's Load-ſtone touch)
Shall euer daign t'inuite mine humble Fate
T'approoch the Preſence of his Royall State:
Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,
Shall driue or draw me neer their pleaſing-Troubles;
Let not their Fauours make me drunk with folly:
In their Commands, ſtill keep my Conſcience holy:
Let me, true Honour, not the falſe delight;
And play the Preacher, not the Paraſite.

So, Morn and Euening the Third Day concludes,
And God perceiu'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE FOVRTH DAIE OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

The twinkling Spangles *of the* Firmament:
The wandring Seav'n (*Each in a ſeuerall Tent*);
Their Courſe, their Force, their Eſſence is diſputed;
That they (*as Beaſts*) *doe eat and drink*; *refuted.*
Heav'ns (*not the* Earth) *with rapid* motion *roule*:
The famous Stars *obſerv'd in either* Pole:
Heav'ns ſloaping Belt: *the* Twelue *celeſtiall* Signes,
Whear Sol the Seaſons *of the* Year *confines*:
Dayes *glorious* Prince: Nights *gloomy* Patroneſs:
His Light *and Might*: *Her conſtant* Change-fulnes.

PVre Spirit that rapt'ſt aboue the Firmeſt Sphear,
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Meſſenger,
Who ſmiting *Iordan* with his pleighted Cloak,
Did yerſt diuide the Waters with the ſtroak:
O! take me vp; that, far from Earth, I may
From Sphear to Sphear, ſee th'azure Heav'ns *To-Day*.
Be thou my Coach-man, and now Cheek by Ioule
With *Phœbus* Chariot let my Chariot roule;
Driue on my Coach by *Mars* his flaming Coach;
Saturn and *Luna* let my wheels approach:
That having learn'd of their Fire-breathing Horſes,
Their courſe, their light, their labour, and their forces,
My Muſe may ſing in ſacred Eloquence,
To Vertues Friends, their vertuous Excellence:

In the beginning of the fourth booke, calling vpon the God of Heauen, our Poet prayeth to be lift vp in the Heauens, that he may diſcourſe (as he ought) of the ſtarrs fixed and wandring.

And

And with the Load-ſtone of my conquering Verſe,
Aboue the Poles attract the moſt perverſe,
And you fair learned ſoules, you ſpirits diuine,
To whom the Heav'ns ſo nimble quils aſſigne,
As well to mount, as skilfully to limn
The various motion of their Taperstrim;
Lend me your hand; lift mee aboue *Parnaſſus*;
With your loud *Trebbles* help my lowly *Baſſus*.
For ſure, beſides that your wit-gracing Skill
Bears, in it ſelf, it ſelf's rich guerdon ſtill;
Our Nephews, free from ſacrilegious brauls,
Where Horror ſwims in bloud about our wals,
Shall one day ſing that your deer Song did merit
Better Heav'n, better hap and better time to hear-it.
And, though (alas) my now new-riſing Name
Can hope heer-after none, or little Fame:
The time that moſt part of our better wits
Miſ-ſpend in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,
Without affection, in affected words:
I mean to ſpend, in publiſhing the Story
Of Gods great works, to his immortall glory.
My rymes, begot in pain, and born in pleaſure,
Thirſt not for Fame (the Heathen hope's chief treaſure):
T'ſhall me ſuffice, that our deer *France* doo breed
(In happy ſeaſon) ſom more learned ſeed,
That may record with more diuine dexterity
Then I haue don theſe wonders to Poſterity.
Much leſs may theſe abortiue Brats of Mine
Expect Reſpect (but in reſpect of Thine):
Yet ſith the Heav'ns haue thus entaſkt my layes
(As darkly Cynthia *darts her borrow'd rayes)*
To ſhadow Thine; and to my Countrey render
Som ſmall reflection of thy radiant ſplendor;
It is inough, if heer-by I incite
Som happier ſpirit to do thy Muſe more right;
And with more life giue thee thy proper grace,
And better follow great du BARTAS trace.

GOD'S NONE of these faint idle Artizens
Who, at the best abandon their designes,
Working by halfs; as rather a great deal,
To do much quickly, then to do it well:
But rather, as a workman neuer weary,
And all-sufficient, he his works doth carry
To happy end; and to perfection,
With sober speed, brings what he hath begun.

Heere resuming his course, he prosecutes the worke of the Creation.

Hauing therfore the Worlds wide Curten spread
About the circuit of the fruitfull Bed,
Where (to fill all with her vnnumbred Kin)
Kinde Natures self each moment lyeth in:
To make the same for euer admirable,
More stately-pleasant, and more profitable;
He th' Azure Tester trimm'd with golden marks,
And richly spangled with bright glistring sparks.

In the fourth day. God created the fixed Stars, the two great Lights, (vid.) the Sunne and the Moone, together with the other fiue Planets.

I knowe, those Tapers, twinkling in the sky,
Doo turn so swiftly from our hand and eye,
That man can neuer (rightly) reach, to seeing
Their Course and Force, and much-much less their Being:
But, if coniecture may extend aboue
To that great Orb, whose mouing All doth moue,
Th' imperfect Light of the first Day was it,
Which for Heavn's Eyes did shining matter fit:
For, God, selecting lightest of that Light,
Garnisht Heav'ns seeling with those Torches bright:
Or else diuided it; and pressing close
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of those.

Of their Course, Force, Essence, and Substance.

But, if thy wits thirst rather seek these things,
In *Greekish* Cisterns then in *Hebrew* Springs;
Then I conclude, that as of moistfull matter,
God made the people that frequent the Water,
And of an Earthy stuff the stubborn droues
That haunt the Hills and Dales and Downs and Groues:
So, did he make, by his Almighty might,
The Heav'ns and Stars, of one same substance bright;
To th' end these Lamps, dispersed in the Skies,
Might with their Orb, it with them, sympathize.

Opinion of the Greeks touching the matter of the Stars.

And

And as (with vs) vnder the Oaken bark
Simile. The knurry knot with branching vains, we mark
To bee of ſubſtance all one with the Tree,
Although far thicker and more rough it bee:
So thoſe gilt ſtuds in th' vpper ſtory driven,
Are nothing but the thickeſt part of Heav'n.
Their ſubſtance is of Fire. When I obſerue their Light and Heat yblent
(Meer accidents of th' vpper Element)
I thinke them Fire: but not ſuch Fire as laſts
No longer then the fuel that it waſtes:
For then, I think all th' Elements too-little
To furniſh them only with one days victual.
Refutation of ſuch as haue thought that the Stars were liuing creatures that did eat and drinke. And therefore ſmile I at thoſe Fable-Forges,
Whoſe buſy-idle ſtile ſo ſtifly vrges,
The Heavn's bright Creſſets to be liuing creatures,
Ranging for food, and hungry fodder-eaters;
Still ſucking-vp (in their eternall motion)
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.
Sure, I perceiue no motion in a Star,
But natural, certain, and regular;
Wher-as Beaſts motions infinitely vary,
Confus'd, vncertain, diuers, voluntary.
I ſee not how ſo many golden Poſtes
Should ſcud ſo ſwift about Heav'ns azure coaſts,
But that the Heav'ns muſt ope and ſhut ſom-times,
Subiect to paſſions, which our earthly climes
Alter, and toſs the Sea, and th' Aire eſtrange
From it ſelfs temper with exceeding change.
I ſee not how, in thoſe round blazing beams,
One ſhould imagine any food-fit limbs:
Nor can I ſee how th' Earth, and Sea ſhould feed
So many Stars, whoſe greatnes doth exceed
So many times (if Star-Diuines ſay troth)
The greatnes of the Earth and Ocean both:
Sith heer our Cattle, in a month, will eat
Seav'n-times the bulk of their owne bulk in meat.
Theſe Torches then range not at random, o're
The lightſom thicknes of an vn-firm Floor:

As heer below, diuerſly mooving them,
The painted Birds between two aires do ſwim.
But rather fixed vnto turning Spheares,
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careeres:
As Cart-nails faſtned in a wheel (without
Selfs-motion) turn with others turns about. *Simile.*
As th' Ague-ſicke, vpon his ſhivering pallet, *A compariſon.*
Delaies his health oft to delight his palat;
When wilfully his taſte-les Taſte delights
In things vnſauory to ſound Appetites:
Even ſo, ſom brain-ſicks liue ther now-adaies,
That loſe themſelves ſtill in contrary waies;
Prepoſterous Wits that cannot rowe at eaſe,
On the ſmooth Chanell of our common Seas.
And ſuch are thoſe (in my conceit at leaſt)
Thoſe Clarks that think (think how abſurd a ieſt)
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turn at all,
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;
But th' Earth it ſelf, this Maſſie Globe of ours,
Turns round-about once euery twice-twelue houres:
And wee reſemble Land-bred nouices
New brought aboord to venture on the Seas;
Who, at firſt launching from the ſhoar, ſuppoſe
The ſhip ſtands ſtill, and that the ground it goes.
So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'ns Arches fill, *Opinion of Copernicus cõfuted*
Equally diſtant ſhould continue ſtill.
So, neuer ſhould an Arrow, ſhot vpright,
In the ſame place vpon the ſhooter light;
But would doo (rather) as (at Sea) a ſtone
Aboord a Ship vpward vprightly throw'n;
Which not within-boord fall's, but in the Flood
A-ſtern the Ship, if ſo the winde be good.
So, ſhould the Fouls that take their nimble flight
From Weſtern Marſhes toward *Mornings* Light,
And *Zephyrus*, that in the Summer time
Delights to viſit *Eurus* in his clime,
And Bullets thundred from the Canons throat
(Whoſe roaring drowns the Heavn'ly thunders note)

Should

Should ſeem recoyl: ſithens the quick career,
That our round Earth ſhould daily gallop heer,
Muſt needs exceed a hundred-fold (for ſwift)
Birds, Bullets, Windes; their wings, their force, their drift.
Arm'd with theſe reaſons, 'twere ſuperfluous
T' aſſail the reaſons of *Copernicus*;
Who, to ſalve better, of the Stars th' appearance,
Vnto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:
Making the Sun the Center of this All,
Moon, Earth, and Water, in one only Ball.
Leaving to diſpute farther vpon the former Paradox, he proceedeth in his diſcourſe, and by a liuely compariſon repreſenteth the beautifull ornament of the Heavens about the Earth.
But ſithens heer, nor time, nor place doth ſute,
His *Paradox* at length to proſecute;
I will proceed, grounding my next diſcourſe
On the *Heav'ns motions*, and their conſtant *courſe*.
I oft admire Greatnes of mighty Hills,
And pleaſant beauty of the flowry Fields,
And count-les number of the Oceans ſand,
And ſecret force of ſacred Adamant:
But much-much more (the more I mark their courſe)
Stars gliſtering greatnes, beauty, number, force.
Simile.
Euen as a Peacock, prickt with loues deſire,
To woo his Miſtreſs, ſtrowting ſtately by her,
Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail,
His azure wings and ſtarry-golden tail,
With rattling pinions wheeling ſtill about,
The more to ſet his beautious beautie out:
The Firmament (as feeling like aboue)
Diſplays his pomp; pranceth about his Loue,
Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks,
Set with gilt ſpangles, ſow'n with gliſtring ſparks,
Sprinkled with eyes, ſpecked with Tapers bright,
Poudred with Starrs ſtreaming with glorious light,
T' inflame the Earth the more, with Louers grace,
To take the ſweet fruit of his kinde imbrace.
The number of Stars vnder both the Poles innumerable.
Hee, that to number all the Stars would ſeek,
Had need inuent ſom new Arithmetick;
And who, to caſt that Reck'ning takes in hand,
Had need for Counters take the Ocean's ſand:

Yet

Yet haue our wise and learned Elders found
Foure-dozen Figures in the Heav'nly Round,
For aid of memory; and to our eyes
In certain *Howses* to diuide the Skyes.
Of those, are *Twelue* in that rich *Girdle* greft
Which God gaue Nature for her New-yeres-gift
(When making All, his voice Almighty most,
Gaue so fair Laws vnto Heav'ns shining Hoast)
To wear it biaz, buckled ouer-thwart-her;
Not round about her swelling waste to girt-her.
This glorious *Baldrick* of a Golden tindge,
Imbost with Rubies, edg'd with Siluer Frindge,
Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glistring bright,
Heav'ns biaz-wise enuirons day and night.
For, from the period, whear the *Ram* doth bring
The day and night to equall ballancing,
Ninetie degrees towards the North it wends,
Thence iust as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends,
As many thence toward the South; and thence
Towards th' Years Portall, the like difference.
Nephelian Crook-horn, with brass Cornets crown'd,
Thou butt'st brauely 'gainst the *New-yeres* bound;
And richly clad in thy fair Golden Fleece,
Doo'st hold the *First House* of *Heav'ns* spacious Meese.
Thou spy'st anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:
Who, least that fodder by the way he lack,
Seeing the World so naked; to renewg't,
Coats th' infant Earth in a green gallant sute;
And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling
Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.
The Twins, whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and feet,
God fill'd with Starrs to shine in season sweet,
Contend in Course, who first the *Bull* shall catch,
That neither will nor may attend their match.
Then, Summers-guide, the *Crab* coms rowing soft,
With his eight owres through the Heavn's azure loft;
To bring vs yeerely, in his starry shell,
Many long daies the shaggy Earth to swele.

And why the ancient Astronomers obserued 48.

Of the signes in the Zodiacke.

The Zodiacke.

Aries *in Mid-March begins the Spring.*

Taurus *in mid-April.*

Gemini *in mid-May.*

Cancer *in mid-Iune begins the sommer.*

Leo *in mid-July.*

Almoſt with like paſe leaps the *Lion* out,
All clad with flames, briſtled with beams about;
Who, with contagion of his burning breath,
Both graſs and grain to cinders withereth.

Virgo *in mid-Auguſt.*

The *Virgin* next, ſweeping Heav'ns azure Globe
With ſtately train of her bright Golden robe,
Milde-proudly marching in her left hand brings
A ſheaf of Corn, and in her right hand wings.

Libra *in mid-September begin neth Autumn.*

After the *Maiden*, ſhines the *Balance* bright,
Equall diuider of the Day and Night:
In whoſe gold Beam, with three gold rings, there faſtens
With ſix gold ſtrings, a payr of golden Baſens.

Scorpio *in mid-October.*

The ſpitefull *Scorpion*, next the *Skale* addreſt,
With two bright Lamps couers his loathſom breſt;
And fain, from both ends, with his double ſting,
Would ſpet his venom ouer euery thing;

Sagittarius *in mid-November*

But that the braue *Half-horſe Phylirean* Scout,
Gallopinz ſwift the heav'nly Belt about,
Ay fiercely threats, with his flame-feathered arrow
To ſhoot the ſparkling ſtarry Viper thorough.

Capricornus *in mid-December, beginneth Winter.*

And th' hoary *Centaure*, during all his Race,
Is ſo attentiue to this onely chaſe,
That dread-leſs of his dart, Heav'ns ſhining *Kid*
Coms iumping light, iuſt at his heels vnſpid.

Aquarius *in mid-January.*

Mean-while the *Skinker*, from his ſtarry ſpout,
After the *Goat*, a ſiluer ſtream pours-out;
Diſtilling ſtill out of his radiant Fire
Riuers of Water (who but will admire?)
In whoſe cleer channel mought at pleaſure ſwim

Piſces *in mid-February.*

Thoſe two bright *Fiſhes* that doo follow him;
But that the Torrent ſlides ſo ſwift away,
That it out-runs them euer, euen as they
Out-run the *Ram*, who euer them purſues;
And by renewing Yearely, all renues.

The names of the Principall ſtars of the North-Pole.

Beſides theſe *Twelue*, toward the *Artik* ſide,
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two-Bears* diuide;
After, the *Wainman* coms, the *Crown*, the *Spear*;
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harp*, the *Hamperer*

Of

Of th' hatefull *Snake* (whether we call the same
By *Æsculapius*, or *Alcides* name)
Swift *Pegasus*, the Dolphin, louing man;
Ioues ſtately *Aegle*, and the ſiluer *Swan*:
Andromeda, with *Caſſiopeia* neer-her,
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perſeus* deerer:
The ſhining *Triangle*, *Meduſa's Treſs*,
And the bright Coach-man of *Tindarides*.
Toward th' other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,
The *Whale*, the *Whelp*, and hot-breath't *Sirius*,
The *Hare*, the *Hulk*, the *Hydra*, and the *Boule*,
The *Centaure*, *VVolf*, the *Cenſer*, and the *Foul*
(The twice-foul *Rauen*) the *Southern Fiſh* and *Crown*,
Through Heav'ns bright Arches brandiſh vp and down.
Thus, on *This-Day* working th' *eighth* azure Tent,
With Art-les Art, diuinely excellent;
Th' Almighties fingers fixed many a million
Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pauilion:
But in the reſt (vnder that glorious Heav'n)
But one a-peece, vnto the ſeuerall Seav'n;
Leaſt, of thoſe Lamps the number-paſſing number
Should mortall eyes with ſuch confuſion cumber,
That we ſhould neuer, in the cleereſt night,
Starrs diuers Courſe ſee or diſcern aright.
And therfore alſo, all the fixed Tapers
He made to twinkle with ſuch trembling capers;
But, the *Seaven Lights* that wander vnder them,
Through various paſſage, neuer ſhake a beam:
Or, he (perhaps) made them not different;
But, th' hoaſt of Sparks ſpred in the Firmament
Far from our ſenſe, through diſtance infinite,
Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling ſight:
Wheras the reſt, neerer a thouſand fold
To th' Earth and Sea, we doo more brim behold.
For, the Heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced,
But th' vndermoſt by th' vpper be imbraced,
And more or leſs their roundels wider are,
As from the Center they be neer or far:

The names of the Stars of the South-Pole.

The fixed ſtars are in the eight Heauen.

And the ſeauen Planets vnder them each in his proper Spheare

Why the Planets twinkle not, and the fixed ſtars do twinkle.

The firmament much farther from the Earth then the ſpheare of the Planets.

Simile.

As in an Egg, the ſhell includes the skin,
The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.

Two ſimiles repreſenting the motion of the eight inferiour Heav'ns, throgh the ſwift turning of the ninth which is the Primum Mobile.

Now as the Winde, buffing vpon a Hill
With roaring breath againſt a ready Mill,
Whirls with a whiff the ſails of ſwelling clout,
The ſails doo ſwing the winged ſhaft about,
The ſhaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,
And that the ſtone which grindes the flowry corns:
Or like as alſo in a Clock well tended,
Iuſt counter-poize, iuſtly thereon ſuſpended,
Makes the great Wheel goe round, and that anon
Turns with his turning many a meaner one,
The trembling watch, and th' iron Maule that chimes
The intire Day in twice twelue equall times:
So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twenty houres,
Surueying all this various houſe of ours,
With his quick motion all the Sphears doth moue;
Whoſe radiant glances gild the World aboue,
And driues them euery day (which ſwiftnes ſtrange-is)
From *Ganges* to *Tagus*; and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.

Each of the 8. Heauens ſo trãſported by the Primum Mobile *hath alſo his proper oblique, and diſtinct courſe each from other.*

But, th' vnder-Orbs, as grudging to be ſtill
So ſtraightly ſubiect to anothers will,
Still without change, ſtill at anothers pleaſure
After one pipe to dance one onely meaſure;
They from-ward turn, and traverſing aſide,
Each by himſelf an oblique courſe doth ſlide:
So that they all (although it ſeem not ſo)
Forward and backward in one inſtant goe,
Both vp and down, and with contrary paſes,
At once they poſte to two contrary places:

The ſame explaned by a proper Simile.

Like as my ſelf, in my loſt Marchant-years
(A loſs, alas, that in theſe liues appears)
Waſting to Brabant, *Englands* golden Fleece
(A richer pryze then Iaſon *brought to* Greece)
While toward the Sea, our (then, Swan-poorer) Thames
Bare down my Bark vppon her ebbing ſtreams:
Vpon the hatches, from the Prow to Poup
Walking in compaſs of that narrow Coop,

Maugre

Maugre the most that Winde and Tide could doo,
Haue gone at once towards LEE *and* LONDON *too.*

But now, the neerer any of these Eight,
Approach *th' Empyreall Palace* walls in height,
The more their circuit, and more daies they spend,
Yet they return vnto their Iourneys end.

Why som of these Heauens haue a slower course & shorter compasse then other some.

It's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,
The which th' vn-niggard hand of Maiesty
Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,
Spend's in his voyage nigh seaven thousand year.

The terme of the reuolution of the Firmament.

Ingenious *Saturn*, spouse of Memory,
Father of th' Age of Gold; though coldly dry,
Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,
Yet art thou first among the Planets placed:
And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run
Yer it arrive where thy Career begun.

Of the seuenth, which is the Spheare of Saturn.

Thou, rich, benign, Ill-chasing *Iupiter*,
Art (worthy) next thy Father sickle-bear,
And while thou doost with thy more milde aspect
His froward beams disast'rous frouns correct,
Thy Tinnen Chariot shod with burning bosses,
Through twice-six *Signes* in twice six twelue months crosses.

Of the 6 which is the Sphear of Iupiter.

Braue-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis-order,
Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)
His furious Coursers lasheth night and day,
That he may swiftly passe his course away:
But in the road of his eternall Race,
So many rubs hinder his hasty pase,
That thrice, the while, the lively *Liquor-God*
With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod,
And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tress,
Yet his steel whels haue done their busines.

Of the 5 which is the spheare of Mars.

Pure goldie-locks, *Sol*, States-friend, Honour-giuer,
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all Reviver,
Thou, in three hundred threescore daies and five,
Doost to the period of thy Race arrive.
For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' Year,
And measur'st Daies with thy constrain'd career.

Of the 4. which is the Sphear of Sol.

Of the 3. which is the ſphear of Venus.

Fair dainty *Venus*, whoſe free vertues milde
With happy fruit get all the world with-childe
(Whom wanton dalliance, dancing, and delight,
Smiles, wittie wiles, youth, loue, and beauty bright,
With ſoft blind *Cupids* evermore conſort)
Of lightſom Day opens and ſhuts the port;
For, hardly dare her ſiluer Doves go far
From bright *Apollos* glory-beaming Car.

Of the 2. which is the ſphear of Mercury.

Not much vnlike ſo, *Mercury* the wittie,
For ſhip, for ſhop, book, bar, or Court, or Citie:
Smooth Orator, ſwift Pen-man, ſweet Muſician,
Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,
Fortunat Marchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaſer;
To end his courſe takes neer a twelue-months leaſure:
For, all the while, his nimble winged heels
Dare little bouge from *Phœbus* golden wheels.

Of the 1. which is the Sphear of Luna.

And laſtly *Luna*, thou cold Queen of night,
Regent of humours, parting Months aright,
Chaſte Empereſs to one *Endymion* conſtant;

The loweſt Planet neareſt the Earth.

Conſtant in Love, though in thy looks inconſtant
(*Vnlike our Loues, whoſe hearts diſſemble ſooneſt*)
Twelue times a year through all the *Zodiak* runneſt.

Of the neceſsitie of diuers motions of the Heauens.

Now, if theſe Lamps, ſo infinite in number,
Should ſtil ſtand-ſtil as in a ſloathfull ſlumber,
Then ſhould ſom Places (alwaies in one plight)
Have alwaies Day, and ſom haue alwaies Night:
Then ſhould the Sommers Fire, and Winters Froſt,
Reſt oppoſite ſtill on the ſelf ſame Coaſt:
Then nought could ſpring, and nothing proſper would
In all the World, for Want of Heat or Cold.
Or, without change of diſtance or of dance,
If all theſe Lights ſtill in one path ſhould prance,
Th'inconſtant parts of this lowe Worlds contents
Should neuer feel ſo ſundry accidents,
As the Conjunction of celeſtiall Features
Inceſſantly pours vpon mortall Creatures.

Of the force and influence of the

I'll n'er beleeve that the Arch-Architect
With all theſe Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt

Onely

Onely for Shewe, and with these glistering shields
T'amaze poor Shepheards watching in the fields.
I'll n'er beleeve that the least Flowr that pranks
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming Lap
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath som peculiar vertue of it owne;
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none:
But shine in vain, and haue no charge precise,
But to be walking in heav'ns Galleries,
And through that *Palace* vp and down to clamber
As *Golden Gulls about a* PRINCES CHAMBER.
Sens-les is he (who without blush) denies
What to sound senses most apparant lies:
And 'gainst Experience he that spets Fallacians,
Is to be hist from learned Disputations:
And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars
To have no force on these inferiours;
Though heav'ns effects we most apparant see
In number more then heav'nly Torches be.
I nill alleadge the Seasons alteration,
Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation:
I will not vrge, that neuer at noon daies
His enuious Sister intercepts his Raies
But som great State eclipseth, and from Hell
Alecto looses all these Furies Fell,
Grim, lean-fac't *Famine*, foul infectious *Plague*;
Blood-thirsty *VVar*, and *Treason* hatefull Hag:
Heere pouring down Woes vniuersall Flood,
To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.
I'l ouerpass how Sea doth Eb and Flowe,
As th' Horned Queen doth eyther shrink or growe;
And that the more she *Fills* her forked Round,
The more the Marrow doth in bones abound,
The Bloud in Veins, the sap in Plants, the Moisture
And lushious meat, in Creuish, Crab and Oyster:
That Oak, and Elm, and Firr, and Alder, cut
Before the *Crescent* have her Cornets shut,

Celestiall body vpon the terrestriall.

Sundry proofes of the same.
1 *The diuers seasons.*
2 *The fearefull accidents that cõmonly succede Eclipses.*

3 *The ebbing & flowing of the sea.*

4 *The increase and decrease of marrow, bloud and humours in diuers creatures.*

Are neuer lasting, for the builders turn,
In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn:
And also, that the Sick, while shee is filling,
Feele sharper Fits through all their members thrilling.
So that, this Lamp alone approoves, what powrs,
Heav'ns Tapers have even on these soules of ours:
Temp'ring; or troubling (as they be inclin'd)
Our mind and humours, humours and our minde,
Through Sympathy, which while this Flesh we carie,
Our Soules and Bodies doth together marry.
I'l only say that sith the hot aspect
Of th' Heav'nly *Dog-Star*, kindles with effect
A thousand vnseen Fires, and dries the Fields,
Scorches the Vallies, parches-vp the Hills,
And often times into our panting hearts,
The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts:
And (opposit) the *Cup*, the dropping *Pleiades*,
Bright-glistering *Orion* and the weeping *Hyades*,
Neuer (almost) look down on our aboad,
But that they stretch the Waters bounds abroad,
With Clowdy horror of their wrathfull frown,
Threatning again the guilty World to drown:
And (to be brief) sith the gilt azure Front
Of Firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark vpon't
But poureth down-ward som apparant change,
Toward the Storing of the Worlds great Grange;
We may coniecture what hid powr is given
T' infuse among vs from the other Seaven,
From each of those which for their vertue are
Th' Almighty placed in a proper Sphear.
Not that (as *Stoïks*) I intend to tye
With Iron Chains of strong *Necessitie*
Th' Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock
In *Destinies* hard Diamantin Rock:
I hold, that God (as *The first Cause*) hath giv'n
Light, Course, and Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n:
That still he guides them, and his Providence
Disposeth free, their *Fatall* influence:

5. The apparant alterations in the bodies of sick persons.

A particular proofe by the effects of certaine notable stars, ordinarily noted in some Moneth of the yeare.

Reiecting the Stoiks, he sheweth that God, as the first Cause, doth order all things, and what vse we should make of the force Course, & Light of the cœlestiall bodies.

And that therefore (the rather) we belowe
Should ſtudy all, their Courſe and Force to knowe:
To th'end that, ſeeing (through our Parents Fall)
T'how many Tyrants we are waxen thrall,
Euer ſince firſt fond Womans blind Ambition,
Breaking, made *Adam* break Heav'ns *High-Commiſſion:*
We might vnpuff our Heart, and bend our Knee,
T'appeaſe with ſighs Gods wrathfull Maieſtie;
Beſeeching him to turn away the ſtorms
Of Hail, and Heat, Plague, Dearth, and dreadfull Arms,
Which oft the angry Starrs, with bad Aſpects,
Threat to be falling on our ſtubborn necks:
To give vs Curbs to bridle th' ill proclivitie
We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativitie:
To pour ſom Water of his Grace, to quench
Our boyling Fleſhes fell Concupiſcence,
To calm our many paſſions (ſpirituall tumours)
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.

Heer proceeding to the ſecond part of this book, he treateth at large of the Sun and Moon.

Latonian Twinns, Parents of Years and Months,
Alas! why hide you ſo your ſhining Fronts?
What? nill you ſhew the ſplendor of your ray,
But through a Vail of mourning Clouds, I pray?
I pray pul-off your mufflers and your moorning,
And let me ſee you in your native burning:
And my deer Muſe, by her eternall flight,
Shal ſpread as far the glory of your Light
As you your ſelues run, in alternat Ring,
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.

Of the Sun: entring into the deſcription wherof, he confeſſeth that he knowes not well where to begin.

Thou radiant Coach-man, running end-les courſe,
Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively ſourſe,
Life of the World, Lamp of this Vniverſe,
Heav'ns richeſt Gemm: O teach me wher my Verſe
May but begin thy praiſe. Alas! I fare
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth ſtare
To count the Quails, that with their ſhadow cover
Th' *Italian* Sea, when ſoaring hither over,
Fain of a milder and more fruitfull Clime,
They com, with vs to paſs the Summer time:

No ſooner he begins one ſhoal to ſumm,
But more and more, ſtill greater ſhoals do com,
Swarm vpon Swarm, that with their count-les number
Break off his purpoſe, and his ſenſe incumber.

The Sun as Prince of the Celeſtiall lights marcheth in the midſt of the other ſixe Planets which enuiron

Daies glorious Eye! euen as a mighty King,
About his Countrie ſtately Progreſſing,
Is compaſt round with *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Lords*, and *Knights*,
(Orderly marſhall'd in their noble Rites)
Eſquires and *Gentlemen*, in courtly kinde
And then his *Guard* before him and behinde;
And there is nought in all his Royal Muſter,
But to his Greatneſs addeth grace and luſtre:
So, while about the World thou rideſt ay,
Which only lives by vertue of thy Ray,
Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted euermore,
Wayt on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,
Beſides the Hoaſt of th' vpper Twinklers bright,
To whom, for pay thou giueſt onely Light.

The Sun is in Heauen, as the heart in mans body.

And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)
Within the middle of the body, bears
His heart (the Spring of life) which with proportion
Supplieth ſpirits to all, and euery portion:
Euenſo (O Sun) thy Golden Chariot marches
Amid the ſix Lamps of the ſix lowe Arches
Which ſeel the World, that equally it might
Richly impart them Beauty, Force, and Light.

His notable effects vpon the Earth.

Prayſing thy Heat, which ſubtilly doth pearce
The ſolid thickneſs of our Vniuerſe,
Which in th' Earths kidneys *Mercury* doth burn,
And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metal turn;
I do digreſs, to praiſe that Light of thine,
Which if it ſhould, but one Day, ceaſe to ſhine,
Th' vnpurged Aire to Water would reſolve,
And Water would the mountain tops inuolve.

Scarce I begin to meaſure thy bright Face,
Whoſe greatneſs doth ſo oft Earths greatneſs paſs,
And with ſtill running the Cœleſtiall Ring,
Is ſeen and felt of every liuing thing;

But that fantaſtikly I change my Theam
To ſing the ſwiftneſs of thy tyer-les Teem;
To ſing, how, Riſing from the *Indian* Waue,
Thou ſeem'ſt (O *Titan*) like a Bride-groom brave,
Who, from his Chamber early iſſuing out
In rich array, with rareſt Gems about;
With pleaſant Countenance, and lovely Face,
With golden treſſes, and attractive grace,
Cheers (at his comming) all the youthfull throng
That for his preſence earneſtly did long,
Bleſſing the day, and with delightfull glee,
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie.*

Excellent compariſons borrowed out of the 19 Pſalme.

Then, as a Prince that feeles his Noble heart,
Wounded with *Loues* pure *Honor*-winged dart
(*As* HARDY LAELIVS, *that Great* GARTER-KNIGHT,
Tilting in Triumph of ELIZA'S *Right*
(*Yeerely that Day that her deer raign began*)
Moſt brauely mounted on proud RABICAN,
All in gilt armour, on his gliſtering Mazor
A ſtately Plume, of Orange mixt with Azur,
In gallant Courſe, before ten thouſand eyes,
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,
Runneſt ſo ſwift we ſcarſe conceive thy paſe.

The ſame exemplified in an honorable perſonage of our time now very aged; but in his yong years, the glory of Armes and Chiualrie.

When I record, how fitly thou doſt guide
Through the fourth heav'n thy flaming Courſers pride,
That as they paſs, their fiery breaths may temper
Saturn's and *Cynthya's* cold and moiſt diſtemper
(For, if thou gallop'ſt in the neather Room
Like *Phaeton* thou would'ſt the World conſume:
Or, if thy Throne were ſet in *Saturn's* Sky,
For want of heat, then euery thing would dy)
In the ſame inſtant I am preſt to ſing,
How thy return reviveth every thing;
How, in thy Preſence, Fear, Sloath, Sleep, and Night,
Snowes, Fogs, and Fancies, take their ſodain Flight.
Th' art (to be brief) an Ocean wanting bound,
Whear (*as full veſſels haue the leſſer ſound*)

Of Gods wonder full prouidēce in placing the Sun in the midſt of the other Planets, & of the commodities that come therof

Plenty

Plenty of Matter makes the ſpeaker mute;
As wanting words thy worth to proſecute.

Of the Sunnes continuall and daily courſe.

Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong ſo many rare
And match-leſs Flowrs as in thy Garland are,
Som one or two ſhall my chaſte ſober *Muſe*
For thine Immortall ſacred Siſters chuſe.
I'll boldly ſing (bright Soverain) thou art none
Of thoſe weak Princes Flattery works vpon
(*No ſecond* EDWARD, *nor no* RICHVRD *Second*,
Vn-kinged both, as Rule-vnworthy recon'd)
Who, to inrich their *Minions* paſt proportion,
Pill all their Subiects with extream extortion;
And charm'd with Pleaſures (O exceeding Pity!)
Ly alwaies wallowing in one wanton City;
And, loving only that, to mean Lieutenants
Farm out their Kingdoms care, as vnto Tenants.
For, once a day, each Country vnder Heav'n
Thou bidſt *Good-'Morrow*, and thou bidſt *Good-Ev'n*.
And thy far-ſeeing Ey, as *Cenſor*, views
The rites and faſhions Fiſh, and Foule do vſe,
And our behaviours, worthy (every one)
Th' *Abderian* Laughter, and *Epheſian* Moan.

Of his oblique or By-courſe, cauſe of the foure ſeaſons: and of the commodities of all Climates in the world.

But true it is, to th' end a fruitfull Iew
May every Climat in his time renew.
And that all men may neerer in all Realms
Feel the alternat vertue of thy beames;
Thy ſumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning,
From the ſame Portall mounts not every Morning:
But, to make know'n each-where thy daily drift,
Doo'ſt every day, thy Courſers Stable ſhift:
That while the Spring, prankt in her greeneſt pride,
Raigns heer, elſ-wher *Autumne* as long may bide;
And while fair Summers heat our fruits doth ripe,
Cold Wintets Ice may other Countries gripe.

A pleaſant and liuely deſcriptiõ of the foure ſeaſons of the yeare.

No ſooner doth thy ſhining Chariot Roule
From higheſt *Zenith* toward *Northern Pole*,
To ſport thee for three Months in pleaſant Inns,
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twinns*,

But

But that the mealie Mountains (late vnſeen)
Change their white garments into luſty green,
The Gardens prank them with their Flowry buds,
The Meads with graſs, with leaves the naked Woods,
Sweet *Zephyrus* begins to buſs his *Flora*, *The Spring.*
Swift-winged Singers to ſalute *Aurora*;
And wanton *Cupid*, through this Vniverſe,
With pleaſing wounds, all Creatures hearts to perce.
When, backward bent, *Phlegon* thy fiery Steed,
With *Cancer*, *Leo*, and the *Maid*, doth feed;
Th' Earth cracks with heat, and Summer crowns his *Ceres*
With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair-is:
The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain,
With crooked Raſor ſhaves the tufted Plain; *The Summer.*
And the good Husband, that due ſeaſon takes,
Within a Month his year's Proviſion makes.
When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright flame doth fly
Toward the *Croſs-Stars* in th' *Antartik* Sky, *Harveſt.*
To be three months, vp-riſing, and down-lying
With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying,
Th' Earth by degrees her louely beauty bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
Her Apron and her Oſiar basket (both)
With dainty fruits for her deer *Autumns* tooth
(Her health-leſs ſpouſe) who bare-foot hops about
To tread the iuice of *Bacchus* cluſters out.
And laſt of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem
For three Months more, to ſoiourne ſtil doth ſeem
With *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fiſhes*
(While we in vain revoke thee with our wiſhes)
In ſtead of Flowrs, chill ſhivering Winter dreſſes *Winter.*
With Iſicles her (ſelf-bald) borrow'd treſſes:
About her brows a Periwig of Snowe,
Her white Freez mantle freng'd with Ice belowe,
A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet;
So doth ſhe march *Orythias* love to meet;
Who with his briſtled, hoarie, bugle-beard,
Comming to kiſs her, makes her lips afeard;

Wher-

Whear-at, he ſighs a breath ſo cold and keen,
That all the Waters Cryſtallized been;
While in a fury, with his boyſtrous wings
Againſt the *Scythian* ſnowie Rocks he flings,
All lusks in ſloath, and till theſe Months do end,
Bacchus and *Vulcan* muſt vs both befrend.

Of the Moon & her alterations

O ſecond honour of the Lamps ſupernal,
Sure Kalender of Feſtiuals eternal,
Seas Soueraintes, Sleep-bringer, Pilgrims guide,
Peace-loving Queen: what ſhall I ſay beſide?
What ſhall I ſay of thine inconſtant brow,
Which makes my brain wauer, I woat not how?
But, if by th' Ey, a mans intelligence
May gheſs of things diſtance ſo far from hence,

Of her roundnes and brightneſſe borrowed of the Sunne.

I think thy body round as any Ball,
Whoſe ſuperfice (nigh equall ouer all)
As a pure Glaſs, now vp, and down anon,
Reflects the bright beams of thy ſpouſe, the Sun.

Simile.

For as a Husbands Nobleſs doth illuſtre
A mean-born wife: ſo doth the glorious luſtre
Of radiant *Titan*, with his beams, embright
Thy gloomy Front, that ſelfly hath no light.

Of her waxing & waning when ſhe is in her laſt quarter, & whē ſhe remues and commeth to her full.

Yet 'tis not alwaies after one ſelf ſort,
For, for thy Car doth ſwifter thee tranſport,
Then doth thy Brothers, diverſly thou ſhin'ſt,
As more or leſs thou from his ſight declin'ſt.
Therfore each month, when *Hymen* (bleſt) above
In both your bodies kindles ardent love,
And that the Starrs-king all inamoured on thee,
Full of deſire, ſhines down direct vpon thee;
Thy neather half-Globe toward th' Earthy Ball
(After it's Nature) is obſerued all.
But, him aſide thou haſt no ſooner got,
But on thy ſide a ſiluer file we noat,
A half-bent Bowe; which ſwels, the leſs thy Coach
Doth the bright Chariot of thy ſpouſe approach,
And fils his Circle. When the Imperiall Star
Beholds thee iuſt in one Diameter,

Then

Then by degrees thy *Full* face falls away,
And (by degrees) Westward thy Horns display:
Till fal'n again betwixt thy Louers arms,
Thou wink'st again, vanquisht with pleasures charms.
Thus dost thou *Wax* and *Wane*, thee oft renuing;
Delighting *change*: and mortall things, ensuing
(As subiect to thee) thy selfs transmutation,
Feel th'vnfelt force of secret alteration.
Not, but that *Phœbus* alwaies with his shine,
Cleers half (at least) of thine aspect divine; *Of the cause of the diuers aspect of the Moone.*
But 't sems not so: because we see but heer
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemisphear:
Though waxing vs-ward, Heav'n-ward thou dost wane;
And waning vs-ward, Heav'n-ward grow'st again.
Yet, it befalls, even when thy face is *Full*,
When at the highest thy pale Coursers pull,
When no thick mask of Clouds can hide away,
From liuing eys, thy broad, round, glistering Ray,
Thy light is darkned, and thine eys are seel'd,
Couered with shadow of a rusty shield.
For, thy *Full* face in his oblique designe
Confronting *Phœbus* in th' *Ecliptick* ligne,
And th' Earth between; thou loseſt for a space,
Thy splendor borrowd of thy Brothers grace:
But, to revenge thee on the Earth, for this *Of the cause of the Eclips of the Sunne.*
Fore-stalling thee of thy kind Lovers kiss,
Somtimes thy thick Orb thou doo'st inter-blend
Twixt *Sol* and vs, toward the later end:
And then (because his splendor cannot pass
Or pearce the thicknes of thy gloomy Mass)
The Sun, as subiect to Deaths pangs, vs sees-not,
But *seems* all Light-less, though indeed he is not.
Therfore, far differing your *Eclipses* are;
For thine is often, and thy Brothers rare:
Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;
His doth not him, but vs bereave of Light: *Difference between the Eclipses of the Sun, & of the Moone.*
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;
It is thy shadow, that the Sunne obscures:

East-

East-ward, thy front beginneth first to lack;
West-ward, his brows begin their frowning black:
Thine at thy *Full*, when thy most glory shines;
His, in thy *Wane*, when beautie most declines:
Thine's generall, toward Heav'n and Earth together;
His, but to Earth, nor to all places neither.

*Of the admirable & extraordinary Eclipse of the Sun, on the Day that our Saviour suffered on the Crosse, for our Redemption. Mat. 27, ver. 45 Mar. 15, ver. 33 Luk 23. ver. 44 * Quinzay.*

For, th' hideous Cloud, that cov'red so long since
With nights black vail th' eys of the Starry-Prince
(When as he saw, for our foul Sinfull slips,
The Match-less Maker of the Light, eclipse)
Was far, far other: For, the swarty *Moors*,
That sweating toyl on *Guinnés* wealthy shoars:
Those whom the *Niles* continuall Cataract
With roaring noise for euer deaf doth make:
Those, that suruaying mighty **Cassagale*,
Within the Circuit of her spacious Wall
Do dry-foot dance on th' Orientall Seas;
And pass, in all her goodly crossing ways
And stately streets fronted with sumptuous Bowrs,
Twelue thousand Bridges, and twelue thousand Towers:
Those that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chase
The soft-skind Martens, for their pretious Cace;
Those that in Ivory Sleads on *Ireland* Seas
(Congeal'd to Crystall) slide about at ease;
Were witness all of his strange grief; and ghest,
That God, or Nature was then deep distrest.
Moreover *Cynthia*, in that fearfull stound,
Full-fild the compass of her Circle round;
And, being so far off, she could not make
(By Natures course) the Sun to be so black:
Nor, issuing from the Eastern part of Heav'n,
Darken that beauty, which her own had given.
In brief, mine ey, confounded with such Spectacles
In that one wonder sees a Sea of Miracles.

What could'st thou doo less, then thy Self dishonour
(O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honor?
Then for thy Fathers death, a-while to wear
A moorning Roab on th' hatefull *Hemi-spheare*?

Then

Then at high-noon shut thy fair eye, to shun
A Sight, whose light did Hell with horror stun?
And (pearç't with sorrow for such iniuries)
To please thy Maker, Nature to displease?
So, from the South to North to make apparant,
That God reuoak't his Sericant Death's sad Warrant
'Gainst *Ezechias*: and that he would give
The godly King fifteen years more to live:
Transgressing Heav'ns eternall Ordinance;
Thrice in one Day, thou through one path didst prance:
And, as desirous of another nap,
In thy vermillion sweet *Aurora's* Lap,
Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy swift sweating Horse
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Course:
Dials went false, and Forrests (gloomy black)
Wondred to see their mighty shades go back.

Of the going back of the Sun in the time of Ezechias. 1. King. 16. Ver. 11. Esay. 38. Ver. 8

So, when th'incensed Heav'ns did fight so fell
Vnder the Standard of deer *Israel*,
Against the Hoast of odious *Ammorites*;
Among a million of swift-Flashing Lights,
Rayning down Bullets from a stormy Cloud,
As thick as Hail, vpon their Armies proud:
That such as scaped from Heav'ns wrathfull thunder,
Victorious swords might after heaw in-sunder;
Conjur'd by *Iosuah*, thy brave steeds stood still,
In full Career stopping thy whirling wheels;
And, one whole Day, in one degree they stayd
In midst of Heav'n, for sacred Armies ayd:
Least th'Infidels, in their disordred Flight,
Should save themselues vnder the wings of Night.

Of the Sunnes standing still in the time of Iosuah. Ios. 12. 13

Those, that then liv'd vnder the other *Pole*,
Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,
To hide so long his lovely face away,
Thought never more to haue re-seen the Day;
The wealthy *Indians* and the men of *Spain*,
Never to see Sun Rise or Set again.
In the same place Shadows stood still, as stone;
And in twelue Houres the Dials shew'd but one.

THE FIFT DAIE OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Fish *in the Sea*, Fowls *in the Aire abound:*
The Forms *of all things in the Waters found:*
The various Manners *of Sea-Citizens,*
Whose constant Friendship *far exceedeth Mens:*
Arions *strange escape: The* Fowls *attend*
On th'only Phœnix, *to her end-less end:*
Their kindes, *their* customs, *and their* plumes *variety;*
Som presidents of Prudence, *som of* Piety:
The gratefull Ægle, *burning in the Flame*
With her dead Mistress, the fair Sestian *Dame.*

After a Poeticall maner he traueth time & opportunity to discourse in this Day of the creation of Fishes & of Fowles.

LAtónian Lamps, conducting divers ways,
About the World, succeſſiue Nights and Days;
Parents of winged Time, haſte, haſte your Carrs,
And paſſing ſwiftly both th'oppoſed Barrs
Of *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, by your returning Ray,
Th'imperfect World make elder, by a *Day*.
Yee *Fiſh*, that brightly in Heav'ns Baldrik ſhine,
If you would ſee the Waters waving brine
Abound with Fiſhes, pray *Hyperion*
T'abandon ſoon his liquid Manſion;
If he expect, in his preſixt Career,
To hoaſt with you a Month in every Yeer.

To which purpoſe ſpecially he calleth on the true God.

And thou, eternall Father, at whoſe wink
The wrathfull Ocean's ſwelling pride doth ſink,

And

And ſtubborn ſtorms of bellowing Windes be dumb,
Their wide mouthes ſtopt, and their wilde pinions num;
Great Soverain of the Seas, whoſe hooks can draw
A man aliue from the Whales monſtrous maw,
Prouide me (Lord) of Steers-man, Star, and Boat,
That through the vaſt Seas I may ſafely float:
Or rather teach me dyue, that I may view
Deep vnder water all the Scaly crew;
And dropping wet, when I return to land
Laden with ſpoils, extoll thy mighty hand.

IN VAIN had God ſtor'd Heav'n with gliſtring ſtuds,
The Plain with grain, the Mountain tops with woods,
Sever'd the Aire from Fire, the Earth from Water,
Had he not ſoon peopled this large Theatre
With liuing Creatures: Therefore he began
(*This-Day*) to quicken in the *Ocean*,
In ſtanding *Pools*, and in the ſtraggling *Riuers*
(Whoſe folding Channell fertill Champain ſevers)
So many *Fiſhes* of ſo many features,
That in the Waters one may ſee all Creatures;
And all that in this All is to be found;
As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.

The firſt part of this Booke, wherin he handleth how by the Commandement of the Lord, the Fiſhes began to moue in the Waters.

Seas haue (as wel as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars:
(As well as Aire) Swallows, and Rooks, and Stares:
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roſes, Nettles, Millions,
Pinks, Gilliflowrs, Muſhroms, and many millions
Of other Plants (more rare and ſtrange then theſe)
As very Fiſhes living in the Seas:
And alſo Rams, Calfs, Horſes, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Lions, Vrchins, Elephants, and Dogs,
Yea Men and Mayds: and (which I more admire)
The Mytred Biſhop, and the Cowled Fryer:
Wherof, examples (but a few yeers ſince)
Were ſhowen the *Norways*, and *Polonian* Prince.

The Seas no leſſe ſtored with primi ledges and preſidents of Gods glorious power then Heauen & Earth; and of the ſtrange Fiſhes that liue therin.

You diuine wits of elder Dayes, from whom
The deep *Inuention* of rare Works hath com,
Took you not pattern of your chiefeſt Tools
Out of the Lap of *Thetis*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*?

Which partly in the Waues, part on the edges
Of craggy Rocks, among the ragged ſedges,
Bring-forth abundance of Pins, Pincers, Spoaks,
Pikes, Percers, Needles, Mallets, Pipes, and Yoaks,
Owers, ſayls, and ſwords, ſaws, wedges, Razors, Rammers,
Plumes, Cornets, Kniues, Wheels, Vices, Horns, & Hammers.
And, as if *Neptune*, and fair *Panopé*,
Palæmon, *Triton*, and *Leucothoé*,
Kept publik Roules, there is the *Calamary*;
Who ready Pen-knife, Pen and Ink doth cary.

Why God created ſo many ſorts of ſtrange Fiſhes

As a rare Painter draws (for pleaſure) heer
A ſweet *Adonis*, a foul *Satyre* there:
Heer a huge *Cyclop*, there a *Pigmè* Elf;
Somtimes, no leſs buſying his skilfull ſelf,
Vpon ſom vgly Monſter (ſeldom ſeen)
Then on the Picture of fair *Beauties Queen*:
Even ſo the Lord, that, in his Work's variety,
We might the more admire his powerfull Dëity;
And that we might diſcern by differing features
The various kindes of the vaſt Oceans creatures;
Forming this mighty Frame, he every Kinde
With diuers and peculiar Signet ſign'd.

Examples.
The Pour-Cuttle.
Cuttle.
Crab.
Sea Hare.
Oyſter.

Som haue their heads groveling betwixt their feet
(As th'inky *Cuttles*, and the *Many-feet*):
Som in their breaſt (as *Crabs*): ſom head-leſs are,
Foot-leſs, and finn-les (as the bane-full *Hare*,
And heat-full *Oyſter*) in a heap confus'd,
Their parts vnparted, in themſelues diffus'd.

The Tortoiſe.

The *Tyrian* Marchant, or the *Portuguez*
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:
But of one *Tortoiſe*, when he liſt to float,
Th'*Arabian* Fiſher-man can make a Boat:
And one ſuch Shell, him in the ſtead doth ſtand
Of Hulk at Sea, and of a Houſe on land.
Shall I omit the monſtrous *Whirl-about*,
Which in the Sea another Sea doth ſpout,
Where-with huge Veſſels (if they happen nigh)
Are over-whelm'd and ſunken ſodainly?

Shall

Shall I omit the *Tunnies*, that durst meet — *The Tunnys.*
Th' *Eöan* Monarchs neuer daunted Fleet,
And beard more brauely his victorious powrs
Then the Defendants of the *Tyrian* Towrs;
Or *Porus*, conquered on the *Indian* Coast;
Or great *Darius*, that three Battails lost?
When on the Surges I perceiue, from far,
Th' *Ork*, *Whirl-pool*, *Whale*, or huffing *Physeter*, — *Diuers kindes of Whales.*
Me thinks I see the wandring *Ile* again
(*Ortygian Delos*) floating on the Main.
And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross,
Me seems som Tempest all the Sea doth toss.
Our fear-less Saylers, in far Voyages
(More led by Gain's hope then their Compasses) — *Of their monstrous shape, and huge greatnes.*
On th' *Indian* shoare, haue som time noted som
Whose bodies couered two broad Acres room:
And in the *South-Seas* they haue also seen
Som like high-topped and huge-armed Treen;
And other-som whose monstrous backs did bear
Two mighty wheels with whirling spokes, that were
Much like the winged and wide spreading sayls
Of any Winde-mill turn'd with merry gales.
But God (who Nature in her nature holdes)
Not onely cast them in so sundry moldes:
But gaue them manners much more differing, — *Of the diuers qualities of Fishes.*
As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring
In admiration; that men euermore,
Praysing his Works, might prayse their Maker more.
Som loue fresh Waters, som the salt desire,
Som from the Sea vse yeerly to retire
To the next Rivers, at their own contenting,
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting;
Having (like Lords) two Houses of receipt:
For Winter th' one, th' other for Sommers heat.
As Citizens, in som inteſtine braul, — *Simile. Describing the custome of certain Sea-Fishes*
Long cooped vp within their Castle wall;
So soon as Peace is made, and Siedge remov'd,
Forsake a while their Town so strong approv'd;

frequenting the frish Waters in some seasons of the yeare.

And, tir'd with toyl, by leashes and by payrs,
Crowned with Garlands, go to take the ayrs:
So, dainty *Salmons*, *Cheuins* thunder-scar'd,
Feast-famous *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* speckle-starr'd,
In the Spring Season the rough Seas forsake,
And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take:
And yet the plenty of delitious foods,
Their pleasant Lodging in the crystall floods,
The fragrant sents of flowry banks about,
Cannot their Countreys tender loue wipe out
Of their remembrance; but they needs will home,
In th'irefull Ocean to go seek their Tomb:
Like English Gallants, that in Youth doo go
Comparison. *To visit* Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arn, *and* Po;
Where though their Sensebe dandled, Days and Nights,
In sweetest choise of changeable Delights,
They neuer can forget their Mother-Soyl,
But hourly Home their hearts and eyes recoyle,
Long languishing with an extream Desire
To see the smoak of their deer Natiue Fier.

The Fishes feeding.

One (like a Pirat) only liues of prizes,
That in the Deep he desperatly surprises:
Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam:
Another round about the Rocks doth roam,
Nibbling on Weeds: another, hating thieuing,
Eats nought at all, of liquor only liuing;
For, the salt humor of his Element
Serues him (alone) for perfect nourishment.
Som loue the clear streams of swift tumbling Torrents
Which through the rocks straining their struggling currents
Break Banks and Bridges; and doo neuer stop,
Till thirsty Sommer com to drink them vp:
Som almost alwayes pudder in the mud
Of sleepy Pools, and neuer brook the flood
Of Crystall streams, that in continuall motion
Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean:
As the most part of the Words Peers, prefer
Broyls before Rest, and place their Peace in War:

And

And ſom again (of a far differing humour)
Holde Reſt ſo deer, that but the only rumour
Of War far off, affrights them at the firſt;
And wanting *Peace*, they count their States accurſt.
O watry Citizens, what Vmpeer bounded
Your liquid Liuings? O! what Monarch mounded
With walls your City? What ſevereſt Law
Keeps your huge Armies in ſo certain aw,
That you encroach not on the neighbouring Borders
Of your ſwim-brethren? as (againſt all Orders)
Men dayly practice, ioyning Land to Land,
Houſe vnto Houſe, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand,
Mountain to Mountain, and (moſt-moſt inſaci'ble)
World vnto World, if they could work it poſſible.
And you (wiſe Fiſhes) that for recreation,
Or for your ſeeds ſecures propagation,
Doo ſomtimes ſhift your ordinary Dwelling;
What learned *Chalde* (skill'd in Fortune-telling)
What cunning Prophet your fit Time doth ſhowe?
What Herralds Trumpet ſummons you to go?
What Guide conducteth, Day and Night, your Legions
Through path-leſs paths in vnacquainted Regions?
What Captain ſtout? what Loadſton, Steel, and Star,
Meaſures your courſe in your Adventures far?
Surely, the ſame that made you firſt of Nought,
Who in your Nature ſom *Idæas* wrought
Of good and Euill; to the end that we,
Following the Good, might from the Euill flee.

Of the prouidence of God in their diuers and notable manner of liuing: affording many Leſſons to Man-kinde.

Th' adulterous *Sargus* doth not onely change
Wiues every day, in the deep ſtreams; but (ſtrange)
As if the honey of Sea-loues delights
Could not ſuffice his ranging appetites,
Courting the Shee-Goats on the graſſie ſhoar,
Would horn their Husbands that had horns before;
Contrary to the conſtant *Cantharus*,
Who, ever faithfull to his deereſt Spouſe
In Nuptiall Duties ſpending all his life,
Loues never none but his own onely wife.

Strange nature of the fiſh Sargus.

Of Cantharus.

Of the Mullet. But, for her Loue, the *Mullet* hath no Peer;
For, if the Fisher haue surpriz'd her Pheer,
As mad with wo to shoar she followeth,
Prest to comfort him both in life and death:
Simile. As yerst those famous, louing *Thracian Dames*
That leapt aliue into the funerall flames
Of their dead Husbands; who deceast and gon,
Those loyall Wiues hated to liue alone.
O! who can heer sufficiently admire
That *Gaping Fish* whose glistering eyes aspire
The Vrano-Scopus. Still toward Heav'n? as if beneath the skies
He found no Obiect worthy of his eyes.
As the Wood-pecker, his long tongue doth lill
Out of the clov'n-pipe of his horny bill,
To catch the Emmets; when, beguil'd with-all,
The busie swarms vpon it creep and crawl:
Th' *Vrano-scope*, so, hid in mud, doth put
Out of his gullet a long limber gut,
Most like vnto a little Worm (at sight)
Wher-at eft-soons many small Fishes bite;
Which ther-withall this Angler swallows straight,
Alwayes self-armed with hook, line, and bait.
**The Ozena.* The sutle **Smell-strong-Mayn-foot*, that fain
A dainty feast of *Oister-flesh* would gain,
Swims softly down, and to him slily slips,
Wedging with stone his yet wide-yawning lips,
Least else (before that he haue had his pray)
The *Oyster*, closing, clip his limbs away,
And (where he thought t' haue ioy'd his victories)
Himself becom vnto his prize a prize.
The Torpedo. The *Cramp-fish*, knowing that shee harboureth
A plague-full humour, a fell banefull breath,
A secret *Poppy*, and a sense-less Winter,
Benumming all that dare too-neer her venter;
Pours forth her poyson, and her chilling Ice
On the next Fishes; charm'd so in a trice,
That shee not onely staies them in the Deep,
But stuns their sense, and lulls them fast a-sleep;

And then (at fill) she with their flesh is fed;
Whose frozen limbs (still liuing) seem but dead.
'Tis this *Torpedo*, that when she hath took
Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook,
Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle
When they be prickt, and plunge, and striue, and struggle;
And by their stir, thinking to scape the Angle,
Faster and faster on the hooke doo tangle:
But, wily, clasping close the Fishing Line,
So dainly spews into the Silver Brine
Her secret-spreading, sodain-speeding bane;
Which, vp the Line, and all along the Cane,
Creeps to the hand of th' Angler; who with-all
Benumm'd and sens-less, sodainly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize:
Becomn like one that (as in bed he lies) *Simile.*
Seems in his sleep to see som gastly Ghost;
In a cold sweat, shaking, and swelt almost,
He cals his wife for ayd, his friends, his folks,
But his stuft stomack his weak clamour choaks:
Then would he strike at that he doth behold;
But sleep and fear his feeble hands doo hold:
Then would he run away; but, as he strives,
Hee feels his feet fetterd with heauy Gyues.
But, if the *Scolopendra* haue sucket-in *The Scolopendra*
The sowr-sweet morsell with the barbed Pin,
She hath as rare a trick to rid her from-it:
For instantly, she all her guts doth vomit;
And, having clear'd them from the danger, then
She fair and softly sups them in again,
So that not one of them within her womb
Changeth his Office or his wonted room.
The thriuing *Amia* (neer *Abydos* breeding) *The Amia.*
And suttle *Sea-Fox* (in Steeds-loue exceeding) *The Sea-Fox.*
Without so vent'ring their dear life and lyning;
Can from the Worm-clasp compass their vntwining:
For, sucking in more of the twisted hair,
Aboue the hook they it in sunder shear;

So

So that their foe, who for a Fish did look
Lifts vp a bare line, robd of bait and hooke.
The Barbel. But timerous *Barbels* will not taste the bit,
Till with their tails they haue vnhooked it:
And all the baits the Fisher can deuise
Cannot beguile their wary iealousies.
The Cuttle. Euen so almost, the *many spotted Cuttle*
Wel-neer insnared, yet escapeth suttle;
For, when she sees her self within the Net,
And no way left but one, from thence to get,
She sodainly a certain Ink doth spew,
Which dies the Waters of a sable hew;
That, dazling so the Fishers greedy sight,
She through the Clouds of the black Waters night,
Might scape with honour the black streams of *Styx*,
Wherof already, almost lost, she licks.
And, as a Prisoner, (of som great transgression,
Simile. Conuict by Witnes and his owne Confession)
Kept in dark Durance full of noysom breath,
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;
Spies euery corner, and pries round about
To finde som weake place where he may get out:
The Golden-eye or Guilt-head. The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-Eye*,
Kept in a Weyre, the widest space doth spy,
And thrusting-in his tail, makes th' Osiars gape
With his oft flapping, and doth so escape:
But, if his fellow finde him thus bested,
He lends his tail to the Imprisoned;
That thereby holding fast with gentle iaw,
Him from his Durance, he may friendly draw.
Or, (if before that he were captiuate)
He see him hooked on the biting bait,
Hasting to help, he leapeth at the line,
And with his teeth snaps off the hairy twine.
Sundry instructions that Fishes giue to men. You stony hearts, within whose stubborn Centre
Could neuer touch of sacred friendship enter,
Look on these Seas my Songs haue calmed thus;
Heer's many a *Damon*, many a *Theseus*.

The

The gilden *Sparlings*, when cold Winters blaſt
Begins to threat, themſelues together caſt,
In heaps like balls, and heating mutually,
Liue; that alone, of the keen Cold would die.
Thoſe ſmall white Fiſh to *Venus* conſecrated,
Though without *Venus* ayd they be created
Of th' Ocean ſcum; ſeeing themſelues a pray
Expos'd in euery Water-Rouers way,
Swarming by thouſands, with ſo many a fold
Combine themſelues, that their ioint ſtrength doth hold
Againſt the greedieſt of the Sea-thieues ſallies;
Yea, and to ſtay the courſe of ſwifteſt Gallies.

The Sparlings.

As a great Carrak, cumbred and oppreſt
With her ſelfs-burthen, wends not Eaſt and Weſt,
Star-bood and Lar-boord, with ſo quick Careers,
As a ſmall Fregat, or ſwift Pinnaſs ſteers;
And as a large and mighty limbed Steed,
Either of *Friſeland*, or of *German* breed,
Can neuer manage half ſo readily,
As *Spaniſh* Iennet, or light *Barbarie*:

Simile.

Another.

So the huge *Whale* hath not ſo nimble motion,
As ſmaller Fiſhes that frequent the Ocean;
But ſomtimes rudely 'gainſt a Rock he bruſhes,
Or in ſom roaring Straight he blindly ruſhes,
And ſcarce could liue a Twelue-month to an end,
But for the little *Muſculus* (his friend)
A little Fiſh that ſwimming ſtill before,
Directs him ſafe from Rock, from ſhelf and ſhoar:
Much like a Childe that louing leads about
His aged Father when his eyes be out;
Still wafting him through euery way ſo right,
That reft of eyes he ſeems not reft of ſight.

Of the the Whale and his friend Muſculus.

Simile.

Waues-Mother *Thetis*, though thine arms embrace
The World about, within thine ample ſpace,
A firmer League of friendſhip is not ſeen
Then is the *Pearl-fiſh* and the *Prawn* betweene;
Both haue but one repaſt, both but one Palace,
But one delight, one death, one ſorrow, and one ſolace:

Strange League betweene the Pearl-Fiſh and the Prawne.

That

That, lodgeth this; and this remunerates
His Land-lords kindnes with all needfull Cates.
For, while the *Pearl-Fish* gaping wide doth gliſter,
Much Fry (allur'd with the bright ſiluer luſtre
Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*;
Then with a prick the *Prawn* a ſign doth mak-her
That inſtantly her ſhining ſhell ſhe cloſe
(Becauſe the Prey worthy the pain he knowes):
Which gladly done, ſhe ev'nly ſhareth-out
The Prey betwixt her, and her faithfull ſcout.

Alſo betweene the Sponge and his Spye.
And ſo the *Sponge-Spye*, warily awakes
The *Sponges* dull ſenſe, when repaſt it takes.

The Galley Fiſh
The Sayle-Fiſh.
Boat-Crab.
Sea-Vrchin.
But O! what ſtile can worthily declare
(O! *Galley-Fiſh*, and thou *Fiſh-Mariner*,
Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Vrchin*) your dexteritie
In Saylers Art, for ſafeneſs and celeritie?
If *Iaffa* Marchants, now Comburgers ſeem
With *Portingalls*, and *Portingalls* with them:
If Worlds of Wealth, born vnder other Sky,
Seem born in Ours: if without wings we fly
From North to South, and from the Eaſt to Weſt,
Through hundred ſundry way-leſs waies addreſt:
If (to be brief) this World's rich compaſs round,
Seem as a Common, without hedge or mound,
Where (at his choice) each may him freely ſtore
With rareſt fruits; You may we thank therefore.
For, whether *Typhis*, or that Pride of *Greece*
That ſayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden-Fleece*,
Or *Belus* Son, firſt builded floating bowrs,
To mate the Windes, Storms, and the Waters Stowrs;
What e'r he were, he ſurely learn'd of you
The Art of Rowing and of Sayling too.

The ſea-Hermit
Heer would I ceaſe, ſaue that this humorous ſong,
The *Hermite-Fiſh* compels me to prolong.
A man of might that builds him a Defence
'Gainſt Weathers rigour and Warr's inſolence,
Firſt dearly buies (for, What good is good-cheap?)
Both the rich Matter and rare Workmanſhip:

But, without buying Timber, Lime, and ſtone,
Or hiring men to build his Manſion,
Or borrowing Houſe, or paying Rent therfore,
He lodgeth ſafe: for, finding on the ſhoar
Som handſom ſhell, whoſe Natiue Lord, of late
Was diſpoſſeſſed by the Doom of Fate;
Therein he enters, and he takes poſſeſſion
Of th' empty Harbour, by the free conceſſion
Of Natures Law; who *Goods that Owner want*
Alwaies allots to the firſt Occupant.
In this new Cace, or in this Cradle (rather)
He ſpends his Youth: then, growing both together
In age and Wit, he gets a wider Cell
Wherin at Sea his later Daies to dwell.
But *Clio*, wherefore art thou teadious
In numbering *Neptunes* buſie Burgers thus?
If in his Works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Seas Soverain, bring but only forth
One little *Fiſh*, whoſe admirable Story
Sufficeth ſole to ſhewe his might and glory.
Let all the Windes in one Winde gather them,
And (ſeconded with *Neptunes* ſtrongeſt ſtream)
Let all at once, blowe all their ſtiffeſt gales
A-ſtern a Galley vnder all her ſails;
Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers,
Each lively handled by fiue luſty Rowers:
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn
Into the tempeſt-beaten Veſſels ſtern,
Stayes her ſtone-ſtill: while all her ſtout Conſorts
Sail thence at pleaſure to their wiſhed Ports.
Then looſe they all the ſheats, but to no boot:
For, the charm'd Veſſell bougeth not a foot;
No more then if then if three fadom vnder ground,
A ſcore of Anchors held her faſtly bound:
No more then doth an Oak, that in the Wood
Hath thouſand Tempeſts (thouſand times) withſtood,
Spreading as many maſſy roots belowe,
As mighty arms aboue the ground do growe.

The ſtrange and ſecret property of the Remora, or Stop-ſhip.

O *Stop-ſhip* ſay, ſay how thou canſt oppoſe
Thy ſelf alone againſt ſo many foes?
O! tell vs where thou doo'ſt thine Anchors hide,
Whence thou reſiſteſt Sayls, Owers, Wind, and Tide?
How on the ſodain, canſt thou curb ſo ſhort
A Ship whom all the Elements tranſport?
Whence is thine Engin and thy ſecret force
That fruſtrates Engins, and all force doth force?
I had (in Harbour) heav'd mine Anchor o're,
Dolphin. And ev'n already ſet one foot a-ſhoar;
When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating 'gainſt the bank,
'Gan mine obliuion moodily miſ-thank:
Peace Princely Swimmer, ſacred *Fiſh*, content-thee;
For, for thy praiſe, th' end of this Song I meant-thee.
Braue Admirall of the broad briny Regions,
Triumphant Tamer of the ſcaly Legions,
Who liuing, ever liv'ſt (for neuer ſleep,
Deaths liuely Image in thy eyes doth creep)
Louer of Ships, of Men, of Melody,
Thou vp and down through the moyſt World doeſt ply
Swift as a ſhaft; whoſe Salt thou loueſt ſo,
That lacking that, thy life thou doeſt forgo:
Thou (gentle Fiſh) wert th' happy Boat, of yore
Which ſafely brought th' *Amiclean* Harp a-ſhoar.
Arion, match-leſs for his Muſiks skill,
The ſtrange adventure of Arion ſaued by a Dolphin. Among the *Latines* hauing gain'd his fill
Of gold and glory, and exceeding fain
To re-ſalute his learned *Greece* again;
Vnwares, imbarks him in a Pyrates ſhip:
Who loath to let ſo good a Booty ſlip.
Soon waighes his Anchors, packs on all his ſail,
And Windes conſpiring with a proſperous gale,
His winged Fregat made ſo ſpeedy-ſight;
Tarentum Towers were quickly out of ſight;
And all, ſaue Skies, and Seas, on euery ſide;
Where, th' onely Compaſs is the Pylots guide.
The Saylours then (whom many times we finde
Falſer then Seas, and fiercer then the Winde)

Fall

Fall straight to strip him, ryfling (at their pleasure)
In euery corner to finde out his treasure:
And, hauing found it, all with one accord
Hoist th'Owner vp, to heaue him ouer-boord.
Who weeping said, O *Nereus* noble issue,
Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:
For, my chief Treasure in my Musick lyes
(And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils, prize
The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so,
That vnder-foot all worldly wealth they throwe.)
No (braue Triumphers ouer Winde and Waue,
Who in both Worlds your habitation haue,
Who both Heav'ns Hooks in your aduentures view)
'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue:
I but beseech you, offer no impieties
Vnto a person deer vnto the Deities.
So may *Messenian Sirens*, for your sake,
Be euer mute when you your voyage make,
And *Tritons* Trumpet th'angry Surges swage,
When (iustly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.
But if (alas!) cannot this obtain
(As my faint eye reads in your frowns too plain)
Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voice,
My dolefull fingers to consort their noise:
That so, the Sea-Nimphs (rapt in admiration
Of my diuine, sweet, sacred lamentation)
Dragging my corps to shoar, with weeping showrs
May deaw the same, and it entoomb in flowrs.
Then play (said they) and giue vs both together,
Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.
His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent
Th'inchanting sinnews of his Instrument:
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,
That crook tooth'd *Lampreys* and the *Congers* rowe
Friendly together, and their natiue hate
The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,
And *Lobstars* floated fear-les all the while
Among the *Polyps*, prone to theft and guile.

But,

But, among all the Fiſhes that did throng
To daunce the Meaſures of his Mournfull ſong,
There was a *Dolphin* did the beſt accord
His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:
Who gently ſliding neer the Pinnaſs ſide,
Seem'd to inuite him on his back to ride.
By this time, twice the Saylours had eſſayd
To heaue him o're; yet twice himſelf he ſtaied:
And now the third time ſtroue they him to caſt;
Yet by the ſhrowds the third time held he faſt:
But laſtly, ſeeing Pyrats paſt remorſe,
And him too-feeble to withſtand their force,
The trembling *Dolphins* ſhoulders he beſtrid;
Who on the Oceans azure ſurges ſlid,
So, that far-off (his charge ſo cheered him)
One would haue thought him rather fly, then ſwim:
Yet fears he euery ſhelf and euery Surge
(Not for himſelf, but for his tender charge)
And, ſloaping ſwiftly ouerthwart thoſe Seas
(Not for his owne but for his Riders eaſe)
Makes double haſte to finde ſom happy ſtrand,
Where his ſweet *Phœbus* he may ſafely land.
Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Muſick rare,
Paies his deer Pylot his delighfull fare.
And heauing eyes to Hea'vn (the Hav'n of Pity)
To his ſweet Harp he tunes this ſacred Ditty;
O thou Almightie! who Mankinde to wrack,
Of thouſand Seas, didſt whilom one Sea make,
And yet didſt ſaue, from th' vniuerſall Doom,
One ſacred Houſhold, that in time to com
(From Age to Age) ſhould ſing thy glorious praiſe;
Look down (O Lord) from thy ſupernall rayes;
Look, look, (alas!) vpon a wretched man,
Half Toomb'd already in the Ocean:
O! bee my Steers-man, and vouchſafe to guide
The ſtern-les Boat, and bit-leſs Horſe I ride;
So that, eſcaping Windes and Waters wrath,
I once again may tread my natiue path:

And hence-forth, heer with ſolemn vowes I ſacre
Vnto thy glory (O my God and Maker)
For this great fauour's high Memoriall,
My heart, and Art, my voyce, hand, Harp, and all.
Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,
The Clowdy Welkin waxed cleer again,
And all the Windes did ſodainly conuert
Their mouths to ears, to hear his wondrous Art.
The *Dolphin* then, diſcrying Land (at laſt)
Storms with himſelf, for hauing made ſuch haſte,
And wiſht *Laconia* thouſand Leagues from thence,
T' haue ioy'd the while his Muſiks excellence.
But, 'fore his own delight, preferring far
Th' vnhoped ſafety of the Minſtrell rare,
Sets him a ſhoar, and (which moſt ſtrange may ſeem)
Where life he took, there life reſtoreth him.
But now (deer *Muſe*) with *Ionas* lets vs hie
From the Whales belly; and from ieopardy
Of ſtormfull Seas, of wreakfull Rocks and Sand,
Com, com (my Darling) let vs haſte to Land.
While buſie, poaring downward in the Deep,
I ſing of *Fiſhes* (that there Quarter keep)
See how the *Fowls* are from my fancy fled,
And their high prayſes quight out of my head:
Their flight out-flies me; and my Muſe almoſt
The better half of this bright *Day* hath loſt.
But, cheer ye, *Birds*: your ſhadows (as ye paſs)
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face,
Make me remember, by their nimble turns,
Both what my duty, and your due concerns.
But firſt I pray (*for meed of all my toyl*
In bringing you into this HAPPIE ILE)
Vouchſafe to waken with your various Notes
The ſenſe-leſs ſenſes of thoſe drowſie Sots,
Whoſe eye-lids laden with a waight of Lead
Shall fall a-ſleep the while theſe Rymes are read.
But, if they could not cloſe their wakefull eyes
Among the Water's ſilent Colonies;

The ſecond part of this book, treating of Fowles.

How can they ſleep among the *Birds*, whoſe ſound
Through Heav'n and Earth and Ocean doth redound?
Of the admirable and Onely Phœnix. The Heav'nly Phœnix firſt began to frame
The Earthly *Phœnix*, and adorn'd the ſame
With ſuch a plume, that *Phœbus*, circuiting
From *Fez* to *Cairo*, ſees no fairer thing:
Such form, ſuch fethers, and ſuch Fate he gaue-her,
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:
Two ſparkling eyes; vpon her crown, a creſt
Of ſtarry Sprigs (more ſplendent then the reſt)
A golden doun about her dainty neck,
Her deſcription. Her breſt deep purple, and a ſcarlet back,
Her wings and train of fethers (mixed fine)
Of orient azure and incarnadine.
He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,
And Deaths cold kiſſes to reſtore her heer
Her life. Her life again, which neuer ſhall expire
Vntill (as ſhee) the World conſume in fire.
For, hauing paſſed vnder diuers Climes,
A thouſand Winters, and a thouſand Primes;
Worn-out with yeers, wiſhing her end-leſs end,
To ſhining flames ſhe doth her life commend:
Dies to reviue, and goes into her Graue
To riſe again more beautifull and braue.
Perched therfore, vpon a branch of Palm,
With Incenſe, Caſſia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm,
By break of Day ſhee builds (in narrow room)
Her Vrn, her neſt, her Cradle, and her Toomb:
Where, while ſhe ſits all gladly-ſad expecting
Som flame (againſt her fragrant heap reflecting)
To burn her ſacred bones to ſeed-full cinders
Her death. (Wherein, her age but not her life, ſhe renders)
The *Phrygian* Skinker, with his lauiſh Ewer,
Drowns not the Fields with ſhower after ſhowr;
The ſhivering *Coach-man* with his Icy Snowe
Dares not the Forreſts of *Phœnicia* ſtrowe:
Auſter preſumes not *Libyan* ſhoars to paſs
With his moiſt wings: and gray-beard *Boreas*

(As

(As the most boistrous and rebellious slaue)
Is prisoned close in th'*Hyper-Borean* Caue:
For, Nature now propitious to her End,
To her liuing Death a helping hand doth lend:
And stopping all those Mouths, doth mildely sted
Her Funeralls, her fruitfull birth, and bed:
And *Sol* himselfe, glauncing his golden eyes
On th'odoriferous Couch wherein she lies,
Kindles the spice, and by degrees consumes
Th'immortall *Phœnix*, both her flesh and plumes.
But instantly, out of her ashes springs
A Worm, an Egg then, then a bird with wings,
Iust like the first (rather the same indeed)
Which (re-ingendred of it'sselfly seed)
By nobly dying a new Date begins,
And where she lost th, there her life she wins:
End-les by'r End, eternall by her Toomb;
While, by a prosperous Death, she doth becom
(Among the cinders of her sacred Fire)
Her own selfs Heir, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, and Sire:
Teaching vs all, in *Adam* heer to dy,
That we in *Christ* may liue eternally.

Her re-generation.

The best application.

The *Phœnix*, cutting th'vnfrequented Air,
Forth-with is followed by a thousand pair
Of wings, in th'instant by th'Almighty wrought,
With divers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.

Birds that follow the Phœnix and their natures.

The sent-strong *Swallow* sweepeth to and fro,
As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish Bowe,
When (vse and Art and strength confedered)
The skilfull Archer draws them to the head:
Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where
She more with cunning, then with cost, may rear
Her round-front Palace in a place secure,
Whose Plot may serue in rarest Arch'tecture:
Her little beak she loads with brittle straws,
Her wings with Water, and with Earth her claws,
Whereof she Morter makes, and there-with-all
Aptly she builds her semi-circle Wall.

The Swallow.

The Lark.

The pretty *Lark*, climbing the Welkin cleer,
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer, peer-I neer my Deer*;
Then ſtooping thence (ſeeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (ſhe ſayth) *adieu, deer Deer, adieu.*

The Linot.
The Finch.

The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold-Finch* fill
All the freſh Aire with their ſweet warbles ſhrill.

The Nightingale.

But all This 's nothing to the *Nightingale*,
Breathing, ſo ſweetly from a breſt ſo ſmall,
So many Tunes, whoſe Harmony excells
Our Voice, our Violls, and all Muſick els.
Good Lord! how oft in a green Oken Grove,
In the cool ſhadow haue I ſtood, and ſtrove
To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers?
And (yet) methinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A Nightingale to warble ſweetly-cleer:
One while ſhe bears the Baſe, anon the Tenor,
Anon the Trebble, then the Counter-Tenor:
Then, all at once; (as it were) chalenging
The rareſt voyces with her ſelf to ſing:
Thence thirty ſteps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,
Iuſt Note for Note, and adds ſom Strain at laſt,
That ſhe had conned all the Winter paſt:
The firſt replyes, and deſcants there-vpon;
With divine warbles of Diviſion,
Redoubling Quavers; And ſo (turn by turn)
Alternatly they ſing away the Morn:
So that the Conqueſt in this curious ſtrife
Both often coſt the one her voice and life:
Then, the glad Victor all the reſt admire,
And after count her Miſtreſs of the Quire.
At break of Day, in a Delicious ſong
She ſets the *Gam-vt* to a hundred young:
And, when as, fit for higher Tunes ſhe ſees-them,
Then learnedly ſhe harder Leſſons gives-them;
Which, ſtrain by ſtrain, they ſtudiouſly recite,
And follow all their Miſtreſs Rules aright.

The *Colchian Pheasant*, and the *Partridge* rare,
The lustfull *Sparrow*, and the fruitfull *Stare*,
The chattering *Pye*, the chasteſt *Turtle-Doue*,
The grizel *Quoiſt*, the *Thruſh* (that Grapes doth loue)
The little *Gnat-ſnap* (worthy Princes Boords)
And the green *Parrat*, fainer of our words,
Wait on the *Phœnix*, and admire her tunes,
And gaze themſelues in her blew-golden plumes.

Diuers other delicate, and gentle Birds.

The ravening *Kite*, whoſe train doth well ſupply
A Rudders place; the *Falcon* mounting high,
The *Marlin*, *Lanar*, and the gentle-*Tercell*,
Th'*Oſpray*, and *Saker*, with a nimble ſarcell
Follow the *Phœnix*, from the Clouds (almoſt)
At once diſcouering many an vnknow'n Coaſt.

Rauenous Birds.

In the ſwift Rank of theſe fell Rouers, flies
The *Indian Griffin* with the gliſtring eyes,
Beak *Eagle-like*, back ſable, ſanguin breſt,
White (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons, alwaies preſt
For bloody battails; for, with theſe he tears
Boars, Lions, Horſes, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears:
With theſe, our Grandams fruitfull panch he pulls,
Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,
To floor his proud neſt, builded ſtrong and ſteep
On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep:
With theſe, he guards againſt an Army bold
The hollow Mines where firſt he findeth Gold;
As wroth, that men vpon his right ſhould rove,
Or theeviſh hands vſurp his *Treſor-troue*.

Deteſtation of Auarice, for her execrable & dãgerous effects

O! ever may'ſt thou fight ſo (valiant Foul)
For this dire bane of our ſeduced ſoule;
And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants, ſo ward
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard,
That hence-forth hope-leſs, mans frail mind may reſt-her
From ſeeking that, which doth it's Maſters maſter:
O odious poyſon! for the which we dive
To *Pluto's* dark Den: for the which we rive
Our Mother Earth; and, not contented with
Th' abundant gifts ſhe outward offereth,

With ſacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,
And ranſak deeply in her boſom tender,
While vnder ground wee live in hourly fear
When the frail Mines ſhall over-whelm vs there:
For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule
Through thouſand Seas to ſeek another Pole;
And, maugre Windes and Waters enmity,
We every Day new vnknow'n Worlds deſcry:
For which (alas!) the brother ſels his brother,
The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,
The Friend his Friend: O! what not ſell wee heer,
Sithence to ſatiat our Gold-thirſty gall,
We ſell our ſelues, our very ſoules and all?

Night-Fowles and ſolitary Birds.

Neer theſe, the *Crowe* his greedy wings diſplayes,
The long-liv'd *Rauen*, th'*infamous Bird* that layes
His baſtard Egges within the neſts of other,
To have them hatcht by an vnkindely Mother:
The *Skritch-Owl*, vs'd in falling Towrs to lodge,
Th'vnlucky *Night-Raven*, and thou laſie *Madge*
That fearing light, ſtill ſeekeſt where to hide,
The hate and ſcorn of all the Birds beſide.

Water fowles.

But (gentle *Muſe*) tell me what *Fowls* are thoſe
That but even-now from flaggy Fenns aroſe?
'Tis th'hungry *Hearn*, the greedy *Cormorant*,
The *Coot* and *Curlew*, which the Moors doo haunt,
The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* ſtrong in flight,
The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snight*:
The ſilver *Swan*, that dying ſingeth beſt,
And the *Kings-Fiſher*, which ſo builds her neſt
By the Sea-ſide in midſt of Winter Seaſon,
That man (in whom ſhines the bright Lamp of Reaſon)
Cannot deviſe, with all the wit he ha's,
Her little building how to raiſe or raze:
So long as there her quiet Couch ſhe keeps,
Sicilian Sea exceeding calmly ſleeps;
For, *Æolus*, fearing to drown her brood,
Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood.

The Pirat (dwelling alwayes in his Bark)
In's Calender her building Dayes doth mark:
And the rich Marchant resolutely venters,
So soon as th'*Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.
Mean-while, the *Langa*, skimming (as it were)
The Oceans surface, seeketh every where
The hugy Whale; where slipping-in (by Art)
In his vast mouth, shee feeds vpon his hart.
NEVV-SPAIN's *Cucuio*, in his forhead brings *Strange admirable Birds.*
Two burning Lamps, two vnderneath his wings:
Whose shining Rayes serue oft in darkest night,
Th'Imbroderer's hand in royall Works to light:
Th'ingenious Turner, with a wakefull eye,
To polish fair his purest Ivory:
Th'Vsurer, to count his glistring treasures:
The learned Scribe to limn his golden measures.
But note we now, towards the rich *Moluques*,
Those passing strange and wondrous (birds)* *Mamuques* * *With vs cald Birds of Paradise.*
(Wond'rous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky,
Saw ever wonder, swim, or goe, or fly)
None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that breeds
Food-les they liue; for, th'Aire alonely feeds them: (them:
Wing-les they fly; and yet their flight extends,
Till with their flight, their vnknow'n lives-date ends.
The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Thessalie*, *Charitable Birds*
The *Pelican* consorteth cheerfully:
Prayse-worthy Payer; which pure examples yield
Of faithfull Father, and officious Childe.
Th'one quites (in time) her Parents love exceeding,
From whom she had her birth and tender breeding;
Not onely brooding vnder her warm brest
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest;
Nor only bearing them vpon her back
Through th'empty Aire, when their own wings they lack;
But also, sparing (This let Children note)
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held
From forraging, with heavy Gyves of Eld.

The other, kindly, for her tender Brood
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her blood
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort
Vnto her Children doth her life transport:
For, finding them by som fell Serpent slain,
She rents her breſt, and doth vpon them rain
Her vitall humour; whence recouering heat,
They by her death, another life do get:
A Type of *Chriſt*, who, ſin-thrall'd man to free,
Became a Captive; and on ſhamefull Tree
(Self-guiltleſs) ſhed his blood, by's wounds to ſave-vs,
And ſalue the wounds th'old Serpent firſtly gave-vs:
And ſo became, of meer immortall, mortall;
Therby to make, frail mortall Man, immortall.

Leſſons for mankinde, out of the Conſideration of the natures of diuers creatures.

Thus doo'ſt thou print (O Parent of this All)
In every breſt of bruteſt Animall
A kinde Inſtinct, which makes them dread no leſs
Their Childrens danger, then their own deceaſe;
That ſo, each Kinde may laſt immortally,
Though th'*Indiuiduum* paſs ſucceſſively.
So fights a *Lion*, not for glory (then)
But for his Deer Whelps taken from his Den
By Hunters fell: He fiercely roareth out,
He wounds, he kills; amid the thickeſt rout,
He ruſhes-in dread-leſs of Spears, and Darts,
Swords, ſhafts, & ſtaves though hurt in thouſand parts;
And, brave-reſolved, till his laſt breath lack
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back:
Wrath ſalves his wounds: and laſtly (to conclude)
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,
He needs muſt dy; dying, he more bemoanes,
Then his own death, his Captiue little-Ones.
So, for their young our *Maſty Currs* will fight,
Eagerly bark, briſtle their backs, and bite.
So, in the *Deep*, the *Dog-Fiſh* for her Fry
Lucina's throes a thouſand times doth try:
For, ſeeing when the ſuttle Fiſher follows-them,
Again alive into her womb ſhee ſwallows-them;

And

And when the perill's paſt, ſhe brings them thence,
As from the Cabins of a ſafe defence;
And (thouſand lyues to their deer Parent owing)
As ſound as ever in the Seas are rowing.
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe
To ſhield her *Chickens* that ſhe hath in charge:
And ſo, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill
Defends her brood from ſuch as would them ill.
I hear the *Crane* (if I miſtake not) cry; *The Crane.*
Who in the Clouds forming the forked Y, Y
By the brave orders practiz'd vnder her,
Inſtructeth Souldiers in the art of War.
For, when her Troops of wandring Cranes forſake
Froſt-firmed *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take
Truce with the *Northern Dwarfs*, to ſeek adventure
In *Southren Climats* for a milder Winter;
Afront each Band a forward Captain flies,
Whoſe pointed Bill cuts paſſage through the skies;
Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright,
And with their voice haſten their tardy Flight;
And when the honey of care-charming ſleep
Sweetly begins through all their veins to creep,
One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull-moſt,
Walks many a Round about the ſleeping Hoaſt,
Still holding in his claw a ſtony clod,
Whoſe fall may wake him if he hap to nod:
Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,
Vntill, by turns, the Night be turned forth.
There, the fair *Peacock* beautifully brave, *The Peacock.*
Proud, portly-ſtrouting, ſtalking, ſtately-grave,
Wheeling his ſtarry Trayn, in pomp diſplayes
His glorious eyes to *Phœbus* golden rayes.
Cloſe by his ſide ſtands the courageous *Cock*, *The Cock.*
Creſt-peoples King, the Peaſants truſty Clock,
True Morning Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,
The Lyons terror, true Aſtronomer,
Who dayly riſeth when the Sun doth riſe,
And when *Sol* ſetteth, then to rooſt he hies.

There,

The Eſtridge.

There, I perceive amid the flowry Plain
The mighty *Eſtridge*, ſtriving oft in vain
To mount among the flying multitude
(Although with fethers, not with flight indu'd):
Whoſe greedy ſtomack ſteely gads digeſts;
Whoſe criſped train adorns tryumphant creſts.

Of Inſects in the Creation whereof the wiſedom of their Maker ſhineth admirably.

Thou happy Witnes of my happy Watches,
Bluſh not (my Book) nor think it thee diſmatches,
To bear about, vpon thy paper-Tables,
Flies, Butterflues, Gnats, Bees, and all the rabbles
Of other *Inſects* (end-leſs to rehearſe)
Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verſe;
Sith Theſe are alſo His wiſe Workmanſhips,
Whoſe fame did never obſcure Work eclipſe:
And ſith in Theſe he ſhowes vs every howr
More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr
Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,
Or whatſoever other Monſter haunts
In ſtorm-leſs Seas, raiſing a ſtorm about,
While in the Sea another Sea they ſpout.
For, if olde Times admire *Callicrates*
For Ivory *Emmets*; and *Mermécides*
For framing of a rigged Ship, ſo ſmall
That with her wings a *Bee* can hide it all
(Though th'Artfull fruits of all their curious pain,
Fit for no vſe, were but inuentions vain)
Admire we then th'All-wiſe Omnipotence,
Which doth within ſo narrow ſpace diſpence
So ſtiff a ſting, ſo ſtout and valiant hart,
So loud a voyce, ſo prudent wit and Art.

Of Flyes.

Of Bees.

For, where's the State beneath the Firmament,
That doth excell the Bees for Government?
No, no: bright *Phœbus*, whoſe eternall Race
Once every Day about the World doth paſe,
Sees heer no City, that in Rites and Laws,
(For Equity) neer to their Iuſtice draws:

**Venice.*

Not *That, which flying from the furious *Hun*,
In th'*Adriun*-Sea another World begun.

Their

Their well-rul'd State my ſoule ſo much admires,
That, durſt I looſe the Rains of my deſires,
I gladly could digreſs from my deſigne,
To ſing a while their ſacred Diſcipline:
But if, of all, whoſe skilfull Pencils dare
To counterfait th'Almightie's Models rare,
None yet durſt finiſh that fair Peece, wherein
Learned *Apelles* drew *Loues* wanton Queen;
Shall I preſume *Hymettus* Mount to climbe,
And ſing the *Bees* prayſe in mine humble rime?
Which *Latian* Bards inimitable Prince
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?
Yet may I not that little * *Worm* paſs-by, *The Silk-worm.*
Of Fly turn'd Worm, and of a Worm a Fly:
Two births, two deaths, heer Nature hath aſſign'd-her,
Leaving a Poſt-hume (dead-live) ſeed behinde-her,
Which ſoon transforms the freſh and tender leaves
Of *Thisbes* pale Tree, to thoſe ſlender ſleaves
(On ovall clews) of ſoft, ſmooth, *Silken* flakes,
Which more for vs, then for her ſelf, ſhee makes.
O precious fleece! which onely did adorn
The ſacred loyns of Princes heertoforn:
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuſe,
Hath ſo profan'd th'old honorable vſe,
That Shifters now, who ſcarce haue bread to eat,
Diſdain plain *Silk*, vnleſs it be beſet
With one of thoſe deer Metals, whoſe deſire
Burns greedy ſoules with an immortall fire.
Though laſt, not leaſt; brave *Ægle*, no contempt
Made me ſo long thy ſtory hence exempt
(Nor LESS-E X*told ſhall thy true vertues be,*
For th'Eyrie's ſake that owes my Muſe and mee;
Whear Iov's *and* Iuno's *ſtately Birds be billing,*
Their azure Field with faireſt Eaglets *filling*
(Azure *they bear three* Eaglets *Argentine,*
A Cheuron *Ermin grailed* Or *between*)
WIt, CHieſtie, RICHeſt, *to* THem *all I Wiſh*
In Earth; in Heav'n th'immortall Crown *of Bliſs.*)

For,

For,well I knowe,thou holdeſt(worthily)
That place among the Aëry flocks that fly,
As doth the *Dragon* or the *Cocatrice*
Among the baneſull Creeping companies:
The noble *Lion* among ſavage Beaſts:
And gentle *Dolphin* 'mong the Dyving gueſts.
I knowe thy courſe; I knowe,thy conſtant ſight
Can fixly gaze againſt Heav'ns greateſt Light.
But,as the Phœnix on my Front doth gliſter,
Thou ſhalt the Finials of my Frame illuſtre.

A ſtrange and notable ſtory of the loue and death of an Eagle.

On *Thracian* ſhoar of the ſame ſtormy ſtream,
Which did inherit both the bones and name
Of *Phryxus* Siſter(and not far from thence
Whear love-blind *Heros* hap-leſs diligence,
In ſteed of Loves lamp,lighted Deaths cold brand,
To waft *Leanders* naked limbs to land)
There dwelt a Maid,as noble,and as rich,
As fair as *Hero*,but more chaſte by much:
For,her ſteel breſt ſtill blunted all the Darts
Of *Paphos* Archer,and eſchew'd his Arts.
One day,this Damſell through a Foreſt thick
Hunting among her Friends (that ſport did ſeek)
Vpon a ſteep Rocks thorny-thrummed top
(Whear,one(almoſt)would fear to clamber vp)
Two tender *Æglets* in a neſt eſpies,
Which 'gainſt the Sun ſtare trying of their eyes;
Whoſe callow backs and bodies round about
With ſoft ſhort quils began to briſtle out;
Who yawning wide,with empty gorge did gape
For wonted fees out of their Parents rape.
Of theſe two *Fowls* the faireſt vp ſhe takes
Into her boſom,and great haſte ſhe makes
Down from the Rock,and ſhiuering yet for fear
Tripps home as faſt as her light feet can bear:
Even as a Wolf,that hunting for a pray,
And having ſtoln (at laſt) ſom Lamb away;
Flies with down-hanging head,and leereth back
Whether the Maſty doo purſue his track.

In

In time, this *Ægle* was ſo throughly mann'd,
That from the Quarry, to her Miſtreſs hand
At the firſt call 't would com; and faun vpon-her,
And bill and bow, in ſigne of love and honour:
On th' other ſide, the Maiden makes as much
Of her deer Bird; ſtroking with gentle touch
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voice
It wantonly doth cheriſh and reioyce:
And (prety-fondling) ſhe doth prize it higher
Then her own beauties; which all elſe admire.
But (as fell Fates mingle our ſingle ioyes,
With bitter gall of infinit annoyes)
An extream Fever vext the Virgins bones
(By one diſeaſe to cauſe two deaths at once)
Conſum'd her fleſh, and wanly did diſplace
The Roſe-mixt-Lillies in her lovely face.
Then far'd the *Foul* and *Faireſt* both a-like;
Both like tormented, both like ſhivering ſick:
So that, to note their paſſions, one would gather
That *Lacheſis* ſpun both their lives together.
But oft the *Ægle*, ſtriving with her Fitt,
Would fly abroad to ſeek ſom dainty bitt,
For her deer Miſtreſs; and with nimble wing,
Som *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would ſhe bring;
Paying with food, the food receiv'd ſo oft,
From thoſe fair, Ivory, Virgin-fingers ſoft,
During her nonage, yer ſhe durſt eſſay
To cleave the ſky, and for her ſelf to prey.
The Fever now with ſpitefull fitts had ſpent
The blood and marrow of this Innocent,
And Life reſign'd to cruell Death her Right;
Who three dayes after doth the Eagle cite.
The fearfull Hare durſt now frequent the Downs;
And round about the Walles of *Hero's* Town,
The Tercel-gentle, and ſwift Falcon flew,
Dread-leſs of th' *Ægle* that ſo well they knew:
For ſhee (alas) lies on her Ladies bed,
Still-ſadly mourning; though a-live, yet dead:

For,

For, O! how ſhould ſhe live, ſith Fatall knife
Hath cut the threed of her lives deereſt life?
O're the deer Corps ſomtimes her wings ſhe hovers,
Somtimes the dead breſt with her breſt ſhe covers,
Somtimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace,
Somtimes ſhe kiſſes the cold lips and face;
And with ſad murmurs ſhe lamenteth ſo,
That her ſtrange moan augments the Parents wo.
Thrice had bright *Phœbus* daily Chariot run
Paſt the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmenas* ſon,
Since the fair Virgin paſt the fatall Ferry
Whear (laſtly) Mortals leaue their burthens weary;
And yet this doleful Bird, drown'd in her tears,
All comfort-les, Reſt and Repaſt forbears:
So much (alas!) ſhee ſeemeth to contend,
Her life and ſorrows both at once to end.
But laſtly, finding all theſe means too-weak,
The quick diſpatch, that ſhe did wiſh, to wreak;
With ire and anguiſh both at once enraged,
Vnnaturally her proper breſt ſhe gaged,
And tears her bowells, ſtorming bitterly
That all theſe deaths could yet not make her dy.
But, lo the while, about the lightſom door
Of th'hap-les houſe, a mournfull troop, that bore
Black on their back, and Tapers in their fiſts,
Tears on their cheeks, and ſorrow in their breſts;
Who, taking vp the ſacred Load (at laſt)
Whoſe happy ſoule already Heav'n embra'çt;
With ſhrill, ſad cries, march toward the fatall Pile
With ſolemn paſe: The ſilly Bird, the while,
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails,
Honoring with conuoy, two ſad Funerals.
No ſooner had the Ceremonious Flame
Embraç't the Body of her tender Dame,
But ſodainly, diſtilling all with blood,
Down ſouſt the *Eagle* on the blazing wood:
Nor boots the *Flamine*, with his ſacred wand
A hundred times to beat her from her ſtand;

For,

For, to the midſt ſtill of the *Pyle* ſhe plies;
And, ſinging ſweet her Ladies Obſequies,
There burns her ſelf: and blendeth happily
Her bones with hers ſhe lov'd ſo tenderly.
O happy Payr! vpon your ſable Toomb,
May *Mel* and *Manna* euer ſhowring come;
May ſweeteſt Myrtles ever ſhade your Herſe,
And evermore live you within my Verſe.

So Morn and Euening the Fifth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SIXT DAIE OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Inuiting all, which through this world, aſpire
Vnto the next, Gods glorious Works t'admire;
Heer, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings
Beaſts of the Earth, Cattell, and Creeping things:
Their hurt and help to vs: The ſtrange euents
Between Androdus, *and the Forreſt Prince.*
The little-World (*Commander of the greater*)
Why formed laſt: his admirable Feature:
His Heav'n-born Soule; her wondrous operation:
His deereſt Rib. All Creatures generation.

An exhortation to al which through the Pilgrimage of this life, tend toward the euerlaſting City, to conſider well the excellent workes of God, heer repreſented by our Poet.

YOu Pilgrims, which (through this worlds City) wend
Toward th'happy City, whear withouten end
True ioyes abound; to anchor in the Port
Whear Deaths pale horrors never do reſort:
If you would ſee the fair Amphitheatres,
Th' Arks, Arcenalls, Towrs, Temples, and Theatres,
Coloſſes, Cirques, Pyles, Ports, and Palaces
Proudly diſperſed in your Paſſages;
Com, com with me: For, ther's not any part
In this great Frame, where ſhineth any Art,
But I will ſhow't you. Are you weary, ſince?
What! tyr'd ſo ſoon? Why, will you not (my friends)
Having already ventur'd forth ſo far
On *Neptun's* back (through Windes and Waters war)

Rowe

Rowe yet a ſtroak, the Harbour to recover,
Whoſe ſhoars already my glad eyes diſcover?
Almighty Father, guide their Guide along, *Invocation.*
And pour vpon my faint vnfluent tongue
The ſweeteſt hony of th'*Hyantian* Fount,
Which freſhly purleth from the Muſes Mount.
With the ſweet charm of my Victorious Verſe,
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;
Make all the wilde Beaſts, laying fury by,
To com with Homage to my Harmony.
OF ALL THE Beaſts which thou *This-Day* didſt build, *The Elephant.*
To haunt the Hills, the Foreſt, and the Field,
I ſee (as vice-Roy of their brutiſh Band)
The *Elephant*, the Vant-gard doth command:
Worthy that Office; whether we regard
His Towred back, whear many Souldiers ward;
Or elſe his Prudence, whearwithall he ſeems
T'obſcure the wits of human-kind ſomtimes:
As ſtudious Scholer, hee ſelf-rumineth
His leſſons giv'n, his King he honoreth,
Adores the Moon: mooved with ſtrange deſire,
He feels the ſweet flames of th'*Idalian* fire,
And (pierçt with glance of a kinde-cruell ey)
For humane beauty, ſeems to ſigh and dy.
Yea (if the *Græcians* doo not miſs-recite)
With's crooked trumpet he doth ſomtimes write. *His combat with the Rhinocerot.*
But, his huge ſtrength, nor ſubtle wit, can not
Defend him from the ſly *Rhinocerot:*
Who never, with blinde fury led, doth venter
Vpon his Fo, but (yer the Liſts he enter)
Againſt a Rock he whetteth round about
The dangerous pike vpon his armed ſnout:
Then buckling cloſe, doth not (at randon) hack
On the hard Cuiraſs on his Enemies back;
But vnder's belly (cunning) findes a skin,
Whear (and but thear) his ſharpned blade will in.
The ſcaly *Dragon*, being elſe too lowe
For th'*Elephant*, vp a thick Tree doth goe;

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For th'*Elephant*, vp a thick Tree doth goe;

So, closely ambusht almost every Day,
To watch the Carry-Castle, in his way:
Who, once approaching, straight his stand he leaues,
And round about him he so closely cleaues
His combat with the Dragon. With's wrything body; that his Enemy
(His stinging knots vnable to vn-ty)
Hastes to som Tree, or to som Rock, whearon
To rush and rub-off his detested zone,
The fell embraces of whose dismall clasp
Haue almost brought him to his latest gasp.
Then, sodainly, the *Dragon* slips his hold
From th' *Elephant*, and sliding down, doth fold
The true Image of Ciuill warre. About his fore-legs, fetter'd in such order,
That stocked thear, he now can stir no furder:
While th' *Elephant* (but to no purpose) strives
With's winding Trunk t'vndoo his wounding gyves,
His furious so thrusts, in his nose, his nose;
Then head and all; and thear-withall doth close
His breathing passage: but, his victory
Hee ioyes not long; for his huge Enimy,
Falling down dead, doth with his waighty Fall
Crush him to death, that caus'd his death, withall:
Simile. Like factious *French-men*, whose fell hands pursue
In their own brests their furious blades t'imbrew,
While pitty-les, hurried with blinded zeal,
In her own bloud they bathe their Common-weal;
When as at *Dreux*, S^t. *Denis*, and *Mountcounter*,
Their parricidiall bloody swords incounter;
Making their Country (as a Tragik Tomb)
T'interr th' Earths terror in her hap-les womb.
Simile. *Or, like our own (late)* YORK *and* LANCASTER,
Ambitious broachers of that Viper-War,
Which did the womb of their own Dam deuour,
And spoyl'd the freshest of fair ENGLAND'S *Flowr;*
When (WHITE *and* RED) ROSE *against* ROSE, *they stood,*
Brother 'gainst Brother, to the knees in blood:
While WAKE-FIELD, BARNET *and* S^t. ALBON'S *streets*
Were drunk with deer blood of PLANTAGENETS:

Whear,

Whear, either Conquer'd, and yet neither Won;
Sith, by them both, was but their Owne vndon.

Neer th'*Elephant*, coms th'horned **Hirable*,
Stream-troubling *Camell*, and strong-necked *Bull*,
The lazy-pased (yet laborious) *Asse*,
The quick, proud *Courser*, which the rest doth passe
For apt address; *Mars* and his Master loving,
After his hand with ready lightnes moving:
This, out of hand, will self aduance, and bound,
Corvet, pase, manage, turn, and trot the Round:
That, follows loose behind the Groom that keeps-him;
This, kneeleth down the while-his Master leaps-him:
This, runns on Corn-Ears and ne'r bends their quills;
That, on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels.

**Alias* Gyraffa *alias Anabula: an Indian Sheep or a wilde Sheep.*
The Hirable.
Camell.
Bull.
Asse.
Horse.

In a fresh Troup, the fearful *Hare* I note,
Th' oblivious *Conney*, and the brouzing *Goat*,
The sloathfull *Swine*, the golden-fleeced *Sheep*,
The light-foot *Hart*, which every yeer doth weep
(As a sad Recluse) for his branched head,
That in the Spring-time hee before hath shed.
O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them
Take soyl in Sommer in som spacious stream!
One swims before, another on his chine,
Nigh half-vpright, doth with his brest incline;
On that, another; and so all doo ride
Each after other: and still, when their guide
Growes to be weary, and can lead no more,
He that was hindmost coms and swims before:
Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate
Bears not the Burthen of the common State;
But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge
On others shoulders his sweet-bitter Charge.
But, of all Beasts, none steadeth man so much
As doth the *Dog*; his diligence is such:
A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell,
A painfull Purvayor, that with perfect smell

The Hare.
The Connie.
Goat.
Sheep.
Swine.
Deere.

Prouides great Princes many a dainty meſs,
A friend till death, a helper in diſtreſs,
Dread of the Wolf, Fear of the fearfull Thief,
Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chief.

Squirrel. There skips the *Squirrell*, ſeeming Weather-wiſe,
Without beholding of Heav'ns twinkling eyes:
For, knowing well which way the winde will change,
Hee ſhifts the portall of his little Grange.

Weazell. Ther's th' wanton *Weazell*, and the wily *Fox*,
Foxe. The witty *Monkey*, that mans action mocks:
Monkey. The ſweat-ſweet *Ciuet*, deerly fetcht from far
Ciuit Cat. For Courtiers nice, paſt *Indian Tarnaſſar*.

There, the wiſe *Beuer*, who, purſu'd by foes,
Beuer, or Bezar. Tears-off his codlings and among them throwes;
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontik* Heath
Doo more deſire that ranſom, then his death.

There, the rough *Hedge-hog*; who, to ſhun his thrall,
Hedgehog. Shrinks vp himſelf as round as any Ball;
And faſtning his ſlowe feet vnder his chin,
On 's thiſtly briſtles rowles him quickly in.

But th' Ey of Heav'n beholdeth nought more ſtrange
Chameleon. Then the *Chameleon*, who with various change
Receiues the colour that each obiect giues,
And (food-les elſe) of th' Aire alonely liues.

My blood congeals, my ſodain ſwelling breſt
Can hardly breathe, with chill cold cakes oppreſt;
My hair doth ſtare, my bones for fear do quake,
My colour changes, my ſad heart doth ſhake:
And, round about, Deaths Image (ghaſtly-grim)
Before mine eys all-ready ſeems to ſwim.
O! who is he that would not be aſtound,
To be (as I am) heer environ'd round

Creatures venomous, and offenſiue to man. With cruell'ſt Creatures, which for Maſtery,
Haue vow'd againſt vs end-leſs Enmity?
Phœbus would faint, *Alcides* ſelf would dread,
Although the firſt drad *Python* conquered,
And th' other vanquiſht th' *Erymanthian* Boar,
The *Némean* Lion and a many more.

What

What strength of arm, or Art-full stratagem,
From *Nile's* fell Rover could deliver them,
Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land and Water
'Gainst Men and Fishes, subiect to his slaughter?
Or from the furious *Dragon*, which alone
Set on a Roman Army; whearupon
Stout *Regulus* as many Engines spent,
As to the ground would *Carthage* walls haue rent?
What shot-free Corslet, or what counsail crafty,
'Gainst th' angry *Aspick* could assure them safety,
Who (faithful husband) over hill and Plain
Pursues the man that his deer Pheer hath slain;
Whom he can finde amid the thickest throng,
And in an instant venge him of his wrong?
What shield of *Aiax* could avoid their death
By th' *Basilisk*, whose pestilentiall breath
Doth pearce firm Marble, and whose banefull ey
Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dy?
Lord! if so be, thou for mankinde didst rear
This rich round Mansion (glorious every whear)
Alas! why didst thou on *This Day* create
These harmfull Beasts, which but exasperate
Our thorny life? O! wert thou pleas'd to form
Th' innammel'd *Scorpion*, and the *Viper*-worm,
Th' horned *Cerastes*, th' *Alexandrian Skink*,
Th' *Adder*, and *Drynas* (full of odious stink)
Th' *Eft*, *Snake*, and *Dipsas* (causing deadly Thirst):
Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?
Pardon, good God, pardon mee; 't was our pride,
Not thou, that troubled our first happy tyde,
And in the Childehood of the World, did bring
Th' *Amphisbena* her double banefull sting.
Before that *Adam* did revolt from Thee,
And (curious) tasted of the *sacred Tree*,
He lived King of *Eden*, and his brow
Was never blankt with pallid fear, as now:
The fierc'est Beasts, would at his word, or beck,
Bow to his yoak their self-obedient neck;

The Crocodile.

Dragon.

Aspick.

Basilisk.

Why God created such noysom and dangerous creatures: Sin the occasion of the hurt they can do vs.

Simile.

As now the ready *Horſe* is at command
To the good Rider's ſpur, or word, or wand;
And doth not wildely his own will perform,
But his that rules him with a ſteddy arm.

God hath giuen vs wiſedome to auoid and vanquiſh them.

Yea, as forgetfull of ſo foul offence,
Thou left'ſt him (yet) ſufficient wiſdom, whence
He might ſubdue, and to his ſeruice ſtoop
The ſtubborn'ſt heads of all the ſavage troop.
Of all the Creatures through the Welkin gliding,
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters ſliding,
Th'haſt armed ſom with Poyſon, ſom with Paws,
Som with ſharp Antlers, ſom with griping Claws,
Som with keen Tuſhes, ſom with crooked Beaks,
Som with thick Cuirets, ſom with skaly necks;
But mad'ſt Man naked, and for Weapons fit
Thou gav'ſt him nothing but a pregnant Wit;
Which ruſts and duls, except it ſubiect finde
Worthy it's worth, wheron it ſelf to grinde;
And (as it were) with enuious armies great,
Be round about beſieged and beſet.
For, what boot *Milo's* brawny ſhoulders broad,
And ſinnewie arms, if but a common load
He alwayes bear? what Bayes, or Oliue boughs,
Parſly, or Pine, ſhall crown his warlik brows,
Except ſom other *Milo*, entring Liſts,
Courageouſly his boaſted ſtrength reſiſts?
« In deepeſt perils ſhineth Wiſdoms prime:
« Through thouſand deaths true Valour ſeeks to clime;
« Well knowing, Conqueſt yeelds but little Honour,
« If bloody Danger doo not wait vpon her.

God hath ſet them at enmity among themſelues.

O gracious Father! th' haſt not only lent
Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent,
Wherwith theſe foes threaten his feeble life:
But (for his ſake) haſt ſet at mutuall ſtrife
Serpents with *Serpents*, and haſt rais'd them foes
Which, vnprovoked, felly them oppoſe.

The Viper and Scorpion with their young.

Thou mak'ſt th'ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)
His dying Mothers belly to gnaw forth:

Thou

Thou mak'st the *Scorpion* (greedy after food)
Vnnaturally devour his proper brood;
Wherof, one scaping from the Parents hunger,
With's death doth vengeance on his brethrens wronger:
Thou mak'st the *Weazell*, by a secret might,
Murder the *Serpent* with the murdering sight;
Who so surpris'd, striving in wrathfull manner,
Dying himself, kils with his baen his Baener.

The Weazell against the Basiliske.

Thou mak'st th' *Ichneumon* (whom the *Memphs* adore)
To rid of Poysons *Nile's* manured shoar;
Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them
So much by strength as subtile stratagem.
As he that (vrg'd with deep indignity)
By a proud Chalenge doth his foe defie;
Premeditates his posture and his play,
And arms himself so complet every way
(With wary hand guided with watchfull eye,
And ready foot to traverse skilfully)
That the Defendant, in the heat of fight,
Findes no part open for his blade to light:
So *Pharaohs* Rat yer he begin the fray
'Gainst the blinde *Aspick*, with a cleauing Clay
Vpon his coat he wraps an Earthen Cake,
Which afterward the Suns hot beams doo bake:
Arm'd with this Plaister, th' *Aspick* he approcheth,
And in his throat, his crooked tooth he broacheth,
While th'other boot-les striues to pearce and prick
Through the hard temper of his armour thick:
Yet, knowing himself too-weak (for all his wile)
Alone to match the skaly *Crocodile*;
Hee, with the *Wren*, his Ruin doth conspire.
The *Wren*, who seeing (prest with sleeps desire)
Nile's poysony Pirate press the slimy shoar,
So dainly coms, and hopping him before,
Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles
Clenseth his palate, and his throat so tickles,
That charm'd with pleasure, the dull *Serpent* gapes
Wider and wider with his vgly chaps:

The Ichneumon against the Aspick.

The Ichneumon and the Wren against the Crocodile.

Then, like a shaft, th' *Ichneumon* instantly
Into the Tyrants greedy gorge doth fly,
And feeds vpon that Glutton, for whose Riot
All *Niles* fat Margents could scarce furnish diet.

God hath taught vs to make great vse of them.

Nay more (good Lorst) th' hast taught Mankinde a Reason
To draw Life out of Death, and Health from Poyson:
So that in equall Ballance ballancing
The Good and Evill which these Creatures bring
Vnto Mans life, we shall perceiue, the first
By many grains to over-waigh the worst.

Fierce and vntameable beasts.

From Serpents scap't, yet am I scarce in safety:
Alas! I see a Legion fierce and lofty
Of *Sauvages*, whose fleet and furious pase,
Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face
Make my sense sense-les, and my speech restrain,
And cast me in my former fears again.

The Wolfe.
Boare.
Beare.
Ounce.
Tigre.
Leopard.
Vnicorne.
Hyæna.
Mantichora, a kind of Hyæna.
Cephus, a kind of Ape or Munkey
Chiurca.

Already howls the waste-Fold *Wolf*, the *Boar*
Whetts foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,
The Cat-fac't *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,
With grumbling horror threatens my decay;
The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*,
Foaming with fury do besiege me hard;
Then th' *Vnicorn*, th' *Hyëna* tearing-tombs
Swift *Mantichor'*, and *Nubian* Cephus coms:
Of which last three, each hath (as-heer they stand)
Man's voice, Man's visage, and Mans's foot and hand.
I fear the Beast, bred in the bloody Coast
Of *Caxnibals*, which thousand times (almost)
Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb,
She doth as oft her living brood re-tomb.

The Porcupine.

But, O! what Monster's this that bids me battail,
On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle:
Who string-les shoots so many arrows out,
Whose thorny sides are hedged round about
With stiff steel-pointed quils, and all his parts
Bristled with bodkins, arm'd with Auls and Darts,
Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,
And to his ayd still new supplies to bring?

O fortunate Shaft-neuer-wanting Bowe-man!
Who, as thou fly'st canst hit thy following foe-man,
And never miss'st (or but very narrow)
Th'intended mark of thy selfs kindred Arrow:
Who, still self-furnisht needest borrow never
Diana's shafts, nor yet *Apollos* quiver,
Nor bowe-strings fetch from *Carian Aleband*,
Brazell from *Perù*, but hast all at hand
Of thine owne growth; for in thy Hide do growe
Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver and thy Bowe.
But (Courage now.) heers coms the valiant Beast, *The Lion King of Beasts.*
The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;
Who brauely-minded, is as milde to those
That yeeld to him, as fierce vnto his foes:
To humble suiters, neither stern nor statefull,
To benefactors never found ingratefull.
I call to record that same *Roman* Thrall, *A memorable Historie of a Lion acknowledging the kindnes he had receiued of* Androdus *a Romane Slaue.*
Who (to escape from his mechanicall
And cruell Master, that (for lucre) vs'd-him
Not as a Man, but, as a Beast, abus'd-him)
Fled through the desart, and with trauail'd tir'd,
At length into a mossie caue retir'd:
But thear, no sooner gan the drowzy wretch
On the soft grass his weary limbs to stretch,
But coming swift into the caue he seeth
A ramping Lion gnashing of his teeth.
A thief, to shamefull execution sent
By *Iustice*, for his faults iust punishment,
Feeling his ey's clout, and his elbows cord,
Waiting for nothing but the fatall Sword;
Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly
Without delay in that drad place to Die:
Even so the Slaue, seeing no means to shun
(By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction
(Having no way to fly, nor arms to fight,
But sighs and teares, prayers, and wofull plight)
Embraceth Death; abiding, for a stown,
Pale, cold, and sense-les, in a deadly swown.

At laſt, again his courage 'gan to gather,
When he perceiv'd no rage (but pitty rather)
In his new Hoaſt, who with milde looks and meek
Seem'd (as it were) ſuccour of him to ſeek,
Showing him oft one of his paws, wherein
A feſtering thorn for a long time had been:
Then (though ſtill fearfull) did the Slaue draw nigher,
And from his foot he lightly ſnatcht the Bryer,
And wringing gently with his hand the wound,
Made th'hot impoſtume run vpon the ground.
Thenceforth the *Lion* ſeeks for Booties beſt
Through Hill and Dale, to cheer his new-com Gueſt,
His new Phyſician; who, for all his coſt,
Soon leaues his Lodging, and his dreadfull Hoaſt;
And once more wanders through the wildernes,
Whether his froward Fortune would addreſs,
Vntill (re-taen) his fell Lord brought him home,
For Spectacle vnto Imperiall *Rome*,
To be (according to their barbarous Laws)
Bloudily torn with greedy Lions paws.
Fell *Canniball*! Flint-harted *Polyphem*!
If thou would'ſt needs exactly torture him
(Inhumane Monſter, hatefull *Leſtrigon*)
Why from thine owne hand haſt thou let him gon,
To Bears and Lions to be giuen for prey,
Thy ſelf more fell a thouſand-fold, then they?
African Panthers, *Hyrcan* Tigres fierce,
Cleonian Lions and *Panonian* Bears,
Be not ſo cruell, as who violates
Sacred Humanity, and cruciates
His loyall ſubiects; making his recreations
Of Maſſacres, Combats, and ſharp Taxations.
'Boue all the Beaſts that fill'd the *Martian Field*
With bloud and ſlaughter, one was moſt beheld;
One valiant Lion, whoſe victorious fights
Had conquered hundreds of thoſe guilty wights,
Whoſe feeble skirmiſh had but ſtriv'n in vain
To ſcape by combat their deſerued pain.

That

That very Beaſt, with faint and fearfull feet
This Runnagate (at laſt) is forç't to meet;
And being entred in the bloody Liſt,
The Lion rowz'd, and ruffles-vp his Creſt,
Shortens his body, ſharpens his grim ey,
And (ſtaring wide) he roareth hideouſly:
Then often ſwindging with his ſinnewy train,
Somtimes his ſides, ſomtimes the duſty Plain,
He whets his rage, and ſtrongly rampeth on
Againſt his foe; who, nigh already gon
To drink of *Lethè*, lifteth to the Pole
Religious vows, not for his life, but ſoule;
After the Beaſt had marcht ſom twenty paſe,
He ſodain ſtops; and, viewing well the face
Of his pale foe, remembred (rapt with ioy)
That this was he that eaſed his annoy:
Wherefore, conuerting from his hatefull wildenes,
From pride to pitty, and from rage to mildenes,
On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix,
Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks.
The Slaue, thus knowing, and thus being knowen,
Lifts to the Heav'ns his front now hoary growen,
And (now no more fearing his tearing paws)
He ſtroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws,
And learns by proof, that *a good turn at need,*
At firſt or laſt ſhall be aſſur'd of meed.

THER's vnder Sun (as *Delphos* God did ſhowe)
No better Knowledge, then *Our ſelf to Knowe:*
Ther is no Theam more plentifull to ſcan,
Then is the glorious goodly Frame of MAN:
For in Man's ſelf is Fire, Aire, Earth, and Sea;
Man's (in a word) the World's *Epitomé*
Or little Map: which heer my Muſe doth try
By the grand Pattern to exemplifie.
A witty Maſon, doth not (with rare Art)
Into a Palace, *Paros* Rocks conuert,
Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament
Rayſe the proud Turrets of his Battlement,

Noſce te ipſũ.

The ſecond part of this ſixt book: Wherein is diſcourſed at large of the creatiõ of Man;

And of the wonders of Gods wiſedom, appearing both in his body and Soule.

And

And (to be brief) in every part of it,
Beauty to vſe, vſe vnto beauty fit,
To th' end the Skrich-Owl, and the Night-Rav'n ſhould
In thoſe fair walls their habitations hold:
But rather, for ſom wiſe and wealthy Prince
Able to iudge of his arts excellence:
Even ſo, the Lord built not this All-Theater,
The world made for Man. For the rude gueſts of Air, and Woods and Water;
But, all for Him, who (whether he ſurvey
The vaſt ſalt kingdoms, or th'Earth's fruitfull clay,
Or caſt his eys vp to thoſe twinkling Eys
That with diſordered order gild the Skyes)
Can every-where admire with due reſpect
Th' admired Art of ſuch an Architect.
Man was created laſt, & why. Now of all Creatures which his Word did make,
MAN was the laſt that living breath did take:
Not that he was the leaſt; or that God durſt
Not vndertake ſo noble a Work at firſt:
Rather, becauſe he ſhould haue made in vain
So great a Prince, without on whom to Raign.
Fit compariſon. A wiſe man never brings his bidden gueſt
Into his Parlour, till his Room be dreſt,
Garniſht with Lights, and Tables neatly ſpred
Be with full diſhes well-nigh furniſhed:
So our great God, who (bountious) euer keeps
Heer open Court, and th'ever-bound-les Deeps
Of ſweeteſt *Nectar* on vs ſtill diſtills
By twenty-times ten thouſand ſundry quills,
Would not our Grandſier to his Boord inuite,
Yer he with Arras his fair houſe had dight,
And, vnder ſtarry State-Cloaths, plaç't his plates
Fill'd with a thouſand ſugred delicates.
All other creatures nothing in reſpect of Man made to the Image of God, with (as it were) All th' admirable Creatures made beforn,
Which Heav'n and Earth, and Ocean doo adorn,
Are but Eſſays, compar'd in every part,
To this divineſt Maſter-Piece of Art.
Therefore the ſupream peer-les Architect,
When (of meer nothing) he did firſt erect

Heav'n,

Heav'n, Earth and Aire, and Seas; at once his thought,
His word, and deed all in an instant wrought:
But, when he would his own selfs Type create,
Th'honour of Nature, th' Earths sole Potentate;
As if he would a Councell hold he cyteth
His sacred Power, his Prudence he inuiteth,
Summons his Loue, his Iustice he adiourns,
Calleth his Goodnes, and his Grace returns,
To (as it were) consult about the birth
And building of a second God, of Earth;
And each (a-part) with liberal hand to bring
Som excellence vnto so rare a thing.
Or rather, he consults with's onely Son
(His own true Pourtrait) what proportion,
What gifts, what grace, what soule he should bestowe
Vpon his *Vice-Roy* of this Realm belowe.
When th'other things God fashion'd in their kinde,
The Sea t'abound in Fishes he assign'd,
The Earth in Flocks: but, having Man in hand,
His very self he seemed to commaund.
He both at-once both life and body lent
To other things; but, when in Man he meant
In mortall limbs immortall life to place,
Hee seem'd to pawse, as in a waighty case:
And so at sundry moments finished
The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head.

great preparation, not all at once, but by interims first his Body, and then his reasonable Soule.

Gen. 1, 16

Admired Artist, Architect divine,
Perfect and peer-les in all Works of thine,
So my rude hand on this rough Table guide
To paint the Prince of all thy Works beside,
That graue Spectators, in his face may spy
Apparant marks of thy Divinity.

Inuocation.

Almighty Father, as of watery matter
It pleas'd thee make the people of the Water:
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all
The slimy Burgers of this Earthly Ball;
To th' end each Creature might (by consequent)
Part-sympathize with his own Element.

Mans body created of the dust of the Earth.

Therfore,

Therfore, to form thine Earthly Emperour,
Thou tookest Earth, and by thy sacred power
So tempered'st it, that of the very same
Dead shape-les lump didst *Adams* body frame:
Yet, not his face down to the Earth-ward bending
(Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending
For ever all) but toward th'azure Skyes
Bright golden Lamps lifting his louely Eyes;
That through their nerues, his better part might look
Still to that Place from whence her birth she took.
Also thou plantedst th'Intellectuall Powr
His head the seat of vnderstãding. In th'highest stage of all this stately Bowr,
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)
Command the members that too-oft rebell
Against his Rule: and that our Reason, there
Keeping continuall Garrison (as 't were)
Might Auarice, Enuy, and Pride subdue,
Lust, Gluttony, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew
Of factious Commons, that still striue to gain
The golden Sceptre from their Soverain.
The Eyes full of infinite admiration. Th'Eys (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinel
In noblest place of all this Cittadel,
To spy far-off, that no miss-hap befall
At vnawares the sacred Animal.
In forming these thy hand (so famous held)
Seemed almost to haue it self excell'd,
Them not transpearcing, least our eyes should be
As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes do see,
Yet see small circuit of the welkin bright,
The Canes strict compass doth so clasp their Sight:
And least so many open holes disgrace
The goodly form of th'Earthly Monarch's face.
These louely Lamps, whose sweet sparks liuely turning,
With sodain glaunce set coldest hearts a-burning,
These windows of the Soule, these starry Twinns,
These *Cupids* quivers haue so tender skinns
Through which (as through a pair of shining glasses)
Their radiant point of pearcing splendor passes,

That

That they would ſoon be quenched and put-out,
But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about;
By ſeating ſo their wondrous Orb, betwix
The front, the Noſe, and the vermillion Cheeks:
As in two Vallies pleaſantly incloſed
With pretty Mountains orderly diſpoſed. *The Browes and Eye lids.*
And as a Pent-houſe doth preſerue a Wall
From Rain and Hail, and other Storms that fall:
The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling hairs
Defend the Eyes from thouſand dang'rous fears.
Who fain would ſee, how much a human face
A comly Noſe doth beautifie and grace;
Behold *Zopyrus*, who cut-off his Noſe
For's Princes ſake, to circumvent his foes. *The Noſe.*
The Noſe, no leſs for vſe then beauty makes:
For, as a Conduit, it both giues and takes
Our living breath: it 's as a Pipe put-vp,
Wherby the moyſt Brain's ſpongy boan doth ſup
Sweet ſmelling fumes: it ſerueth as a gutter
To void the Excrements of groſſeſt matter;
As by the Scull-ſeams, and the Pory Skin
Euaporate thoſe that are light and thin:
As through black Chimneys flyes the bitter ſmoak,
Which but ſo vented would the Houſhold choak.
And, ſith that Time doth with his ſecret file *The Mouth.*
Fret and diminiſh each thing every-while;
And whatſoever heer begins and ends,
Wears every howr and its ſelf-ſubſtance ſpends;
Th' Almighty made the Mouth, to recompence
The Stomaks penſion, and the Times expence
(Even as the green Trees, by their roots reſume
Sap for the ſap, that howrly they conſume)
And plaç't it ſo, that alwayes by the way,
By ſent of meats the Noſe might take Eſſay,
The watchfull Ey might true diſtinction make
'Twixt Herbs and Weeds, betwixt an Eel and Snake;
And then th'impartiall Tongue might (at the laſt) *The Tongue.*
Cenſure their goodnes by their ſavory taſte.

Two

The Teeth. Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale
The open Throat: which (Queen-like) grinding ſmall
Th'imperfect food, ſoon to the Stomack ſend-it
(Our Maiſter-Cook) whoſe due concoctions mend-it.
But leaſt the Teeth, naked and bare to Light,
Should in the Face preſent a ghaſtly ſight;
With wondrous Art, over that Mill doo meet
The Lippes. Two mooving Leaues of Corall ſoft and ſweet.
O mouth! by thee, our ſavage Elders, yerſt
Through way-les Woods, and hollow Rocks diſperſt,
With Acorns fed, with Fells of Fethers clad -
Of the excellent vſe and end of ſpeach. (When neither Traffik, Love, nor Law they had)
Themſelues vniting, built them Townes, and bent
Their willing necks to civill Government.
O mouth! by thee, the rudeſt wits haue learn'd
The *Noble Arts*, which but the wiſe diſcern'd.
By thee, we kindle in the coldeſt ſpirits
Heroïk flames affecting glorious merits.
By thee, we wipe the tears of wofull Eyes,
By thee, we ſtop the ſtubborn mutinies
Of our rebellious Fleſh, whoſe reſt-les Treaſon
Striues to diſ-throne and to diſ-ſceptre Reaſon.
By thee, our Soules with Heav'n haue conuerſation.
By thee, we calm th'Almightries indignation,
When faithfull ſighs from our ſoules centre fly
About the bright Throne of his Maieſty.
By thee, we warble to the King of Kings;
Our Tongu's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling ſtrings,
Our hollow Noſtrils (with their double vent)
The hollow belly of the Inſtrument;
Our Soule's the ſweet Muſician, that plaies
So divine leſſons, and ſo Heav'nly layes,
As, in deep paſſion of pure burning zeal,
Ioues forked Lightnings from his fingers ſteal.
The Eares. But O! what member hath more marvails in't,
Then th'Ears round-winding double labyrinth:
The Bodie's ſcouts, of ſounds the Cenſurers,
Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Meſſengers

Of

Of diuine treasures, when our gracious Lord
Sends vs th' Embassage of his sacred Word?
And, sith al Sound seems alwaies to aseend,
God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend)
As in two Turrets, on the buildings top,
Snailing their hollow entries so a-sloap,
That, while the voice about those windings wanders,
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd *Meanders*;
As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life,
Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife:
Or as a noise extendeth far and wide
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side
Of crawling Riuers; or with broken trouble
Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double)
And that no sodain sound, with violence
Pearcing direct the Organs of this Sense,
Should stun the Brain, but through these Mazie holes
Conueigh the voice more softly to our Soules:
As th' Ouse, *that crooking in and out, doth run*
From Stony-Stratford *towards* Huntington,
By Royall Amptill; *rushet not so swift,*
As our neer Kennet, *whose Trowt-famous Drift*
From Marleborow, *by* Hungerford *doth hasten*
Through Newbery, *and Prince-graç't* Aldermarston,
Her Siluer Nymphs (almost) directly leading,
To meet her Mistress (the great Thames *) at* Reading.
But, will my hands, in handling th' human Stature,
Forget the Hands, the handmaids vnto *Nature*,
Th' Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts,
The voluntary Champions of our hearts,
Mindes Ministers, the Clarks of quick conceipts,
And bodies victuallers, to prouide it meats?
Will you the Knees and Elbow's springs omit,
Which serue th' whole Body by their motions fit?
For, as a Bowe, according as the string,
Is stiff or slack, the shafts doth farther fling;
Our Nerues and Gristles diuersly dispense,
To th' human Frame, meet Motion, Might and Sense:

Sundry Similies expressing the reason of the round winding Mazes of the Ears.

Another comparison to that purpose.

The hands.

Ioynts, The Knees and Armes.

The Sinews, Griſtles and Bones.

Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars ſtrong,
The beams and Rafters, whoſe firm Ioynts may long
(Maugre Deaths malice, till our Maker calls)
Support the Fabrik of theſe Fleſhly Walls?

The Feet.

Can you conceal the Feets rare-skilfull feature,
The goodly Baſes of this glorious Creature?
But, is't not time now, in his Inner Parts,
To ſee th' Almightie's admirable Arts?
Firſt, with my Launcet ſhall I make inciſion,
To ſee the Cells of the twin Brains diuiſion:
The Treaſurer of Arts, the Source of Senſe:
The Seat of Reaſon; and the Fountain, whence
Our ſinews flowe: whom Natures prouidence
Arm'd with a helm, whoſe double lynings fence
The brains cold moiſture from its boany Armor,
Whoſe hardnes elſe might hap to bruiſe or harm-her:
A Regiſtre, where (with a ſecret touch)
The ſtudious dayly ſom rare Knowledge couch?
O, how ſhall I on learned Leaf forth-ſet
That curious Maze, that admirable Net,
Through whoſe fine folds the ſpirit doth riſe and fall,
Making its powrs, of *Vital, Animal:*
Euen as the Blood, and Spirits, wandering
Through the *preparing veſſels* crooked Ring,
Are in their winding courſe concoct and wrought,
And by degrees to fruitfull *Seed* are brought.

Of the Heart.

Shall I the Hearts vn-equall ſides explain,
Which equall poiz doth equally ſuſtain?
Wherof, th' one's fill'd with bloud, in th' other bides
The vitall Spirit which through the body ſlides:
Whoſe reſt-les panting, by the conſtant Pulſe,
Doth witneſs health; or if that take repulſe,
And ſhift the dance and wonted paſe it went,
It ſhews that Nature's wrongd by Accident.

Of the Lungues.

Or, ſhall I cleaue the Lungs, whoſe motions light
Our inward heat doo temper day and night:
Like ſummer gales wauing, with gentle puffs,
The ſmiling Medows green and gaudy tuffs:

Light

Light, ſpungy Fans, that euer take and giue
Th' ætheriall Air, whereby we breathe and liue:
Bellows, whoſe blaſt (breathing by certain pawſes)
A pleaſant ſound through our ſpeech-Organs cauſes?
Or, ſhall I rip the Stomachs hollowneſs, *Of the Stomach.*
That ready Cook concocting euery Meſs,
Which in ſhort time it cunningly conuerts
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;
And then the ſame doth faithfully deliuer
Into the *Port-vain* paſſing to the Liuer, *Of the Liuer.*
Who turns it ſoone to Blood; and thence again
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow-vain*,
Through all the members doth it duly ſcatter:
Much like a fountain, whoſe diuided Water
It ſelf diſperſing into hundred Brooks, *An apt Similitude.*
Bathes ſom fair Garden with her winding Crooks.
For, as theſe Brooks, thus branching round about,
Make heer the Pink, there th' Aconite to ſprout,
Heer the ſweet Plum-tree, the ſharp Mulberie there,
Heer the lowe Vine, and there the lofty Pear,
Heer the hard Almond, there the tender Fig,
Heer bitter Worm-wood, there ſweet-ſmelling Spike:
Euen ſo the Blood (bred of good nouriſhment)
By diuers Pipes to all the body ſent, *Of the Bloud & Nouriſhment.*
Turns heer to Bones, there changes into Nerues,
Heer is made Marow, there for Muſcles ſerues,
Heer Skin becoms, there crooking Veins, there Fleſh,
To make our Limbs more forcefull and more freſh.
But, now me liſt no neerer view to take
Of th' Inward Parts, which God did ſecret make,
Nor pull in peeces all the Human Frame:
That work were fitter for thoſe men of Fame,
Thoſe skilfull ſons of *Æſculapius*:
Hippocrates; or deep *Herophilus*:
Or th' eloquent and artificiall Writ
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.
'T ſufficeth me, in ſom ſort, to expreſs
By this Eſſay the ſacred mightineſs,

Not of *Iapetus* wittie-fained Son,
Of the Creation of the Soule. But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun
And finisht (with inimitable Art)
The famous Image, I haue sung in part.
Now, this most peer-les learned Imager,
Life to his louely Picture to conferr,
Did not extact out of the Elements
A certain secret Chymik Quint-essence:
But, breathing, sent as from the liuely Spring
Of his Diuinenss som small Riuerling,
Itself dispersing into euery pipe
Of the frail Engin of this earthen Type.
Of her Essence and substance. Not, that his own Selfs-Essence blest he brake,
Or did his *Triple-Unitie* partake
Vnto his Work; but, without Selfs-expence
Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence:
And by his power so spread his Rays thereon,
That euen as yet appers a portion
Of that pure lustre of Cœlestiall Light
Whearwith at first it was adorn'd and dight.
This *Adam's* spirit did from that spirit deriue
Whence it is proceeded. Which made the World: yet did not thence depriue
Of Gods self-substance any part at all;
As in the Course of Nature doth befall,
Diuers Similes. That from the Essence of an Earthly Father,
An Earthly Son essentiall parts doth gather:
Or as in Spring-time from one sappy twig
There sprouts another consubstantiall sprig.
In brief, it's but a breath: now, though the breath
Out of our Stomacks concaue issueth;
Yet, of our substance it transporteth nought:
Onely it seemeth to be simply fraught
And to retain the purer qualities
Of th' inward place whence it deriued is.
Inspired by that Breath, this Breath desire
I to describe. Whoso doth not admire
Of the excellēce of Mans soule. His spirit, is sprightless; and his sense is past;
Who hath no sense of that admired Blast.

Yet wot I well, that as the Ey perceiues
All but it ſelf, euen ſo our Soule conceiues
All ſaue her owne ſelfs Eſſence; but, the end
Of her own greatnes cannot comprehend.
Yet as a ſound Ey, void of vicious matter,
Sees (in a ſort) it ſelf, in Glaſs or Water:
So, in her ſacred Works (as in a Glaſs)
Our Soule (almoſt) may ſee her glorious face.

How ſhe may know her ſelfe.

The boiſtrous Winde, that rents with roaring blaſts
The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin caſts
Millions of Mountains from the watery World,
And proudeſt Turrets to the ground hath whurld:
The pleaſing fume that fragrant Roſes yeeld,
When wanton *Zephyr*, ſighing on the field,
Enammels all; and, to delight the Sky,
The Earth puts-on her richeſt Lyuory:
Th' accorded Diſcords, that are ſweetly ſent
From th' Iuorie ribs of ſome rare Inſtrument,
Cannot be ſeen: but he may well be ſaid
Of Fleſh, and Ears, and Noſe intirely void,
Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor ſmel (the powrs)
The ſhock, ſound, ſent; of ſtorms, of ſtrings, of flowrs.

Three fit compariſons to that purpoſe.

Although our Soule's pure ſubſtance, to our ſight
Be not ſubiected: yet her motion light
And rich diſcourſe, ſufficient proofs doo giue,
We haue more ſoule than to ſuffice to liue;
A Soule diuine, pure, ſacred, admirable,
Immortall, end-leſs, ſimple, vnpalpable.

The Soule not only vitall, but alſo diuine and immortall.

For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)
Be all in all, or all in euery part:
Whether the Brain or Heart doo lodge the Soule,
O *Seneca*, where, where could'ſt thou enroule
Thoſe many hundred words (in Proſe or Verſe)
Which at firſt hearing thou could'ſt back rehearſe?
Where could great *Cyrus* that great Table ſhut
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put
Of all the Souldiers, that by thouſands wander'd,
After the fortunes of his famous Standard?

The Seat of the Soule.

Notable examples of excellent Memories.

In what deep vessell did th' Embassader
Of *Pyrrhus* (whom the *Delphian* Oracler
Deluded by his double-meaning Measures)
Into what Cesterns did he pour those Treasures
Of learned store, which after (for his vse)
In time and place, he could so fit produce?
The Memorie, is th' Eyes true Register,
The Peasants Book, Times wealthy Treasorer,
Keeping Records of Acts and accidents
What s'euer, subiect vnto humane sense,
Since first the Lord the Worlds foundations laid,
Or *Phœbus* first his golden locks displaid,
And his pale Sister from his beaming light
Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night.
So that our Reason, searching curiously
Through all the Roules of a good Memory,
And fast'ning closely with a *Gordian* knot
To Past euents, what Present Times allot,
Fore-sees the Future, and becomes more sage,
More happily to lead our later age.

Of the quicke swiftnes, and sodain motion of the Soule: comprehending all things in Heauē and Earth.

And, though our Soule liue as impriſon'd here,
In our frail flesh, or buried (as it were)
In a dark Toomb; Yet at one flight she flies
From *Caipè t' Imaus*, from the Earth to Skies;
Much swifter then the Chariot of the Sun,
Which in a Day about the World doth run.
For, somtimes, leauing these base slymy heaps,
With cheereful spring aboue the Clouds she leaps,
Glides through the Aire, and there she learns to knowe
Th' Originalls of Winde, and Hail, and Snowe,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-Starrs and storms,
Of Rain and Ice, and strange Exhaled Forms.
By th' Aires steep-stairs, she boldly climbs aloft
To the Worlds Chambers; Heav'n she visits oft,
Stage after Stage: she marketh all the Sphears,
And all th' harmonious, various course of theirs:
With sure account, and certain Compasses,
She counts their Starrs, she metes their distances

And differing paſes; and, as if ſhe found
No Subiect fair enough in all this Round,
She Mounts aboue the Worlds extreameſt Wall,
Far, far beyond all things corpóreall;
Where ſhe beholdes her Maker, face to face,
(His frowns of *Iuſtice*, and his ſmiles of *Grace*)
The faithfull zeal, the chaſte and ſober Port
And ſacred Pomp of the Celeſtiall Court.

What can be hard to a ſloath-ſhunning Spirit,
Spurr'd with deſire of Fames eternall merit?
Look (if thou canſt) from Eaſt to Occident,
From *Iſland* to the *Moors* hot Continent;
And thou ſhalt nought perfectly fair behould,
But Pen, or Pencill, Grauing-tool, or Mould,
Hath ſo reſembled, that ſcarce can our ey
The Counterfait from the true thing deſcry.

Of learned, curious, pleaſant, marueilous, and more then humane inuention of mans wit.

The brazen Mare that famous *Myron* caſt,
Which Stallions leapt, and for a Mare imbraç't:
The liuely picture of that ramping Vine
Which whilom *Zeuxis* limn'd ſo rarely fine,
That ſhoals of Birds, beguiled by the ſhapes,
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:
The Marble Statue, that with ſtrangeſt fire
Fondly inflam'd th' *Athenian* Youths deſire:
Apelles Venus, which allur'd well-neer
As many Loues, as *Venus* ſelf had heer;
Are proofs enough that learned Painting can
Can (Goddeſs-like) another Nature frame.

Of Caruing and Painting.

But th' Art of Man, not only can compack
Features and forms that life and Motion lack;
But alſo fill the Aire with painted ſhoals
Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls)
The *Tarentines* valiant and learned Lord,
Archytas, made a wooden Doue, that ſoar'd
About the Welkin, by th' accorded ſleights
And counterpoiz of ſundrie little weights.

The ſubtle concluſions of the Mathematikes: witnes Archytas Doue.

Why ſhould I not that wooden Eagle mention
(A learned *Germanes* late-admir'd inuention)

The Eagle and the Flie, of Iohn de Monte-Regio: *or* Regiomontanus.

Which mounting from his fist that framed her,
Flew far to meet an *Almain* Emperour;
And hauing met him, with her nimble train,
And weary wings, turning about again,
Follow'd him close vnto the Castle Gate
Of *Noremberg*; whom all the Showes of State,
Streets hangd with Arras, Arches curious built,
Loud-thundring Canons, Columns richly gilt,
Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise,
Graç't not so much, as onely This Deuise.
Once, as this Artist (more with mirth then meat)
Feasted some friends that he esteemed great,
From vnder 's hand an iron Flie flew out;
Which, hauing flowen a perfect Round-about,
With weary wings, return'd vnto her Master,
And (as iudicious) on his arm she plaç't-her.
O diuine wit! that in the narrow womb
Of a small Flie, could finde sufficient room
For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, and chains,
Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.

Astronomy.

Yea, you your selues, ye bright Celestiall Orbs,
Although no stop your rest-les Daunce disturbs,
Nor stays your Course; yet can ye not escape
The hands of men (that are but men in shape)

The king of Persia his Heauen of Glass.

A *Persian* Monarch, not content, well-nigh
With the Earths bounds to bound his Empery:
To raign in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance
(Like brauing *Nimrod*, or those boistrous *Giants*)
Another *Babel*, or a heap of *Hills:*
But, without mouing from the Earth, he builds
A Heav'n of Glass, so huge, that there-upon
Somtimes erecting his ambitious Throne,
Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw
The shyning Lamps of th' other Heav'n, to draw
Down to the *Deep*, and thence again aduance
(Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:
Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence
(Saue Greatnes) worthy of so great a Prince.

But

But, who would think, that mortall hands could mould
New Heavn's, new Stars, whose whirling courses should
With constant windings, though contrary waies,
Mark the true mounds of Years, and Months, and Daies?
Yet 't is a story that hath oft been heard,
And by graue Witnes hundred times auerr'd,
That, that profound *Briareus*, who of yore
(As selfly arm'd with thousands hands and more)
Maintain'd so long the *Syracusian* Towrs
'Gainst great *Marcellus* and his *Roman* Powrs:
Who fier'd his foes Fleet with a wondrous Glass:
Who hugest Vessels, that did euer pass
The *Tyrrhen* Seas, turn'd with his onely hand
From Shoar to Sea, and from the Sea to Land;
Framed a *Sphear*, where euery *Wandring Light*
Of lower Heav'ns and th' vpper *Tapers*, bright,
Whose glistering flames the Firmament adorn,
Did (of themselues) with ruled motion turn.
Nor may we smother, or forget (ingrately)
The Heav'n of Siluer, that was sent (but lately)
From *Ferdinando* (as a famous Work)
Vnto *Bizantium* to the Greatest Turk:
Wherein, a spirit still mouing to and fro,
Made all the Engin orderly to go;
And though th' one Sphear did alwaies slowely slide,
And (opposite) the other swiftly glide;
Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n
With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n:
The Sun, there shifting in the *Zodiack*
His shining Houses, neuer did forsake
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Sister
Fulfill'd her course, and changing oft her lustre
And form of Face (now larger, letter soon)
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moon*.
O compleat Creature! who the starry Spheares
Canst make to moue, who 'boue the Heav'nly Bears
Extend'st thy powr, who guidest with thy hand
The Day's bright Chariot and the nightly Brand:

Admirable Dialls & Clocks, namely, at this Day, that of Straesbourg.

The Engines of Archimedes, and his Spheare.

The Heauen of Siluer sent by the Emperour Ferdinand to Solyman the great Turk.

Of mans resemblance to his first Paterne, which is God.

This

This curious Luſt to imitate the beſt
And faireſt Works of the Almightieſt,
By rare effects bears record of thy Linage
And high deſcent; and that his ſacred Image
Was in thy Soule ingrav'n, when firſt his Spirit
(The ſpring of life) did in thy limms inſpire it.
For, as his Beauties are paſt all compare;
So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair:
As hee 's immortall; and is neuer idle:
Thy Soule 's immortall; and can brook no bridle
Of ſloath, to curb her buſie Intellect:
He ponders all; thou peizeſt each effect:
And thy mature and ſettled Sapience
Hath ſom alliance with his Prouidence:
He works by Reaſon; thou by Rule: Hee 's glory,
Of th' Heav'nly Stages; thou of th' Earthly Story:
Hee 's great High-Prieſt; thou his great Vicar heer:
Hee 's Souerain Prince; and thou his Vice-Roy deer.

Other teſtimonies of the excellency of Man, conſtituted Lord of the World.

For, ſoon as euer he had framed thee,
Into thy hands he put this Monarchy:
Made all the Creatures knowe thee for their Lord,
And com before thee of their own accord:
And gaue thee power (as Maſter) to impoſe
Fit ſenſe-full Names vnto the Hoaſt that rowes
In watery Regions; and the wandring Heards
Of Forreſt people; and the painted Birds:
O too-too happy! had that Fall of thine
Not cancell'd ſo the Character diuine.

Wherein conſiſteth Mans felicitie.

But ſith our Soules now-ſin-obſcured Light
Shines through the Lanthorn of our Fleſh ſo bright;
What ſacred ſplendor will this Starr ſend forth,
When it ſhall ſhine without this vail of Earth?

Excellent compariſons.

The Soule, heer lodg'd, is like a man that dwels
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noyſom ſmells;
In an old Houſe, open to winde and weather;
Neuer in Health, not half an hour together:
Or (almoſt) like a Spider, who, confin'd
In her Webs centre, ſhak't with euery winde;

Moues in an inſtant, if the buzzing Flie
Stir but a ſtring of her Lawn Canapie.
You that haue ſeen within this ample Table,
Among ſo many Modules admirable,
Th' admired beauties of the King of Creatures,
Com, com and ſee the Womans rapting features:
Without whom (heer) Man were but half a man,
But a wilde Wolf, but a Barbarian,
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike,
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could like:
Born ſolely for himſelf, bereft of ſenſe,
Of heart, of loue, of life, of excellence.
God therefore, not to ſeme leſs liberal
To Man, then elſe to euery animal;
For perfect patern of a holy Loue,
To *Adams* half another half he gaue,
Ta'en from his ſide, to binde (through euery Age)
With kinder bonds the ſacred Mariage.
Euen as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut
Som cure-leſs limb; before in vre he put
His violent Engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his Patient in a ſenſe-leſs ſlumber,
And grief-leſs then (guided by vſe and Art)
To ſaue the whole, ſawes off th' infected part:
So, God empal'd our Grandſiers liuely look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilneſs ſtrook,
Siel'd-vp his ſparkling Eys with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almoſt) to *Lethè* Sands;
In brief, ſo numm'd his Soul's and Body's ſenſe,
That (without pain) opening his ſide; from thence
He took a rib, which rarely he refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde:
Grauing ſo liuely on the liuing Bone
All *Adams* beauties; that, but hardly, one
Could haue the Louer from his Loue deſcry'd,
Or know'n the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:
Sauing that ſhe had a more ſmiling Ey;
A ſmoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dy,

Of the Creation of Woman made for an ayd to Man, and without whom Mans life were miſerable.

Simile

A fainter

A fainter voice, a more inticing Face,
A Deeper Treſs, a more delighting Grace,
And in her boſom (more then Lillie-white)
Two ſwelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.

Their Mariage.

Now, after this profound and pleaſing Traunce,
No ſooner *Adams* rauiſht eyes did glaunce
On the rare beauties of his new-com Half,
But in his heart he gan to leap and laugh,
Kiſſing her kindely, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Reſt, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-Self, his Help (him to refreſh)
Bone of his Bone, Fleſh of his very Fleſh.

Their Epithalamie, or wedding Song.

Source of all ioyes? ſweet *Hee-Shee*-Coupled-One,
Thy ſacred Birth I neuer think vpon,
But (rauiſht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.
O bleſſed Bond! O happy Mariage!
Which dooſt the match 'twixt Chriſt and vs preſage!
O chaſteſt friendſhip, whoſe pure flames impart
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Hart!
O holy knot, in *Eden* inſtituted
(Not in this Earth with bloud and wrongs polluted,
Profan'd with miſchiefs, the Pre-Scæne of Hell
To curſed Creatures that 'gainſt Heav'n rebell)
O ſacred Cov'nant, which the ſin-leſs Son
Of a pure Virgin (when he firſt begun
To publiſh proofs of his drad Powr *Diuine*,
By turning Water into perfect Wine,
At leſſer (*Cana*) in a wondrous manner
Did with his preſence ſanctifie and honour!

The commodities of Mariage.

By thy deer Fauour, after our Deceaſe,
We leaue behinde our liuing Images,
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,
And in our Children liue eternally.
By thee, we quench the wilde and wanton Fires,
That in our Soule the *Paphian* ſhot inſpires:
And taught (by thee) a loue more firm and fitter,
We finde the Mel more ſweet, the Gall leſs bitter,

Which

Which heer (by turns) heap vp our human Life
Eu'n now with ioyes, anon with iars and strife.
This done; the Lord commands the happy Pair
With chaste embraces to repleniſh Fair
Th' vnpeopled World; that while the World endures,
Heer might ſucceed their liuing Pourtraitures.
He had impos'd the like precept before,
On th' irefull Droues that in the Deſarts roar,
The fethered Flocks, and fruitfull-ſpawning Legions
That liue within the liquid Cryſtal Regions.
Thence-forth therefore, Bears, Bears ingendered;
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vulturs, Vulturs bred;
Men, Men: and Nature, with a change-leſs Courſe,
Still brought forth Children like their Anceſtors:
Though ſince indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt-them)
The yellow Gold and Siluer pale betwixt them
Another Metall (like to neither) make,
Which yet of eithers ritches doth partake:
So, oft, two Creatures of a diuers kinde,
Againſt the common courſe through All aſſign'd,
Confounding their luſt-burning ſeeds together,
Beget an Elf, not like in all to either,
But (baſtard Mongrel) bearing marks apparant
Of mingled members, ta'en from either Parent.
God, not contented, to each Kinde to giue
And to infuſe the Vertue Generatiue,
Made (by his Wiſdom) many Creatures breed
Of liue-leſs bodies, without *Venus* deed.
So, the cold humour breeds the *Salamander*,
Who (in effect) like to her births Commander
With-childe with hundred Winters, with her touch
Quencheth the Fire though glowing ne'r ſo much.
So, of the Fire in burning furnace, ſprings
The Fly *Pyrauſta* with the flaming Wings:
Without the Fire, it dies; within it, ioyes;
Liuing in that, which each thing elſe deſtroyes.
So, ſlowe *Boötes* vnderneath him ſees,
In th' icy *Ilet*, thoſe Goſlings hatcht of Trees,

Propagation by the bleſſing of God.

Vnnaturall Coniunctions produce monſtrous Births.

Of things ingendered without ſeed or commixtion of ſexes.

Whoſe

Whoſe fruitfull leaues, falling into the Water,
Are turn'd (they ſay) to liuing Fowls ſoon after.
So, rotten ſides of broken Ships doo change
To *Barnacles*; O Transformation ſtrange!
'Twas firſt a green Tree, then a gallant Hull,
Lately a Muſhrum, now a flying Gull.

So Morn and Euening the Sixt Day conclude,
And God perceiu'd that All his Works were good.

THE SEAVENTH DAIE OF THE FIRST *WEEK.*

THE ARGVMENT.

In ſacred Reſt, *vpon* This ſacred Day
Th' Eternall doth his glorious Works *ſurvay:*
His only Powr *and* Prouidence *perſeuer*
T'vphold, maintain, and rule the World *for euer:*
Maugre Mens *malice and* Hells *raging mood,*
God turneth all things to his Childrens *good:*
Sabbaoths *right vſe; From all* Worlds-Works *to ceaſe;*
To pray (*not play*) *and hear the* Word *of Peace:*
Inſtructions *drawn from dead and liuing things,*
And from our ſelues; for all Eſtates; for Kings.

THe cunning *Painter*, that with curious care,
Limning a Land-ſcape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath ſet a-work, in all and euery part,
Inuention, Iudgement, Nature, Vſe and Art;
And hath at length (t'immortalize his name)
With weary Pencill perfected the ſame;
Forgets his pains; and, inly fill'd with glee,
Still on his *Picture* gazeth greedily.
First in a Mead he marks a friſking Lamb,
Which ſeems (though dumb) to bleat vnto the Dam:
Then hee obſerues a Wood, ſeeming to waue:
Then th'hollow boſom of ſom hideous Caue:
Heere a High-way, and there a narrow Path:
Heer Pines, there Oaks torn by tempeſtuous wrath:

By an excellent Similitude of a Painter delighted with the ſight of a curious table which he hath lately finiſhed; our Poet ſheweth how God reſted the ſeauenth Day, and ſaw (as ſaith the Scripture) that all that he had made was Good.

Heer:

Heer from a craggy Rocks steep-hanging boss
(Thrumm'd half with Iuy, half with crisped Moss)
A siluer Brook in broken streams doth gush,
And head-long down the horned Cliff doth rush;
Then winding thence aboue and vnder ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
There, on his knee (behinde a Box-Tree shrinking)
A skilfull Gunner with his left ey winking,
Leuels directly at an Oak hard by,
Whereon a hundred groaning Culuers cry;
Down falls the Cock, vp from the Touch-pan flies
A ruddy flash that in a moment dies,
Off goes the Gun, and through the Forrest rings
The thundering bullet, born on fiery wings.
Heer, on a Green, two Striplings, stripped light,
Run for a prize with labourſom delight;
A dusty Cloud about their feet doth flowe
(Their feet, and head, and hands, and all doo goe)
They swelt in sweat; and yet the following Rout
Hastens their haste with many a cheerfull shout.
Heer, six pyed Oxen, vnder painfull yoak,
Rip vp the folds of *Ceres* Winter Cloak.
Heer, in the shade, a pretty Shepheardess
Driues softly home her bleating happiness:
Still as she goes, she spins; and as she spins,
A man would think som Sonnet she begins.
Heer runs a Riuer, there springs forth a Fountain,
Heer vails a Valley, there ascends a Mountain,
Heere smoks a Castle, there a City fumes,
And heer a Ship vpon th' Ocean looms.
In brief, so liuely, Art hath Nature shap't,
That in his Work the Work-mans self is rapt,
Vnable to look off; for, looking still,
The more he looks, the more he findes his skill:
So th' Architect (whose glorious Workmanships
My cloudy Muse doth but too-much eclipse)
Hauing with pain-less pain, and care-less care,
In These *Six Days*, finisht the Table fair

God rested the seauenth Day, & contemplates, on his Works.

And

And infinite of th' *Vniuerſall Ball*,
Reſteth *This Day*, t' admire himſelf in All:
And for a ſeaſon eying nothing els,
Ioyes in his Work, ſith all his Work excels
(If my dull, ſlutting frozen eloquence
May dare coniecture of his high Intents).
One while, hee ſees how th' ample Sea doth take
The Liquid homage of each other Lake;
And how again the Heav'ns exhale, from it,
Abundant vapours (for our benefit):
And yet it ſwels not for thoſe tribute ſtreams,
Nor yet it ſhrinks not for thoſe boyling beams.
There ſee's he th' Ocean-peoples plentious broods;
And ſhifting Courſes of the Ebbs and Floods;
Which with inconſtant glaunces night and day
The lower Planets forked front doth ſway.
Anon, vpon the flowry Plains he looks,
Laced about with ſnaking ſiluer brooks.
Now, he delights to ſee foure Brethrens ſtrife
Cauſe the Worlds peace, and keep the World in life:
Anon, to ſee the whirling Sphears to rouſe
In reſt-leſs Danſes about either Pole;
Whereby, their Creſſets (caried diuers waies)
Now viſit vs, anon th' *Antipodes*.
It glads him now to note how th' Orb of Flame,
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame:
How th' Airs glib-gliding firmleſs body bears
Such ſtore of Fowls, Hail-ſtorms, and Floods of tears:
How th' heauy Water, proneſt to deſcend,
'Twixt Air and Earth is able to depend:
And how the dull Earth's prop-leſs maſſie Ball
Stands ſteddy ſtill, iuſt in the midſt of All.
Anon his noſe is pleaſ'd with fragrant ſents
Of Balm, and Baſill, Myrrh, and Frankincenſe,
Thyme, Spik nard, Hyſop, Sauory, Cinamon,
Pink, Violet, Roſe, and Cloue-Carnation.
Anon, his ear 's charm'd with the melody
Of winged Conſorts curious Harmony:

A briefe recapitulation and cõſideration of the Works of God in the whole World and a learned Expoſition of the words of Moſes Gen. 1. 31 *God ſaw that al that he had made, was perfectly good.*

For, though each bird, guided with Art-les Art,
After his kinde, obserue a song a-part,
Yet the sole burden of their seuerall Layes
Is nothing but the Heav'n-Kings glorious praise.
In brief, th' Almightie's *ey*, and *nose*, and *ear*,
In all his works, doth nought *see*, *sent*, or *hear*,
But *showes* his greatnes, *sauours* of his grace,
And *sounds* his glory ouer euery place.
But aboue all, Mans many beautious features
Detain the Lord more then all other Creatures:
Man 's his owne Minion; Man 's his sacred Type,
And for Man 's sake, he loues his Workmanship.
Not, that I mean to fain an idle God,
That lusks in Heav'n and neuer looks abroad,
That Crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice,
Blinde to our seruice, deaf vnto our sighs;
A Pagan Idol, void of powr and picty,
A sleeping Dormouse (rather) a dead Deitie.
For though (alas!) somtimes I cannot shun,
But som profane thoughts in my minde will run,
I neuer think on God, but I conceiue
Of the Prouidence of God. (Whence cordiall comforts Christians soules receiue)
In God, Care, Counsail, Iustice, Mercy, Might,
To punish wrongs, and patronize the right:
Sith Man (but Image of th' Almightiest)
Without these gifts is not a Man, but Beast.
Epicurus and his followers, denying the same, confuted by sundry Reasons. Fond *Epicure*, thou rather slept'st, thy self,
When thou didst forge thee such a sleep-sick Elf
For life's pure Fount: or vainly fraudulent
(Not shunning th' *Atheists* sin, but punishment)
Imaginedst a God so perfect-les,
In Works defying, whom thy words profes.
God is not sitting (like som Earthly State)
In proud Theátre, him to recreate
With curious Obiects of his ears and eys,
(Without disposing of the Comœdies)
Content t' haue made (by his great Word) to moue
So many radiant Starrs as shine aboue;

And

And on each thing with his owne hand to draw
The ſacred Text of an eternall Law:
Then, boſoming his hand, to let them ſlide,
With reans at will, whether that Law ſhall guide:
Like one that hauing lately forç't ſom Lake,
Through ſom new Channell a new Courſe to take,
Takes no more care thence-forth to thoſe effects,
But lets the Stream run where his Ditch directs.

Simile.

The Lord our God wants neither Diligence,
Nor Loue, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Prouidence.
He prov'd his Power, by *Making* All of nought:
His Diligence, by *Ruling* All he wrought:
His Care, by *Ending* it in ſix Daies ſpace:
His Loue, in *Building* it for *Adams* Race:
His Prouidence (maugrè Times waſtefull rages)
Preſerving it ſo many Yeers and Ages.

1 *Gods power, goodnes, & wiſdom, ſhine gloriouſly in gouerning the world.*

For, O! how often had this goodly Ball
By his own Greatnes caus'd his proper Fall?
How often had this World deceaſt, except
Gods mighty arms had it vpheld and kept?
God is the ſoule, the life, the ſtrength, and ſinnew,
That quickens, moues, and makes this Frame continue.
God 's the main ſpring, that maketh euery way
All the ſmall wheels of this great Engin play.
God 's the ſtrong *Atlas*, whoſe vnſhrinking ſhoulders
Haue been and are Heav'ns heauie Globes vpholders.

2 *In him and through him, all things liue and moue, and haue their Being.*

God makes the Fountains run continually,
The daies and Nights ſuccede inceſſantly:
The Seaſons in their ſeaſon he doth bring,
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring:
God makes th' Earth fruitfull, and he makes the Earth's
Large loignes not yet faint for ſo many births.
God makes the Sun and Stars, though wondrous hot,
That yet their Heat themſelues inflameth not;
And that their ſparkling beams preuent not ſo,
With wofull flames, the *Laſt* great *Day* of wo:
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wreſt)
They turn at-once both North, and Eaſt, and Weſt:

3 *All things particularly are guided by his Ordinance and Power, working continually.*

Heavn's conſtant courſe, his heaſt doth neuer break:
The floating Water waiteth at his beck:
Th' Air's at his Call, the Fire at his Command,
The Earth is His: and there is nothing fand
In all theſe Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr
With ſecret touch of his eternall Powr.

4 God is the Iudge of the World: hauing all Creatures viſible and unviſible, ready armed to execute his Iudgements.

God is the Iudge, who keeps continuall Seſſions,
In every place to puniſh all Tranſgreſſions;
Who, void of Ignorance and Avarice,
Not won with Bribes, nor wreſted with Deuice,
Sans Fear, or Fauour, hate, or partiall zeal;
Pronounceth Iudgements that are paſt appeal.
Himſelf is Iudge, Iury, and Witnes too,
Well knowing what we all think, ſpeak, or doo:
He ſounds the deepeſt of the doubleſt hart,
Searcheth the Reins, and ſifteth euery part:
Hee ſees all ſecrets, and his *Lynx*-like ey
(Yet it be thought) doth euery thought deſcry:
His Sentence giuen, neuer returns in vain;
For, all that Heavn, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,
Serue him as Sergeants: and the winged Legions,
That ſoar aboue the bright Star-ſpangled Regions,
Are euer preſt, his powrfull Miniſters;
And (laſtly) for his Executioners,
Sathan, aſſiſted with the infernall band,
Stands ready ſtill to finiſh his Command.

Yea, he maketh euen the wicked this inſtruments to puniſh the wicked, and to proue his Choſen

God (to be brief) is a good Artizan
That to his purpoſe aptly mannage can
Good or bad Tools; for, for iuſt puniſhment,
He arms our ſins vs ſinners to torment;
And to preuent th' vngodly's plot, ſomtime
He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.

Againe, againſt Epicures, who

Yet true it is, that human things (ſeem) ſlide
Vnbridledly with ſo vncertain tide,
That in the Ocean of Euents ſo many,
Somtimes Gods Iudgements are ſcarce ſeen of any:
Rather, it ſeems that giddy *Fortune* guideth
All that beneath the ſiluer Moon betideth.

Yet

Yet, art thou euer iuſt (O God) though I
Cannot (alas!) thy Iudgements depth deſcry:
My wit's too ſhallow for the leaſt Deſigne
Of thy drad Counſails, ſacred, and diuine:
And thy leaſt-ſecret Secrets, I confeſs
To deep for vs, without thy Spirit's addreſs.
Yet oftentimes, what ſeemeth (at firſt ſight)
Vniuſt to vs, and paſt our reaſon quite,
Thou mak'ſt vs (Lord) acknowledge (in due ſeaſon)
To haue been don with equity and reaſon.
So, ſuffering th' *Hebrew* Tribes to ſell their brother,
Thy eternall Iuſtice thou didſt ſeem to ſmother.
But *Ioſeph* (when, through ſuch rare hap, it chanced
Him of a ſlaue to be ſo high aduanced,
To rule the Land where *Nilus* fertill flood
Dry Heav'ns defects endeuours to make good)
Learn'd, that his enuious brethrens treacherous drift,
Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,
That he might there prouide Relief and Room
For *Abraham's Seed*, againſt (then) time to com.
When thy ſtrong arm, which plagues the Reprobate,
The World and *Sodom* did exterminate,
With flood and flame: becauſe there liued then
Som ſmall remains of good and righteous men,
Thou ſeem'dſt vniuſt: but when thou ſauedſt *Lot*
From Fire, from Water *Noah* and his Boat,
'Twas plainly ſeen, thy Iuſtice ſtands propitious
To th' Innocent and ſmiteth but the vicious.
He wilfull winks againſt the ſhining Sun,
That ſee's not *Pharao*, as a mean begun
For th' *Hebrews* good; and that his hardned hart,
Smoothed the paſſage for their ſoon-depart:
To th' end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,
Might for his Glory finde the larger field.
Who ſees not alſo, that th' vniuſt Decree
Of a proud Iudge, and *Iudas* treachery,
The Peoples fury, and the Prelats gall,
Serv'd all as organs to repair the Fall

hold that all things happen in the World by Chance.

1 Gods Iudgements paſt our ſearch: yet euer iuſt in thẽſelues

Gen 45. ver. 6. 7 and Gen. 50. ve. 20.

2. In executing his iudgements on the rebellious he ſheweth mercie on his Seruants.

5 He ſheweth his power in the cõfuſion of the Mightieſt: and in the deliuerance of his Church.

Of *Edens* old Prince, whoſe luxurious pride
Made on his ſeed his ſin for euer ſlide?
4 He returneth the malice of Sathan and his inſtruments, to his own glory, and the good of his: of whom he hath alwaies ſpeciall care.
Th' Almightie's Care doth diuerſly diſperſe
Ore all the parts of all this Vniuerſe:
But more preciſely, his wide wings protect
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.
For ay he watcheth for his Children choice
That lift to him their hearts, their hands, and voice:
For them, he built th' ay-turning Heav'ns Theater;
For them, he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water:
He counts their hairs, their ſteps he meaſureth,
Handles their hands, and ſpeaketh with their breath;
Dwels in their hearts and plants his Regiments
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.
A remedy for temptation of the godly, ſeeing the proſperity of the wicked, and the afflictions of Gods children.
But heer, what hear I? Faith-le's, God-leſs men,
I meruail not, that you impugn my pen:
But (O!) it grieues me, and I am amaz'd,
That thoſe, whoſe faith, like gliſtering Stars, hath blaz'd
Even in our darkeſt nights, ſhould ſo obiect
Againſt a doctrin of ſo ſweet effect;
Becauſe (alas!) with weeping eyes they ſee
Th' vngodly-moſt in moſt Proſperity,
Clothed in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,
Handling bright Scepters, hoording Gold and Gems,
Croucht-to, and courted with all kinde affection,
As priuiledged by the Heav'ns protection;
So that, their goods, their honours their delights
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites:
And (oppoſite) the godly (in the ſtorms
Of this Worlds Sea) toſt in continuall harms:
In Earth, leſs reſt then *Euripus* they finde,
Gods heauy Rods ſtill hanging them behinde:
Them, ſhame, and blame, trouble and loſs purſues;
As ſhadows bodies, and as night the deawes.
The ſame cõforted in diuers ſorts: with apt Similitudes, cõfirming the rea-
Peace, peace, deer friends: I hope to cancel quite
This profane thought from your vnſettled Sp'rit.
Know then, that God (to th' end he be not thought
A powr-leſs Iudge) heer plagueth many a fault;

And

And many a fault leaues heer vnpuniſhed,
That men may alſo his laſt iudgement dread.
On th' other ſide, note that the Croſſe becoms
A Ladder leading to Heav'ns glorious rooms:
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milken way*,
Which doth the Saints to *Ioues* high Court conuay.
O! ſee you not, how that a Father graue,
Curbing his Son much ſhorter then his Slaue,
Doth th' one but rare, the other rife reproue,
Th' one but for lucre, th' other all for loue?
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable
Of ſom great Prince, or Perſon honourable,
Giues oft eſt to that Horſe the teaching ſpur,
Which he findes fitteſt for the vſe of War.
A painfull School-maſter, that hath in hand
To inſtitute the flowr of all a Land,
Giues longeſt Leſſons vnto thoſe, where Heav'n
The ableſt wits and apteſt wills hath giv'n.
And awiſe Chieftain, neuer truſts the waight
Of th' execution of a braue Exploit,
But vnto thoſe whom moſt he honoureth,
For often proof of their firm force and faith:
Such ſends he firſt t' aſſault his eager foes;
Such 'gainſt the Canon on a Breach beſtowes;
Such he commands naked to ſcale a Fort,
And with ſmall number to re-gain a Port.
God beats his Deer, from birth to buriall,
To make them know him, and their pride appall,
To draw deuout ſighes from calamitie,
And by the touch to try their Conſtancy,
T' awake their ſloath, their minds to exerciſe
To trauail cheer'ly for th' immortall Prize.
A good Phyſician, that Arts excellence
Can help with practice and experience,
Applies diſcreetly all his *Recipés*,
Vnto the nature of each fell-diſeaſe;
Curing this Patient with a bitter Potion,
That, with ſtrict Diet, th' other with a Lotion,

ſon & declaring the right end of Gods diuers dealing with men.

Affliction profitable to the Faithfull.

They are neceſſary to cure the diſeaſes of the ſoule.

And ſometime cutteth off a leg or arm,
So (ſharply ſweet) to ſaue the whole from harm:
Euen ſo the Lord according to th'ill humours
That vex his moſt-Saints with ſoule-tainting tumours)
Sends ſomtimes Exile, ſomtimes lingring Languor,
Somtimes Diſhonour, ſomtimes pining Hunger,
Somtime long Law-ſuits, ſomtime Loſs of good,
Somtimes a Childes death, or a Widdow-hood:
But ay he holdeth, for the good of His,
In one hand Rods; in th'other Remedies.

Without them Gods children decline.

The Souldier, ſlugging long at home in Peace,
His wonted courage quickly doth decreaſe:
The ruſt doth fret the blade hanged vp at reſt:
The Moath doth eate the garment in the Cheſt:
The ſtanding Water ſtinks with putrefaction:
And Vertue hath no Vertue but in action.
All that is faireſt in the World, we finde
Subiect to trauail. So, with ſtorms and winde
Th'Air ſtill is toſt: the Fire and Water tend,
This, ſtill to mount; that, euer to deſcend:
The ſpirit is ſpright-leſs if it want diſcourſe,
Heav'n's no more Heav'n if it once ceaſe his Courſe.

The Croſſe an honorable mark.

The valiant Knight is known by many ſcars:
But he that ſteals-home, wound-leſs, from the Wars,
Is held a Coward, void of Valours proof,
That for Deaths fear, hath fled, or fought a-loof.
The Lord therfore, to giue Humanitie
Rare preſidents of daunt-leſs Conſtancy,

God will be glorified in the conſtant ſufferings of his Seruants.

And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels
Won from a thouſand foes in glorious quarrels;
Pours downe more euils on their hap-leſs head,
Then yerſt *Pandora's* othious Box did ſhead;
Yet ſtrengthning ſtill their hearts with ſuch a Plaiſter,
That though the Fleſh ſtoop, ſtill the Spirit is Maiſter.

There is nothing euill in Mans life, but ſinne: & vertue is beſt perceiued in the proofe.

But, wrongly I theſe euils Euill call:
Sole Vice is ill; ſole Vertue good: and all,
Beſides the ſame, is ſelfly, ſimply, had
And held indifferent, neither good nor bad.

Let

Let enuious Fortune all her forces wage
Against a constant Man, her fellest rage
Can never change his godly resolution,
Though Heav'n it self should threaten his confusion.
A constant man is like the Sea, whose brest
Lyes ever open vnto every guest;
Yet all the Waters that she drinks, can not
Make her to change her qualities a iot:
Or, like a good sound stomack, not soon casting
For a light surfet or a small dis-tasting;
But, that, vntroubled, can incontinent
Convert all meats to perfect nourishment.
Though then, the Lords deep Wisedom, to this day,
Work in the Worlds vncertain-certain Sway:
Yet must we credit that his hand compos'd
All in six Dayes, and that He then *Repos'd*;
By his example, giving vs behest,
On the Seaventh Day for evermore to Rest.
For, God remembred that he made not Man
Of Stone, or Steel, or Brass *Corinthian*:
But lodg'd our soule in a frail earthen Mass,
Thinner then Water, britteler then Glass:
He knowes our life is by nought sooner spent,
Then having still our mindes and bodies bent.
A Field, left lay for som fewe Years, will yield
The richer Crop, when it again is till'd:
A River stopped by a sluce a space,
Runs (after) rougher and a swifter pase:
A Bowe, awhile vnbent, will after cast
His shafts the farther, and them fix more fast:
A Souldier, that a season still hath layn,
Coms with more fury to the Field again:
Even so, this Body, when (to gather breath)
One Day in Seav'n *at Rest* it soiourneth;
It re-collects his Powrs, and with more cheer,
Falls the next morrow to his first Career.
But, the chief End, this Precept aims at, is
To quench in vs the coals of Covetize;

True constancie liuely represented by two comparisons.

God, Resting on the seuenth Day, and blessing it: teacheth vs that in resting one day of the Week, we should principally imploy it in his seruice: That we should cease from our worldly and wicked workes, to giue place to his grace, and to suffer his Spirit to worke in vs by the Instrument of his holy word.

That

That while we rest from all profaner Arts,
Gods Spirit may work in our retired hearts:
That wee, down-treading *earthly* cogitations,
May mount our thoughts to *heav'nly* meditations:
Simile. Following good Archers guise, who shut one ey,
That they the better may their mark espy.
For, by th'Almighty, this great Holy-day
Against profaners of the Sabaoth. Was not ordain'd to daunce, and mask, and play,
To slugg in sloath, and languish in delights,
And loose the Reans to raging appetites:
To turn Gods Feasts to filthy *Lupercals*,
To frantike *Orgies*, and fond *Saturnals*:
To dazle eys with Prides vain-glorious splendor,
To serue strange Gods, or our Ambition tender;
As th'irreligion of loose Times hath since
Chang'd the *Prime-Churches* chaster innocence.
We ought on the Lords Day, attẽd his seruice & meditate on the euerlasting Rest, & on the workes of God. God would, that men should in a certain place
This Day assemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and attentiue ear
To learn his great Name's deer-drad Loving-Fear:
He would that there the faithfull Pastor should
The Scriptures marrow from the bones vnfold,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The sacred secrets that are hidden there.
For, though the *reading* of those holy lines
In private Houses som-what move our mindes;
Doubtlesse, the Doctrine *preacht* doth deeper pearce,
Proves more effectuall, and more waight it bears.
The practise of the faithfull, in all reformed Churches, on the Sabaoth Day. He would, that there in holy Psalmes we sing
Shrill prayse and thanks to our immortall King,
For all the liberall bounties he bestow'th
On vs and ours, in soule and body both:
He would, that there we should confess his Christ
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest;
Solemnizing (with sober preparation)
His blessed Seals of Reconciliation:
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need
(After his will) and be assur'd to speed;

Sith

Sith in th'Exchequer of his Clemency,
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body lie.
He would, this Sabbaoth ſhould a figure be
Of the bleſt Sabbaoth of Eternity.
But th'one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;
Th'other, to Reſt both Soule and body brings:
Th'one but a Day endures; the others Date
Eternity ſhall not exterminate:
Shadows the one, th'other doth Truth include:
This ſtands in freedom, that in ſeruitude:
With cloudy cares th'one's muffled vp ſom-whiles;
The others face is full of pleaſing ſmiles:
For, never grief, nor fear of any Fit
Of the leaſt care, ſhall dare come neer to it.
'Tis the grand *Iubile'*, the Feaſt of Feaſts,
Sabbaoth of Sabbaoths, end-leſs Reſt of Reſts;
Which, with the Prophets, and Apoſtles zealous,
The conſtant Martyrs, and our Chriſtian fellows,
Gods faithfull Seruants, and his choſen Sheep,
In Heav'n we hope (within ſhort time) to keep.

The Corporall Reſt, a figure of the ſpirituall.

He would this Day, our ſoule (ſequeſtered
From buſie thoughts of worldly cares) ſhould read,
In Heav'ns bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-leſs Bounty, Powr and Providence;
That every part may (as a Maſter) teach
Th'illiterat, Rules paſt a vulgar reach.

Meditation of the workes of God, eſpecially on the day of Reſt.

Com (Reader) ſit, com ſit thee down by mee;
Think with my thoughts, and ſee what I doo ſee:
Hear this dumb Doctor, ſtudy in this Book,
Where day and night thou mai'ſt at pleaſure look,
And therby learn vprightly how to liue:
For, every part doth ſpeciall Leſſons giue,
Even from the gilt ſtuds of the Firmament,
To the baſe Centre of our Element.

Exhortation to this Meditation, with the vſe and profit thereof.

Seeſt thou thoſe *Stars* we (wrongly) *Wandring* call,
Though diuers wayes they daunce about this Ball,
Yet evermore their manifold Career
Follows the Courſe of the *Firſt Moving* Sphear?

The Planets teach vs to follow the will of God.

This

This teacheth thee, that though thine own Deſires
Be oppoſit to what Heav'ns will requires,
Thou muſt ſtill ſtriue to follow (all thy dayes)
God (the firſt Mover) in his holy wayes.

The Moon teacheth that we haue not any thing that we haue not receiued.

Vain puff of winde, whom vaunting pride bewitches,
For Bodies beauties, or Mindes (richer) Riches;
The Moon, whoſe ſplendor from her Brother ſprings,
May by Example make thee vail thy wings:
For thou, no leſs then the pale Queen of Nights,
Borrow'ſt all goodnes from the Prince of Lights.

The Elementary fire and ours, where our happineſſe, and where our miſery conſiſts.

Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, to th'Earth deſcend?
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:
As neer to Heav'n the ſame is cleer and pure;
Ours heer belowe, ſad, ſmoaky, and obſcure:
So, while thy Soule doth with the Heav'ns converſe,
It's ſure and ſafe from every thought perverſe;
And though thou won heer in this world of ſinn,
Thou art as happy as Heav'ns Angells been:
But, if thy minde be alwayes fixed all
On the foul dunghill of this darkſom vale,
It will partake in the contagious ſmells
Of th'vnclean houſe wherin it droops and dwells.

The Aire, that afflictions are profitable for vs.

If enuious Fortune be thy bitter foe,
And day and night do toſs thee to and fro;
Remember, th'Aire corrupted ſoon, except
With ſundry Windes it be ottſwing'd and ſwept.

The Sea, that we ought for no reſpect to tranſgreſſe the Law of God.

The Sea, which ſomtimes down to Hell is driv'n,
And ſomtimes heaues a froathy Mount to Heav'n,
Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct,
Wherin the Lord her boiſterous arms hath linkt;
Inſtructeth thee, that neither Tyrants rage,
Ambition's windes, nor golden vaſſallage
Of Auarice, nor any love, nor fear,
From Gods Command ſhould make thee ſhrink a hair.

The Earth, that we ſhould be conſtant.

The Earth, which never all at once doth moue,
Though her rich Orb receiued, from aboue,
No firmer baſe her burthen to ſuſtent,
Then ſlippery props of ſofteſt Element;

By

By her example doth propose to thee
A needfull Lesson of true Constancy.
Nay, there is nought in our deer Mother found,
But Pythily som Vertue doth propound.
O! let the Noble, Wise, Rich, Valiant,
Be as the base, poore, faint, and ignorant;
And, looking on the fields, when *Autumn* sheares,
There let them learn among the bearded ears;
Which still the fuller of the flowery grain,
Bow down the more their humble heads again;
And ay the lighter and the less their store,
They lift aloft their Chaffie Crests the more.
Let her, that (bound-less in her wanton wishes)
Dares spot the Spouse-bed with vnlawfull kisses,
Blush (at the least) at Palm-Trees loyalty,
Which never bears, vnless her Male be by.
Thou, thou that prançest after Honors prize
(While by the way thy strength and stomach dies)
Remember, Honor is like Cinamon
Which Nature mounds with many a million
Of thorny pricks; that none may danger-les
Approach the Plant, much less the Fruit possess.
Canst thou the secret Sympathy behold
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold,
And not consider, that we must no less
Follow in life the Sun of Righteousnes?
O Earth! the Treasures of thy hollow brest
Are no less fruitfull Teachers then the rest.
For, as the Lime doth break and burn in Water,
And swell, and smoak, crackle, and skip, and scatter,
Waking that Fire, whose dull heat sleeping was
Vnder the cold Crust of a Chalky Mass:
He that (to march amid the Christian Hoast)
Yeelds his hearts kingdom to the holy-Ghost;
And, for braue Seruice vnder Christ his Banner,
Looks to be crown'd with his Chief Champions honor,
Must in Affliction wake his zeal, which oft
In Calmer times sleeps too-securely soft.

The Eares of Corne, that we should be humble.

The Palme-Tree, that we should be chast.

Cinamon teacheth Doligence and Prudence.

The Sunne and the Marigold, direct vs vnto Christ, the Sun of Righteousnes.

Lyme in water, teacheth vs to shew our vertue in extremitie.

And,

The Diamond exhorteth to Constancy.

And, oppoſit, as the rich Diamond
The Fire and Steel doth ſtoutly both withſtand:
So the true Chriſtian ſhould, till life expire,
Contemn proud Tyrants raging Sword and Fire.
Or, if fell Rigour with ſom ruth-les ſmart
A little ſhake the ſinnews of his heart,

Gold in the furnace, to magnanimity, & purity.

He muſt be like the richeſt Minerall,
Whoſe Ingots bow, but never break at all;
Nor in the Furnace ſuffer any loſs
Of waight, but Lees; not of the Gold, but droſs.

The ſtone Iris, to edification of our Neighbour.

The pretious Stone that bears the Rain-bowes name,
Receiues the bright face of *Sols* burniſht flame;
And by reflection, after, it diſplaies
On the next obiect all thoſe pointed rayes:
So whoſo hath from the Empyreall Pole,
Within the centre of his happy Soule
Receiv'd ſom ſplendor of the beams divine,
Muſt to his Neighbour make the ſame to ſhine;
Not burying Talents which our God hath giv'n
To be imploy'd in a rich trade for Heav'n,
That in his Church he may receiue his Gold,
With thirty, ſixty, and an hundred fold.

The needle in the Mariners compaſſe ſhewes-eth that we ſhould inceſſantly looke on Chriſt our onely load ſtarre.

As th'Iron, toucht by th' Adamant's effect,
To the North Pole doth ever point direct:
So the Soule, toucht once by the ſecret powr
Of a true liuely Faith, looks every howr
To the bright Lamp which ſerues for *Cynoſure*
To all that ſail vpon the Sea obſcure.

Leſſons from liuing Creatures.

Theſe preſidents, from liue-les things collected,
Breed good effects in ſpirits well affected;
But leſſons, taken from the things that liue,
A liueliertouch vnto all ſorts doo giue.

Bees, to ſubiects and to Princes.

Vp, vp ye Princes: Prince and People, riſe,
And run to School among the Hony-Flies:
There ſhall you learn, that an eternall law
Subiects the Subiect vnder Princes aw:
There ſhall you learn, that a courageous King,
To vex his humble Vaſſals hath no ſting.

The

The *Persian* Prince, that princely did conclude
So severe laws against Ingratitude,
Knew that the Marlin, having kept her warm
With a liue Lark, remits it without harm;
And least her frend-bird she should after slay,
She takes her flight a quite contrary way. *The Marlin, to the vnthankeful*

Fathers, if you desire, your Children sage
Should by their Blessings bless your crooked age;
Train them betimes vnto true Vertues Lore,
By Aw, Instruction, and Example (more):
So the old Eagle flutters in and out,
To teach his yong to follow him about.
If his example cannot timely bring
His backward birds to vse their feeble wing,
He leaues them then som dayes vnfed, whereby
Sharp hunger may at length constrain them fly.
If that prevail not, then he beats them, both
With beak and wings to stir their fearfull sloath. *The Eagle, to Parents.*

You, that to haste your hated Spouses end,
Black deadly poyson in his dish doo blend;
O! can ye see with vn-relenting eyes
The Turtle-Doue? sith, when her husband dies,
Dies all her ioy: for, never loues she more;
But on dry bowghs doth her dead Spouse deplore. *The Turtle, to Wedlock-breakers.*

Thou, whom the freedom of a foolish tongue
Brings oft in danger for thy neighbours wrong;
Discreetly set a hatch before the door:
As the wise Wilde-geese, when they ouer-four
Cilician Mounts, within their bills doo bear
A pebble-stone both day and night; for fear
Least rauenous Eagles of the North descry
Their Armies passage, by their cackling Cry. *Wilde geese, to Babblers.*

O! Mothers, can you? can you (O vnkinde!)
Deny your Babes your breasts? and call to minde
That many Fishes, many times are fain
Receiue their seed into their wombs again
(*Lucinas* sad throes, for the self-same birth,
Enduring oft, it often bringing forth)? *Diuers Fishes, to vnnaturall Mothers, that will not nourse their owne Children.*

O!

Dolphins, to the cruell.

O! why embrace not we with Charity
The liuing, and the dead with Piety?
Giuing these succour, sepulture to those:
Euen as the Dolphins doo themselues expose,
For their lyue fellows, and beneath the Waues
Cover their dead-ones vnder sandy Graues.

The wild Kid, to children.

You Children, whom (past hope) the Heav'ns benignity
Hath heapt with wealth, and heaved-vp to dignity,
Doo not forget your Parents: but behold
Th' officious Kids, who (when, their Parents old,
With heavy Gyues, Elds trembling fever stops
And fetters-fast vpon the Mountain-tops)
As carefull purveyours, bring them home to brouz
The tendrest tops of all the slenderest boughs;
And sip (self-thirst-les) of the Riuers brink,
Which in their mouths they bring them home to drink.

The Spiders, to Man and Wife.

For House-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs
Of the *Stagirian* (glory of good wits):
Nor his, whom, for his honny-steeped stile,
They Proverbiz'd the *Attik Muse* yer-while:
Sith th' onely Spider teacheth euery one,
The Husbands and the Huswifes function.
For, for their food, the valiant Male doth roam;
The cunning Female tends her work at home:
Out of her bowels, wooll and yarn she spitteth,
And all that else her learned labour fitteth:
Her waight's the spindle that doth twist the twine,
Which her small fingers draw so ev'n and fine.
Still at the Centre she her warp begins,
Then round (at length) her little threds she pins,
And equall distance to their compass leaues:
Then neat and nimbly her new web she weaues,
With her fine shuttle circularly drawn,
Through all the circuit of her open lawn;
Open, least else th' vngentle Windes should tear
Her cipres Tent (weaker then any hair)
And that the foolish Fly might easier get
Within the meshes of her curious Net:

Which

Which he no ſooner doth begin to ſhake,
But ſtreight the Male doth to the Centre make,
That he may conquer more ſecurely there
The humming Creature, hampred in his ſnare.
You Kings, that beare the ſword of iuſt Hoſtilitie,
Purſue the Proud, and pardon true Humilitie; *The Lion, to Kings.*
Like noble Lions that do neuer ſhowe
Their ſtrength and ſtomach on a yeelding Foe,
But rather through the ſtouteſt throngs doo forrage,
'Mid thouſands Deaths to ſhew their daunt-les courage.
Thou ſluggard (if thou liſt to learn thy part) *The Emmet and Hedge-hog to the ſloathfull.*
Goe learn the Emmets, and the Vrchins Art;
In Summer th'one, in Autumn th'other takes
The Seaſons fruits, and thence prouiſion makes,
Each in his Lodging laying vp a hoord
Againſt cold Winter, which doth nought affoord.
But (Reader) We reſemble one that windes, *Man may finde in himſelf excellent inſtruction.*
From *Saba*, *Bandan*, and the wealthy *Indes*
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)
To ſeek far-off for Incenſe, Spice, and Gold;
Sith we, not looſing from our proper Strand,
Finde all wherein a happy life doth ſtand;
And our owne Bodies ſelf-contained motions,
Giue the moſt groſs a hundred goodly Notions.
You Princes, Paſtors, and ye Chiefs of War, *The head teacheth all perſons in authoritie.*
Do not your Laws, Sermons, and Orders mar;
Leaſt your examples baneſull leaproſies
Infect your Subiects, Flocks, and Companies;
Beware, your euill make not others like;
For, no part's ſound if once the Head be ſick.
You Peers, O doo not through ſelf-partiall zeal, *The Eys inſtruct Princes, and Noble-men.*
With light-brain'd Counſails vex your Common-weal:
But, as both Eys doo but One thing behold,
Let each his Countries common good vp-hold.
You, that for Others trauail day and night,
With much-much labour, and ſmall benefite, *The teeth, ſuch as tranaile for others.*
Behold the Teeth, which Toule-free grinde the food,
From whence themſelues doo reap more greef then good.

The Hart, the Miniſters of the Word.

Euen as the Hart hath not a Moments reſt,
But night and day moues in our panting breſt,
That by his beating it may ſtill impart
The liuely ſpirits about to euery part:
So thoſe, to whome God doth his Flock betake,
Ought alwaies ſtudy, alwaies work, and wake,
To breathe (by Doctrin and good Conuerſation)
The quickning ſpirit into their Congregation.

The ſtomacke, the ſame.

And as the Stomach, from the holeſom food
Diuides the groſſer part (which is not good)
They ought from falſe the truth to ſeparate,
Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat,
To make the beſt receiv'd for nouriſhment,
The bad caſt forth as filthy excrement.

The Hands, all Chriſtians, to Charitie.

If Bat or Blade doo threaten ſodain harm
To belly, breſt, or leg, or head, or arm,
With dread-leſs dread the hand doth ward the blowe,
Taking her ſelf her brethrens bleeding woe:
Then, 'mid the ſhock of ſacrilegious Arms
That fill the world with blood and boiſtrous ſtorms,
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others,
Whom Faith hath made more neer and deer then Brothers?

The whole body the whole ſociety of mankind, that euery one ought to ſtand in his owne vocation.

Nor can I ſee, where vnderneath the Sky
A man may finde a iuſter Policy,
Or truer Image of a calme Eſtate
Exempt from Faction, Diſcord, and Debate,
Then in th' harmonious Order that maintains
Our Bodies life, through Members mutual pains:
Where, one no ſooner feels the leaſt offence,
But all the reſt haue of the ſame a ſenſe.
The Foot ſtriues not to ſmell, the Noſe to walk,
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk:
But, without troubling of their Common-weal
With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal
Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place,
Bee't vile or honeſt, honoured or baſe,
But, ſoft my Muſe: what? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-Worlds admired Modulet?

If twice or thrice one and the ſame we bring,
'Tis tedious; how euer ſweet we ſing.
Ther-fore a-ſhoar: Mates, let our Anchor fall:
Heer blowes no Winde: heer are we Welcom all.
Beſides, conſider and conceiue (I pray)
W'haue row'd ſufficient, for a *Sabbath Day*.

THE END
OF
THE FIRST WEEK.

Du

BARTAS

His SECOND VVEEKE,

Diſpoſed

(After the proportion of his Firſt)

Into SEAVEN DAYES:

(viz.)

THE
1. *ADAM,*
2. *NOAH,*
3. *ABRAHAM,*
4. *DAVID.*

THE
5. *ZEDECHIAS,*
6. *MESSIAS,*
7. *Th' ETERNAL SABBATH.*

But, of the three laſt, Death (preuenting Our Noble Poet) hath depriued vs.



Acceptam refero.

TO
THE
MOST
ROYAL
PATTERN
AND PATRON
OF LEARNING
AND RELIGION,
THE HIGH
AND
MIGHTIE PRINCE,
IAMES
(By The Grace Of God)
KING
OF GREAT BRITAINE,
FRANCE, & IRELAND:
TRVE DEFENDER OF
THE TRVE, ANTIENT,
CHRISTIAN,
CATHOLIKE, AND
APOSTOLIKE FAITH
&c.

1. Sonnet.

From Zeal-*Land*, saylíng with the Winde of *Loue*,
In the Bark Labovr, ſtirr'd by *Theorems*,
Laden with *Hope* and with Desire t'approve,
Bound for Cape-*Comfort* in the Ile of Iemmes;
In ſuch a *Miſt*, wee fell vpon the *Coaſt*,
That ſodainly vpon the Rock *Neglect*
(Vnhappily) our *Ship* and *Goods* we loſt,
Even in a *Peace* that we did leaſt ſuſpect.
So, *Caſt-away* (my Liege) and quight vn-don,
We *Orphan*-remnants of a wofefull *Wrack*,
Heer caſt a-ſhore, to *Thee* for *ſuccour* run:
O Pitie vs, for our deer Parent's ſake,
Who *Honour'd* Thee, both in his Life and Death,
And to thy *guard* his Posthvmes did bequeath.

2. Sonnet.

Theſe glorious Works, and gratefull *Monuments*
Built by *Du Bartas*, on the *Pyrenæis*
(Your *Royall Vertues* to immortalize,
And magnifie your rich *Munificence*)
Haue prov'd ſo Charge-full to *Tranſ-port* from thence
That our Imal *Art's-ſtock* hardly could ſuffize,
To vndergo ſo great an *Enterprize*;
But is even beggerd with th' *vn-caſt* Expenſe.
So that, except our *Muſes SOVERAIN*
With gracious Eye regard her ſpent Eſtate;
And, with a hand of Princely *Fauour*, daign
To ſtay her fall (before it be too-late)
She needs muſt fail: as (lending Light about)
Self-ſpending Lamps, for lack of Oyl, go-out.

Voy (Sire) Saluſte.

To the Right Excellent, and *moſt hopefull young Prince,* HENRY, *Prince of* WALES.

ANAGR. {Henricus Stuartus. / *Hic ſtrenuus ratus.*}

{THE TROPHEIS, & / MAGNIFICENCE.}

THe gratious Welcome You vouchſaf't yer-while
To my grave PIBRAC (*though but meanly clad*)
Makes BARTAS (*now, no Stranger in this* Iſle)
More bold to come (*though ſuted even as bad*)
To kiſs Your HIGHNES *Hand; and, with Your Smile,*
To Crown His Haps, and Our faint Hopes to glad
(*Whoſe weary longings languiſh in our* Stile:
For, in our Wants, *our very* Songs *be ſad*).
Hee brings, for Preſent *to ſo great a* PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, *made firſt for* SALOMON:
The fitter therfore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look-in, as You look upon.
Som Glaſſes flatter: other-ſom deform:
This, ay, preſents You a true PRINCE's Form.

Voy Sire Saluſte.

To the right Honorable, the *Lord High Chancellor of England.*

ANAGR. { Thomas Egerton. / 1. *Geſtat Honorem.* / 2. *Age mett Honors.* / 3. *Honors mett Age.* }

THE LAWE.

Moſt humbly

Shewes to thy Great Worthineſs,
Graue MODERATOR *of our* Britain LAWES)
The Muſes *Abiect (ſubiect of* Diſtreſs)
How, long Wrong-vexT, *in a not*-Need-*leſs* Cauſe,
Not at the Kings-Bench, *but the* Pennie-leſs)
By *one*, I Want (*the ſon of* Simpleneſs);
Vnable, more to greaze *the ſcraping paws*
Of his Attorney Shift, *or oyl the iaw*
Of his (dear) *Counſell, Serieant* Penſiueneſs;
He is compell'd, in forma pauperis,
To Plead, *himſelf* (*and ſhew his* (*little*) LAW)
In the free Court *of thy milde* Courteſies.
Pleaſe it thee therefore an Iniunction *grant*,
To ſtay *the* Suit *between himſelf and* Want.

For Thee and Thine, for ay,
So He and His ſhall pray.

I. S.

To the Right Honourable, *the Earle of Saliſburie, Lord high* Threaſurer of England.

ANAGRAMMATA.

Robertus Cecilius. Robertus Cecillius.
Cui ortus celebris: (vel) *Cerebroſus Tullius.*
Robertus Comes Sari. *Carus eſt Orbi ſemo.*

THE CAPTAINES.

ARms *yield to* Arts: *the* Trumpet *to the* Tongue:
Stout Aiax *Prize the wiſe* Vlyſſes wann:
It will not ſeem then, that we haue miſ-ſung,
To ſing of CAPTAINS *to a* Counſail-*man*:
Sith, without Counſail, Courage *is but rage;*
Rude in Reſolving, raſh in Acting it:
In which reſpect, thoſe of the Antique *Age*
Fain PALLAS Goddeſs *both of* Warr *and* Wit:
Therfore, to Thee, *whoſe* Wit *ſo much hath ſted*
(*In* Warr *and* Peace) *our Princes and our* STATE:
To Thee (*whoſe* Vertue *hath now Triumphed*
Of cauſe-les Enuy, *and miſgrounded* Hate:
To Thee (Witt's-WORTHIE) *had it not bin wrong,*
Not to haue ſounded my War-WORTHIE's *Song?*

I. S.

To the right Honorable, the *Earl of Dorſet (late) Lord High* Threaſurer of England.

ANAGR. { Sacvilus / Vaslucis / Sacris Muſis celo deuotus. } { Comes Dorſetius. / Eſto decor Muſis. }

THE SCHISME.

Not with-out Error, *and apparant* Wrong
To Thee, *the* Muſes, *and my* Self (*the moſt*)
Could I omit, and this Noble *Hoaſt*
Of learned *Friends to* Learning, *and our Song,*
To muſter Thee; Thee, *that haſt lov'd ſo long*
The ſacred Siſters, *and* (*ſad-ſweetly moſt*)
Thy Self *haſt ſung* (*vnder a fayned Ghoſt*)
The tragik Falls *of our* Ambitious *Throng.*
Thearfore, in honour of Thy *younger* Art,
And of the Muſes, *honour'd by the ſame,*
And to expreſs my Thankfull *thoughts* (*in part*)
This Tract *I ſacre vnto* SACKVIL'S *Name,*
No leſs renown'd *for Numbers of* Thine Owne,
Than for thy love *to Other's Labours ſhow'n.*

I. S.

To the Right Honourable, *the Earle of* Pembroke.

ANAGR. {William Harbert. / *With liberall arm.*}

THE DECAY.

FAr bee The Title *of this tragik* page
From Thee (*rare Module of* Heröik *mindes*)
Whose noble Bounty *all the* Muses *bindes*
To honour Thee; *but mine doth most engage:*
And yet, to Thee, *and to Thy* Patronage
(*For present lack of other* gratefull *signes*)
Needs must I Offer *these* DECAYED *lines*
(*Lyned with* Horrors *of* ISAACIAN *rage*):
Whear-in, to keep decorum *with my* Theam,
And with my Fortunes (ruin'd *euery-way*)
My Care-clogd Muse (*still caried* down *the stream*)
In singing Other's, *sighes her* Own DECAY
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:
For, Vines, vnpropped, on the ground do craul.

I. S.

To the Right Honorable, the *Earle of* Essex, *Earle Marshall* of England, &c.

* * *

EDEN.

GReat Strong-bowe's *heir, no self-cõceipt doth cause*
Mine humble wings aspire to you, vnknowne:
But, knowing this, that your renown alone
*(As th'*Adamant, *and as the* Amber *drawes:*
That, hardest steel; this, easie-yeelding strawes)
Atterrs the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
I haue presum'd (O Honors Paragon!)
To graue your name (which all Iberia *awes)*
Heer on the fore-front of this little Pile;
T'inuite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
And chase-away the vicious and the vile;
Or stop their lothsom enuious tongues (at least).
If I haue err'd, let my submission scuse:
And daign to grace my yet vngraced Muse.

I. S.

To the ſame Right Honorable Earle of Eſſex, &c.

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THE ARK.

FRom th' Ark *of* Hope, *ſtill toſſed in diſtreſſe*
on th'angry Deluge *of diſaſtrous plight,*
My ſilly Doue, *heer takes her ſecond flight,*
To view (*great Lord*) *thy* World *of worthineſs:*
Vouchſafe (*rare Plant of perfect* Noblenes)
Som branch *of ſafety, whereon ſhe may light;*
Som Oliue leaf, *that may preſage me right*
A ſafe eſcape from this wet wildernes.
So, when the Floud *of my deep Cares ſhall* fall,
And I be landed *on ſweet* Comfort's Hill;
Firſt, my pure thoughts to Heav'n preſent I ſhall:
Then, on thy fauours meditating ſtill,
My Zealous Muſe *ſhall daily ſtriue to frame*
Som fairer Tropheis *to thy glorious* Name.

I. S.

To the Right Honourable *Charles Lord Mount-ioy, Earl* of Devonshire.

* *
*

THE IMPOSTTVRE.

Though in thy Brook (*great* Charles) *ther swim a Sw.*
Whose happy, sweet, immortall tunes can raise
The vertuous Greatnes of thy Noble praise
To higher notes, than my faint numbers can:
Yet, while thy Lucan *doth in silence scan*
Vnto himself new-meditated laies,
To finish vp his sad Pharsalian *fraies;*
Lend ear to BARTAS (*now our Country-man*).
For, though his English be not yet so good
(*As* French-men *hardly do our tongue attain*)
He hopeth yet to be well vnderstood;
The ratter, if you (*worthy Lord*) *shall daign*
His bashfulnes a little to aduance,
With the milde fauours of your countenance.

I. S.

To the ſame Right Honorable Earle of Deuonſhire, &c.

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*

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

THe Mome-*free Paſſage, that my* Muſe *hath found*
Vnder Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,
Through carping Cenſures of this curious Age
(Where high conceited happy wits abound)
Makes her preſume (O Mountioy, *moſt renownd!*)
To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,
The noble Paſport of thy Tutelage,
To ſalue her ſtill from ſullen Enuies wound.
Let thy (*true-Eagle*) *Sun-beholding Eyes*
Glance on our Glowe-worm's ſcarce diſcerned ſpark:
And while Witt's towring Falcons touch the skies,
Obſerue a while our tender-imped Lark.
Such ſparks may flame, & ſuch light Larks may flie
A higher pitch, than droſſe-full Vanity.

I. S.

To the same Right Honorable Earle of Deuonshire, &c.

* * *

THE COLONIES.

RENowned Scipio, though thine Ennius
Still merit best the best of thy regard:
Though (worthily) his Trumpet be pre-ferr'd
To sound the Triumphs thou hast wonn for vs;
Yet, sith one Penn, how-euer plentious
(Were it the Mantuan or Meonian Bard)
Suffizeth not to giue Fame's full Reward
To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:
Though Hee, thy Homer be; Thou, his Achilles;
Both by each other Happy: Thou (heer-in)
T'haue such a Trump as his immortall Quill-is;
Hee such a Theam as thy High Vertues been:
It shall (Great Worthie) no Dis-Honour be
That (English) Bartas hath Sung (thrice) to thee.

I. S.

To the Honorable, learned, *and religious Gentleman, Sir Peter* Young of Seton, Knight, Almoner of *Scotland, and one of his Maieſties* Privy Councell there.

THE COLVMNS.

YOVNG, Ancient Seruant of our Soueraign Lord,
Graue Maiſter of thy Maiſter's minor-years;
Whoſe Prudence and whoſe Piety appears
In his Perfection, which doth Thine record:
Whoſe loyall Truth, His royall Truſts approue
By oft Embaſſage to the greateſt Peers:
Whoſe Duty and Deuotion He endeers
With preſent Fauours of his Princely Loue:
In Honour of theſe Honours many-fold,
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard
Of theſe poore Orfanes (pyn'd in Hope-les cold)
Accept theſe Thanks for thy firm Loues reward;
Wher-in (ſo Heav'ns proſper what we haue ſung)
Through euery Age thou ſhalt liue euer YOVNG.

I. S.

To the right vertuous (fauorer of *Vertue*, *furtherer of Learning*)
Sir *Thomas Smith* (of *London*) *Knight*,
(*late*) *Lord Embaſſadour for his Maieſty*,
to the Emperour of *Ruſſia*.

IONAS.

TO thee, long toſt in a fell Storm *of* State;
Caſt out, and ſwallowed *in a Gulf of* Death,
On falſe-ſuſpect *of thine vn-ſpotted* Faith,
And flying frō thy (*Heav'n-giuen*) Charge *of late:*
For much reſemblance of thy troublous Fate
(*Much like in* Caſe *to that he ſuffereth*,
Though (*in effect*) *thy* Cauſe *far differeth*)
I ſend my IONAS; *to congratulate*
Thy (*happy*) Reſcue, *and thy holy* Triall:
Wher-by (*as Fire doth purifie the Gold*)
Thy Loyalty *is more notorious* Loyal,
And worthy th' Honours *which thou now doo'ſt hold.*
Thus, Vertue's Palms, *oppreſſed*, mount *the more*:
And Spices, *bruz'd*, *ſmell* ſweeter *than before.*

I. S.

To the moſt Honourable, *learned, and religious Gent. Mr.* Anthony Bacone.

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THE FVRIES.

BOund by thy Bounty, and mine own Deſire,
To tender ſtill new Tribute of my zeal
To Thee, whoſe favour did the firſt repeal
My proto-BARTAS *from Self-doomed Fire:*
Having new-tuned to du BARTAS *Lyre*
Theſe tragik murmurs of His FVRIES *fell,*
Which (with the Horrors of an Earthly Hell)
The Sinn-curſt life of wretched Mortals tire:
To whom, but Thee, ſhould I preſent the ſame?
Sith, by the breath of Thine incouragement,
My ſacred fury *thou didſt firſt inflame*
To proſecute This ſacred Argument.
Such as it is, accept it, as a ſigne
Of Thankfull Loue, from Him, whoſe all is Thine.

I. S.

To the ſame moſt Honourable Gentleman, Maiſter Anthony Bacone.

* * *

BABYLON.

THy friendly cenſure of my firſt ESSAIE
(Du Bartas FVRIES, *and his* BABYLON)
My faint Endeuours hath ſo cheared on,
That Both His WERKS *are alſo* Ours, *to-day.*
Thy gracious hand, repriuing from decay
My fame-les Name, doom'd to Obliuion,
Hath ſo ſtirr'd-vp my Soule's deuotion,
That in my Songs thy Name *ſhall liue for ay.*
Thy milde acceptance of my ſimple myte
(Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts)
Doth heer again my gratefull Muſe *inuite*
To re-ſalute thee with mine humble gifts;
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to Thy deſart:
To whom I awe my hand, my head, my hart.

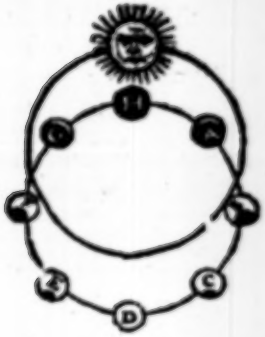
I. S.

ADAM.

The FIRST DAIE *Of* The SECOND WEEK;

Containing

1. EDEN,
2. *The IMPOSTVRE,*
3. *The FVRIES,*
4. *The HANDY-CRAFTS.*



Acceptam refero.

MAIA



EDEN.

THE I. PART OF THE I. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Our Poet, first, doth Gods assistance seek:
The Scope and Subiect of his Second Week.
Adam *in* Eden: Edens *beauties rare;*
A reall Place, not now discerned where:
The Tree of Life; *and* Knowledge-Tree *with-all:*
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:
His exercise, and excellent Delights,
In's Innocence: of Dreams and Ghostly Sights:
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sins effect; whereby
Man (else Immortal) mortall now, must Dy.

GReat God, which hast this *World's Birth* made me see,
VNfold his Cradle, shew his Infancy:
Walk thou, my Spirit, through all the flowring alleis
Of that sweet Garden, where through winding valleys
Foure liuely flouds crauld: tell mee what mis-deed
Banisht both *Eden*, *Adam* and his seed:
Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought-vs
The Balm frō Heav'n which hoped health hath wrought-vs:
Grant me the story of thy Church to sing,
And gests of Kings: Let me this Totall bring
From thy first Sabbaoth to his fatall toomb,
My stile extending to the Day of Doom.
Lord, I acknowledge and confess, before,
This Ocean hath no bottom, nor no shoar;

Inuocation of the true God for assistance in Description of the Infancie & first estate of the World.

But (ſacred Pilot) thou canſt ſafely ſteer
My vent'rous Pinnaſſe to her wiſhed Peer;
Where once arriv'd, all dropping wet I will
Extoll thy favors, and my vows fulfill.

The Tranſlator, cõſidering his own weakneſſe and inſufficiency for a Worke ſo rare & excellent, as all the World hath worthily admired: craueth alſo the aſsiſtance of the Higheſt, that (at leaſt) his endeuour may both ſtirr vp ſome abler Spirit to vndertake this Taske; and alſo prouoke all other good Wits to take in hand ſome holy Argumẽt: and with-all, that Him-ſelf may be for euer ſincerely affected, and (as it were) throughly ſeaſoned with the ſweet reliſh of theſe ſacred and religious diſcourſes.

And gratious Guide, which dooſt all grace infuſe,
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muſe
With theſe high Theams, that through mine Art-les Pen
This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:
Ah, teach my hand, touch mine vnlearned lips;
Leaſt, as the Earths groſſe body doth Eclipſe
Bright Cynthia's *beams, when it is interpoſ'd*
Twixt her and Phœbus: *ſo mine ill-diſpoſ'd,*
Dark, gloomy Ignorance, obſcure the rayes
Of this diuine Sun of theſe learned dayes.
O! furniſh me with an vn-vulgar ſtile,
That I by this may wean our wanton ILE
From Ouids *heirs, and their vn-hallowed ſpell*
Heer charming ſenſes, chayning ſoules in Hell.
Let this prouoke our modern Wits to ſacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee, their Maker:
That our myſterious ELPINE *Oracle,*
Deep, morall, graue, Inuentions miracle;
My deer ſweet DANIEL, *ſharp-conceipted, brief,*
Ciuill, ſententious, for pure accents chief:
And our new NASO, *that ſo paſſionates*
Th' heröike ſighes of loue-ſick Potentates:
May change their ſubiect, and aduance their wings
Vp to theſe higher and more holy things.
And if (ſufficient rich in ſelf-inuention)
They ſcorn (as I) to liue of Strangers Penſion,
Let them deuiſe new Weeks, *new works, new wayes*
To celebrate the ſupreme Prince of praiſe.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Which to ſom City from ſom Conduit-head
Brings holſom water, yet (ſelf-wanting ſenſe)
It ſelf receiues no drop of comfort thence:
But rather, as the thorough-ſeaſoned But
Wherein the tears of death-preſt Grapes are put,

Simile.

Simile.

Retains

Retains (long after all the wine is ſpent)
Within it ſelf the liquors linely ſent:
Let me ſtill ſauour of theſe ſacred ſweets
Till Death fold-vp mine earth in earthen ſheets;
Leaſt, my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory
To BRVTVS *heyres, bluſh at mine elder Story.*

GOD (*Supreme Lord*) committed not alone
T'our Father *Adam*, this inferiour Throne;
Ranging beneath his rule the ſcaly Nation
That in the Ocean haue their habitation:
Thoſe that in horror of the Deſarts lurk:
And thoſe that capering in the Welkin work;
But alſo choſe him for a happy Seat
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty *Flora* paveth ſumptuouſly
With flowry VER's inammeld tapiſtry;
Pomona pranks with fruits, whoſe taſte excels;
And *Zephyr* fils with Musk and Amber ſmels:
Where God himſelf (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With Trees and Corn couers the hills and vallies,
Summons ſweet ſleep with noiſe of hundred Brooks,
And Sun-proof Arbours makes in ſundry nooks:
He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round
Th'ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Heer-there the courſe of th'holy Lakes he leads,
With thouſand Dies hee motleys all the meads.

Ye Pagan Poëts, that audaciouſly
Haue ſought to dark the ever-Memory
Of Gods great works; from henceforth ſtill be dum
Your fabled prayſes of *Elyſium*,
Which by this goodly module you haue wrought,
Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught;
For, the Almighty made his bliſfull Bowrs
Better indeed, then you haue fained yours.

For, ſhould I ſay that ſtill, with ſmiling face,
Th'all claſping Heav'ns beheld this happy place;
That honey ſweet, from hollow rocks did drain;
That foſtering milk flow'd vp and down the Plain;

Narration.

God, hauing Created and eſtabliſhed Man Lord of the Creatures, lodgeth him in the faire Gardē of Eden.

The Elyſian *Fields of the Heathen Poets, are but Dreams.*

A large Deſcription of the rich beauties of the Garden of Eden *or earthly Paradiſe.*

That

That ſweet as Roſes ſmelt th' ill-ſavory Rew:
That in all ſoyls, all ſeaſons, all things grew:
That ſtill there dangled on the ſelf-ſame treen
A thouſand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green:
That egreſt fruits, and bittereſt hearbs did mock
Madera Sugars, and the Apricock;
Yeelding more holeſom food then all the meſſes,
That now taſte-curious, wanton Plenty dreſſes,
Diſguiſing (in a thouſand coſtly diſhes)
The various ſtore of dainty Fowls and Fiſhes,
Which far and neer we ſeek by Land and Seas,
More to provoke then hunger to appeaſe;

Excellent eſtate of the Earth, & eſpecially of Eden before Adams fall.

Or ſhould I ſay, each morning, on the ground
Not common deaw, but *Manna* did abound:
That never guttur gorging durty muds,
Defil'd the cryſtall of ſmooth-ſliding flouds,
Whoſe waters paſt, in pleaſant taſte, the drink
That now in *Candia* decks *Cerathus* brink:
That ſhady Groues of noble Palm-tree ſprays,
Of amorous Myrtles, and immortall Bays
Never vn-leav'd; but evermore, their new
Self-arching arms in thouſand Arbours grew:
Where thouſand ſorts of birds, both night and day,
Did bill and woo, and hop about, and play;
And, marrying their ſweet tunes to th' Angels layes,
Sung *Adams* bliſs and their great Makers prayſe.
For then, the Crowes, night-Rav'ns, and Howlets noiſe
Was like the Nightingals ſweet-tuned voice;
And Nightingals ſung like divine *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.
Th' Ayre's daughter Eccho, haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot) keep her tongue,
Who never asks, but onely anſwers all,
Who lets not any her in vain to call;
She bore her part, and full of curious skill,
They ceaſing ſung, they ſinging ceaſed ſtill:
There Muſick raign'd, and ever on the Plain,
A ſweet ſound rais'd the dead-liue voice again.

If

If there I say the Sun (the Seasons stinter)
Made no hot Sommer, nor no hoary Winter,
But lowely VER kept still in liuely lustre
The fragrant Valleys smiling Meads and Pasture:
That boistrous *Adams* body did not shrink
For Northren windes, nor for the Southren wink:
But *Zephyr* did sweet musky sighes afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,
Gaue bodies vigour, verdure to the field,
That verdure flowrs, those flowrs sweet savor yeeld:
That Day did gladly lend his sister, Night,
For half her moisture, half his shining Light:
That never hail did Harvest preiudice,
That never frost, nor snowe, nor slippery ice
The fields en-ag'd: nor any stormy stowr
Dismounted Mountains, nor no violent showr
Poverisht the Land, which frankly did produce
All fruitfull vapours for delight and vse:
I think I ly not, rather I confess
My stammering Muses poor vnlearnednes.
If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,
Say 't was the type of th'vpper Paradise;
Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange!) discourse
With God himself, with Angels intercourse.

All discommodities far from Eden before Sin

Eden principal, and most excellent beauty.

Yet (over-curious) question not the site,
Where God did plant this Garden of delight:
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,
Or on a Mountain neer *Latona's* shine,
Nigh *Babylon*, or in the radiant East.
Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)
That, that rare, plentious, pleasant, happy thing
Whereof th'Almighty made our Grand-sire King,
Was a choise soil, through which did rowling slide
Swift *Ghion*. *Pishon*, and rich *Tygris* tyde,
And that fair stream whose silver waues doe kiss
The Monarch Towrs of proud *Semiramis*.

Of the place where the Garden of Eden *was situate.*

Now, if that (roaming round about the earth)
Thou finde no place that answers now in worth

It was a certain materiall Place:

This

howsoeuer now a-daies, wee can exactly obserue neither the Circuit, nor extent of it.

This beautious place, nor Country that can showe
Where now-adayes those noted flouds doe flowe:
Include not all within this Close confin'd,
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid Belt doth binde.
A certain place it was (now sought in vain)
Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again,
Our Elders were: whereof the thunder-darter
Made a bright Sword the gate, an Angell Porter.

'T was no allegoricall nor mysticall Garden.

Nor think that *Moses* paints fantastik-wise
A mystike tale of fained Paradise:
('T was a true Garden, happy Plenties horn,
And seat of graces) least thou make (forlorn)
An Ideall *Adams* food fantasticall,
His sin suppos'd, his pain Poeticall:
Such Allegories serue for shelter fit
To curious Idiots of erroneous wit,
And chiefly then, when reading Histories,
Seeking the spirit, they doe the body leese.

It was defaced by the generall Flood.

But if thou list to ghesse by likelihood,
Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning flood
Spar'd not this beautious place, which for most saw
The first foul breach of Gods eternall law:
Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd,
And of the sweeteſt flowrs the spirits dull'd,
Spoild the fair Gardens, made the fat fields lean,

Why the Situation of the Garden of Eden *is now hard to finde.*

And chang'd (perchance) the rivers channell clean:
And think, that Time (whose slippery wheel doth play
In humane causes with inconstant sway,
Who exiles, alters, and disguises words)
Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fordes.
For, as through sin we lost that place, I fear
(Forgetfull) we haue lost the knowledge where
'T was situate, and of the sugred dainties
Wherewith God fed vs in those sacred plenties.

Of the two Trees serving as Sacraments to Adam.

Now of the Trees wherwith th'immortall Powr
Adorn'd the quarters of that blisfull Bowr,
All serv'd the mouth, saue two sustaind the minde:
All serv'd for food, saue two for seals assign'd.

God

God gaue the first, for honorable stile,
The tree of Life: true name; (alas the while!)
Not for th'effect it had, but should haue kept,
If Man from duty never had mis-stept.
For, as the ayr of those fresh dales and hills
Preserved him from *Epidemik* ills,
This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections,
All civill quarrels of the cros complexions;
Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age,
And ever-more excluded all the rage
Of painfull griefs, whose swift-slowe posting-pase
At first or last our dying life doth chase.

Wherof the Tree of Life was a Sacrament.

Strong counter-bane! O sacred Plant divine!
What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flowr, root, or ryne,
Shall I presume in these rude rymes to sute
Vnto thy wondrous World-adorning Fruit?
The rarest Simples that our fields present-vs
Heal but one hurt, and healing too torments vs:
And with the torment, lingring our relief
Our bags of gold void, yet our bulks of grief.
But thy rare fruits hid powr admired most,
Salveth all sores, *sans* pain, delay, or cost:
Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay,
Thou didst not cure, but keep all ills away.

The excellencie of that Tree.

O holy, peer-less, rich preseruatiue!
Whether wert thou the strange restoratiue
That suddainly did age with youth repair,
And made old *Æson* yonger then his heir?
Or holy *Nectar*, that in heav'nly bowrs,
Eternally self-pouring *Hebé* pours?
Or blest *Ambrosia* (Gods immortall fare)?
Or els the rich fruit of the Garden rare,
Where, for three Ladies (as assured guard)
A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?
Or pretious *Moly*, which *Ioues* Pursuivan
Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th'*Ithacan*?
Or elsse *Nepenthé*, enemy to sadnes,
Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladnes?

We cannot say what Tree it was.

Or

Or *Mummie?* or *Elixir*) that excels
Save men and Angels every creature els)?
No, none of these: these are but forgeries,
But toyes, but tales, but dreams, deceipts, and lies:
But thou art true, although our shallow sense
May honour more, then sound, thine Excellence.

Of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Euill.

The Tree of Knowledge, th'other Tree behight:
Not, that it selfly had such speciall might,
As mens dull wits could whet and sharpen so
That in a moment they might all things knowe.
'T was a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal;
Which, being ta'n, should to light man reveal
What ods there is, between still peace, and strife;
Gods wrath, and loue; drad death, and deerest life;
Solace, and sorrow; guile, and innocence;
Rebellious pride, and humble obedience.

Of the excellence of mans knowledge before Sin.

For, God had not depriv'd that primer season
The sacred lamp and light of learned Reason:
Mankinde was then a thousand fold more wise
Then now: blinde Error had not bleard his eys,
With mists which make th' *Athenian Sage* suppose
That *nought hee knowes, saue this, that nought hee knowes.*
That euen light *Pirrhons* wauering fantasies
Reaue him the skill his vn-skill to agnize.
And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obscure,
As deep as dark, the Truth of things immure.

How he knew good and euill before Sinne.

Hee (happy) knew the Good, by th'vse of it:
He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet:
But as they say of great *Hyppocrates*,
Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no excess,
Nor stopt his throat, nor vext his fantasie)
Knew the cold Cramp, th'Angine, and Lunacy,
And hundred elf-pains, whence in lusty flowr
He liv'd exempt, a hundred yeers and foure.
Or like the pure Heav'n-prompted Prophets rather,
Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather,
Because the World's Soule in their soule enseal'd
The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd.

But

But our now-*knowledge* hath, for tedious train,
A drooping life, and over-racked brain,
A face forlorn, a ſad and ſullen faſhion,
A reſt-leſs toyl, and Cares ſelf-pining paſſion.
Knowledge was then even the ſoules ſoule for light,
The ſpirits calme Port, and Lanthorn ſhining bright
To ſtraight ſtept feet cleer knowledge; not confus'd:
Not ſowr, but ſweet: not gotten, but infus'd.

Of mans knowledge ſince his Fall.

Now Heav'ns eternall all-fore-ſeeing King,
Who never raſhly ordereth any thing,
Thought good, that man (having yet ſpirits ſound-ſtated)
Should dwell els-where then where he was created;
That he might knowe, he did not hold this place
By Natures right, but by meer gift and Grace;
That he ſhould never taſte fruits vn-permitted,
But keep the ſacred Pledge to him committed,
And dreſs that Park, which God, without all tearm,
On theſe conditions gaue him, as in farm.

Why the Lord put man in the Garden of Eden

God would, that (void of painfull labour) he
Should liue in *Eden*; but not idlely:
For, Idlenes pure Innocence ſubuerts,
Defiles our body, and our ſoule peruerts:
Yea, ſobereſt men it makes delicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.
But that firſt travell had no ſympathy
With our ſince-travails wretched cruelty,
Diſtilling ſweat, and panting wanting winde,
Which was a ſcourge for *Adams* ſin aſſign'd.

Of his exerciſe there.

For, *Edens* earth was then ſo fertile fat,
That he made onely ſweet Eſſayes, in that,
Of skilfull induſtry, and naked wrought
More for delight, then for the gain he ſought.
In brief, it was a pleaſant exerciſe,
A labour lik't, a pain much like the guiſe
Of cunning dauncers; who, although they skip,
Run, caper, vault, traverſe, and turn, and trip,
From Morn till Even, at night again full merry,
Renue their daunce, of dauncing never weary.

4. *Compariſons.*

2. Or elſe of Hunters, that with happy luck
Rouſing betimes ſom often breathed Buck,
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds vncouple,
Winde lowd their horns, their whoops, & hallows double
Spur-on and ſpare not, following their deſire,
Themſelues vn-weary, though their Hackneis tyre.
But, for in th'end of all their iolity,
Ther's found much ſtifnes, ſweat and vanity;
I rather match it to the pleaſing pain
3. Of Angels pure, who ever ſloath diſdain:
4. Or to the Suns calm courſe, who pain-leſs ay
About the welkin poſteth night and day.

Adam *admireth the beauties of the World in generall.*

Doubtleſs, when *Adam* ſaw our common ayr,
He did admire the manſion rich and fair
Of his Succeſſors. For, froſts keenly cold
The ſhady locks of Forreſts had not powl'd:
Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet,
Nor given the earth her ſad Diuorces Writ.

But moſt eſpecially of the Garden of Eden.

But when he once had entred Paradiſe,
The remnant world he iuſtly did deſpiſe:
[Much like a Boor far in the Country born,
Who, never having ſeen but Kine and Corn,
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht
(Which found, he counts as Kingdoms; hardly matcht)
When afterward he happens to behold
In this compariſon my Author ſetteth down the famous City of Paris: *but I haue preſumed to apply it to our own City of* London, *that it might be more familiar to my meere Engliſh and vn-trauaild Readers.*
Our welthy London's *wonders manifold,*
The ſilly peaſant thinks himſelf to be
In a new World; and gazing greedily,
One while he Art-leſs, all the Arts admires,
Then the faire Temples, and their top-leſs ſpires,
Their firm foundations, and the maſſie pride
Of all their ſacred ornaments beſide:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, geſts, attires, the faſhions and the faces,
Of buſie-buzzing ſwarms, which ſtill hee meets
Ebbing and flowing ouer all the ſtreets;
Then at the ſignes, the ſhops, the waights, the meaſures,
The handy-crafts, the rumors, trades, and treaſures.

But

But of all ſights, none ſeems him yet more ſtrange
Then the rare, beautious, ſtately, rich Exchange.
Another while he maruails at the Thames,
Which ſeems to bear huge mountains on her ſtreams:
Then at the fan-built Bridge; which he doth iudge
More like a tradefull City then a Bridge;
And glancing thence a-long the Northren ſhoar,
That princely proſpect doth amaze him more.

For in that Garden man delighted ſo,
That rapt he wiſt not if hee wak't or no;
If he beheld a true thing or a fable;
Or Earth, or Heav'n: all more then admirable.
For ſuch exceſs his extaſie was ſmall;
Not hauing ſpirit enough to muſe withall,
He wiſht him bundred-fold redoubled ſenſes,
The more to taſte ſo rare ſweet excellences;
Not knowing, whether noſe, or ears, or eyes,
Smelt, heard, or ſaw, more ſauors, ſounds, or Dies.

Happines of the firſt Man before his fall.

But, *Adams* beſt and ſupreame delectation,
Was th' often haunt and holy conuerſation
His ſoule and body had ſo many waies
With God, who lightned *Eden* with his Rays.
For ſpirits, by faith religiouſly refin'd,
'Twixt God and man retain a middle kinde:
And (Vmpires) mortall to th' immortall ioyn;
And th' infinit in narrow clay confine.

Of the viſions of the ſpirit.

Som-times by you, O you all-faining Dreams,
We gain this good; but not when *Bacchus* ſteams
And glutton vapours ouer-flowe the Brain,
And drown our ſpirits, preſenting fancies vain:
Nor when pale *Phlegm*, or Saffron-coloured *Choler*,
In feeble ſtomacks belch with diuers dolor,
And print vpon our Vnderſtandings Tables;
That, Water-wracks; this other, flamefull fables:
Nor when the Spirit of lies our ſpirits deceiues,
And guile-full viſions in our fancy leaues:
Nor when the pencil of Cares ouer-deep
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our ſleep.

But when no more the ſoules chief faculties,
Are ſperſt to ſereue the body many waies,
When all ſelf-vned, free from dayes diſturber,
Through ſuch ſweet Trance, ſhe findes a quiet harbour;
Where ſom in riddles, ſom more plain expreſt,
Shee ſees things future, in th' Almighties breſt.

Of the certainty of the viſions of the ſpirit, the body being at reſt.

And yet far higher is this holy Fit,
When (not from fleſh) but from fleſh-cares, acquit)
The wakefull ſoule it ſelf aſſembling ſo,
All ſelfly dies; while that the body though
Liues motion-les: for, ſanctified wholly,
It takes th' impreſſion of Gods Signet Soly;
And in his ſacred Cryſtall Map, doth ſee
Heav'ns Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:
Made more then ſpirit, Now, Morrow, Yeſterday,
To it, all one, are all as preſent aye.
And though it ſeem not (when the dream's expir'd)
Like that it was; yet is it much admir'd
Of rareſt men, and ſhines among them bright
Like gliſtring Starrs through gloomy ſhades of night.

Of diuine & extraordinary viſions and Reuelations.

But aboue all, that 's the divineſt Trance,
When the ſoules eye beholds Gods countenance;
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,
And in our face his drad-ſweet face hee ſeales.
As when S. *Paul*, on his deer Maſters wings,
Was rapt aliue vp to th' eternall things:
And he that whilom for the choſen flock,
Made walls of waters, waters of a rock.

Of the excellency of ſuch viſions and Reuelations

O ſacred flight! ſweet rape! loues ſoueraign bliſs!
Which very loves deer lips doſt make vs kiſs:
Hymen, of *Manna*, and of *Mel* compact,
Which for a time doſt Heav'n with earth contract:
Fire, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts divine
Dooſt purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:
And mounting vs to Heav'n, vn-mouing hence,
Man (in a trice) in God dooſt quinteſſence:
O mad'ſt thou man divine in habitude,
As for a ſpace; O ſweeteſt ſolitude,

Thy

Thy bliſs were equall with that happie Reſt
Which after death ſhall make vs ever-bleſt.
Now, I beleeve that in this later guiſe
Man did conuerſe in Pleaſant Paradiſe
With Heav'ns great Architect, and (happy) there
His body ſaw (or body as it were)
Glorioufly compaſt with the bleſſed Legions
That raign above the azure-ſpangled Regions.

What manner of viſions the firſt Man had in Eden.

ADAM, quoth He, the beauties manyfold
That in this *Eden* thou doeſt heer behold,
Are all thine, onely: enter (ſacred race)
Come, take poſſeſſion of this wealthy place,
The Earth's ſole glory: take (deer Sonn) to thee,
This farm's demains, leave the Chief right to me;
And th' only Rent that of it I reſerue, is
One Trees fair fruit, to ſhew thy ſute and ſeruice:
Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,
I'le not exact hard fines (as men ſhall woont).
For ſigne of Homage, and for ſeal of Faith,
Of all the profits this Poſſeſſion hath,
I only ask one Tree; whoſe fruit I will
For Sacrament ſhall ſtand of *Good* and *Ill*.
Take all the reſt, I bid thee: but I vow
By th' vn-nam'd name, where-to all knees doo bow,
And by the keen Darts of my kindled Ire
(More fiercely burning then conſuming fire)
That of the Fruit of *Knowledge* if thou feed,
Death, dreadfull Death ſhall plague Thee and thy Seed.
If then, the happie ſtate thou hold'ſt of me,
My holy mildnes, nor high Maieſty,
If faith nor Honour curb thy bold ambition,
Yet weigh thy ſelf, and thy owne Seeds condition.

Man is put in poſſeſſion of Eden, vnder a conditio

Moſt mighty Lord (quoth *Adam*) heer I tender
All thanks I can, not all I ſhould thee render,
For all thy liberall fauours, far ſurmounting
My hearts conceit, much more my tongues recounting.
At thy command, I would with boyſt'rous ſhock
Goe run my ſelf againſt the hardeſt rock:

Before Sinne, Man was an humble and zealous ſeruant of God.

Or caſt me headlong from ſom Mountain ſteep,
Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep:
Yea, at thy beck, I would not ſpare the life
Of my deer *Phœnix*, *ſiſter-daughter-wife*:
Obaying thee, I finde the things impoſſible,
Cruell, and painfull; pleaſant, kinde, and poſſible.
But ſince thy firſt Law doth more grace afford
Vnto the Subiect, than the ſoucrain Lord:
Since (bountious Prince) on me and my Deſcent,
Thou dooſt impoſe no other tax, nor Rent,
But one ſole Precept, of moſt iuſt condition
(No Precept neither, but a Prohibition);
And ſince (good God) of all the Fruits in EDEN
There's but one Apple that I am forbidden,
Euen only that which bitter Death doth threat,
(Better, perhaps, to look on then to eate)
I honour in my ſoule, and humbly kiſs
Thy iuſt Edict (as Author of my bliſs):
Which, once tranſgreſt, deſerues the rigor rather
Of ſharpeſt Iudge, then mildnes of a Father.
The Firmament ſhall retrograde his courſe,
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his ſource,
Firm Mountains skip like Lambs; beneath the Deep
Eagles ſhall diue; Whales in the air ſhall keep,
Yer I preſume, with fingers ends to touch
(Much leſs with lips) the Fruit forbod ſo much.
Thus, yet in league with Heav'n and Earth, he liues;
Deſcription of the beauties of the Garden of Eden. Enioying all the Goods th' Almighty giues:
And, yet not treading Sins falſe mazy meaſures,
Sails on ſmooth ſurges of a Sea of pleaſures;
Heer, vnderneath a fragrant Hedge repoſes,
Full of all kindes of ſweet all-coloured Roſes,
Which (one would think) the Angels daily dreſs
In true loue-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.
The Orchard. Anon he walketh in a leuell lane
On either ſide beſet with ſhady Plane,
Whoſe arched boughs, for *Frize* and *Cornich* bear
Thick Groues, to ſhield from future change of air:

Then

Then in a path impal'd, in pleaſant wiſe,
With ſharp-ſweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees;
Whoſe leauy twigs, that intricately tangle,
Seem painted walls whereon true fruits do dangle.
Now in a plentious Orchard planted rare
With vn-graft trees, in checker, round and ſquare:
Whoſe goodly fruits ſo on his will doe wait,
That plucking one, another's ready ſtraight:
And hauing taſted all (with due ſatiety)
Findes all one goodnes, but in taſte variety.
Anon he ſtalketh with an eaſie ſtride, *The Brooks.*
By-ſom cleer Riuer's lilly-paued ſide,
Whoſe ſand's pure gold, whoſe pebbles precious Gemms,
And liquid ſiluer all the curling ſtreams:
Whoſe chiding murmur, mazing in and out,
With Cryſtall ceſterns moats a mead about:
And th' art-leſs Bridges, ouer-thwart this Torrent,
Are rocks ſelf-arched by the eating current: *The Bridges.*
Or louing *Palms*, whoſe luſty Femals (willing
Their marrow-boyling loues to be fulfilling,
And reach their Husband-trees on th' other banks)
Bow their ſtiff backs, and ſerue for paſſing-planks.
Then in a goodly Garden's alleis ſmooth, *The Alleis, beds and Borders.*
Where prodig Nature ſets abroad her booth
Of richeſt beauties, where each bed and border
Is like pide poſies diuers dies and order.
Now, far from noiſe, he creepeth couertly
Into a Caue of kindly *Porphyry*, *The Caues.*
Which, rock-fall'n ſpowts, congeald by colder air,
Seem with ſmooth anticks to haue ſeeled fair:
There laid at eaſe, a cubit from the ground,
Vpon a Iaſpir fring'd with yuie round,
Purfled with vains, thick thrumm'd with moſſie Beuer,
He falls aſleep faſt by a ſilent Riuer;
Whoſe captiue ſtreams, through crooked pipes ſtill ruſhing, *The pleaſant murmur of the Waters.*
Make ſweeter Muſick with their gentle guſhing,
Then now at *Tiuoli*, th' *Hydrantik* Braul
Of rich *Ferrara's* ſtately Cardinall:

Or *Cteſibès* rare engines, framed there
Where as they made of *Ibis*, *Iupiter*.

The Maze. Muſing anon through crooked Walks he wanders,
Round-winding rings, and intricate Meanders,
Falſe-guiding paths, doubtfull beguiling ſtrays,
And right-wrong errors of an end-leſs Maze:
Not ſimply hedged with a ſingle border
Of *Roſemary*, cut-out with curious order,
In *Satyrs*, *Centaurs*, *Woales*, and *half-men-Horſes*,
And thouſand other counterfaited corſes:

The wonderfull Plants. But with true Beaſts, faſt in the ground ſtill ſticking,
Feeding on graſs, and th' airy moiſture licking:

The Bonarets. Such as thoſe *Bonarets*, in *Scythia* bred
Of ſlender ſeeds, and with green fodder fed;
Although their bodies, noſes, mouths, and eys,
Of new-yeand Lambs haue full the form and guiſe;
And ſhould be very Lambs, ſaue that (for foot)
Within the ground, they fix a liuing root,
Which at their nauell growes, and dies that day
That they haue brouz'd the neighbour graſs away.
O wondrous vertue of God only good!
The Beaſt hath root, the Plant hath fleſh & bloud:
The nimble Plant can turn it to and fro;
The nummed Beaſt can neither ſtir nor goe:
The Plant is leaf-leſs, branch-leſs, void of fruit;
The Beaſt is luſt-leſs, ſex-leſs, fire-leſs, mute:
The Plant with Plants his hungry paunch doth feede;
Th' admired Beaſt is ſowen a ſlender ſeede.

The Trees of the Garden of Eden Then vp and down a Forreſt thick he paſeth;
Which ſelfly opening in his preſence, baſeth
Her trembling treſſes neuer-vading ſpring,
For humble homage to her mightie King:
Where thouſand Trees, wauing with gentle puffs
Their plumy tops, ſweep the celeſtiall roofs:

The Cerbat. Yet enuying all the maſſie *Cerbas* fame,
Sith fiftie paſes can but claſp the ſame.

The Balme. There ſprings the Shrub three foot aboue the graſs,
Which fears the keen edge of the Curtelace;

Whereof

Whereof the rich *Egyptian* ſo endears
Root, bark, and fruit, and much-much more the tears.
There liues the *Sea-oake*, in a little ſhel;
There growes vntill'd the ruddy *Cochenel*:
And there the *Chermez*, which on each ſide Arms
With pointed prickles all his precious arms:
Rich Trees, and fruitfull in thoſe Worms of Price,
Which preſſed, yeeld a *crimſin*-coloured juice,
Whence thouſand Lambs are died ſo deep *in grain*
That their own Mothers knowe them not again.
There mounts the *Melt*, which ſerues in *Mexico*
For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to ſowe)
Brick, hony, ſugar, ſucket, balm, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord, and line:
His wood for fire, his harder leaues are fit
For thouſand vſes of inuentiue wit.
Som-times ther-on they graue their holy things,
Laws, lauds of Idols, and the geſts of Kings:
Som-times conioyned by a cunning hand
Vpon their roofs for rowes of tyle they ſtand:
Som-times they twine them into equall threeds;
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:
His vpper ſap the ſting of Serpents cures:
His new-ſprung bud a rare Conſerue indures:
His burned ſtalks, with ſtrong fumoſities
Of pearcing vapours, purge the *French* diſeaſe:
And they extract, from liquor of his feet,
Sharp vinegar, pure hony, ſugar ſweet.
There quakes the Plant, which in *Pudefetan*
Is call'd the *Shame-fac't*: for, aſham'd of man,
If towards it one doo approach too much,
It ſhrinks his boughs, to ſhun our hatefull touch;
As if it had a ſoule, a ſenſe, and ſight,
Subiect to ſhame, fear, ſorrow and deſpight.
And there, that Tree from off whoſe trembling top
Both ſwimming ſhoals, and flying troups doe drop:
I mean the tree now in *Iuturna* growing,
Whoſe leaues diſperſt by *Zephyr's* wanton blowing,

The Sea-Oak.
The Cochenel.
The Chermez.

The admirable Melt.

The ſhame-faced

A Tree whoſe leaues transform to fowl and fiſh.

Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter,
On land to Fowls, to Fishes in the Water.

A modest correction of our Poet vnwilling to wade farther in curious search of hidden secrets:

But seest thou not (deer *Muse*) thou treadst the same
Too-curious path, thou dost in others blame?
And striv'st in vain to paint This Work so choice,
The which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,
Can once conceiue, less pourtray, least express,
All ouer-whelm'd in gulfs so bottomless.
Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth
Our grounds to EDEN, fondly measureth,
By painted Butter-flies th' imperiall Eagle;
And th' Elephant by euery little Beagle.

Or to wander vnprofitably in nice Questions, concerning the Garden of Eden and mans abode there:

This fear to fail, shall serue me for a bridle,
Least (lacking wings and guide) too busie-idle,
And ouer-bold, Gods Cabinet I clime,
To seek the place and search the very time,
When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en
Out of our Earth, into that fruitfull Plain:
How long they had that Garden in possession,
Before their proud and insolent Transgression:
What Children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether sex: or whether none or any:
Or how (at least) they should haue propagated,
If the fly malice of the serpent hated,
Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,
And vnborn seed, with leprosie of Sin.
If void of *Venus*; sith vnlike it is,
Such blessed state the noble flowr should miss
Of Virgin-head, or folk so perfect chaste
Should furious feel, when they their loues imbrac't,
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lies)
And slack our sinews all, by little and little
Drowning our reason in foule pleasure brittle.
Or whether else as men ingender now,
Sith spouse-bed spot-less laws of God allow,
If no excess command: sith else again
The Lord had made the double sex in vain.

Whether their Infants ſhould haue had the Powr
We now perceiue in freſh youths luſty flowr,
As nimble feet, limbs ſtrong and vigorous,
Induſtrious hands, and hearts couragious;
Sith before ſin, Man ought not leſs appear
In Natures gifts, then his then-ſeruants were:
And loe the Partridge, which new-hatched bears
On her weak back her parent-houſe, and wears
In ſtead of wings, a bever-ſupple down,
Follows her dam through furrows vp and down.
Or elſe as now; ſith in the womb of Eue
A man of thirtie yeares could neuer liue:
Nor may we iudge 'gainſt Natures courſe apparant,
Without the ſacred Scriptures ſpeciall warrant:
Which for our good (as Heav'ns deer babe) hath right
To countermaund our reaſon and our ſight.
Whether their ſeed ſhould with their birth haue brought
Deep Knowledge, Reaſon, Vnderſtanding-thought;
Sith now wee ſee the new-fall'n feeble Lamb,
Yet ſtayn'd with bloud of his diſtreſſed Dam,
Knowes wel the Wolf, at whoſe fell ſight he ſhakes,
And right the teat of th' vnknow'n Eaw he takes:
And ſith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can,
Is a dead image, and no liuing man.
Or the thick vail of Ignorance's night
Had hooded-vp their iſſues inward ſight;
Sith the much moiſture of an Infant brain
Receiues ſo many ſhapes, that ouer-lain
New daſh the old; and the trim commixation
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,
Makes th' Vnderſtanding hull, which ſettle would,
But findes no firm ground for his Anchors hold.
Whether old ADAM ſhould haue left the place
Vnto his Sonnes; they, to their after-race:
Or whether all together at the laſt
Should glorioufly from thence to Heav'n haue paſt.
Search whoſo liſt, who liſt let vaunt in pride
T' haue hit the white, and let him (ſage) decide. *The deciſion of ſuch Queſtions.*

The

it a buſie idleneſs.

The many other doubts that vainly riſe,
For mine owne part I will not ſeem ſo wiſe:
I will not waſte my trauail and my ſeed,
To reap an empty ſtraw, or fruitleſs reed.
Alas! we know what *Orion* of grief

Sin makes vs perceiue more then ſufficiently what happines our Grand-ſire loſt, and what miſery he got, by his ſhameſull Fall.

Rain'd on the curſt head of the creatures *Chief*,
After that God againſt him war proclaim'd,
And Satan prince edom of the earth had claim'd.
But none can know preciſely how at all
Our Elders liv'd before their odious fall:
An vnknow'n Cifer, and deep Pit it is,
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would miſs:
Sith *Adam's* ſelf, if now he liv'd anew,
Could ſcant vnwinde the knotty ſnarled clew
Of double doubts, and queſtions intricate
That Schools diſpute about this priſtin ſtate.

But for ſinne, man had not been ſubiect vnto Death.

But this ſole point I reſt reſolved in,
That ſeeing Death 's the meer effect of ſin,
Man had not dreaded Death's all-ſlaying might,
Had hee ſtill ſtood in Innocence vpright.

Simile.

For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn,
By little and little make cold coals to burn,
And then their fire in flames with glowing heat
An yron bar; which on the Anuil beat,
Seems no more yron, but flyes almoſt all
In hiſſing ſparks, and quick bright cinders ſmall:
So, the Worlds Soule ſhould in our ſoule inſpire
Th' eternall force of an eternall fire,
And then our ſoule (as form) breathe in our corſe
Her count-leſs numbers, and Heav'n-tuned force,
Wherewith our bodies beauty beautified,
Should (like our death-leſs ſoule) haue neuer died.

Obiections againſt the eſtate of man, who had not beene ſubiect vnto death but for Sinne.

Heer (wot I well) ſom wranglers will preſume
To ſay, Small fire will by degrees conſume
Our humor radicall: and, how-be-it
The differing vertues of thoſe fruits, as yet
Had no agreement with the harmfull ſpight
Of the fell Perſian dangerous *Aconite*;

And

And notwithſtanding that then ADAMS taſte
Could well haue vſed all, without all waſte,
Yet could they not reſtore him euery day
Vnto his body that which did decay;
Becauſe the food cannot (as being ſtrange)
So perfectly in humane ſubſtance change:
For, it reſembleth wine, wherein too rife
Water is brewd, whereby the pleaſant life
Is ouer-cool'd; and ſo there reſts, in fine,
Nought of the ſtrength, ſauour, or taſte of wine.
Beſides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyr'd with toyl; and th' Humour-enemies,
Our death conſpiring, vndermine, at laſt,
Of our Soules priſons the foundations faſt.
I, but the Tree of life the ſtrife did ſtay
Which th' Humours cauſed in this houſe of clay;
And ſtopping th' euill, changed (perfect good)
In body fed, the body of the food:
Only the ſoules contagious malady
Had force to fruſtrate this high remedy.
Immortall then, and mortall, man was made;
Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade:
For, 'fore th' effects of his rebellious ill,
To die or liue, was in his power and will:
But ſince his Sin, and proud Apoſtaſie,
Ah! die he may, but not (alas!) not-dy;
As after his new-birth, he ſhall attain
Onely a powr to neuer-dy again.

Simile.

Anſwer to thoſe obiections.

Concluſion.

FINIS.

THE

THE IMPOSTVRE.

THE II. PART OF THE I.

DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Iuſtice *and* Mercy *modul'd in their kinde:*
Satans *proud Hate, and Enuie to Mankinde:*
His many Engins, and malitious Wiles,
Whereby the beſt he many-times beguiles:
Why he aſſum'd a Body, and began
With Eue; *by Her to vndermine her Man:*
Their dreadfull Fall: *Their drouſie* Conſcience:
Gods righteous Sentence, *for their foul Offence,*
On them (and Theirs): Their Exile: Eden *barr'd*
With flaming *Sword, and* Seraphin *for guard.*

O Who ſhall lend me light and nimble wings,
That (paſſing Swallows, and the ſwifteſt things)
Euen in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From Heav'n to Hell, from Hell to Heav'n may fly?
O! who ſhall ſhowe the countenance and geſtures
Of *Mercy* and *Iuſtice*? which fair ſacred ſiſters,
With equall poiz, doe euer ballance ev'n
Th' vnchanging Proiects of the King of Heav'n?
Th' one ſtern of look, the other milde-aſpecting:
Th' one pleas'd with tears, the other bloud affecting:
Th' one bears the Sword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th' other brings Pardon for the true-repenting:
Th' one, from Earths-*Eden*, *Adam* did diſmiſs,
Th' other hath rais'd him to a higher Bliſs.

Who

Who ſhall direct my pen to paint the Story
Of wretched mans forbidden-Bit-loſt glory?
What Spell ſhall charm th' attentiue Readers ſenſe?
What Fount ſhall fill my voice with eloquence?
So that I, *rapt, may rauiſh all this* ILE
With graue-ſweet warbles of my ſacred ſtile;
Though *Adams* Doom, in euery Sermon common,
And founded on the error of *a woman*,
Weary the vulgar, and be iudg'd a ieſt
Of the profane, zeal-ſcoffing *Atheiſt*.

He hath recourſe to God the onely giuer of all ſufficiency and dexteritie in good and holy things.

Ah! Thou my God, euen Thou (my ſoule refining
In holy *Faith's* pure furnace, cleerely ſhining)
Shalt make my hap farr to ſurmount my hope,
Inſtruct my ſpirit, and giue my tongue ſmooth ſcope:
Thou, bountious in my bold attempts ſhalt grace-me,
And in the rank of holieſt Poets place-me;
And frankly grant, that (ſoaring neer the ſky)
Among our Authors, Eagle-like I fly:
Or, at the leaſt (if Heav'n ſuch hap denay)
I may point others, Honors beautious Way.

The enemy of God enuieth Man and plotteth his deſtruction.

WHILE *Adam* bathes in theſe felicities,
Hell's Prince, ſly parent of revolt and lies,
Feels a peſtiferous buſie-ſwarming neſt
Of neuer-dying Dragons in his breſt,
Sucking his bloud, tyring vpon his lungs,
Pinching his entrails with ten thouſand tongues,
His curſed ſoule ſtill moſt extreamly racking,
Too frank in giuing torments, and in taking:
But aboue all, *Hate*, *Pride*, and *Enuious* ſpight,
His helliſh life doo torture day and night:
For th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
Iuſtly for euer, from the glittering Heav'n,
To dwell in darknes of a ſulph'ry clow'd
(Though ſtill his brethrens ſeruice be allow'd:)
The Proud deſire to haue in his ſubiection
Mankinde inchain'd in gyues of Sins infection,
And th' Enuious heart-break to ſee yet to ſhine
In *Adams* face Gods Image all diuine,

Which

Which he had loſt; and that Man might atchieue
The glorious bliſs, his Pride he did depriue:
Growen barbarous Tyrants of his treacherous wil,
Spur-on his courſe, his rage redoubling ſtil.
Or rather (as the prudent Hebrue notes)
'Tis that old *Python* which through hundred-throats
Doth proudly hiſs, and (paſt his wont) doth fire
A hell of Furies in his fell deſire:
His enuious hart, ſelf-ſwoln with ſullen ſpight,
Brooks neither greater, like, nor leſſer wight:
Dreads th'one, as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (iealous) doubts the riſing of the other.

His ſubtiltie in executing his Deſignes.

To vent his poyſon, this notorious Tempter
(Meer ſpirit) aſſails not *Eue*, but doth attempt her
In fained form: for elſe, the ſoule diuine
Which rul'd (as Queen) the Little-worlds deſigne,
So purely kept her Vow of Chaſtitie,
That he in vain ſhould tempt her Conſtancy.
Therefore he fleſhly doth the Fleſh aſſay
(Suborning that) her Miſtreſs to betray;
A ſubtle Pandar with more tycing ſleights
Then Sea hath Fiſh, or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.

Why he hid him in a Body.

For, had he beene, of an ethereall matter,
Of fiery ſubſtance, or aiereall nature;
The needfull help of language had he wanted,
Whereby Faiths ground-work was to be ſupplanted:
Sith ſuch pure bodies haue nor teeth, nor tongues,
Lips, artires, noſe, Palate, nor panting lungs,
Which rightly plaç't are properly created
True inſtruments of ſounds articulated.

Why he appeared not in his owne likenes: nor transformed him into an Angel of light.

And further-more, though from his birth h'had had
Hart-charming cunning ſmoothly to perſwade,
He fear'd (malitious) if he care-leſs, came
Vn-masked, like himſelf, in his own name,
In deep diſtruſt man entring, ſuddainly,
Would ſtop his ears, and his foul preſence fly:
As (oppoſite) taking the ſhining face
Of ſacred Angels full of glorious grace,

He

He then ſuſpected leaſt the Omnipotent
Should think man's Fall ſcarce worthy puniſhment.
Much like (therefore) ſom theef that doth conceiue *Simile.*
From trauailers both life and goods to reaue,
And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play
In *Thetis* Palace) neer the Kings high-way
Himſelf doth ambuſh in a buſhy Thorn;
Then in a Caue, then in a field of Corn,
Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out,
And yet the ſafety of each place doth doubt;
Till, reſolute at laſt (vpon his knee
Taking his leuell) from a hollow Tree,
He ſwiftly ſends his fire-wingd meſſenger,
At his falſe ſute t' arreſt the paſſenger:
Our freedoms felon, fountain of our ſorrow,
Thinks, now the beautie of a Horſe to borrow;
Anon to creep into a Haifers ſide; *He hides him vnder diuers figures.*
Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide;
Then in a nimble Hart himſelf to ſhroud;
Then in the ſtarr'd plumes of a Peacock proud;
And leaſt he miſs a miſchief to effect,
Oft changeth minde, and varies oft aſpect.
At laſt, remembring that of all the broods, *Why he choſe the Serpent.*
In Mountains, Plains, Airs, Waters, Wildes, and Woods,
The knotty Serpent's ſpotty generation
Are filled with infectious inflammation:
And though they want Dogs teeth, Bores tusks, Bears paws,
The Vultures bill, Buls horns, and Griphins claws;
Yea, ſeem ſo weak, as if they had not might
To hurt vs once, much leſs to kill vs quite:
Yet, many times they treacherouſly betray vs,
And with their breath, look, tongue, or train they ſlay vs:
He crafty cloaks him in a Dragons skin
All bright-beſpect; that, ſpeaking ſo within
That hollow Sagbuts ſupple-wreathing plies,
The mouer might with th' Organ ſympathize.
For, yet the faith-leſs Serpent (as they ſay)
With horror crawl'd not groueling on the clay,

Nor

Nor to Mankinde (as yet) was held for hatefull,
Sith that 's the hire of his offence ingratefull.

Sundry opinions hereupon.

But now, to cenſure how this change befell
Our wits com ſhort, our words ſuffice not well
To vtter it: much leſs our feeble Art
Can imitate this ſly malitious part.

1 Somtimes me ſeems (troubling *Eues* ſpirit) the Fiend
Made her this ſpeaking fancy apprehend.
For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly)
Water and Ayr (as moiſt) doe mingle quickly;
The euill Angels ſlide too eaſily,
As ſubtile Spirits, into our fantaſie.

2 Somtimes me ſeems She ſaw (wo-worth the hap)
No very Serpent, but a Sepents ſhape:
Whether that, Saran plaid the Iuggler there,
Who tender eys with charmed Tapers blear,
Trans-forming ſo by ſubtile vapoury gleams,
Mens heads to Monſters, into Eels the beams:
Or whether, Diuels hauing bodies light,
Quick, nimble actiue, apt to change with ſleight,
In ſhapes or ſhewes, they guilefull haue propoſ'd;
In brief, like th' Air whereof they are compoſ'd.
For, as the ayr, with ſcattered clouds be-ſpred
Is heer and there, black, yellow, white, and red,
Reſembling Armies, Monſters, Mountains, Dragons,
Rocks, fiery Caſtles, Forreſts, Ships, and Wagons,
And ſuch to vs through glaſs tranſparent cleer
From form to form varying it doth appear:
So, theſe ſeducers can growe great, or ſmall,
Or round, or ſquare, or ſtreight, or ſhort, or tall,
As fits the paſſions they are moued by,
And ſuch our ſoule receiues them from our ey.

3 Somtimes; that Satan (only for this work)
Fain'd him a Serpents ſhape, wherein to lurk.
For, Nature framing our ſoules enemies,
Of bodies light, and in experience wiſe,
In malice crafty; curious they aſſemble
Small Elements, which (as of kin) reſemble,

Whereof

Whereof a Mass is made, and there-vnto
They soon giue growth and liuely motion too.
Not, that they be Creators: for, th' Almighty
Who first of nothing made vast *Ampbitrite*,
The World's dull Centre, Heavn's ay-turning frame,
And whirling Ayr, sole merits that high name:
Who (onely *Being*) Being giues to all,
And of all things the seeds substantiall
Within their first-borne bodies hath inclos'd,
To be in time by Nature's hand dispos'd:
Not those, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)
Haue giv'n to things Heav'n-pointed form and stature,
Hastned their growth, or wakened learnedly
The forms that formless in the Lump did ly.
But (to conclude) I think 'twas no conceipt,
No fained Idoll, nor no iuggling sleight,
Nor body borrowed for this vses sake,
But the self Serpent which the Lord did make
In the beginning: for, his hatefull breed
Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.
Yet, 't is a doubt, whether the Diuell did
Gouern the Dragon (not there self-ly hid)
To raise his courage, and his tongue direct,
Locally absent, present by effect:
As when the sweet strings of a Lute we strike,
Another Lute laid neer it, sounds the like,
Nay, the same note, through secret sympathy
(Vntoucht) receiuing life and Harmony:
Or, as a star, which (though far distant) pours,
Vpon our heads, hap-less or happy showrs.
Or, whether for a time he did abide,
Within the doubling Serpents damask hide,
Holding a place-less place: as our soule doer,
Through the dim lanthorn of our flesh, shines cleer;
And bound-less bounds it self in so streight space,
As form in body, not as body in place.
But this stands sure, how euer else it went,
Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satans instrument

Concluſion of the former opinions.

To charm in *Eden* with a ſtrong illuſion
Our ſilly Grandam to her ſelfs confuſion.

A compariſon.

For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-les Kit,
If famous Dowland *daign to finger it,*
Makes ſweeter Muſik then the choiceſt Lute
In the groſs handling of a clownish Brute:
So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
This ſelf-dum Creatures glozing Rhetorike
With baſhfull ſhame great Orators would ſtrike.
So, Faiery Trunks within *Epyrus* Groue
Mov'd by the ſpirit that was inſpir'd by *Ioue*,
With fluent voice (to euery one that ſeeks)
Fore-tell the Fates of light-beleeuing Greeks:
So all incenſt, the pale *Engaſtromith*
(Rul'd by the furious ſpirit hee's haunted with)
Speakes in his womb; So well a workmans skill
Supplies the want of any organ ill:
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting vp his thought
On Satans wing) tell with a tongue diſtraught
Strange Oracles, and his ſick ſpirit doth plead
Euen of thoſe Arts that he did neuer read.

The ſundry ſubtle and horrible endeuours of the diuell, putting on diuers formes to ouerthrowe Man-kinde.

O ruth-les murderer of immortall ſoules!
Alas! to pull vs from the happy Poles,
And plunge vs headlong in thy yawning hell,
Thy ceaſ-les frauds and fetches who can tell?
Thou play'ſt the Lion, when thou dooſt ingage
Bloud-thirſty *Nero's* barbarous heart with rage,
While fleſht in murthers (butcher-like) he paints
The Saint-poor world with the deer bloud of Saints.
Thou play'ſt the Dog, when by the mouth profane
Of ſom falſe Prophet thou dooſt belch thy bane,
While from the Pulpit harkingly he rings
Bold blaſphemies againſt the king of kings.
Thou play'ſt the Swine, when plung'd in pleaſures vile,
Som Epicure doth ſober mindes defile,
Transforming lewdly, by his looſe impiety,
Strict *Lacedæmon* to a loſt ſociety.

Thou

Thou play'ſt the Nightingale, or elſe the Swan,
When any famous Rhetorician,
With captious wit and curious language, draws
Seduced hearers; and ſubuerts the laws.
Thou plaiſt the Fox, when thou doſt faina-right
The face and phraſe of ſom deep Hypocrite,
True painted Toomb, dead-ſeeming coals, but quick;
A Scorpion fell, whoſe hidden tail doth prick.
Yet, this were little, if thy ſpight audacious,
Spar'd (at the leaſt) the face of Angels gracious,
And if thou didſt not (Ape-like) imitate
Th' Almighties works, the warieſt Wits to mate.
But (without numbring all thy ſuttle baits,
And nimble iuggling with a thouſand ſleights)
Timely returning where I firſt digreſt,
I'le onely heer thy firſt DECEIPT digeſt.
The Dragon then, Mans Fortreſs to ſurpriſe,
Follows ſom Captains martiall policies,
Who, yer too neer an Aduerſe place he pitch,
The ſituation marks, and ſounds the ditch,
With his eys leuell the ſteep wall he metes,
Surueies the flanks, his Camp in order ſets;
And then approaching, batters ſore the ſide
Which Art and Nature haue leaſt fortifi'd:
So this old Souldier, hauing marked rife
The firſt-born payrs yet danger-dreadleſs life;
Mounting his Canons ſuttly he aſſaults
The part he findes in euident defaults:
Namely, poor Woman, wauering, weake, vnwiſe,
Light, credulous, newe-louer giuen to lies.
Eue, Second honour of this Vniuerſe!
Is't true (I pray) that iealous God, peruerſe,
Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race,
All the fair Fruits theſe ſiluer Brooks imbrace;
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you poſſeſt,
And day and night by your own labour dreſt?
With th'ayr of theſe ſweet words, the wily Snake
A poyſoned ayr inſpired (as it ſpake)

The Poet reſumeth his Diſcourſe, touching the Temptation of Eue.

Compariſon.

Sathans Oration

Eues Answer. In *Eues* frail breſt; who thus replies: O! knowe
What e'r thou be (but thy kinde care doth ſhowe
A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs
In this earths-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
Except alone that goodly fruit diuine,
Which in the midſt of this green ground doth ſhine;
But, all-good God (alas I wote not why)
Forbad vs touch that Tree, on pain to dy.
She ceaſt: already brooding in her heart
A curious wiſh, that will her weal ſubuert.

A fit cõpariſon. As a falſe Louer that thick ſnares hath laid,
T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,
When ſhe (though little) liſtning ear affoords
To his ſweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels ſom aſſwaging of his freezing flame,
And ſooths himſelf with hope to gain his game;
And rapt with ioy, vpon this point perſiſts,
That parleing Citie neuer long reſiſts:
Euen ſo the Serpent, that doth counterfet
A guilefull Call t' allure vs to his net;
Perceiuing *Eue* his flattering gloze digeſt,
He proſecutes, and iocund, doth not reſt,
Till he haue try'd, foot, hand, and head, and all,
Vpon the Breach of this new-battered wall.

The Diuels reply No, fair (quoth he) beleeue not, that the care
God hath, mankinde from ſpoyling death to ſpare,
Makes him forbid you (on ſo ſtrict condition)
This pureſt, faireſt, rareſt Fruits fruition:
A doubtfull fear, an enuie, and a hate,
His iealous heart for euer cruciate;
Sith the ſuſpected vertue of This Tree
Shall ſoon diſperſe the cloud of Idiocy,
Which dims your eys; and, further, make you ſeem
(Excelling vs) euen *equall* Gods to him.
O Worlds rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach (I ſay) why dooſt thou ſtop or ſtand?

His audacious impudence. Begin thy Bliſs, and doo not fear the threat
Of an vncertain God-head, onely great,

Through

Through ſelf-aw'd zeal: put on the gliſtring Pall
Of immortality: doe not fore-ſtall
(As enuious ſtepdame) thy poſteritie
The ſouerain honour of *Diuinitie*.
This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam,
Who only yet did heart and ey abandon
Againſt the Lord; now farther doth proceed,
And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.
A nouice Theef; that in a Cloſet ſpies
A heap of Gold, that on the Table lies;
Pale, fearfull, ſhiuering, twice or thrice extends,
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,
And yet again returns; the booty takes,
And faintly-bold, vp in his cloak it makes,
Scarce findes the doore, with faultring foot hee flies,
And ſtill looks back for fear of *Hu-on cries*:
Euen ſo doth *Eue* ſhew by like fear-full faſhions
The doubtfull combat of contending Paſſions;
She would, ſhe would not; glad, ſad; coms, and goes:
And long ſhe marts about a Match of Woes:
But (out alas!) at laſt ſhe toucheth it,
And (hauing toucht) taſtes the *forbidden bit*.
Then as a man that from a lofty Cliſt,
Or ſteepy Mountain, doth deſcend too ſwift,
Stumbling at ſomwhat, quickly clips ſom lim
Of ſom deer kinſman walking next to him,
And by his headlong fall, ſo brings his friend
To an vntimely, ſad, and ſuddain end;
Our Mother, falling, hales her Spouſe anon
Down to the gulf of pitchie *Acheron*.
For, to the wiſht Fruits beautifull aſpect,
Sweet *Nectar*-taſte, and wonderfull effect,
Cunningly adding her quaint ſmiling glances,
Her witty ſpeech, and pretty countenances,
She ſo preuails, that her blind Lord at laſt,
A morſell of the ſharp-ſweet fruit doth taſte.
Now ſuddainly wide-open feel they might
(Siel'd for their good) both ſoules and bodies ſight;

The Apoſtaſie of Eue.

A Compariſon

Another compariſon liuely expreſsing the Fall of Man, by the prouocation of his wife.

The effects of their disobedience.

But the sad Soule hath lost the Character,
And sacred Image that did honour Her:
The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow
To see it naked, is inforçt to borrow
The Trees broad leaues, wherof they aprons frame,
From Heav'ns faire ey to hide their filthy shame.
Alas, fond death-lings! O! behold how cleer
The *knowledge* is that you haue bought so deer:
In heav'nly things yee are more blinde then Moals,
In earthly Owls. O! think ye (silly soules)
The sight that swiftly through the earth's solid centres
(As globes of pure transparent crystall) enters
Cannot transpearce your leaves? or do ye ween,
Couering your shame so to conceal your sin?
Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie
Safe from the search of Heav'ns all-seeing ey?
Thus yet, mans troubled dull Intelligence
Had of his fault but a confus'd sense:
As in a dream, after much drink it chances,
Disturbed spirits are vext with rauing fancies.

The extraordinary presence of God, awakes their drousie soules swallowed vp of Sinne: and begins to arraign them.

Therefore the Lord, within the Garden fair,
Mouing betimes I wot not I what ayr,
But supernaturall; whose breath diuine
Brings of his presence a most certain signe:
Awakes their *Lethargie*, and to the quick,
Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and prick:
Now more and more making their pride to fear
The frowning visage of their Iudge seuere:
To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors
Among the dark shade of those tufting arbors.
Adam, quoth God (with thundring maiesty)
Where art thou (wretch!) what doost thou? answer me
Thy God and Father, from whose hand, thy health
Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth.

Description of the horrible effects of a guilty Conscience, summoned to the presence of God.

At this sad summon's, wofull man resembles
A bearded rush that in a riuer trembles:
His rosie cheeks are chang'd to earthen hew;
His dying body drops an ycie deaw;

His

His tear-drown'd eys, a night of clouds bedims;
About his eares, a buzzing horror ſwims;
His fainted knees, with feeblenes are humble;
His faultring feet doe ſlide away and ſtumble:
He hath not (now) his free, bold, ſtately port;
But down-caſt looks, in fearfull ſlauiſh ſort;
Now, nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* reſt;
He feel's his ſenſes pain'd, his ſoule oppreſt:
A confus'd hoaſt of violent paſſions iarr;
His fleſh and ſpirit are in continuall warre:
And now no more (through conſcience of his error)
He hears or feeſth' Almighty, but with terror:
And loth he anſwers (as with tongue diſtraught)
Confeſſing (thus) his fear, but not his fault.
O Lord! thy voice, thy dreadfull voice hath made — *Adams anſwere*
Me fearfull hide me in this couert ſhade.
For, naked as I am (O moſt of might!)
I dare not come before thine awfull ſight.
Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-leſs renegate, — *God vrgeth the cauſe of his deiection and feare.*
Apoſtate Pagan!) who hath told thee that?
Whence ſprings thy ſhame? what makes thee thus to run
From ſhade to ſhade, my preſence ſtill to ſhun?
Haſt thou not taſted of the learned Tree,
Whereof (on pain of death) I warned thee?
O righteous God (quoth *Adam*) I am free — *Adams reply, excuſing himſelf and courtly imputing his Guilt to God.*
From this offence: the wife thou gaueſt me,
For my companion and my comforter,
She made me eat that deadly meat with her.
And thou (quoth God) O! thou frail treacherous Bride, — *Examination of Eue, who excuſeth her ſelf likewiſe on another.*
Why, with thy ſelf, haſt thou ſeduc't thy Guide?
Lord (anſwers *Eue*) the Serpent did intice
My ſimple frailty to this ſinfull vice.
Mark heer, how He, who fears not who reform — *An example for Iudges & Magiſtrates.*
His high Decrees, not ſubiect vnto form,
Or ſtile of Court: who, all-wiſe, hath no need
T' examine proof or witnes of the deed:
Who, for ſuſtaining of vnequall Scale,
Dreads not the Doom of a *Mercuriall*;

Yer Sentence paſs, doth publikely conuent,
Confront, and hear with ear indifferent
Th' Offenders ſad: then with iuſt indignation,
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.

The Sentence of the ſupreame Iudge againſt the guilty Priſoners: and firſt of all againſt the Serpent.

Ah curſed Serpent, which my fingers made
To ſerue mankinde: th' haſt made thy ſelf a blade
Wherewith vain Man and his inueigled wife
(Self-parricids) haue reft their proper life.
For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill)
Thou ſhalt be hatefull 'mong all creatures ſtill.
Groueling in duſt, of duſt thou ay ſhalt feed:
I'le kindle war between the Womans ſeed,
And thy fell race; hers on the head ſhall ding
Thine: thine again hers in the heel ſhall ſting.

Againſt the Woman.

Rebel to me, vnto thy kindred curſt,
Falſe to thy husband, to thy ſelf the worſt:
Hope not, thy fruit ſo eaſily to bring-forth
As now thou ſlay'ſt it: hence forth, euery Birth
Shall torture thee with thouſand ſorts of pain;
Each artire, ſinew, muſcle, ioynt and vain,
Shall feel his part: beſides foul vomitings,
Prodigious longings, thought-full languiſhings,
With change of colour, ſwouns, and many others,
Eternall fellows of all future mothers:
Vnder his yoak, thy husband thee ſhall haue,
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrants ſlaue.

Againſt Man.

And thou diſloyall, which haſt harkned more
To a wanton fondling then my ſacred lore:
Henceforth the ſweat ſhall bubble on thy brow:
Thy hands ſhall bliſter, and thy back ſhall bow:
Ne'r ſhalt thou ſend into thy branchie vains
A bit, but bought with price of thouſand pains.
For, the earth feeling (euen in her) th' effect
Of the doom thundred 'gainſt thy foul defect;
In ſtead of ſweet fruits which ſhe ſelfly yeelds
Seed-leſs, and Art-leſs ouer all thy fields,
With thorns and burrs ſhall briſtle vp her breſt:
(In ſhort) thou ſhalt not taſte the ſweets of reſt,

Till

Till ruth-leſs Death by his extreameſt pain
Thy duſt-born body turn to duſt again.
Heer I conceiue, that fleſh and bloud will brangle, *Obiection to excuſe the Sinne of Man.* 1.
And murmuring Reaſon with th' almighty wrangle,
Who did our parents with *Free-will* indue,
Though he fore-ſaw, that that would be the clew
Should lead their ſteps into the wofull way
Where life is death ten thouſand times a day:
Now all, that he fore-ſees, befalls: and further,
Hee all euents by his free powr doth order.
Man taxeth God of too-vniuſt ſeverity,
For plaguing *Adems* ſin in his poſterity:
So that th' old yeers renewed generations
Cannot aſſwage his venging indignations,
Which haue no other ground to proſecute,
But the miſ eating of a certain fruit.
O duſty wormling! dar'ſt thou ſtriue and ſtand *Anſweret to the firſt obiection.* 1.
With Heav'ns high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) demand
Count of his deeds? Ah! ſhall the Potter make
His clay, ſuch faſhion, as him liſt, to take?
And ſhal not God (Worlds Founder, Natures Father)
Diſpoſe of man (his own meer creature) rather?
The ſupream King, who (Iudge of greateſt Kings)
By number, weight and meaſure, acts all things,
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Iuſtice, patron ſtrong,
Law's life, Right's rule, will he doo any wrong?
Man, holdeſt thou of God thy frank *Free-will*, 2.
But free t'obay his ſacred goodnes ſtill?
Freely to follow him, and doe his heſt,
Not *Philtre*-charm'd nor by *Buſiris* preſt?
God arms thee with diſcourſe: but thou (O wretch)
By the keen edge the wound-ſoule ſword dooſt catch;
Killing thy ſelf, and in thy loyns thy line.
O baneſull Spider (weaving wofull twine)
All Heav'ns pure flowrs thou turneſt into poyſon:
Thy ſenſe reaues ſenſe: thy reaſon robs thy reaſon.
For, thou complaineſt of Gods grace, whoſe Still
Extracts from droſs of thine audacious ill, 3.

Three

Three vnexpected goods: prayſe for his Name;
Bliſs for thy ſelf; for Satan endleſs-ſhame:
Sith, but for ſin, *Iuſtice* and *Mercy* were
But idle names: and but that thou didſt erre,
CHRIST had not com to conquer and to quell,
Vpon the Croſs, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell:
Making thee bleſſed more ſince thine offence,
Then in thy primer happy innocence.
Thē, might'ſt thou dy; now, death thou dooſt not doubt:
Now, in the Heav'n; then, didſt thou ride without:
In earth, thou liv'dſt then; now in Heav'n thou beeſt:
Then, thou didſt hear Gods word; it, now thou ſeeſt:
Then, pleaſant fruits; now, *Chriſt* is thy repaſt:
Then might'ſt thou fall; but now thou ſtandeſt faſt.
Now, *Adams* fault was not in deed ſo light,
As ſeems to Reaſon's ſin-bleard Owlie ſight:
But 'twas a chain where all the greateſt ſinns
Were one in other linked faſt, as Twinns:
Ingratitude, pride, treaſon, gluttony,
Too-curious skill-thirſt, enuy, felony,
Too-light, too-late beleef; were the ſweet baits
That made him wander from Heav'ns holy ſtraights.
What would'ſt thou (Father) ſay vnto a Son
Of perfect age, to whom for portion
(Witting and willing, while thy ſelf yet liveſt)
All thy poſſeſſions in the earth thou giveſt:
And yet th'vngratefull, grace-leſſe, inſolent,
In thine own Land, rebellion doth invent?
Map now an *Adam* in thy memory;
By Gods own hand made with great maieſty,
Not poor, nor pined; but at whoſe command
The rich aboundance of the world doth ſtand:
Not ſlaue to ſenſe, but having freely might
To bridle it, and range it ſtill aright:
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vain opinion;
But Gods Diſciple and his deereſt Minion:
Who raſhly growes for little, nay for nought,
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:

So mayſt thou gheſs, what whip, what rope, what rack,
What fire, were fit to puniſh *Adams* lack.
Then, ſith Mans ſin by little and little runs
End-leſs, through every Age from Sires to Sons;
And ſtill the farther this foul ſin-ſpring flowes
It ſtill more muddy and more filthy growes:
Thou ought'ſt not marvail, if (even yet) his ſeed
Feel the iuſt wages of this wicked deed.
For, though the keen ſting of concupiſcence
Cannot, yet birth, his fell effect commence;
The vnborn Babe, hid in the Mothers womb,
Is Sorrow's ſeruant, and Sin's ſervile groom,
As a frail Mote from the firſt Maſs extract,
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellious fact.
Sound off-ſpring coms not of a Kinde infected:
Parts are not fair, if totall be defected:
And a defiled ſtinking ſink doth yeeld
More durt then water, to the neighbour field.
While nights black muffler hoodeth vp the skies,
The ſilly blind-man miſſeth not his eys:
But when the day ſummons to work again,
His night, eternall then he doth complain,
That hee goes groping, and his hand (alas!)
Is fain to guide his foot, and guard his face:
So man, that liveth in the wombs obſcurity,
Knowes not; nor maketh knowen his luſts impurity:
Which, for't is ſown in a too-plentious ground,
Takes root already in the Caues profound
Of his infected Hart: with's birth, it peers,
And growes in ſtrength, as he doth growe in years;
And waxt a Tree (though proyn'd with thouſand cares)
An execrable deadly fruit it bears.
Thou ſeeſt, no wheat *Helleborus* can bring:
Nor barly, from the madding Morrell ſpring:
Nor, bleating Lambs braue Lyons doe not breed:
The leprous Parents, raiſe a leprous ſeed:
Even ſo our Grand-ſire, living Innocent,
Had ſtockt the whole World with a Saint-deſcent:

Answeres to the ſecond obiection. 1.

2. *Simile.*

3. *Simile.*

But:

But ſuffering ſin in EDEN him inuade,
His ſons, the ſons of Sin and Wrath he made.
4. For, God did ſeem t' indow, with glory and grace,
Not the firſt Man ſo much, as all mans race:
And after reaue again thoſe gifts diuine,
Not him ſo much, as in him all his line.
Simile. For, if an odious Traytour that conſpires,
Againſt a Prince, or to his ſtate aſpires,
Feel not alone the laws extremity;
But his ſons ſons (although ſomtimes they be
Honeſt and vertuous) for their Fathers blame,
Are hap-leſs ſcarr'd with an eternall ſhame:
May not th' Eternall, with a righteous terror,
In *Adams* iſſue puniſh *Adams* error?
May he not thrall them vnder Deaths command:
And ſear their brows with everlaſting brand
Of infamy, who in his ſtock (accurſt)
Haue graft worſe ſlips then *Adam* ſet at firſt?
Concluſion of the former Diſputations, and execution of Gods Decree againſt Adam & Eue. Mans ſeed then iuſtly, by ſucceſſion,
Bears the hard penance of his high tranſgreſſion:
And *Adam* heer, from *Eden* baniſhed,
As firſt offender is firſt puniſhed.
They are driuen out of Eden. Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accurſed race)
Out of my Garden: quick, auoyd the place,
This beautious place, pride of this Vniuerſe,
A houſe vnworthy Maſters ſo peruerſe.
Simile. *Thoſe that (in quarrell of the Strong of Strongs,*
And iuſt reuenge of Queen, and Countries wrongs)
Were witneſſes to all the wofull plaints,
The ſighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints,
Of brauing Spaniards *(chiefly braue in word)*
When by the valiant Heav'n-aſſiſted ſword
Of Mars-*like* ESSEX, Englands *Marſhall-Earl*
(Then Albions *Patron, and* Eliza's *Pearl)*
They were expulſt from Cad'z, *their deereſt pleaſure,*
Loſing their Town, their honour, and their treaſure:
Woe worth (ſaid they) woe worth our Kings ambition;
Woe worth our Cleargy, and their Inquiſition:

He

He ſeeks new Kingdoms, and doth loſe his old;
They burn for conſcience, but their thirſt is gold:
Woe, and alas, woe to the vain brauados
Of Typhon-*like-inuincible* ARMADOS,
Which like the vaunting Monſter-man of Gath,
Haue ſtirr'd againſt vs little Dauids *wrath:*
Wo-worth our ſins: wo worth our ſelues, and all
Accurſed cauſes of our ſuddain fall;
Thoſe well may gheſs the bitter agonies,
And luke-warm Rivers guſhing down the eys
Of our firſt *Parents*, out of *Eden* driv'n
(Of Repeal hope-leſs) by the hand of Heav'n;
For, the Almighty ſet before the dore
Of th' holy Park, a *Seraphin* that bore
A waving ſword, whoſe body ſhined bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midſt of night;
A body meerly *Metaphyſicall*,
Which (differing little from th' ONE vnicall,
Th' *Act-ſimply-pure*, the onely-beeing BEEING)
Approcheth matter; ne'rtheleſs, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is ſo made
So meerly ſpirit, that not the murdering blade,
His ioyned quantity can part in two:
For (pure) it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doo*.

The earthly Eden ſhut-vp for euer from Mankinde.

FINIS.

THE FVRIES.

THE III. PART OF THE I. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

The World's tranform'd *from that it was at firſt:*
For Adams *Sin, all Creatures elſe accurſt:*
Their Harmony diſ-tuned by His iar:
Yet all again concent, to make Him war;
As, th'Elements, and aboue all, the Earth:
Three ghaſtly FVRIES; Sicknes, War, *and* Dearth,
A generall Muſter *of the Bodies* Griefs:
The Soules Diſeaſes, *vnder ſundry Chiefs:*
Both, full of Horror, but the later moſt;
Where vgly Vice *in* Vertues *Maſk doth boaſt.*

Sin hath changed and diſfigured the face of the World.

THis's not the World. O! whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,
Which Dayes reducing, and renuing Nights,
Renues the grief of mine afflicted ſprights;
This Sea I ſail, this troubled Ayr I ſip,
Are not *The Firſt-Weeks* glorious workmanſhip:
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe
Th'Eternall trimmed in ſo various Robe:
'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Caue,
Of that Firſt World the miſerable graue.

Invocation.

All-quickning Spirit, great God, that iuſtly-ſtrange
Iudge-turned-Father, wrought'ſt his wondrous change,
Change and new-mould me; Lord, my hand aſſiſt,
That in my Muſe appear no earthly miſt:

Make

Make me thine organ, giue my voice dexterity
Sadly to ſing this ſad Change to Poſterity.
And, bountious Giuer of each perfect gift,
So tune my voice to his ſweet-ſacred Cliſt,
That in each ſtrain my rude vnready tong
Be liuely Eccho of his learned Song.
And, hence-forth, let our holy Muſik raniſh
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-laniſh
(Of charming Sin the deep-inchaunting Syrens,
The ſnares of vertue, valour-ſoftning Hyrens)
That toucht with terrour of thine indignation,
Preſented in this wofull Alteration,
We all may ſeek, by Prayer and true Repentance,
To ſhun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.
But, yet we farther paſs, our ſlender Bark
Muſt heer ſtrike top-ſails to a Princely Ark
Woich keeps theſe Straights: Hee hails vs threatfully,
Star-boord our helm; Com vnderneath his Lee.
Ho, Whence your Bark? *of Zeal-land:* Whether bound?
For Vertues Cape: What lading? *Hope.* This *Sound*
You ſhould not paſs; ſaue that your voyage tends
To benefit our Neighbours and our Frends.
Thanks, Kingly Captain; daign vs then (we pray)
Som skilfull Pylot through this FVRIOVS *Bay;*
Or, in this Chanell, ſith we are to learn,
Vouchſafe to togh vs at your Royall Stern.

YER THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-baſe)
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,
This mighty World did ſeem an Inſtrument
True-ſtrung, well-tun'd, and handled excellent,
Whoſe ſymphony reſounded ſweetly-ſhrill
Th' Almighties prayſe, who play'd vpon it ſtill.
While man ſerv'd God, the World ſerv'd him, the lyue
And liue-leſs creatures ſeemed all to ſtriue
To nurſe this league; and, louing zealouſly
Theſe two deer Heads, embraced mutually:
In ſweet accord, the baſe with high reioyc't,
The hot with cold, the ſolid with the moiſt;

*The Trãſlator heere humbly vaileth-bonnet to the Kings Maieſty; who many yeeres ſince (for his princely exercise) tranſlated theſe F V RIES, the V R A N I A, and ſome other Peeces of Du BARTAS.

Happy eſtate of the World, before Sinne; ſet forth by a Similitude.

And innocent *Aſtrea* did combine
All with the maſtick of a Loue diuine.

The Sympathy yet appearing between certain Creatures, is but as a litle ſhadow of the perfect vnion which was among all Creatures, before Mans Fall.

For, th' hidden loue that now a-dayes doth holde
The Steel and Load-ſtone, *Hydrargire* and Golde,
Th'Amber and ſtraw; that lodgeth in one ſhell
Pearl-fiſh and *Sharpling*: and vnites ſo well
Sargons and *Goats*, the *Sperage* and the *Ruſh*,
Th' *Elm* and the *Vine*, th' *Oliue* and *Myrtle-buſh*,
Is but a ſpark or ſhadow of that Loue
Which at the firſt in every thing did moue,
When as th'Earth's *Muſes* with Harmonious ſound
To Heav'ns ſweet *Muſick* humbly did reſound.
But *Adam*, being chief of all the ſtrings
Of this large Lute, o're-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now, for melody
Of warbling Charms, it yelds ſo hideouſly,
That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoils
To raiſe again th'old *Chaos* antik broils:

Of the Diſcord that Sinne hath brought among all things.

Heav'n, that ſtill ſmiling on his Paramour,
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* pour,
Now with his hail, his rain, his froſt and heat,
Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and beat,
And hoars her head with Snowes, and (ielous) daſhes
Againſt her brows his fiery lightning flaſhes,

Sundry notable Antipathies.

On th'other ſide, the ſullen, enuious Earth
From blackeſt Cels of her foul breſt ſends forth
A thouſand foggy fumes, which every where
With cloudy miſts Heav'ns cryſtall front beſmear.
Since that, the Woolf the trembling Sheep purſues;
The crowing Cock, the Lion ſtout eſchews;
The Pullein hide them from the Puttock's flight,
The Maſtie's mute at the *Hyænas* ſight:
Yea (who would think it?) theſe fell enmities
Rage in the ſenſe-leſs trunks of Plants and Trees:
The *Vine*, the *Cole*, the *Cole-wort Swines-bread* dreads,
The *Fearn* abhors the hollow waving *Reeds*,
The *Olyue* and the *Oak* participate,
Even to their earth, ſignes of their auncient hate,

Which

Which ſuffers not (O date-leſs diſcord!) th'one
Live in that ground where th'other firſt hath growen.
O ſtrange inſtinct! O deep immortall rage,
Whoſe fiery fewd no *Lethé* floud can ſwage!
So, at the ſound of Wolf-Drums rattling thunder
Th'affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in ſunder:
So, that fell Monſters twiſted entrails cuts
(By ſecret powr) the poor Lambs twined guts,
Which (after death) in ſteed of bleating mute,
Are taught to ſpeak vpon an Yvory Lute:
And ſo the Princely Eagles ravening plumes
The feathers of all other Fowls conſumes.

The eſtate of Man before Sin

The *First-mov'd Heav'n* (in't ſelf it ſelf ſtill ſtirring)
Rapts with his courſe (quicker then windes ſwift whirring)
All th'other Sphears, and to *Alcides* Spyres
From *Alexanders* Altars driues their Fires:
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch heer beneath,
Erring draws all into the paths of death;
And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pylot raſh,
Againſt the rock of Heav'ns iuſt wrath doth daſh
The Worlds great Veſſell, ſayling yerſt at eaſe,
With gentle gales, good guide, on quiet Seas.

His eſtate after Sinne.

For (yer his fall) which way ſoe'r he rowl'd
His wondering eys God every-where behold;
In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Ayr,
He ſees, and feels, and findes him every-where.
The World was like a large and ſumptuous Shop
Where God his goodly treaſures did vnwrap:
Or Cryſtall glaſs moſt liuely repreſenting
His ſacred Goodnes, every-where frequenting.
But, ſince his ſin, the wofull wretch findes none
Herb, garden, groue, field, fountain, ſtream or ſtone,
Beaſt, mountain, valley, ſea-gate, ſhoar, or haven,
But bears his Deaths-doom openly ingraven:
In brief, the whole ſcope this round Centre hath,
Is a true ſtore-houſe of Heav'ns righteous wrath.

All creatures frō the higheſt to the loweſt, enemies to Man.

Rebellious *Adam*, from his God revolting,
Findes his yerſt-ſubiects 'gainſt himſelf inſulting:

The tumbling Sea, the Ayr with tempests driven,
Thorn-bristled Earth, the sad and lowring Heav'n
(As from the oath of their allegeance free)
Revenge on him th'Almighties iniury.

The Heauens, with all the in.

The Starrs coniur'd, through enuious Influence,
By secret Hang-men punish his offence:
The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex-him,
Th'Air with vnlookt-for suddain changes checks-him,
With fogs and frosts, hails, snowes, and sulph'ry thunders;
Blasting, and storms, and more prodigious wonders.

All the Elemẽts.

Fire, fall'n from Heav'n, or else by Art incited,

Fire.

Or by mischance in som rich building lighted,

Aire.

Or from som Mountains burning bowels throw'n,
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumie stone,
With sparkling fury spreads, and in fewe hours
The labour of a thousand years devours.

Sea.

The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,
Vsurps his heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns.

Earth.

The grieved Earth, to ease her (as it seems)
Of such profane accursed weight, somtimes
Swallows whole Countries, and the airie tops
Of Prince-proud towrs in her black womb she wraps.
And in despight of him, abhord and hatefull,

Earth brings forth weeds.

She many wayes proues barren and ingratefull:
Mocking our hopes, turning our seed-Wheat-kernel
To burn-grain Thistle, and to vapourie Darnel,
Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring Tares,
Short recompence for all our costly cares.

Venemous plants.

Yet this were little, if she more malicious,
Fell stepdame, brought vs not Plants more pernicious:
As, sable *Henbane*; *Morell*, making mad:
Cold poysoning *Poppy*, itching, drowsie, sad:
The stifning *Carpes*, th'eyes-foe *Hemlock* stinking,
Limb-numming belching: and the sinew-shrinking
Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*
(Which in our vulgar deadly *Wolfs-bane* hight)
The dropsie breeding, sorrow-bringing *Pssylly*
(Heer called *Flea-Wurt*) *Colchis* bane full Lilly,

(With

(With vs *Wild-Saffron*) bliſtring byting fell:
Not *Napell*, making lips and tongue to ſwell:
Blood-boyling *Yew*, and coſtiue *Miſſeltoe:*
With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a many mo
Such fatall plants; whoſe fruit, ſeed, ſap, or root,
T'vntimely Graue doe bring our heed-leſs foot.
Beſides, ſhe knowes, we brutiſh value more
Then Liues or Honours, her rich glittering Ore:
That *Auarice* our bound-leſs thought ſtill vexes:
Therfore among her wreakfull baits ſhe mixes
Quick-ſiluer, *Litbargie* and *Orpiment*,
Wherwith our entrails are oft gnawn and rent:
So that ſomtimes; for Body, and for Minde,
Torture and torment, in one Mine we finde.

Poyſon hidden among the Metals.

What reſteth more? the Maſters skilfull moſt,
With gentle gales driv'n to their wiſhed Coaſt,
Not with leſs labour guide their winged wayns
On th'azure fore-head of the liquid plains:
Nor crafty lugglers, can more eaſily make
Their ſelf-liv'd Puppets (for their lucres ſake)
To skip and ſcud, and play, and prate, and prannce,
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turn, and daunce:
Then happy we did rule the ſcaly Legions
That dumbly dwell in ſtormy water-Regions;
Then fethered ſingers, and the ſtubborn droues
That haunt the Deſarts and the ſhady Groues:
At every word they trembled then for aw,
And every wink then ſerv'd them as a law,
And always bent all duty to obſerue-vs,
Without command, ſtood ready ſtill to ſerue-vs.

The excellency of Mans Dominion ouer the Creatures before his Fall.

But now (alas!) through our fond Parents fall,
They (of our ſlaues) are growen our tyrants all.
Wend we by Sea? the dread *Leuiathan*
Turns vpſide-down the boyling Ocean,
And on the ſuddain ſadly doth intoomb
Our floting Caſtle in deep *Thetis* womb;
Yerſt in the welkin like an Eagle towring,
And on the water like a Dolphin ſcowring.

The Creatures now become Tyrants and Traytors to Him, whoſe ſlaues and ſeruants they were before Sin.

Walk we by Land? how many loathſom ſwarms
Of ſpeckled poyſons, with peſtiferous arms,
In every corner in cloſe Ambuſh lurk
With ſecret bands our ſodain banes to work?
Beſides, the Lion and the Leopard,
Boar, Bear, and Wolf to death purſue vs hard;
And, ielous vengers of the wrongs divine,
In peeces pull their Soverains ſinfull line.
The huge thick Forreſts haue nor buſh nor brake
But hides ſom Hang-man our loath'd life to take:
In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leaf affright.
Reſt we at home? the Maſty fierce in force,
Th'vntamed Bull, the hot courageous Horſe,
With teeth, with horns, and hooues beſiege vs round,
As griev'd to ſee ſuch tyrants tread the ground:
And ther's no Fly ſo ſmall but now dares bring
Her little wrath againſt her *quondam* King.

An admirable deſcription of Mans miſerable Puniſhments, tortured by himſelfe.

What hideous ſights? what horror-boading ſhowes?
Alas, what yels? what howls? what thund'ring throws?
O! am I not neer roaring *Phlegeton*?
Alecto, ſad *Meger* and *Theſiphon*?
What ſpels haue charm'd ye from your dreadfull den
Of darkeſt Hell? Monſters abhord of men,
O Nights black daughters, grim-faç't *Furies* ſad,
Stern *Plutos* Poſts, what make ye heer ſo mad?
O! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,
Beſides your goaring wounds and ghaſtly horrors?
So ſoon as God from *Eden Adam* draue,
To liue in this Earth (rather in this Graue,
Where raign a thouſand deaths) he ſummon'd-vp
With thundering call the damned Crew, that ſup
Of Sulphury *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.
Com ſnake-treſt Siſters, com ye diſmall Elves,
Ceaſe now to curſe and cruciate your ſelues:
Com, leaue the horror of your houſes pale,
Com, parbreak heer your foul, black, banefull gall:

Let

Let lack of work no more from hence forth fear-you,
Man by his ſin a hundred hells doth rear-you.
This eccho made whole hell to tremble troubled,
The drowſie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,
And ſuddainly *Auernus* Gulf did ſwim
With Rozin, Pitch, and Brimſtone to the brim,
And th'vgly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fel,
Hydraes and *Harpies* gan to yawn and yel.
As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,
Striuing for iſſue with ſtrange murmurs loud,
Like Guns aſtups, with round-round-rumbling thunder
Filling the Ayr with noyſe, the Earth with wonder:
So the three Siſters, the three hideous *Rages*,
Rayſe thouſand ſtorms, fearing th'infernal ſtages.
Al-ready all rowle on their ſteely Cars
On th'ever-ſhaking nine-fold ſteely bars
Of *Stygian* Bridge, and in that fearfull Caue
They iumble, rumble, rumble, rage and raue.
Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
Which on one body beareth (monſterous)
The heads of Dragon, Dog Ounſe, Bear, and Bull,
Wolf, Lion, Horſe (of ſtrength and ſtomack full)
Lifting his lungs, he hiſſes, barks, and brays,
He howls, he yels, he bellows, roars, and neighs,
Such a blac'k Sant, ſuch a confuſed ſound
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.
Hauing attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,
With ſwifter courſe then *Boreas* nimble flight,
All fly at Man, all at inteſtine ſtriſe,
Who moſt may torture his deteſted life.
Heer firſt coms DEARTH. the liuely form of Death,
Still yawning wide, with loath ſom ſtinking breath,
With hollow eys, with meager cheeks and chin,
With ſharp lean bones pearcing her ſable skin:
Her empty bowels may be plainly ſpi'd
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide:
She hath no belly, but the bellies ſeat,
Her knees and knuckles ſwelling hugely great:

The FVRIES *with their furniture and traine, repreſenting the Horror of Sinne: and the curſed eſtate of an euill conſcience.*

1 Deſcription of Famine with her traine.

Inſatiate Orque, that even at one repaſt,
Almoſt all creatures in the World would waſte;
Whoſe greedy gorge diſh after diſh doth draw,
Seeks meat in meat. For, ſtill her monſtrous maw
Voyds in deuouring, and ſomtimes ſhe eats
Her own deer Babes for lack of other meats:
Nay more, ſomtimes (O ſtrangeſt gluttony!)
She eats her ſelf, her ſelf to ſatisfie;
Leſſening her ſelf, her ſelf ſo to inlarge:
And cruell thus ſhe doth our Grand-ſire charge;
And brings beſides from *Limbo*, to aſſiſt-her,
Rage, *Feebleneſs*, and *Thirſt* her ruthe-leſs ſiſter.

2. *Of Warre & her traine.*

Next marcheth WARR, the miſtriſs of enormity,
Mother of miſchief, monſter of Deformity;
Laws, Manners, Arts, ſhee breaks, ſhee mars, ſhe chaces:
Blood, tears, bowrs, towrs; ſhe ſpils, ſwils, burns, and razes:
Her brazen feet ſhake all the Earth a-ſunder,
Her mouth's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, every glaunce a flaſh:
Her fingers guns that all to powder paſh.
Fear and *Deſpair*, *Flight* and *Diſorder*, coaſt
With haſty march, before her murderous hoaſt:
As, *Burning*, *Waſte*, *Rape*, *Wrong*, *Impiety*,
Rage, *Ruine*, *Diſcord*, *Horror*, *Cruelty*,
Sack, *Sacriledge*, *Impunity*, and *Pride*,
Are ſtill ſtern conſorts by her babarous ſide:
And *Pouerty*, *Sorrow*, and *Deſolation*,
Follow her Armies bloody tranſmigration.

3. *Sickues exactly deſcribed with all her partakers and dependers.*

Heer's th' other FVRIE (or my iudgement fails)
Which furiouſly mans wofull life aſſails
With thouſand Cannons, ſooner felt then ſeen,
Where weakeſt ſtrongeſt; fraught with deadly teen:
Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, bliſtered, melancholik, ſad,
Many-nam'd poyſon, miniſter of Death,
Which from vs creeps, but to vs gallopeth:
Foul, trouble-reſt, fantaſtik, greedy-gut,
Blood-ſweating, harts-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,

The

The Childe of ſurfait, and Ayrs-temper vicious,
Perillous knowen, but vnknowen moſt pernitious.
Th' inammeld meads, in Sommer cannot ſhowe
More Graſhoppers aboue, nor Frogs belowe,
Then helliſh murmurs heer about doe ring:
Nor neuer did the prety little King
Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-ſhine day
Lead to the field in orderly array
More buſie buzzers, when he caſteth (witty)
The firſt foundations of his waxen City;
Then this fierce Monſter muſters in her train
Fel Souldiers, charging poor mankinde amain.
Lo, firſt a rough and furious Regiment
T'aſſault the Fort of *Adams* head is ſent,
Reaſons beſt Bulwark and the holy Cell
Wherein the ſoules moſt ſacred powers dwell.
A King, that ayms his neighbours Crown to win,
Before the bruite of open warrs begin,
Corrupts his Counſail with rich recompences;
For, in good Counſail *ſtands the ſtrength of Princes:*
So this fell *Fury*, for fore-runners, ſends
Manie, and *Phrenzie* to ſuborn her friends:
Whereof, th' one drying, th' other over-warming
The feeble brain (the edge of iudgement harming)
Within the Soule fantaſtikly they fain
A confus'd hoaſt of ſtrange *Chimeraes* vain,
The *Karos*, th' *Apoplexie*, and *Lethargy*
As forlorn hope, aſſault the enemy
On the ſame ſide; but yet with weapons others:
For, they freez-vp the brain and all his brothers;
Making a liue man like a liue-leſs carcaſs,
Saue that again he ſcapeth from the *Parcas*.
And now the *Palſie*, and the *Cramp* diſpoſe
Their angry darts; this bindes, and that doth loſe
Mans feeble ſinewes, ſhutting vp the way
Whereby before the vitall ſpirits did play.
Then as a man, that fronts in ſingle Fight
His ſuddain foe, his ground doth trauerſe light,

Innumerable kindes of diſeaſes.

The firſt Regiment ſent to aſſaile the Head Mans chiefeſt Fortreſſe. Simile.

A ſimilitude of the effects and

endeuers of sickneſſe.

Thruſts, wards, auoids and beſt aduantage ſpies,
At laſt (to daze his Riuals ſparkling eyes)
He caſts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,
In crimſin ſtreams he makes him ſtrain his life:
So SICKNES, *Adam* to ſubdue the better
(Whom thouſand Gyues al-ready faſtly fetter)
Brings to the field the faith-leſs *Ophthalmy*
With ſcalding blood to blinde her enemy,
Darting a thouſand thruſts; then ſhe's backt
By th' *Anafroſe* and cloudy *Cataract*:
That, gathering-vp groſs humors inwardly
In th' *Optike* ſinnew, clean puts out the ey:
This other, caſeth in an enuious caul
The Cryſtall humour ſhining in the ball.
This paſt: in-ſteps that inſolent inſulter;
The cruell *Quinſy*, leaping like a Vulture
At *Adams* throat, his hollow weaſand ſwelling
Among the muſcles, through thick bloods congealing;
Leauing him onely this Eſſay, for ſigne
Of 's might and malice to his future-line:
Like *Hercules* that in his infant-browes
Bore glorious marks of his vndaunted prowes,
When with his hands (like ſteely tongs) he ſtrangled
His ſpightfull ſtepdams Dragons ſpotty-ſpangled:
A proof, præſaging the tryumphant ſpoyls
That he atchiv'd by his *Twelue* famous *Toyls*.

The ſecond Regiment aſſaulting the vitall Parts.

The ſecond Regiment with deadly darts
Aſſaulteth fiercely *Adams* vitall parts:
Al-ready th' *Aſthma* panting, breathing tough,
With humours groſs the lifting Lungs doth ſtuff:
The pining *Phthiſick* fills them all with puſhes,
Whence a ſlowe ſpowt of cor'ſie matter guſhes:
A waſting flame the *Peripneumony*
Within thoſe ſponges kindles cruelly:
The ſpawling *Empiem*, ruth-leſs as the reſt,
With foul impoſtumes fils his hollow cheſt:
The *Pleuriſie* ſtabs him with deſperate foyl
Beneath the ribs, where ſcalding blood doth boyl:

Then

Then th'*Incubus* (by ſom ſuppos'd a ſpright)
With a thick phlegm doth ſtop his breath by night.
Deer *Muſe*, my guide; cleer truth, that nought diſſebles,
Name me the Champion that with fury trembles,
Who arm'd with blazing fire brands, fiercely flings
At th'Armies heart not at our feeble wings:
Having for Aids, *Cough*, *Head-ach*, *Horror*, *Heat*,
Puiſe-beating, *Burning*, *cold-diſtilling-Sweat*,
Thirſt, *Yawning*, *Yolking*, *Cliſtring*, *Shiuering*, *Shaking*,
Fantaſtik *Rauing*, and continuall *Akeing*,
With many more: O! is not this the *Fury*
We call the *Feuer*? whoſe inconſtant fury
Transforms her ofter then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, and *Quotidian*,
And *Second* too; now poſting, ſomtimes pawſing,
Euen as the matter, all theſe changes cauſing,
Is rommidged with motions ſlowe or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-ſick*.
Ah treacherous beaſt I needs muſt I knowe thee beſt:
For foure whole years thou wert my poor harts gueſt,
And to this day in body and in minde
I bear the marks of thy deſpight vnkinde:
For yet (beſides my veins and bones bereft
Of blood and marrow) through thy ſecret theft
I feel the vertue of my ſpirit decayd,
Th' *Enthouſiaſmos* of my *Muſe* allaid;
My memory (which hath been meetly good)
Is now (alaſs) much like the fleeting flood;
Wheron no ſoner haue we drawn a line
But it is canceld, leauing there no ſigne:
For, the deer fruit of all my care and coſt,
My former ſtudy (almoſt all) is loſt,
And oft in ſecret haue I bluſhed at
Mine ignorance: like *Corvine*, who forgat
His proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*
(Learned in youth, and in his age a Dunce)
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeuour
My numbers ſtill by habite haue the Feuer;

The Ague with her train her kinds, and cruell effects.

Our Poet, hauing been himſelf for many years grieuouſly afflicted with the Feuer, complaineth bitterly of her rude violance.

One-while

One-while with heat of heav'nly fire-enſoul'd,
Shivering anon, through faint vn-learned cold.
The third Regiment warring on the naturall Powers.
Now, the third Regiment with ſtormy ſtours
Sets-on the Squadron of our *Naturall Powers*,
Which happily maintain vs (duly) both
With needfull food and with ſufficient growth.
One-while the *Boulime*, then the *Anorexie*,
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypepſie*,
And childe-great *Pica* (of prodigious diet)
In ſtraighteſt ſtomacks rage with monſtrous ryot:
Then on the Lyver doth the *Iaundize* fall,
Stopping the paſſage of the cholerick Gall;
Which then, for good blood, ſcatters all about
Her fiery poyſon, yellowing all without:
But the ſad *Dropſie* freezeth it extream,
Till all the blood be turned into fleam.
But ſee (alas!) by far more cruell foes
The ſlippery bowels thrill'd with thouſand throes:
With priſoned windes the wringing *Colick* pains-them,
The *Iliak* paſſion with more rigour ſtrains-them,
Streightens their Conduits, and (deteſted) makes
Mans mouth (alas!) euen like a loathſom Iakes.
Then the *Dyſentery* with fretting pains
Extorteth pure blood from the flayed veins.
On th'other ſide, the *Stone* and *Strangury*,
Torturing the Reins with deadly tyranny,
With heat-concreted ſand-heaps ſtrangely ſtop
The burning vrine, ſtrained drop by drop:
As oppoſite, the *Diabete*, by melting
Our bodies ſubſtance in our Vrine ſwelting,
Diſtills vs ſtill, as long as any matter
Vnto the ſpout can ſend ſupply of water.
Vnto thoſe parts, wherby we leaue behind-vs
Types of our ſelues in after-times to mind-vs,
Ther fiercely flies defectiue *Venery*,
And the foul, feeble, fruit-leſs *Gonorrhe*
(An impotence for Generations-deed,
And luſt-leſs Iſſue of th'vncocted ſeed)

Remorſe-leſs

Remorſe-leſs tyrants, that to ſpoyl aſpire
Babes vnconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire.
The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours
Begot of vicious indigeſted humours:
As *Phlegmons, Oedems, Scyrrhes, Eryſipiles,*
Kings-euils, Cankers, cruell *Gouts*, and *Byles*,
Wens, Ring-worms, Tetters: theſe from euery part
With thouſand pangs braue the beſieged hart:
And their blind fury, wanting force and courage
To hurt the Fort, the champain Country forrage.
O tyrants! ſheath your feeble ſwords again:
For, Death al-ready thouſand-times hath ſlain
Your Enemy; and yet your enuious rigour
Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure,
And with a dull and ragged inſtrument
His ioints and skin are ſaw'd, and torn, and rent.
Me thinks moſt rightly to a coward Crew
Of *Wolues* and *Foxes* I reſemble you,
Who in a Forreſt (finding on the ſand
The Lyon dead, that did aliue command
The Land about, whoſe aw-full Countenance
Melted (far off) their yce-like arrogance)
Mangle the members of their liue-leſs Prince,
With feeble ſignes of daſtard inſolence.
But, with the Griefs that charge our outward places,
Shall I account the loathſom *Phthiriaſis*?
O ſhamefull Plague! O foul infirmity!
Which makes proud Kings, fouler then Beggars be
(That wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermin ſore,
Their itching backs ſit ſhrugging euermore)
To ſwarm with *Lice*, that rubbing cannot rid,
Nor often ſhift of ſhirts, and ſheets, and bed:
For, as in ſprings, ſtream ſtream purſueth freſh,
Swarm follows ſwarm, and their too fruitfull fleſh
Breeds her own eaters, and (till Deaths arreſt)
Makes of it ſelf an execrable feaſt.
Nor may we think, that *Chance*, confuſedly
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemy*:

The fourth Regiment, forrageth, and defaceth the Body outwardly

Compariſon.

The Lowſie Diſeaſe.

Diſeaſes proper to certaine Climats & Nations.

For,

For, of her Souldiers, ſom (as led by reaſon)
Can make their choice of *Country*, *Age*, and *Seaſon*.
So *Portugal* hath *Phthiſiks* moſt of all,
Eber Kings-euils; *Arné* the *Suddain-Fall*;
Sauoy the *Mumps*; *Weſt-India*, *Pox*; and *Nyſle*
The *Leproſie*; *Plague*, the *Sardinian-Ile*:
After the influence of the Heav'ns all-ruling,
To ſom ages of man. Or *Countries* manners. So, ſoft *Childhood* puling
Is wrung with Worms, begot of crudity,
Are apt to Lasks through much humidity:
Through their ſalt phlegms, their heads are hid with *skalls*,
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* and with bloody balls
Of *Menſtruall* humour which (like Muſt) within
Their bodies boyling, buttoneth all their skin.
To *bloody-Fluxes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,
Continuall-Feuers, *Phrenzies*, *Phthiſik-pyning*.
And feeble *Age* is ſeldom-times without
Her tedious gueſts, the *Palſie* and the *Gout*,
Coughes, and *Catarrhs*. And ſo the *Peſtilence*,
The *quartan-Ague* with her accidents,
The *Flix*, the *Hip-gout*, and the *Watrie-Tumour*,
To the Seaſons of the yeare. Are bred with vs of an *Autumnal* humour:
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Alcides-grief*,
In *Vere* hot-moyſture doe moleſt vs chief:
The *Diarrhœa* and the *Burning-Feuer*,
In *Sommer-ſeaſon* do their fell endevour:
And *Pleuriſies*, the rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheums*,
Wear curled flakes of white celeſtiall plumes:
Like ſluggiſh Souldiers, keeping Garriſon
In th'ycie Bulwarks of the Years gelt Son.
Some Diſeaſes contagious. Som, ſeeming moſt in multitudes delighting,
Bane one by other, not the firſt acquiting:
As *Meaſels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leproſie*,
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phthiſik-maladie*.
Some hereditary. And ſom (alas!) we leaue as in ſucceſſion,
Vnto our Children, for a ſad poſſeſſion:
Such are *Kings-euils*, *Dropſie*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,
Blood-boyling *Lepre*, and *Conſumption*,

The

The ſwelling *Throat-ache*, th' *Epilepſie* ſad,
And cruell *Rupture*, paying too-too bad:
For their hid poyſons after-comming harm
Is faſt combin'd vnto the Parents ſperm.
But O! what arms, what ſhield ſhall wee oppoſe,
What ſtratagems againſt thoſe trecherous foes,
Thoſe teacherous griefs, that our frail Art detects
Not by their cauſe, but by their ſole effects?
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-ſuffocation*,
The *Falling-ſickner*, and pale *Swouning-paſſion*;
The which, I wote not what ſtrange winde long pauſe,
I wot not where, I wote not how doth cauſe.
Some not known by their Cauſe, but by their Effects onely.
Or who (alas!) can ſcape the cruell wile
Of thoſe fell Pangs that *Phyſicks* pains beguile?
Which being baniſht from a body, yet
(Vnder new names) return again to it:
Or rather, taught the ſtrange *Metempſychoſis*
Of the wiſe *Samian*, one it ſelf tranſpoſes
Into ſom worſe *Grief*: either through the kindred
Of th' humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or auarice
That doe profeſs *Apollos* exerciſe.
Some by ſundry Cauſes encreaſing and waxing worſe.
So, *Melancholy* turned into *Madnes*;
Into the *Palſie*, deep-affrighted *Sadnes*;
Th' *Ill-habitude* into the *Dropſie* chill:
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*.
In brief, poor *Adam* in this pitious caſe
Is like a Stag, that long purſu'd in chaſe,
Flying for ſuccour to ſom neighbour wood,
Sinks on the ſuddain in the yeelding mud;
And ſticking faſt amid the rotten grounds,
Is over-taken by the eger Hounds:
One bites his back, his neck another nips,
One puls his breſt, at's throat another skips,
One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,
Another lugs him by the bleeding ears;
And laſt of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife
Cuts off his head, and ſo concludes his life.
Compariſon.

Or

Another comparison.

Or like a lusty Bull, whose horned Crest
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowsie nest,
Who buzzing forth, assail him on each side,
And pitch their valiant bands about his hide;
With fisking train, with forked head, and foot,
Himself, th'ayr, th'earth, he beateth (to no boot)
Flying (through woods, hills, dales, and roaring rivers)
His place of grief, but not his painfull grievers:
And in the end, stitcht full of stings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.

An amplification of Mans miseries, compared with other Creatures, seldomer sick, and sooner healed: and that by naturall Remedies of their owne: hauing also taught Men many practices of Physike.

For, man is loaden with ten thousand languors:
All other Creatures, onely feel the angors
Of few *Diseases*: as, the gleaning Quail
Onely the *Falling-sickues* doth assail:
The *Turn-about* and *Murram* trouble Cattel,
Madnes and *Quincie* bid the Masty battel.
Yet each of them can naturally finde
What Simples cure the sickness of their kinde;
Feeling no sooner their disease begin,
But they as soon haue ready medicine.
The Ram for Physik takes strong-senting *Rue*:
The Tortois slowe, cold *Hemlok* doth renue:
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Iay
Haue th'oyly liquor of the sacred *Bay*.
The sickly Bear, the *Mandrak* cures again;
And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yean:
But, we knowe nothing, till by poaring still
On Books, we get vs a Sophistik skil;
A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge still vnknowen:
Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)
Of those, that (broken with vnthankfull toyl)
Seeks others Health, and lose their own the-while:
Or rather those (such are the greatest part)
That waxing rich at others cost and smart,
Growe famous *Doctors*, purchasing promotions,
While the Church-yards swel with their hurtfull potions;
Who (hang-man like) fear-less, and shame-less too,
Are prayd and payd for murders that they doo.

I ſpeak not of the good, the wiſe, and learned,
Within whoſe hearts Gods fear is wel diſcerned:
Who to our bodies can again vnite
Our parting ſoules, ready to take their flight.
For, theſe I honour as Heav'ns gifts excelling,
Pillars of Health, Death, and Diſeaſe repelling:
Th'Almighties Agents, Natures Counſellers,
And flowring Youths wiſe faithfull Governours.
Yet if their Art can eaſe ſom kinde of dolors,
They learn'd it firſt of Natures ſilent Schollers:
For, from the *Sea-Horſe* came *Phlebotomies*,
From the wilde *Goat* the healing of the eys;
From *Stork*, and *Hearn*, our *Glyſters* laxatiue,
From *Bears* and *Lions*, *Diets* we deriue.
'Gainſt th'onely Body all theſe Champions ſtout
Striue ſom, within: and other ſom, without.
Or, if that any th'all-fair Soule haue ſtriken,
'Tis not directly; but, in that they weaken
Her Officers, and ſpoyl the Inſtruments
Wherwith ſhe works ſuch wonderous preſidents.
But, lo! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eger,
That on all ſides the Spirit it ſelf beleaguer,
Whoſe Conſtancy they ſhake, and ſoon by treaſon
Draw the blind Iudgement from the rule of Reaſon:
Opinions iſſue; which (though ſelf vnſeen)
Make through the Body their fell motions ſeen.
Sorrow's firſt Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a ſable clowd,
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way,
Creeping in corners, where ſhe ſits and vies
Sighes from her hart, tears from her blubbered eys;
Accompani'd with ſelf-conſuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pitty*, *Thought*, and mad *Deſpair*
That bears, about her, burning Coles and Cords,
Aſps, Poyſons, Piſtols, Halters, Kniues, and Swords:
Foul ſquinting *Enuy*, that ſelf-eating Elf,
Through others leanneſs fatting vp her ſelf,

Of foure Diſeaſes of the Soule, vnder them comprehending all the reſt.

1. Sorrow deſcribed with her company.

Ioying

Ioying in miſchief, feeding but with languor
And bitter tears her Toad-like-ſwelling anger
And *Ielouſie* that never ſleeps, for fear
(Suſpitions Flea ſtill nibbling in her ear)
That leaues repaſt and reſt, neer pin'd and blinde
With ſeeking what ſhe would be loath to finde.

2. Ioy with her Traine.

The ſecond Captain is exceſſiue Ioy,
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-ſtreight for her: whoſe ſenſes all poſſeſs
All wiſhed pleaſures in all plentiouſnes.
She hath in conduct falſe vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, ſoothing, ſhame-leſs, lowd, iniurious, taunting:
The winged Giant lofty-ſtaring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her braving Creſt doth hide:
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That riſe when rain the liquid Cryſtall troubles.

3. Feare & her Followers.

The Third, is blood-leſs, hart-leſs, wit-leſs *Fear*,
That like an Aſp-tree trembles every where:
She leads bleak *Terror*, and baſe clowniſh *Shame*,
And drowſie *Sloath*, that counterfaiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion meaſuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foul, ſluggiſh Drone, barren (but, ſin to breed)
Diſeaſed, begger, ſtarv'd with wilfull need.

4. Deſire, a moſt violent Paſſion, accõpanied with others like: as Ambition, Auarice, Anger, and Fooliſh Loue.

And thou *Deſire*, whom nor the firmament,
Nor ayr, nor earth, nor Ocean can content:
Whoſe-looks are hooks, whoſe belly's bottom-leſs,
Whoſe hands are Gripes to ſcrape with greedineſs,
Thou art the Fourth: and vnder thy Command,
Thou bring'ſt to field a rough vnruly Band:
Firſt, ſecret-burning, mighty-ſwoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition,
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud aſpiring dies not,
Whoſe hands (tranſported with fantaſtike paſſion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Auarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge the venters

Through

Through fell *Charybdis*, and falſe *Syrtes* Neſſe;
The more her welth, the more her wretchedneſs:
Cruell, reſpect-leſs, friend-leſs, faith-leſs Elf,
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her ſelf:
Whoſe foule baſe fingers in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) ſtarv'd in the midſt of ſtore:
Not what ſhe hath, but what ſhe wants ſhe counts:
A wel-wingd Bird that neuer lofty mounts.
Then, boyling *Wrath*, ſtern, cruell, ſwift, and raſh,
That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnaſh:
Whoſe hair doth ſtare like briſtled Porcupine;
Who ſom-times rowles her ghaſtly-glowing eyn,
And ſom-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak then bloody in her Countenance;
Rauing and rayling with a hideous ſound,
Clapping her hands, ſtamping againſt the ground;
Bearing *Bocconi*, fire and ſword to ſlay,
And murder all that her for pitty pray;
Baning her ſelf, to bane her Enemy;
Diſdaining Death, prouided others dy:
Like falling Towrs o'r-turned by the winde,
That break themſelues on that they vnder-grinde.
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Loue:*
(*Whom heer to paint doth little me behooue,*
After ſo many rare Apelleſes
As in this Age our Albion nouriſhes)
And to be ſhort, thou doeſt to battail bring
As many Souldiers 'gainſt the Creatures King,
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankinde
True very *Goods*, or ſeeming-*Goods* doth finde.
Now, if (but like the Lightning in the ſky)
Theſe ſudden *Paſſions* paſt but ſwiftly by,
The fear were leſs; but, O! too-oft they leaue
Keen ſtings behinde in Soules that they deceiue.
From this foul Fountain, all theſe poyſons riſe,
Rapes, Treaſons, Murders, Inceſts, Sodomies,
Blaſpheming, Bibbing, Theeuing, Falſe-contracting
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exacting.

The horrible effects of the Paſſions of the ſoule, far more dangerous then the diſeaſes of the body.

Alas! how these (far-worse then death) *Diseases*
Exceed each *Sickner* that our body seises;
Which makes vs open war, and by his spight
Giues to the Patient many a holsom light,
Now by the colour, or the Pulses beating,
Or by som Fit, som sharper dolor threatning;
Whereby the Leach neer-ghessing at our grief,
Not seldom findes sure means for our relief.
But, for these *Ills* raign in our Intellect
(Which only, them both can and ought detect)
They rest vnknown, or rather self-conceal'd;
And soule-sick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.
Besides, we plainly call the *Feuer*, *Feuer*:
The *Dropsie*, *Dropsie*: ouer-gilding neuer,
With guile-full flourish of a fained phraze,
The cruell Languors that our bodies craze:
Whereas, our fond self-soothing Soule, thus sick,
Rubs her owne sore; with glozing Rhetorik
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded Blain
Not fear the touch of *Reasons* Cautere vain.

The miserable corruption of our Times, worse then all former Ages.

And sure, if euer filthy Vice did iet
In sacred *Vertues* spot-les mantle neat,
'Tis in our days, more hatefull and vn-hallow'd,
Then when the World the Waters wholly swallow'd.
Ile spare to speak of fouleſt Sins, that spot
Th' infamous beds of men of mighty lot;
Least I the Saints chaſte tender ears offend,
And seem them more to teach, then reprehend.

All riotous Prodigalitie disguised with the name of Liberalitie.

Who bear vpon their *French-sick* backs about,
Farms, Castles, Fees, in golden shreads cut-out;
Whose lauish hand, at one *Primero-rest*,
One Mask, one Turney, or one pampering Feast,
Sends treasures, scrap't by th' *Vsury* and *Care*
Of miser Parents; *Liberall* counted are.

Effeminate curiositie & luxurious Pride, miscalled Cleanlines.

Who, with a maiden voice, and mincing pase,
Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face,
Base coward-hart, and wanton soft array,
Their man-hood only by their Beard bewray,

Are

Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Luſt-greedy Goates,
Brothel from bed to bed; whoſe *Siren*-notes
Inchaunt chaſte *Suſans*, and like hungry Kite
Fly at all game, they *Louers* are behight.
Who, by falſe bargains, and vnlawfull meaſures
Robbing the World, haue he aped kingly treaſures:
Who cheat the ſimple; lend for fifty fifty,
Hund'red for hundred, are eſteemed *Thrifty*.
Who alwaies murder and reuenge affect,
Who feed on bloud, who neuer doe reſpect
State, *Sex*, or *Age*: but, in all humane lyues
In cold bloud, bathe their paricidiall kniues;
Are ſtiled *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land
May want ſuch valour whoſe ſelf-cruell hand
Fights for our foes, our proper life-blood ſpils,
Our Cities ſacks, and our owne Kindred kils.
Lord, let the *Launce*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, & *Shield*,
Be turn'd to tools to furrow-vp the field,
And let vs ſee the Spyders buſie task
Wov'n in the belly of the plumed Cask.
But if (braue *Lands-men*) your war-thirſt be ſuch,
If in your breſts ſad *Enyon* boyl ſo much,
What holds you heer? alas! what hope of crowns?
Our fields are flocks-leſs, treaſure-leſs our Towns.
Goe then, nay run, renowned *Martialiſts*,
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* liſts;
Hy, hy to *Flanders*; free with conquering ſtroak
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberians* yoake:
To *Portingal*; people *Galizian-Spain*,
And graue your names on *Lysbon's* gates again.

Inſatiate luſt and Beaſt like Looſ-nes, ſurnamed Loue.

Extream Extortion, counted Thriſt.

Blaſphemous Quarrels, braueſt Courage.

Inhuman Murder higheſt Manhood.

FINIS.

THE HANDI-CRAFTS.

THE IIII. PART OF THE I. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Prayse of Peace, *the miserable states*
Of Edens *Exiles*: *their vn-curious* Cates,
Their simple habit, *silly* habitation:
They finde out Fire. *Their formost* Propagation:
Their Childrens trades, *their* offerings; *envious* Cain
His (better) Brother doth vnkindly brain:
With inward horror hurried vp and down,
He breaks a Horse, *he builds a homely* Town:
Iron 's *inuented, and sweet* Instruments:
Adam *fore-tells of After-Worlds* euents.

The Poet heere welcometh peace which (after long absence) seems about this time to haue returned into France.

The Benefits she brings with Her,

HEavn's sacred Imp, fair Goddess that renew'st
Th' old golden Age, and brightly now re-blew'st
Our cloudy sky, making our fields to smile:
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile:
Virgin, vnseen in *France* this many a yeer,
O blessed *Peace!* we bid thee welcom heer.
Lo, at thy presence, how who late were prest
To spur their Steeds, & couch their staues in rest
For fierce incounter; cast away their spears,
And rapt with ioy, them enter-bathe with tears.
Lo, how our Marchant-vessels to and fro
Freely about our trade-full Waters go:
How the graue *Senate* with iust-gentle rigour,
Resumes his Robe; the Laws their ancient vigour:

Lo

Lo, how *Obliuions* Seas our ſtrifes do drown:
How walls are built that war had thundred down:
Lo, how the Shops with buſie Crafts-men ſwarm;
How Sheep and Cattle cover every Farm:
Behold the Bon-fires waving to the skies:
Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chaunting cries
Of old and young; ſinging this ioyfull Dittie,
Iö, reioyce, reioyce through Town and Citie,
Let all our ayr, re-eccho with the praiſes
Of th' everlaſting glorious God, who raiſes
Our ruin'd State: who giueth vs a good
We ſought not for (or rather, we with-ſtood)
So that, to hear and ſee theſe conſequences
Of wonders ſtrange, we ſcarce beleeue our ſenſes.
O! let the *King*, let *Mounſieur* and the *Sover'n*
That doth *Nauarras Spayn*-wrongd Scepter govern,
Be all, by all, their Countries Fathers cleapt:
O! let the honour of their names be kept,
And on braſs leaves ingrav'n eternally
In the bright Temple of fair *Memory*,
For hauing quencht, ſo ſoon, ſo many fires,
Diſarm'd our arms, appeas'd the heav'nly ires,
Calm'd the pale horror of inteſtin hates,
And damned-vp the bi-front Fathers gates.
Much more, let vs (deer, World-diuided Land)
Extoll the mercies of Heav'ns mighty hand,
That (while the World, Wars bloody rage hath rent)
To vs ſo long, ſo happy Peace *hath lent.*
(*Maugre the malice of th'* Italian Prieſt,
And Indian Pluto (*prop of Anti-chriſt*;
VVhoſe Hoaſt, like Pharao's *threatning* Iſrael,
Our gaping Seas haue ſwallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy Safe-Retreat
For Saints exil'd in perſecutions heat.
Much more, let vs with true-heart-tuned breath,
Recorde the Praiſes of ELIZABETH
(*Our martiall* Pallas *and our milde* Aſtræa,
Of grace and wiſdom the divine Idea)

Thanks-giuing to God for peace

Grateſull remembrance of the meanes therof.

An imitation thereof, by the Tranſlatour, in honour of our late gracious Soverain *Elizabeth*: in whoſe happy Raigne, God hath giuen this Kingdom ſo long peace and rich proſperity.

Wooſe prudent Rule, with rich religious Reſt,
VVel-neer nine Luſtres hath this Kingdom bleſt.
O I pray we him that from home-plotted dangers
And bloody threats of proud ambitious Strangers,
So many years hath ſo ſecurely kept her,
In iuſt poſſeſſion of this flowring Scepter;
That (to his glory and his deer Sonns honour)
All happy length of life may wait vppon her:
That we her Subiects, whom he bleſſeth by-her,
Pſalming his praiſe, may ſound the ſame the higher.
But, waiting (Lord) in ſom more learned Laies,
To ſing thy glory, and my Soueraigns praiſe;
I ſing the young Worlds Cradle, as a Proëm
Vnto ſo rare and ſo Divine a Poëm.

An Elegant compariſon repreſenting the lamentable Condition of Adam and Eue driuen out of Paradiſe.

WHO, FVL OF wealth and honours blandiſhment,
Among great Lords his younger years hath ſpent;
And quaffing deeply of the Court-delights,
Vs'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, and Masks, and Sights:
If in his age, his Princes angry doom
With deep diſgrace driue him to liue at home
In homely Cottage, where continually
The bitter ſmoak exhales abundantly
From his before-vn-ſorrow-drained brain
The brackiſh vapours of a ſiluer rain:
Where Vſher-leſs, both day and night, the *North*,
South, *Eaſt*, and *Weſt* windes, enter and goe forth:
Where round-about, the lowe-rooft broken walls
(In ſtead of Arras) hang with Spiders cauls:
Where all at once he reacheth, as he ſtands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands:
He weeps and ſighs, and (ſhunning comforts ay)
Wiſheth pale Death a thouſand times a day:
And, yet at length falling to work, is glad
To bite a brown cruſt that the Mouſe hath had,
And in a Diſh (inſtead of Plate or Glaſs)
Sups Oaten drink in ſtead of *Hypocras*.
So (or much like) our rebell Elders, driuen
For ay from *Eden* (Earthly type of Heav'n)

Ly languiſhing neer *Tigris* graſſie ſide,
With nummed limbs, and ſpirits ſtupefied.
But powrfull NEED (Arts antient Dame and Keeper, *The firſt Manner of life.*
The early watch-clock of the ſloathfull ſleeper)
Among the Mountains makes them ſeek their liuing,
And foaming Riuers, through the champain driuing:
For yet the Trees with thouſand fruits y-fraught
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought:
The Pear and Apple liued Dwarf-like there,
With Oakes and Aſhes ſhadowed euery-where:
And yet (alas!) their meaneſt ſimple cheer
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deer:
To get a Plum, ſomtimes poor *Adam* ruſhes
With thouſand wounds among a thouſand buſhes.
If they deſire a Medlar for their food,
They muſt goe ſeek it through a fearefull wood;
Or a brown Mulbery, then the ragged Bramble
With thouſand ſcratches doth their skin be-ſcramble.
Wherefore (as yet) more led by th' appetite *Great ſimplicity in their kinds of life.*
Of th' hungry belly then the taſtes delight,
Liuing from hand to mouth, ſoon ſatisfi'd,
To earn their ſupper, th' after noon they ply'd,
Vn-ſtor'd of dinner till the morrow-day;
Pleas'd with an Apple, or ſom leſſer pray.
Then, taught by *Ver* (richer in flowrs then fruit)
And hoary Winter, of both deſtitute,
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds, wiſely vp they hoord,
The beſt prouiſions that the woods affoord.
Touching their garments: for the ſhining wooll *Their Cloathing.*
Whence the roab-ſpinning precious Worms are full,
For gold and ſiluer wov'n in drapery,
For Cloth dipt double in the ſcarlet Dy,
For Gemms bright luſtre, with exceſſiue coſt
On rich embroideries by rare Art emboſt:
Somtimes they do the far-ſpred Gourd vnleave,
Sometime the Fig-tree of his branch bereave:
Somtimes the Plane, ſomtimes the Vine they ſhear,
Chooſing their faireſt treſſes heer and there:

And with their ſundry locks, thorn'd each to other,
Their tender limbs they hide from *Cynthias* Brother.
Somtimes the *Iuie's* climing ſtems they ſtrip,
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:
And with green lace, in artificiall order,
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-Tree doth border,
And with his arms th' Oaks ſlender twigs entwining,
A many branches in one tiſſue ioyning,
Frames a looſe Iacquet, whoſe light nimble quaking,
Wagg'd by the windes, is like the wanton ſhaking
Of golden ſpangles that in ſtately pride
Daunce on the treſſes of a noble Bride.

Their Winter Suits.

But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nouriſhment:
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thorny Plains,
And briſtly Woods be witneſs of his pains:
Eue, walking forth about the Forreſts, gathers
Speights, *Parrots*, *Peacocks*, *Eſtrich* ſcattered feathers,
And then with wax the ſmaller plumes ſhe ſears,
And ſowes the greater with a white horſe hairs,
(For they as yet did ſerue her in the ſteed
Of Hemp, and Towe, and Flax, and Silk, and Threed)
And thereof makes a medly coat ſo rare
That it reſembles *Nature's* Mantle fair,
When in the Sunne, in pomp all gliſtering,
She ſeems with ſmiles to woo the gawdie Spring.
When (by ſtoln moments) this ſhe had contriv'd,
Leaping for ioy, her cheerfull looks reviv'd,
Sh' admires her cunning; and incontinent
'Sayes on her ſelf her manly ornament;
And then through path-leſs paths ſhe runs apace,
To meet her husband comming from the Chaſe.
Sweet-heart (quoth ſhee, and then ſhe kiſſeth him)
My Loue, my Life, my Bliſſe, my Ioy, my Gemm,
My ſouls deer Soule, take in good part (I pree-thee)
This pretty Préſent that I gladly giue-thee.
Thanks my deer All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,
And with three kiſſes he requites her kiſs.

Then

Then on he puts his painted garment new,
And Peacock-like himſelf doth often view,
Looks on his ſhadow, and in proud amaze
Admires the hand that had the Art to cauſe
So many ſeuerall parts to meet in one,
To faſhion thus the quaint Mandilion.
But, when the Winters keener breath began
To cryſtallize the *Baltike* Ocean,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-vp the Floods,
And perriwig with wooll the bald-pate Woods;
Our Grand-ſire, ſhrinking, 'gan to ſhake and ſhiver,
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiuer.
Spying therefore a flock of Muttons comming
(Whoſe freez-clad bodies feel not Winters numming)
He takes the faireſt, and he knocks it down:
Then by good hap, finding vpon the Down
A ſharp great fiſh-bone (which long time before
The roaring Flood had caſt vpon the ſhore)
He cuts the throat, flayes it, and ſpreads the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he ſcrapes it well,
Then cloaths his wife therwith; and of ſuch Hides
Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himſelf prouides.

Eues induſtry in making a Garment for her Husband.

A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Caue,
Were the firſt buildings that them ſhelter gaue:
But, finding th' one to bee too-moiſt a hold,
Th' other too-narrow, th' other ouer-cold;
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they chooſe
Sixteen fair Trees that neuer leaues doe looſe,
Whoſe equall front in *quadran* form proſpected,
As if of purpoſe Nature them erected:
Their ſhady boughs firſt bow they tenderly,
Then enterbraid, and binde them curiouſly;
That one would think that had this Arbor ſeen,
'T had been true ſeeling painted-ouer green.

Their Lodging and firſt building.

After this triall, better yet to fenſe
Their tender fleſh from th' ayry violence,
Vpon the top of their fit-forked ſtems,
They lay a-croſſe bare Oaken boughs for beams

A building ſomwhat more exact

(Such

(Such as diſperſed in the Woods they finde,
Torn-off in tempeſts by the ſtormy winde)
Then theſe again with leauy boughes they load,
So couering cloſe their ſorry cold abode,
And then they ply frō th'eaues vnto the ground,
With mud-mixt Reed to wal their Manſion round
All ſaue a hole to th'Eaſt-ward ſituate,
Where ſtraight they clap a hurdle for a gate
(Inſtead of hinges hanged on a With)
Which with a ſleight beth ſhuts and openeth.

The inuention of Fire.

Yet fire they lackt: but lo, the windes, that whiſtle
Amid the Groues, ſo oft the *Laurell* iuſtle
Againſt the *Mulbery*, that their angry claps
Do kindle fire, that burns the neighbour Cops.
When *Adam* ſaw a ruddy vapour riſe
In glowing ſtreams; aſtund with fear he flies,
It follows him, vntil a naked Plain
The greedy furie of the flame reſtrain:
Then back he turns, and comming ſomwhat nigher
The kindled ſhrubs, perceiuing that the fire
Dries his dank Cloaths, his Colour doth refreſh,
And vnbenums his ſinews and his fleſh;
By th'vnburnt end a good big brand he takes,
And hying home, a fire he quickly makes,
And ſtill maintains it, till the ſtarry *Twins*
Celeſtiall breath another fire begins.
But, Winter being comn again it griev'd him,
T'haue loſt ſo fondly what ſo much reliev'd him,
Trying a thouſand waies, ſith now no more
The iuſtling Trees his domage would reſtore.

How the firſt Man inuented Fire for the vſe of himſelf & his Poſteritie.

While (elſe-where muſing) one day he ſate down
Vpon a ſteep Rocks craggy-forked crown,
A foaming beaſt come toward him he ſpies,
Within whoſe head ſtood burning coals for eys;
Then ſuddainly with boiſterous arm he throwes
A knobbie flint that hummeth as it goes;
Hence flies the beaſt, th'ill-aimed flint-ſhaft grounding
Againſt the Rock, and on it oft rebounding,

Shivers

Shivers to cinders, whence there iſſued
Small ſparks of fire no ſooner born then dead.
This happy chance made *Adam* leap for glee,
And quickly calling his cold company,
In his left hand a ſhining flint he locks,
Which with another in his right he knocks
So vp and down, that from the coldeſt ſtone
At euery ſtroak ſmall fiery ſparkles ſhone.
Then with the dry leaves of a withered Bay
The which together handſomly they lay,
They take the falling fire, which like a Sun
Shines cleer and ſmoak-leſs in the leaf begun.
Eue, kneeling down, with hand her head ſuſtaining,
And on the lowe ground with her elbowe leaning,
Blowes with her mouth: and with her gentle blowing
Stirs vp the heat, that from the dry leaves glowing,
Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kix
Firſt fires the ſmall, and they the greater ſticks.
And now, Man-kiude with fruitfull Race began
A little corner of the World to man:
Firſt *Cain* is born, to tillage all addicted;
Then *Abel*, moſt to keeping flocks affected.
Abel, deſirous ſtill at hand to keep
His Milk and Cheeſe, vnwildes the gentle Sheep
To make a Flock; that when it tame became
For guard and guide ſhould haue a Dog and Ram.
Cain more ambitious, giues but little eaſe
To's boyſterous limbs: and ſeeing that the Peaſe,
And other Pulſe, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,
Burnt in the Copſes, as not held in price,
Som grains he gathers: and with buſie toyl,
A-part hee ſowes them in a better ſoyl,
Which firſt he rids of ſtones, and thorns, and weeds,
Then buries there his dying-liuing ſeeds.
By the next Harueſt, finding that his pain
On this ſmall plot was not ingrately-vain;
To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring
Without ſo often weary Labouring,

Beginning of Families.

The ſeuerall Occupations of Abel *and* Cain.

He

He tames a Heifer, and on either ſide,
On either horn a three-fold twiſt he ti'd
Of Oſiar twigs, and for a Plough he got
The horn or Tooth of ſom Rhinocerot.
Now, th' one in Cattle, th' other rich in grain,
Their ſacrifice. On two ſteep Mountains build they Altars twain;
Where (humbly-ſacred) th' one with zealous cry
Cleaues bright *Olympus* ſtarry Canopy:
With fained lips, the other low'd-reſounded
Hart-wanting Hymns, on ſelf-deſeruing founded:
Each on his Altar offreth to the Lord
The beſt that eithers flocks, or fields affoord.
God regardeth Abell and his Sacrifice: and reiecteth Cain and his: whereas Cain enuieth, and finally kils his Brother; whoſe blood God reuengeth.
Rein-ſearching God, thought-ſounding Iudge, that tries
The will and heart more then the worke and guiſe,
Accepts good *Abels* gift: but hates the other
Profane oblation of his furious Brother;
Who feeling, deep th' effects of Gods diſpleaſure,
Raues, frets, and fumes, and murmurs out of meaſure.
What boots it (*Cain*) O wretch! what boots it thee
T' haue opened firſt the fruitfull womb (quoth he)
Of the firſt mother; and firſt born, the rather
T' haue honour'd *Adam* firſt, with name of Father?
Vnfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,
Wiſe, actiue, valiant, ſtrongly-limb'd, and healthy,
If this weake Girl-boy, in mans ſhape diſguis'd,
To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou deſpis'd?
What boots it thee, for others night and day,
In painfull toyl to wear thy ſelf away:
And (more for others then thine own relief)
To haue deuiſed of all Arts the chief;
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurſt
Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurſt)?
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,
Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool
This kindling flame: and, that none ouer-crowe thee,
Re-ſeiſe the right that Birth and Vertue owe-thee.
Ay in his minde this counſail he reuolues,
And hundred times to act it he reſolues,

And

And yet as oft relents; ſtopt worthily
By the pains horror, and ſins tyranny.
But, one day drawing with diſſembled loue
His harm-leſs brother far into a Groue,
Vpon the verdure of whoſe virgin-boughs
Bird had not pearcht, nor neuer beaſt did brouz;
With both his hands he takes a ſtone ſo huge,
That in our age three men could hardly bouge,
And iuſt vpon his tender brothers crown,
With all his might he cruell caſts it down.
The murdred face lies printed in the mud,
And lowd for vengeance cries the martyr'd blood,
The battered brains fly in the murd'rers face.
The Sun, to ſhun this Tragike ſight, a-pace
Turns back his Teem: th' amazed Parricide
Doth all the *Furies* ſcourging whips abide:
Externall terrors, and th' internall Worm
A thouſand kindes of liuing deaths doe form:
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his owne friends, of his owne ſhade affright,
Scarr'd with a leaf, and ſtarting at a Sparrow,
And all the World ſeems for his fear too-narrow.
But for his Children, born by three and three,
Produce him Nephews, that ſtill multiply
With new increaſe; who yer their age be rife
Becom great-Grand-ſires in their Grand-ſires life:
Staying at length, he choſe him out a dwelling,
For woods and floods, and ayr, and ſoyl excelling.
One fels down Firs, another of the ſame
With croſſed poles a little Lodge doth frame:
Another mounds it with dry walls about,
And leaues a breach for paſſage in and out:
With Turf and Furſe: ſom others yet more groſſe
Their homely Sties in ſtead of walls incloſe:
Som (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,
And that about their ſilly Cotes they fix:
Som make their Roofs with fearn, or reeds, or ruſhes,
And ſom with hides, with oaſe, with boughs, and buſhes.

By reaſon of the multiplying of Mankinde, the Children of Adam begin to build houſes for their commodity and retreat.

Hee

Cain thinking to finde ſum quiet for the tempeſts of his conſcience, begins to fortifie, and builds a Towne.

Hee, that ſtill fearfull, ſeeketh ſtill defence,
Shortly this Hamlet to a Towne augments.
For, with keen Coultar hauing bounded (witty)
The four-faç't Rampire of his ſimple Citty;
With ſtones ſoon gathered on the neighbour ſtrand,
And clayie morter ready there at hand.
Well trode and tempered, he immures his Fort,
A ſtately Towr erecting on the Port:
Which awes his owne, and threats his enemies;
Securing ſom-what his pale tyrannies.
O Tigre! think'ſt thou (helliſh fratricide)
Becauſe with ſtone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,
Prince of ſom Peaſants trained in thy tillage,
And ſilly Kingling of a ſimple Village;
Think'ſt thou to ſcape the ſtorm of vengeance dread,
That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head?
No: wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will
On ſtrongeſt top of any ſteepeſt Hill:
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,
Hauing for aid all Creatures in this All:
If skin and heart, of ſteel and yron were,
Thy pain thou could'ſt not, leſs auoid thy fear
Which chils thy bones, and runs through all thy vains,
Racking thy ſoule with twenty thouſand pains.

Supposeth to ſecure himſelfe by the ſtrength and ſwiftnes of a Horſe, which hee begins to tame.

Kain (as they ſay) by this deep fear diſturbed,
Then firſt of all th' vntamed Courſer curbed,
That while about on others feet he run
With duſty ſpeed, he might his Deaths-man ſhun.

Deſcription of a gallant Horſe.

Among a hundred braue, light, luſty, Horſes
(With curious ey, marking their comly forces)
He chooſeth one for his induſtrious proof,
With round, high, hollow, ſmooth, brown, ietty hoof,
With Paſterns ſhort, vpright (but yet in mean);
Drie ſinnewie ſhanks; ſtrong, fleſh-leſs knees, and lean;
With Hart-like legs, broad breſt, and large behinde,
With body large, ſmooth flanks, and double-chin'd:
A creſted neck bowd like a half-bent Bowe,
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flowe;

A firm

A firm full tail, touching the lowely ground
With dock between two fair fat buttocks drownd;
A pricked ear, that reſts as little ſpace,
As his light foot; a lean, bare, bony, face,
Thin joule, and head but of a middling ſize,
Full, liuely-flaming, quickly rowling eys,
Great foaming mouth, hot-fuming noſthrill wide,
Of Cheſt-nut hair, his fore-head ſtarryfi'd,
Three milky feet, a feather on his breſt,
Whom ſeav'n-years-old at the next graſs he gheſt.
This goodly Iennet gently firſt he wins,
And then to back him actiuely begins,
Steady and ſtraight he ſits, turning his ſight
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.
The chafed Horſe, ſuch thrall ill-ſuffering,
Begins to ſnuff, and ſnort, and leap, and fling;
And flying ſwift, his fearefull Rider makes,
Like ſom vnskilfull Lad, that vnder-takes
To hold ſom ſhips helm, while the head-long Tyde
Carries away the Veſſell and her Guide;
Who neer deuoured in the iaws of Death,
Pale, fearefull, ſhivering, faint, and out of breath,
A thouſand times (with Heav'n erected eys)
Repents him of ſo bold an enterpriſe.
But, ſitting faſt, leſs hurt then feared; *Cain*
Boldnes himſelf and his braue Beaſt again:
Brings him to paſe, from paſing to the trot,
From trot to gallop: after runs him hot
In full career: and at his courage ſmiles;
And ſitting ſtill, to run ſo many miles.
His paſe is fair and free; his trot as light
As Tigres courſe, as Swallows nimble flight:
And his braue gallop ſeems as ſwift to goe
As *Biſcan* Darts, or ſhafts from *Ruſſian* bowe:
But, roaring Canon, from his ſmoaking throat,
Neuer ſo ſpeedy ſpews the thundring ſhot
(That in an Army mowes whole ſquadrons down,
And batters Bulwarks of a ſummon'd Town)

The manner how to back, to break, & make a good Horſe.

Simile.

The ready ſpeed of a ſwift Horſe preſented to the Reader, in a pleaſant and liuely deſcription

As

As this light Horſe ſcuds, if he doe but feel
His bridle ſlack, and in his ſide the heel:
Shunning himſelf, his ſinewie ſtrength he ſtretches;
Flying the earth, the flying ayr he catches,
Born whirl-wind-like: he makes the trampled ground
Shrink vnder him, and ſhake with doubling ſound:
And when the ſight no more purſue him may,
In fieldy clouds hee vaniſheth away.

Good Horſe-manſhip.

The wiſe-waxt Rider, not eſteeming beſt
To take too-much now of his luſty Beaſt,
Reſtrains his fury: then with learned wand
The triple Coruet makes him vnderſtand:
With skilfull voice he gently cheers his pride:
And on his neck his flattering palm doth ſlide:
He ſtops him ſteady ſtill, new breath to take,
And in the ſame path brings him ſoftly back.

The Countenãce Pride, and Port of a courageous Horſe, when he is chafed.

But th' angry Steed, riſing and reaning proudly,
Striking the ſtones, ſtamping and neighing loudly,
Calls for the Combat, plunges, leaps, and praunces,
Befoams the path, with ſparkling eys he glaunces,
Champs on his burniſht bit, and glorioufly
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high,
All ſide long iaunts, on either ſide he iuſtles,
And 's wauing Creſt courageouſly he briſtles,
Making the gazers glad on euery ſide
To giue more room vnto his portly Pride.

The Dexteritie of a skilfull Rider.

Cain gently ſtroakes him, and now ſure in ſeat,
Ambitiouſly ſeeks ſtill ſom freſher feat
To be more famous; one while trots the Ring,
Another while he doth him back-ward bring,
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound;
And to each hand to mannage rightly round;
To ſtoop, to ſtop, to caper, and to ſwim,
To daunce, to leap, to hold-vp any lim:
And all, ſo don, with time-grace-ordered skill,
As both had but one body and one will.
Th' one for his Art no little glory gains,
Th' other through practiſe by degrees attains

Grace

Grace in his gallop, in his paſe agility,
Lightnes of head, and in his ſtop facility,
Strength in his leap, and ſtedfaſt managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his courſe new wings.
The vſe of Horſes thus diſcouered,
Each to his work more cheerly fetteled,
Each plyes his trade, and trauails for his age,
Following the paths of painfull *Tuball* ſage.
While through a Forreſt *Tuball* (with his *Yew*
And ready quiver) did a Bore purſue,
A burning Mountain from his fiery vain,
An yron River rowles along the Plain:
The witty Huntſ-man, muſing, thither hies,
And of the wonder deeply gan deviſe.
And firſt perceiving that this ſcalding mettle,
Becoming cold, in any ſhape would ſettle,
And growe ſo hard that with his ſharpned ſide,
The firmeſt ſubſtance it would ſoon divide;
He caſts a hundred plots, and yer he parts
He moulds the ground-work of a hundred Arts:
Like as a Hound, that (following looſe, behinde
His penſiue Maſter) of a Hare doth finde;
Leaues whom he loues, vpon the ſent doth ply,
Figs to and fro, and fals in cheerfull Cry,
And with vp-lifted head, and noſthrill wide
Winding his game, ſnuffs-vp the winde, his guide:
A hundred wayes he meaſures Vale and Hill:
Ears, eys, nor noſe, nor foot, nor tail are ſtill,
Till in her hot Form he haue found the pray
That he ſo long hath ſought for every way.
For, now the way to thouſand works reveald,
Which long ſhall liue maugre the rage of Eld:
In two ſquare creaſes of vnequall ſiſes
To turn two yron ſtreamlings he deuiſes;
Cold, takes them thence: then off the droſs he rakes,
And this a Hammer, that an Anuill makes;
And adding tongs to theſe two inſtruments,
He ſtores his houſe with yron implements:

The invention of yron.

Comparison.

Casting of the first Instruments of Iron.

As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-ſhares, coultars, ſtaples,
Boltes, hindges, hooks, nails, whittles, ſpokes, and grapples;
And grow'n more cunning, hollow things he formeth,
He hatcheth Files, and winding Vices wormeth,
He ſhapeth Sheers, and then a Saw indents,
Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.

The excellent vſes and commodities of Iron.

Happy device! we might as well want all
The Elements, as this hard minerall.
This, to the Plough-man, for great vſes ſerues:
This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carues:
This arms our bodies againſt aduerſe force:
This clothes our backs: this rules th'vnruly Horſe:
This makes vs dry-ſhod daunce in *Neptunes* Hall:
This brightens gold: this conquers ſelf and all;
Fift Element, of Inſtruments the haft,
The Tool of Tools, and hand of Handy-Craft.

Inuention of Muſicke.

While (compaſt round with ſmoaking *Cyclops* rude,
Half-naked *Bronts*, and *Steropes* ſwarthy-hewd,
All well-neer weary) ſweating *Tubal* ſtands,
Haſtning the hot work in their ſounding hands,
No time loſt *Iubal:* th'vn-full Harmony
Of vn-even Hammers, beating diverſly,
Wakens the tunes that his ſweet numbery ſoule
Yer birth (ſom think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole.*

Inuention of the Lute and other Inſtruments.

Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde,
And glad and fain ſom Inſtrument would finde
That in accord thoſe diſcords might renew,
And th'Iron Anuils rattling ſound enſew,
And iterate the beating Hammers noyſe
In milder notes, and with a ſweeter voice.
It chaunç't, that paſſing by a Pond, he found
An open *Tortoiſe* lying on the ground,
Within the which ther nothing elſe remained
Saue three dry ſinewes on the ſhell ſtiff-ſtrained:
This empty houſe *Iubal* doth gladly bear,
Strikes on thoſe ſtrings, and lends attentiue ear;
And by this mould frams the melodious Lute,
That makes woods harken, and the windes be mute,

The

The Hills to daunce, the Heav'ns to retro-grade,
Lions be tame, and tempeſts quickly vade.
His Art, ſtill waxing, ſweetly marrieth
His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's charm-care Lute he brings,
More Inſtruments he makes: no Eccho rings
'Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
And bubbling Rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wyëry *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* ſinews twin'd,
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.
But *Adam* guides, through paths but ſeldom gone,
His other Sons to *Vertues* ſacred throne:
And chiefly *Seth* (ſet in good *Abels* place)
Staff of his age, and glory of his race:
Him he inſtructeth in the wayes of *Verity*,
To worſhip God in ſpirit and ſincerity:
To honour Parents with a reverent aw,
To train his children in religious law:
To loue his friends, his Country to defend,
And helpfull hands to all mankinde to lend:
To knowe Heav'ns courſe, and how their conſtant Swaies
Divide the yeer in months, the months in dayes:
What ſtar brings Winter, what is Sommers guide;
What ſigne foul weather, what doth fair betide;
What creature's kinde, and what is curſt to vs:
What plant is holeſom, and what venimous.
No ſooner he his leſſons can commence,
But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents,
Draws rule from rule, and of his ſhort collations
In a ſhort time a perfect Art he faſhions.
The more he knowes the more he craues; as fewell
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.
While on a day by a cleer Brook they trauell,
Whoſe gurgling ſtreams frizadoed on the gravell,
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How ſtill you watch me with your carefull eyn,
How ſtill your voice with prudent diſcipline

While Cain *and his Children are buſie for the World,* Adam *and his other Sons exerciſe themſelues in Piety & iuſtice, and in ſearching the goodly ſecrets of Nature.*

Seth *queſtions his Father concerning the ſtate of the World, frõ the Beginning to the End.*

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Seth *questions his Father concerning the state of the World, frō the Beginning to the End.*

My Prentize ear doth oft reverberate;
I ſhould miſdoubt to ſeem importunate:
And ſhould content me to haue learned, how
The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;
What things haue hot, and what haue cold effect;
And how my life and manners to direct.
But your milde Loue my ſtudious hart advances
To aske you further of the various chances
Of future times: what off-ſpring ſpreading wide
Shall fill this World; What ſhall the World betide,
How long to laſt: What Magiſtrates, what Kings
With *Iuſtice* Mace ſhall govern mortall things?

Adams *anſwer.*

Son (quoth the Sire) our thoughts internall ey,
Things paſt and preſent may by means deſcry;
But not the future, if by ſpeciall grace
It read it not in th' *One-Trines* glorious face.
Thou then, that (onely) things to com doſt knowe,
Not by Heav'ns courſe, nor gueſſe of things belowe,
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,
Nor trembling tripes of ſacrificed Heards,
But by a clear and certain pre-ſcience
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents,
With whom at once the three-fold times doe fly,
And but a moment laſts Eternity;
O God, behold me, that I may behold
Thy cryſtall face: O *Sun*, reflect thy gold
On my pale *Moon*; that now my veiled eys
Earth-ward eclipſt, may ſhine vnto the ſkies.
Raviſh me Lord, O (my ſoules life) reviue
My ſpirit a-ſpace, that I may ſee (a-lyue)
Heav'n yer I die: and make me now (good Lord)
The Eccho of thy all-cel eſtiall Word.

The power of Gods ſpirit in his Prophets: and the difference between ſuch, & the diſtracted frantike Miniſters of Satan.

With ſacred fury ſuddainly he glowes,
Not like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,
Who, dauncing, foaming, rowling furious-wiſe
Vnder their twinkling lids their torch-like eys,
With ghaſtly voice, with viſage grizly-grim;
Toſt by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,

Bleaking

Bleaking and bluſhing, painting, ſhreeking, ſwouning,
With wrath-les wounds their ſenſe-les members wounding:
But as th'Imperiall, Airy peoples Prince
With ſtately pinions ſoaring hy from hence,
Cleaues through the clouds, and brauely-bold doth think
With his firm eye to make the Suns eye wink:
So *Adam*, mounted on the burning wings
Of a *Seraphick* loue, leaues earthly things,
Feeds on ſweet Æther, cleaues the ſtarry ſphears,
And on Gods face his eys he fixtly bears:
His brows ſeem brandiſht with a Sun-like fier,
And his purg'd body ſeems a cubit higher.
Then thus began hee: Th'ever-trembling field
Of ſcaly folk, the Arches ſtarry ſeeld,
Where th'All-Creator hath diſpoſed well
The Sun and Moon by turns for Sentinell;
The cleer cloud-bounding Ayr (the Camp aſſign'd
Where angry *Auſter* and the rough North-winde
Meeting in battail, throwe down to the ſoil
The Woods that midling ſtand to part the broyl);
The Diapry Manſions where man-kinde doth trade,
Were built in *Six Dayes*: and the Seav'nth was made
The ſacred *Sabbaoth*. So, Sea, Earth, and Ayr,
And azure-gilded Heav'ns Pavilions fair,
Shall ſtand *Six Dayes*, but longer diverſly
Then the dayes bounded by the Worlds bright eye.

Adam declares to his Son, in how many Daies the World was created.

The *Firſt* begins with me: the *Seconds* morn
Is the firſt Ship-wright, who doth firſt adorn
The hils with Vines: that Shepheard is the *Third*,
That after God through ſtrange Lands leads his Heard,
And (paſt mans reaſon) crediting Gods word,
His onely Son ſlayes with a willing ſword:
The *Fourth*'s another valiant Shepheardling,
That for a Cannon takes his ſilly ſling,
And to a Scepter turns his Shepheards ſtaff,
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Pſalmograph:
The *Fift* begins from that ſad Princes night
That ſees his children murdred in his ſight,

How many Ages it ſhall endure.

1. Adam.
2. Noah.
3. Abraham.
4. Dauid.
5. Zedechias.

And on the banks of fruitfull *Euphrates*,
Poor *Iuda* led in Captiue heauineſs:
6. Meſsias. Hoped *Meſſias* ſhineth in the *Sixt*;
Who, mockt, beat, baniſht, buried, cruci-fixt,
For our foul ſins (ſtil-ſelfly-innocent)
Hath fully born the hatefull puniſhment:
The *Laſt*, ſhall be the very *Reſting-Day*,
Th' Ayr ſhall be mute, the Waters work ſhall ſtay;
7. Th' Eternall Sabbath. The Earth her ſtore, the ſtars ſhall leaue their meaſures,
The Sun his ſhine: and in eternall pleaſures
We plung'd, in Heav'n ſhall ay ſolemnize, all,
Th' eternall *Sabbaoths* end-leſs *Feſtiuall*.

Conſiderations of Adam *vpon that which ſhould befall his Poſterity, vnto the end of the firſt World deſtroyed by the Flood: according to the relation of Moſes in Geneſis, in the 4. 5. 6. and 7. chapters.*

Alas! what may I of that race preſume
Next th' irefull Flame that ſhall this Frame conſume,
Whoſe gut their God, whoſe luſt their law ſhall be,
Who ſhall not hear of God, nor yet of me?
Sith thoſe outrageous, that began their birth
On th' holy ground ſill of ſweet *Edens* earth,
And (yet) the ſound of Heav'ns drad Sentence hear,
And as ey-witneſs of mine Exile were,
Seem to deſpight God. Did it not ſuffize
(O luſtfull ſoule!) firſt to *polygamize*?
Suffiz'd it not (O *Lamech*) to diſtain
Thy Nuptiall bed? but that thou muſt ingrain
In thy *great-Grand-ſires Grand-ſires* reeking gore
Thy cruell blade? reſpecting nought (before)
The prohibition, and the threatning vow
Of him to whom infernall powrs do bow:
Neither his Paſports ſealed Character
Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.
Courage, good *Enos*: re-advance the Standard
Of holy *Faith*, by humane reaſon ſlaunder'd,
And troden-down: Inuoke th' immortall powr;
Vpon his Altar, warm bloud-offrings pour:
His ſacred noſe perfume with pleaſing vapour,
And teend again *Trueth's* neer-extinguiſht Taper.
Thy pupil *Henoch*, ſelfly-dying wholly,
(Earths ornament) to God he liueth ſolely.

Lo,

Lo, how he labours to endure the light
Which in th' *Arch-eſſence* ſhineth glorious-bright:
How rapt from ſenſe, and free from fleſhly lets,
Somtimes he climbs the ſacred Cabinets
Of the diuine *Ideas* euer-laſting,
Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Prayer* and *Faſting*:
How at ſomtimes, though clad in earthly clod,
He (ſacred) ſees, feels, all inioyes in God:
How at ſomtimes mounting from form to form,
In form of God he happy doth transform.
Lo, how th' all-fair, as burning all in loue
With his rare beauties, not content aboue
T' haue half, but all, and ever; ſets the ſtairs
That lead from hence to Heav'n his choſen heirs:
Lo, now he climeth the ſupernall ſtories:
Adiew, deer *Henoch*: in eternall glories
Dwell there with God: thy body, chang'd in quality
Of Spirit or Angel, puts on immortality:
Thine eys already (now no longer eys,
But new bright ſtars) doe brandiſh in the skyes:
Thou drinkeſt deep of the celeſtiall wine:
Thy *Sabbaoth*'s endleſs: without vail (in fine)
Thou ſeeſt God face to face; and neer vnite
To th' ONE-TRINE *Good*, thou liv'ſt in th' Infinite.
But heer the while (new Angell) thou doſt leaue
Fell wicked folk, whoſe hands are apt to reaue,
Whoſe Scorpion tongues delight in ſowing ſtrife,
Whoſe guts are gulfs, inceſtuous all their life.
O ſtrange to be beleev'd! the bleſſed race,
The ſacred Flock whom God by ſpeciall grace
Adopts for his, even they (alas!) moſt ſhame-leſs
Do follow ſin, moſt beaſtly-brute and tame-leſs,
With luſtfull eys chooſing for wanton Spouſes
Mens wicked daughters; mingling ſo the houſes
Of *Seth* and *Cain*: preferring fooliſhly
Frail beauties blaze to vertuous modeſty.
From theſe profane, foul, curſed kiſſes ſprung
A cruell brood, feeding on bloud and wrong;

Fell Gyants ſtrange, of haughty hand and minde,
Plagues of the World, and ſcourges of Man-kinde
Then, righteous God (though ever prone to pa
Seeing his milde-neſs but their malice harden,
Liſt plead no longer, but reſolues the fall
Of man forth-with, and (for mans ſake) of all:
Of all (at leaſt) the living creatures gliding
Along the ayr, or on the earth abiding.
Heav'ns cryſtall windows with one hand he opes,
Whence on the World a thouſand Seas he drops:
With th' other hand he gripes, and wringeth forth
The ſpungy Globe of th' execrable Earth,
So ſtraightly preſt, that it doth ſtraight reſtore
All liquid flouds that it had drunk before:
In every Rock new Rivers doe begin;
And to his aid the ſnowes com tumbling in:
The Pines and Cedars haue but boughs to ſhowe,
The ſhoars do ſhrink, the ſwelling waters growe.
Alas! ſo-many Nephews loſe I heer
Amid theſe deeps, that but for mountains neer,
Vpon the riſing of whoſe ridges lofty,
The luſty climbe on every ſide for ſafety,
I ſhould be ſeed-leſs: but (alas!) the Water
Swallows thoſe Hils, and all this wide Theater
Is all one Pond. O children, whither fly-you?
Alas! Heav'ns wrath purſues you to deſtroy-you:
The ſtormy waters ſtrangely rage and roar,
Rivers and Seas haue all one common ſhoar,
(To wit) a fable, water-loaden Sky
Ready to rain new Oceans inſtantly.
O Sonn-leſs Father! O too fruitfull haunches!
O wretched root! O hurtfull, hatefull branches!
O gulfs vnknowen! O dungeons deep and black!
O worlds decay! O vniverſall wrack!
O Heav'ns! O Seas! O Earth (now earth no more)
O fleſh! O bloud! Heer, ſorrow ſtopt the door
Of his ſad voice, and almoſt dead for woe,
The prophetizing ſpirit forſook him ſo.

NOAH.

The SECOND DAY *Of* The SECOND WEEK;

Containing

1. *THE ARK,*
2. *BABYLON,*
3. *THE COLONIES,*
4. *THE COLVMNES.*



Acceptam refero.

The ARKE.

THE I. PART OF THE II. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Noah *prepares the* Ark: *and thither brings*
(With him) a Seed-payr of all liuing things:
His exerciſe, a ſhip-board: Atheiſt Cham
His holy Fathers humble Zeal doth blame;
And dryerſly impugns Gods Prouidence:
Noah *refells his Faith-leſs arguments:*
The Flood *ſurceaſt: Th'* Ark-*landed:* Blood *forbid:*
The Rain-bowe *bent; what it pre-figured:*
Wine drowneth Wit: Cham *ſcoffs the Nakednes*
Of 's ſleeping Sire: the Map of Drunkennes.

A Preamble, wherin, by a modeſt Complaint the Poet ſtirs vp the Readers attention, and makes himſelfe way to the inuocation of the name of God.

IF Now no more my ſacred rimes diſtill
With Art-leſs eaſe from my diſcuſtom'd quill:
If now the *Laurell*, that but lately ſhaded
My beating temples, be diſ-leav'd and vaded:
And if now, baniſht from the learned Fount,
And caſt down head-long from the lofty Mount
Where ſweet *Vrania* ſitteth to indite,
Mine humbled *Muſe* flag in a lowely flight;
Blame theſe ſad Times ingratefull cruelty,
My houſhold cares, my healths infirmity,
My drooping ſorrows for (late) grieuous loſſes,
My buſie ſuits, and other bitter croſſes.
Lo, there the clogs that weigh down heavily
My beſt endevours, whilom ſoaring high:

My

My harveſt's hail: the pricking thorns and weeds
That in my ſoule choak thoſe diviner ſeeds.
O gracious God! remove my great incumbers,
Kindle again my faiths neer-dying imbers:
Aſſwage thine anger (for thine own Sons merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit:
Comb, gild, and poliſh, more then ever yet,
This latter iſſue of my labouring wit:
And let not me be like the winde, that proudly
Begins at firſt to roar and murmur loudly
Againſt the next hils, over-turns the Woods,
With furious tempeſt tumbles-vp the floods,
And (fiercely-fell) with ſtormy puffs conſtrains
The ſparkling flints to roule about the Plains;
But flying, faints; and every league it goes
One nimble feather of his wing doth loſe:
But rather like a River poorly-breeding
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:
Which, toward the Sea, the more he flies his ſource,
With growing ſtreams ſtrengthens his gliding courſe,
Rowles, roars, and foams, raging with reſt-leſs motion,
And proudly ſcorns the greatnes of the Ocean.

THE DOOMS of *Adam* lackt not long effect.
For, th'angry Heav'ns (that can, without reſpect
Of perſons, plague the ſtubborn Reprobate)
In Waters buried th'*Vniuerſall-ſtate:*
And never more the nimble painted Legions
With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie Regions:
We all had periſht, and the Earth in vain
Had brought ſuch ſtore of fruits, and graſs, and grain,
If *Lamechs* Son (by new-found Art directed)
That huge vaſt veſſell had not firſt erected,
Which (ſacred refuge) kept the parent-payrs
Of all things moving in the Earth and Ayrs.

The comming of the Flood, and Building of the Ark.

Now, while the Worlds-re-colonizing Boat
Doth on the waters over Mountains float,
Noe paſſeth not with tales, and idle play,
The tedious length of dayes and nights away:

Noahs exerciſes aboard the Ark.

But,

But, as the Sommers sweet distilling drops,
Vpon the medowes thirsty yawning chops,
Re-greens the Greens, and doth the flowrs re-flowr,
All scorcht and burnt with *Auster's* parching powr:
So the care-charming hony that distills
From his wise lips, his house with comfort fils,
Flatters despair, dries tears, calms inward smarts,
And re-aduanceth sorrow-daunted harts,
Cheer ye, my children: God doth now retire
These murdering Seas, which the revenging ire
Of his strict *Iustice* holy indignation
Hath brought vpon this wicked generation;
Arming a season, to destroy mankinde,
The angry Heav'ns, the water, and the winde:
As, soon again his gracious *Mercy* will
Clear cloudy Heav'ns, calm windes, and waters still.
His wrath and mercy follow turn by turn;
That (like the Lightning) doth not lightly burn
Long in a place: and this from age to age
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage.
Our gracious God makes scant-weight of displeasure,
And spreads his mercy without weight or measure:
Somtimes he strikes vs (to especiall ends)
Vpon our selues, our Children, or our friends,
In soule or body, goods, or else good names,
But soon he casts his rods in burning flames:
Not with the fist, but finger he doth beat vs;
Nor doth he thrill so oft as he doth threat-vs:
And (prudent Steward) giues his faithfull Bees
Wine of his wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.
And thus the deeds of Heav'ns Iust-gentle King,
The Second Worlds good Patriarch did sing.

Cham, full of impiety, is brought-in, answering his Father, and diuersly impugning the wisdom & irreprehensible Pro-

But, brutish *Cham*, that in his brest accurst,
The secret roots of sinfull *Atheisme* nurst;
Wishing already to dis-throne th'*Eternall*,
And self-vsurp the Maiesty supernall:
And to himself, by name of *Iupiter*,
On *Afrik* sands a sumptuous *Temple* rear:

With

With bended brows, with ſtout and ſtern aſpect,
In ſcornfull tearms his Father thus be-checkt.
Oh! how it grieves me, that theſe ſervil terrors
(The ſcourge of Cowards, and baſe vulgars errors)
Haue ta'n ſuch deep root in your feeble breſt!
Why, Father, alwayes ſelfly thus depreſt,
Will you thus alwaies make your ſelf a drudge,
Fearing the fury of a fained Iudge?
And will you alwaies forge your ſelf a Cenſor
That weighs your words, and doth your ſilence cenſure?
A ſly Controuler, that doth count your hairs,
That in his hand your hearts keys ever bears,
Records your ſighes, and all your thoughts deſcries,
And all your ſins preſent and paſt eſpies?
A barbarous Butcher that with bloudy knife
Threats night and day your grieuous-guilty life?
O! ſee you not, the ſuperſtitious heat
Of this blinde zeal, doth in your minde beget
A thouſand errors? light credulity
Doth drive you ſtill to each extreamity,
Faining a God (with thouſand ſtorms oppreſt)
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beaſt.
Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others weeping,
Wails others woes, and at the onely peeping
Of others bloud, in ſuddain ſwoun deceaſes,
In manly breaſt a womans heart poſſeſſes:
And who (remorſe-leſs) lets at any ſeaſon,
The ſtormy tyde of rage tranſport his reaſon,
And thunders threats of horror and miſhap,
Hides a Bears heart vnder a humane ſhape.
Yet, of your God, you one-while thus pretend;
He melts in tears, if that your fingers end
But ake a-while: anon, he frets, he frowns,
He burns, he brains, he kils, he dams, he drowns.
The wildeſt Boar doth but one Wood deſtroy;
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy:
And yet this Gods outrageous tyranny
Spoyls all the World, his onely Empery.

uidence of God Almighty and All-mercifull: and the humble & religious zeal of Noah.

O goodly *Iuſtice*! One or two of vs
Have ſinn'd perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus;
All bear the pain, yea even the innocent
Poor Birds and Beaſts incurr the puniſhment.
No, Father, no: ('t is folly to infer it)
God is no varying, light, inconſtant ſpirit,
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate,
Nor ſavage-fell, nor ſuddain paſſionate,
Nor ſuch as will for ſom ſmall fault vndoo
This goodly World, and his owne nature too.
All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations,
All Seas (which Heav'n through many generations
Hath hoorded-vp) with ſelfs-weight enter-cruſht,
Now all at once vpon the earth have ruſht:
And th' endleſs, thin ayr (which by ſecret quils
Had loſt it ſelf within the windes-but hils
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold
To ycy cryſtall turned by the cold)
Now ſwiftly ſurging towards Heav'n again,
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plain,
But in fewe dayes with raging *Flouds* o're-flowen
The top-leſs Cedars of mount *Libanon*.

Anſwers of Noah to all the blaſphemies of Chā, *and his fellow-Atheiſts.*

Then, with iuſt grief the godly Father gall'd,
A deep, ſad, ſigh from his harts centre hal'd,
And thus repli'd: O falſe, rebellious *Cham*!
Mine ages ſorrow, and my houſes ſhame,
Through ſelf-conceipt contemning th' holy-Ghoſt,
Thy ſenſe is baend, thine vnderſtanding loſt:
And O I fear (Lord falſifie my fear)
The heavy hand of the high Thunderer
Shall light on thee; and thou I doubt ſhalt be
His Furies obiect, and ſhalt teſtifie
By thine infamous lifes accurſed ſtate,
What now thy ſhame-leſs lips ſophiſticate.

1. Anſwer: God is infinit, immutable, Almighty, and incomprehenſible.

I (God be prays'd) knowe that the perfect CIRCLE
Whoſe Center's every-where, of all his circle
Exceeds the circuit; I conceiue aright
Th' Al-mighty-moſt to be moſt infinit:

That

That th' onely ESSENCE feels not in his minde
The furious tempests of fell passions winde:
That moovelesse, all he moves: that with one thought
He can build Heav'n, and builded, bring to nought:
That his high Throne 's inclos'd in glorious Fier
Past our approach: that our faint soule doth tier,
Our spirit growes spright-less, when it seeks by sense
To sound his infinit Omni-potence.
I surely knowe, the Cherubins do hover
With flaming wings his starry face to cover.
None sees the *Great*, th' *Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,
But passing by and by the back alone.
To vs, his Essence is in-explicable,
Wondrous his wayes, his name vn-vtterable;
So that concerning his high Maiesty
Our feeble tongues speak but improperly.
For, if we call him strong, the prayse is small:
If blessed spirit, so are his Angels all:
If, Great of greats, he's voide of quantity:
If good, fayr, holy, he wants quality;
Sith in his *Essence* fully excellent,
All is pure substance, free from accident.
Therefore our voice, too-faint in such a subiect
T'ensue our soule, and our weak soule her obiect,
Doth alwayes stammer; so that ever when
'Twould make Gods name redoubted among men;
(In humane phraze) it calls him pittifull,
Repentant, iealous, fierce, and anger-full.
Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,
Of ignorance and error taxt, like vs:
His iealous hatred doth not make him curious,
His pitty wretched, nor his anger furious.
Th' immortall Spirit is ever calmly-cleer:
And all the best that feeble man doth heer,
With vehemence of som hot passion driv'n;
That, with ripe iudgement doth the King of Heav'n.
Shall a Physician comfortably-bold,
Fear-less, and tear-less, constantly behold

So that men cannot speak of Him but improperly.

Why we cannot speak of God but after the manner of men.

2. Answere. The Repentance and the change which the Scripture attributeth to God, is far from Error and defect.

Two comparisons explaning the same.

His ſickly friend vext with exceeding pain,
And feel his pulſe, and give him health again?
And ſhall not th' *euer-ſelf-reſembling* God
Look down from Heav'n vpon a wretched clod,
Without he weep, and melt for grief and anguiſh;
Nor cure his creature, but himſelf muſt languiſh?
And ſhall a Iudge, ſelf-angerleſs, prefer
To ſhamefull death the ſtrange adulterer;
As onely looking fixly all the time
Not on the ſinner, but the ſinfull crime?
And ſhall not then th'Eternall *Iuſtieer*
Condemn the Atheiſt and the Murderer,
Without ſelfs-fury? O! ſhall *Iuſtice* then
Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?
Or ſhall his ſacred Will, and ſoverain Might
Be chayn'd ſo faſt to mans frail appetite,
That filthy ſin he cannot freely hate,
But wrathfull Rage him ſelfly-cruciate?

3. *Anſwer, Iuſtice being a vertue in Man cannot be a vice in God.*

Gods ſacred vengeance, ſerues not for defence
Of his own *Eſſence* from our violence
(For in the Heav'ns, above all reach of ours,
He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towers):
But, to direct our lives and laws maintain,
Guard Innocence, and Iniury reſtrain.

4. *Anſwer: God doth not puniſh offenders for defence of his owne Eſtate: but to maintain vertue & cõfound vice.*

Th'Almighty paſt not mean, when he ſubuerted
Neer all the World from holy paths departed.
For, *Adams* Trunk (of both our Worlds the Tree)
In two fair Branches forking fruitfully,
Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the firſt brought forth a ſute
Of bitter, wilde, and moſt deteſted fruit:
Th'other, firſt rich in goodnes, afterwird
With thoſe baſe Scyons being graft, was marr'd:
And ſo produced execrable cluſters
Worthy ſo wicked and inceſtuous luſters:
And then (alas!) what was ther to be found
Pure, iuſt, or good, in all this Earthly Round?

5. *The iniquitie of the world deſerued exeream puniſhment.*

Cain's Line poſſeſt ſinne, as an heritage;
Seth's, as a dowry got by mariage:

6. *When all are generally depra-*

So

So that, (alas!) among all humane-kinde
Thoſe mongrell kiſſes marr'd the pureſt minde.
And we (even we, that have eſcaped here
This cruell wrack) within our conſcience bear
A thouſand Records of a thouſand things
Convincing vs before the King of kings;
Whereof not one (for all our ſelf-affection)
We can defend with any iuſt obiection.
God playd no Tyrant, choaking with the floods
The earthly Bands and all the ayrie broods:
For, ſith they liv'd but for mans ſeruice ſole,
Man, raz'd for ſin out of the *Liuing Roule*,
Thoſe wondrous tools, and organs excellent,
Their Work-man reft, remain'd impertinent.
Man's only head of all that draweth breath.
Who lacks a member; yet perſevereth
To liue (we ſee): but, members cut away
From their own head, do by and by decay.
Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth.
For, ſithence man had from his very birth
Rebeld againſt him, was 't not equity,
That for his fault, his houſe ſhould vtterly
Be rent and raz'd? that ſalt ſhould there be ſow'n,
That in the ruins (for inſtruction)
We for a time might read and vnderſtand
The righteous vengeance of Heav'ns wrathfull hand,
That wrought this *Deluge:* and no hoorded waves
Of ayry clouds, or vnder-earthly eaves?
If all blew Curtins mixt of ayr and water,
Round-over-ſpreading this wide All-Theater,
To ſom one Climate all at once ſhould fly,
One Country they might drown vndoubtedly:
But our great Galley hauing gone ſo far,
So many months, in ſight of either *Star*,
From Pole to Pole through ſundry Climats whorld,
Showes that this *Flood* hath drowned all the world.
Now *non-pluſt*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,
Thou fly for ſuccour to thine Ayery Damp:

ued, all merite to be deſtroyed.

7. The leaſt imperfect paſſe condemnation, euen then when they are moſt liuely chaſticed.

8. God deſtroying the workmã, doth no wrong to the Tools, if he break, and batter them with their Maiſter.

9. A Traytor deſerues to haue his houſe raz'd to the ground.

10. The Flood was no naturall accident, but a moſt iuſt iudgement of God.

11. The waters of the Flood ſprung

not from a naturall motion only, but proceeded frō other then naturall Causes, which cannot produce such effects,

Showe, in the concave of what Mountains steep
We may imagine Dens sufficient deep
For so much ayr as gushing out in fountains,
Should hide the proud tops of the highest Mountains;
Sith a whole tun of ayr scarce yeelds (in tryall)
Water ynough to fill one little Viall.
And what should then betide those empty spaces?
What should succeed in the forsaken places
Of th'air's thin parts (in swift springs shrinking thence)
Sith there's no voyd in th' All-circumference?

12. The consideratiō of the power of God in subiecting the creatures to Noah: in sustaining & feeding them so long in the Arke (which was as a Sepulchre) confuteth all the obiections of Atheists.

Whence (wilt thou say) then coms this raging flood,
That over-flowes the windy *Ryphean* Wood,
Mount Libanus, and enviously aspires
To quench the light of the celestiall fires?
Whence (shall I say) then, whence-from coms it (*Cham*)
That Wolves, and Panthers waxing meek and tame,
Leaving the horror of their shady home,
Adiourn'd by Heav'n, did in my presence com,
Who holding subiect vnder my command
So many creatures humbled at my hand,
And now restor'd to th'honour and estate,
Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satans hate?
Whence doth it com, or by what reason is't,
That vn-mann'd Haggards to mine empty fist
Com without call? Whence coms it, that so little
Fresh water, fodder, meal, and other victuall,
Should serue so long so many a greedy-gut
As in the dark holds of this *Ark* is shut?
That heer the Partridge doth not dread the Hauk?
Nor fearfull Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?
That all these storms our Vessell haue not broak?
That all this while we doe not ioyntly choak
With noysom breath, and excrementall stink
Of such a common and continuall sink?
And that our selues, 'mid all these deaths, are sav'd
From these All-Seas, where all the rest are Grav'd?

13. The Arke full of Miracles,

In all the compass of our floating Inns,
Are not so many planks, and boords, and pins,

As wonders ſtrange, and miracles that ground
Mans wrangling Reaſon, and his wits confound:
And God, no leſs his mighty powr diſplayd
When he reſtor'd, then when the World he made.
O ſacred Patron! pacifie thine ire,
Bring home our Hulk: theſe angry floods retire;
A-liue and dead, let vs perceiue and proove
Thy wrath on others, on our ſelues thy love.
Thus *Noah* ſweetens his Captivity,
Beguiles the time, and charms his miſery,
Hoping in God alone: who, in the Mountains
Now ſtopping cloſe the veins of all the Fountains,
Shutting Heav'ns ſluces, cauſing th'ayr (controul'd)
Cloſe-vp his channels, and his Seas with-hould,
Cals forth the windes. O Heav'ns freſh fans (quoth he)
Earths ſweeping Brooms, O Forreſts enmity,
O you my Heralds and my Harbengers
My nimble Poſtes and ſpeedy Meſſengers,
Mine arms, my ſinews, and mine Eagles ſwift
That through the ayr my rowling Chariot lift;
When from my mouth, in my iuſt-kindled ire
Fly Sulphry fumes, and hot conſuming fire,
When with my Lightning Scepters dreadfull wonder
I muſter horror, darknes, clouds, and thunder:
Wake, riſe, and run, and drink theſe waters dry,
That hills and dales haue hidden from the sky.
Th'*Æolian* Crowd obays his mighty call,
The ſurly ſurges of the waters fall,
The Sea retreateth: and the ſacred *Keel*
Lands on a Hill, at whoſe proud feet doo kneel
A thouſand Hills, his lofty horn adoring
That cleaues the clouds, the ſtarry welkin goaring.
Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, firſt of all (for ſcout)
Sends forth the Crowe, who flutters neer-about;
And finding yet no landing place at all,
Returns a-boord to his great Admirall.
Som few dayes after from the window flyes
The harm-leſs Doue for new diſcoveries:

which confound the wits, & ſtop the mouthes of profane wranglers.

God cauſeth the Flood to ceaſe.

The Arke reſteth on the Mountain Ararat, in Armenia.

What Noah *did before he went forth.*

But ſeeing yet no ſhoar, ſhe (almoſt tyr'd)
A-boord the Carrack back again retyr'd.
But yer the Sun had ſeav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode,
To view the World a-freſh ſhe flyes abroad;
And brings a-boord (at evening) in her bill
And Oliue branch with water pearled ſtill.
O happy preſage! O deer pledge of loue!
O wel-com newes! behold, the peacefull Doue
Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal
And truce with God; who by this ſacred ſeal
Kindely confirms his holy Couenant,
That firſt, in fight the Tiger rage ſhall want,
Lions be cowards, Hares couragious,
Yer he be falſe in word or deed to vs.
O ſacred Oliue! firſtling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Haue lived ſtill, while this ſtrange *Deluge* laſted,
I doe reioyce it hath not all things waſted:
Or be it, ſince the Ebb, thou newly ſpring,
Prays'd be the bounty of th' immortall King
That quickens thus theſe dead, the World induing
With beauty freſh ſo ſuddainly renuing.

He exſpecteth Gods commandement to goe forth: whereby, at the firſt hee was ſhut vp in the Ark.

Thus *Noah* ſpake: And though the World gan lift
Moſt of his Iles above the waters drift,
Though waxen old in his long weary night,
He ſee a friendly Sun to brandiſh bright:
Though choak't with ill ayr in his ſtinking ſtaul,
Hee'l not a-ſhoar till God be pleas'd with-all;
And till (devout) from Heav'n he vnderſtand
Som Oracle to licence him to land.
But, warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his Cave,
(Or rather from a foul infectious grave)
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Iapheth*, and their twice-two Brides,
And thouſand pairs of living things beſides,
Vnclean and clean: for, th' holy *Patriark*
Had of all kinds incloſed in the Ark.
But, heer I hear th'vngodly (that for fear
Late whiſpered ſoftly in each others ear,

With

With ſilent murmurs muttering ſecretly)
Now trumpet thus their filthy blaſphemy;
Who will beleeve (but ſhallow-brained Sheep)
That ſuch a ſhip ſcarce thirty Cubits deep,
Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,
So many months could bear ſo great a charge?
Sith the proud Horſe, the rough-skinn'd Elephant,
The luſty Bull, the Camell water-want,
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,
Fill-vp a Hulk far deeper, longer, broader?
O profane mockers! if I but exclude
Out of this Veſſel a vaſt multitude
Of ſince-born mongrels, that deriue their birth
From monſtrous medly of *Venerian* mirth;
Fantaſtik Mules, and ſpotted Leopards,
Of inceſt-heat ingendred afterwards:
So many ſorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doves,
Since, dayly ſprung from ſtrange and mingled loues,
Wherein from time to time in various ſort,
Dedalian Nature ſeems her to diſport:
If playner, yet I proue you ſpace by ſpace,
And foot by foot, that all this ample place,
By ſubtill iudgement made and *Symmetrie*,
Might lodge ſo many creatures handſomly,
Sith euery brace was *Geometricall:*
Nought reſteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;
If, who diſpute with God, may be content
To take, for currant, Reaſons argument.
But heer t'admireth' Al-mighties powrfull hand
I rather loue, and ſilence to command
To mans diſcourſe: what he hath ſaid, is don:
For, euermore his word and deed are one.
By his ſole arm, the *Gallions* Maſters ſaw
Themſelues ſafe reſcu'd from Deaths yawning iaw;
And offer-vp to him, in zealous wiſe,
The Peace full ſent of ſweet burnt-ſacrifice;
And ſend with-all aboue the ſtarry Pole
Theſe winged ſighes from a religious ſoule.

New obiections of Atheiſts, concerning the capacity of the Ark.

Anſwere.

An vn-anſwerable anſwer to all profane obiections.

As prayſe-full gain, and profit void of ſtrife,
Art nurſe of Arts, and very life of life.
So, the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers
Had ſcarcely boxed all th' Earths dropſie vapours,
When hee that ſav'd the ſtore-ſeed-World from wrack,
Began to delve his fruitfull Mothers back,
And there ſoon-after planteth heedfully
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.
For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
He plants a vine To the warm Suns ey lying open ſtill,
He ſets in furrows or in ſhallow trenches
The crooked Vines choice ſcyons, ſhoots, and branches:
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dreſſes,
Cuts, props, and proins; and God his work ſo bleſſes,
That in the third *September* for his meed
The plentious Vintage doth his hopes exceed.
He is ouer-taken with Wine. Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age,
To ſee with mud ſo many Roofs o're-growen,
And him left almoſt in the World alone,
One-day a little from his ſtrictneſs ſhrunk,
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:
And, ſilly, thinking in that hony-gall
To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.
Deſcription of a drunken-man. His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,
A mighty fume his troubled brain torments,
His idle prattle from the purpoſe quite,
Is abrupt, ſtuttering, all confus'd, and light:
His wine-ſtuft ſtomack wrung with winde he feels:
His trembling Tent all topſi-turuie wheels:
At laſt, not able on his legs to ſtand,
More like a foul Swine then a ſober man,
Oppreſt with ſleep, he wallows on the ground,
His ſhame-leſſe ſnorting trunk, ſo deeply drownd
In ſelf oblivion, that he did not hide
Thoſe parts that *Ceſar* covered when he died.
Fit Compariſons to ſet forth the Ev'n as the Ravens with windy wings o're-fly
The weeping Woods of *Happy Araby*,

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe ſweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowrs,
And greedy light vpon the loathſom quarters
Of ſom late *Lopez*, or ſuch *Romiſh* Martyrs:
Or as a young, vnskilfull, Painter raw,
Doth carelesly the faireſt features draw
In any face, and yet too neerely marks
Th'vnpleaſing blemiſh of deformed marks,
As lips too-great, or hollowneſs of eys,
Or ſinking noſe, or ſuch indecencies:
Euen ſo th'vngodly Sonns of Leaſings Father
With black Obliuions ſponge ingratefully ſmother
Fair Vertues draughts, and caſt deſpightfully
On the leaſt ſinns the venom of the ey,
Frump others faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lightеſt trips of greateſt Perſonages:
Like ſcoffing *Cham* that impudently viewd
His Fathers ſhame, and moſt profanely-lewd,
With ſcornefull laughter (grace-les) thus began
To infamize the poor old drunken man.

nature and property of Slanderers, & Detracters imitating Cham.

Com (brethren) com, com quickly and beholde
This pure controuler that ſo oft contrould
Vs without cauſe: ſee how his bed he ſoyls:
See, how the wine (his maſter) now recoyls
By's mouth, and eys, and noſe: and brutely lo
To all that com his naked ſhame doth ſhowe.

His ſpeech to his Brethren, ſeeing his Fathers nakednes.

Ah ſhame-leſs beaſt (both brethren him reproov'd,
Both chiding thus, both with iuſt anger moov'd)
Vnnaturall villain, monſter peſtilent,
Vnworthy to behold the firmament.
Where (abſent we) thou ought'ſt haue hid before
With thine owne Cloak, but with thy ſilence more,
Thy Fathers ſhame, whom age, ſtrong wine, and grief,
Haue made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkeſt firſt, and ſporting at the matter
Proclaim'ſt his fault on infamies Theater.
And ſaying this, turning their ſight a-ſide)
Their hoarie Fathers nakedneſs they hide.

Their diſcreet behauiour.

When

World-ſhaking Father, Windes-King, calming-Seas,
With milde aſpect behold vs: Lord appeaſe
Thine Angers tempeſt, and to ſafety bring
The planks eſcap't from this ſad Periſhing.
And bound for ever in their ancient Caues
Theſe ſtormy Seas deep World-deuouring waues.

Commandements, Prohibitions, & Promiſes of God to Noah and his Poſterity.

Increaſe (quoth God) and quickly multiply,
And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny:
Reſume your Scepter, and with new beheaſts
Bridle again the late revolted Beaſts,
Re-exerciſe your wonted rule again,
It is your office over them to raign:
Deer Children, vſe them all: take, kill, and eat:
But yet abſtain and doe not take for meat
Their ruddy ſoule: and leaue (O ſacred ſeed!)
To rav'ning Fowls, of ſtrangled fleſh to feed.
I, I am holy: be you holy then.
I deeply hate all cruell bloody men:
Therefore defile not in your brothers blood
Your guilty hands; refrain from cruell mood;
Fly homicide: doe not in any caſe,
In man, mine Image brutiſhly deface:
The cruell man a cruell death ſhall taſte;
And blood with blood be venged firſt or laſt;
For evermore vpon the murderers head
My roaring ſtorms of fury ſhall be ſhed.

The Rain Bowe giuē for a Pledg of the Promiſe, that there ſhall be no more generall Flood.

From hence-forth, fear no ſecond *Flood* that ſhall
Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball:
I aſſure ye no; no, no, I ſwear to you
(And who hath ever found mine Oath vntrue?)
Again, I ſwear by my thrice-ſacred *Name:*
And to confirm it, in the Clouds I frame
This coloured Bowe. When then ſom tempeſt black
Shall threat again the fearfull World to wrack,
When water-loaden Heav'ns your Hils ſhal touch,
When th'ayr with Midnight ſhall your Noon be-pitch,
Your cheerfull looks vp to this Rain-bowe caſt.
For, though the ſame on moyſtful Clouds be plaç't,

Though

Though hemm'd with ſhowrs, and though it ſeem to ſup
(To drown the World) all th'Oceans waters vp,
Yet ſhall it (when you ſeem in danger ſink)
Make you, of me; me, of my promiſe, think.
Noah looks-vp, and in the Ayr he views
A ſemi-Circle of a hundred hews:
Which, bright aſcending toward th'æthereall thrones,
Hath a lyne drawn between two *Orizons*
For iuſt *Diameter*: an even-bent bowe
Contriv'd of three; whereof the one doth ſhowe
To be all painted of a golden hew,
The ſecond green, the third an orient blew;
Yet ſo, that in this pure blew-golden-green
Still (*Opal*-like) ſom changeable is ſeen.
A Bowe bright-ſhining in th'Arch-Archers hand,
Whoſe ſubtill ſtring ſeems levell with the Land,
Half-parting Heav'n; and over vs it bends,
Within two Seas wetting his horned ends;
A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies,
Where powrfull Nature ſhowes her freſheſt dies.
And if you onely blew and red perceiue;
The ſame as ſignes of Sea, and Fire conceiue;
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doom*,
The *Iudgement* paſt, and *Iudgement* yet to come.
Then, having call'd on God, our ſecond Father
Suffers not ſloth his arms together gather,
But fals to work, and wiſely now renew'th
The Trade he learn'd to practice in his youth.
For, the proud iſſue of that Tyrant rude
That firſt his hand in brothers bloud imbrewd,
As ſcorning Ploughs, and hating harm-leſs tillage,
And (wantons) priſing leſs the homely village,
With fields and Woods, then th'idle Citties-ſhades;
Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades.
But *Seths* Sons, knowing Nature ſoberly
Content with little, fell to Husbandry,
Thereto reducing with induſtrious care,
The Flocks and Droues cover'd with wooll and hair;

Deſcription of the Kayn-Bowe.

What it ſignifieth.

Noah *falls to Husbandry, and tills the Earth, as he had done before the Flood.*

As prayſe-full gain, and profit void of ſtrife,
Art nurſe of Arts, and very life of life.
So, the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers
Had ſcarcely boxed all th' Earths dropſie vapours,
When hee that ſav'd the ſtore-ſeed-World from wrack,
Began to delve his fruitfull Mothers back,
And there ſoon-after planteth heedfully
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.
For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
He plants a vine To the warm Suns ey lying open ſtill,
He ſets in furrows or in ſhallow trenches
The crooked Vines choice ſcyons, ſhoots, and branches:
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dreſſes,
Cuts, props, and proins; and God his work ſo bleſſes,
That in the third *September* for his meed
The plentious Vintage doth his hopes exceed.
He is ouer-taken with Wine. Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age,
To ſee with mud ſo many Roofs o're-growen,
And him left almoſt in the World alone,
One-day a little from his ſtrictneſs ſhrunk,
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:
And, ſilly, thinking in that hony-gall
Deſcription of a drunken-man. To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.
His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,
A mighty fume his troubled brain torments,
His idle prattle from the purpoſe quite,
Is abrupt, ſtuttering, all confus'd, and light:
His wine-ſtuft ſtomack wrung with winde he feels:
His trembling Tent all topſi-turuie wheels:
At laſt, not able on his legs to ſtand,
More like a foul Swine then a ſober man,
Oppreſt with ſleep, he wallows on the ground,
His ſhame-leſſe ſnorting trunk, ſo deeply drownd
In ſelf oblivion, that he did not hide
Thoſe parts that *Ceſar* covered when he died.
Fit Compariſons to ſet forth the Ev'n as the Ravens with windy wings o're-fly
The weeping Woods of *Happy Araby*,

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe ſweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowrs,
And greedy light vpon the loathſom quarters
Of ſom late *Lopez*, or ſuch *Romiſh* Martyrs:
Or as a young, vnskilfull, Painter raw,
Doth carelesly the faireſt features draw
In any face, and yet too neerely marks
Th'vnpleaſing blemiſh of deformed marks,
As lips too-great, or hollowneſs of eys,
Or ſinking noſe, or ſuch indecencies:
Euen ſo th'vngodly Sonns of Leaſings Father
With black Obliuions ſponge ingratefully ſmother
Fair Vertues draughts, and caſt deſpightfully
On the leaſt ſinns the venom of the ey,
Frump others faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lightеſt trips of greateſt Perſonages:
Like ſcoffing *Cham* that impudently viewd
His Fathers ſhame, and moſt profanely-lewd,
With ſcornefull laughter (grace-les) thus began
To infamize the poor old drunken man.

nature and property of Slanderers, & Detracters imitating Cham.

Com (brethren) com, com quickly and beholde
This pure controuler that ſo oft contrould
Vs without cauſe: ſee how his bed he ſoyls:
See, how the wine (his maſter) now recoyls
By's mouth, and eys, and noſe: and brutely lo
To all that com his naked ſhame doth ſhowe.

His ſpeech to his Brethren, ſeeing his Fathers nakednes.

Ah ſhame-leſs beaſt (both brethren him reproov'd,
Both chiding thus, both with iuſt anger moov'd)
Vnnaturall villain, monſter peſtilent,
Vnworthy to behold the firmament.
Where (abſent we) thou ought'ſt haue hid before
With thine owne Cloak, but with thy ſilence more,
Thy Fathers ſhame, whom age, ſtrong wine, and grief,
Haue made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkeſt firſt, and ſporting at the matter
Proclaim'ſt his fault on infamies Theater.
And ſaying this, turning their ſight a-ſide)
Their hoarie Fathers nakedneſs they hide.

Their diſcreet behauiour.

When

Noah awak'd curseth Cham and his posterity: & blesseth Sem and Iaphet, & their Issue.

When wine had wrought, this good old-man awook,
Agniz'd his crime, ashamed, wonder-strook
At strength of wine, and toucht with true repentance,
With Prophet-mouth gan thus his Sons fore-sentence:
Curst be thou *Cham*, and curst be (for thy scorn)
Thy darling *Canaan*: let the pearly Morn,
The radiant *Noon*, and rheumy *Euening* see
Thy neck still yoaked with Captiuitie.
God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious speed
Spread-wide my *Iapheths* fruitfull-swarming seed.

An execratiō of Drunkennes, described with its shamefull dangerous and detestable effects.

Error, no error, but a wilfull badnes:
O foul defect! O short, O dangerous madnes!
That in thy rage, doost harm-less *Clytus* smother,
By his deer friend; *Penthesus* by his Mother.
Phrenzy, that makes the vaunter insolent;
The talkfull, blab; cruell, the violent:
The fornicator, wax adulterous;
Th'adulterer, becom incestuous:
With thy plagues leauen swelling all our crimes;
Blinde, shameless, sense-less, quenching oftentimes
The soule within it self: and oft defames
The holiest men with execrable blames.
And as the Must, beginning to re-boyl,
Makes his new vessels wooden bands re-coyl,
Lifts-vp his lees, and spews with fuming vent
From his Tubs ground his scummy excrement:
So ruin'st thou thine hoast, and foolishly
From his harts bottom driv'st all secrecy.
But, hadst thou neuer don (O filthy poyson!)
More mischief heer, but thus bereft of reason
This Vertues Module (rather Vertues best)
We ought thee more then Death it self detest.

FINIS.

BABYLON.
THE II. PART OF THE
II. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Th' Antitheſis *of* B'eſt *and* Curſed *States,*
Subiect to Good *and* Euill *Magiſtrates:*
Nimrod *vſurps: His prowes-full Policy,*
To gain himſelf the Goal of Soueraignty:
BABEL *begun: To ſtop ſuch out-rages,*
There, God confounds *the builders* Languages:
Tongues excellent: the Hebrue, *firſt and Beſt:*
Then Greek *and* Latin: *and (aboue the reſt)*
Th' Arabian, Toſcan, Spaniſh, French, *and* Dutch,
And Ours, *are Honoured by our Author much.*

O Happy people, where good Princes raign,
Who tender publike more then priuate gain!
Who (vertue's patrons, and the plagues of vice)
Hate Paraſites, and harken to the wiſe:
Who (ſelf-commanders) rather ſin ſuppreſs
By ſelf-examples, then by rigorouſnes:
Whoſe inward-humble, outward Maieſty
With Subiects loue is guarded loyally:
Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters glory,
But knowe themſelues ſet on a lofty ſtory
For all the world to ſee and cenſure too:
So, not their luſt, but what is iuſt they do.
But, 't is a hell, in hatefull vaſſalage,
Vnder a Tyrant to conſume ones age:

A preface, repreſenting the felicitie & happy eſtate of Cõmen-weales gouerned by good and prudent Princes: & the miſery of thoſe that liue in ſubiection vnto Tyrants: which the Poet very fitly propoſeth as his introduction to the life and Manners of Nimrod.

A ſelf-

A ſelf-ſhav'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,
Whoſe curſed Courts with bloud and inceſt ſwell:
An Owl, that flyes the light of Parliaments
And State-aſſemblies, jealous of th' intents
Of priuate tongues; who (for a paſtime) ſets
His Peers at ods; and on their fury whets:
Who neither faith, honour, nor right reſpects:
Who euery day new Officers erects:
Who brooks no learned, wiſe, nor valiant ſubiects,
But daily crops ſuch vice-vpbraiding obiects:
Who (worſe then Beaſts, or ſauage monſters been)
Spares neither mother, brother, kith, nor kin:
Who, though round fenc't with gard of armed Knights,
A-many moe he fears, then he affrights:
Who taxes ſtrange extorts; and (Caniball)
Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subiects all.

A Prayer fitted to the former diſcourſe, and giuing entry to that which followeth.

Print (O Heavn's king!) in our Kings harts a zeal,
Firſt, of thy lawes; then of their publik weal:
And if our Countries now-*Po*-poyſoned phraſe,
Or now-contagion of corrupted daies,
Leaue any tract of *Nimrodizing* there;
O! cancell it, that they may euery where,
In ſtead of *Babel*, build *Ieruſalem:*
That lowd my *Muſe* may eccho vnder them.

Nimrods *exerciſes & eſſays to to make himſelfe Maſter of the reſt.*

YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twiſe ſix yeers,
He tyranniz'd among his ſtrippling-peers,
Out-ſtript his equals, and in happy howr,
Layd the foundations of his after-powr,
And bearing Reeds for Scepters, firſt he raigns
In Prentice-Princedom ouer ſheep-heard Swains.
Then knowing well that whoſo ayms (illuſter)
At fancied bliſs of Empires awfull luſtre;
In valiant acts muſt paſs the vulgar ſort,
Or mask (at leaſt) in louely Vertues Port:
He ſpends not night on beds of down or feathers,
Nor day in tents, but hardens to all weathers
His youthfull limbs: and takes ambitiouſly
A rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey:

In

In ſtead of ſoftlings ieſts, and iollities,
He ioyes in Iouſts, and manly exerciſes:
His dainty cates, a fat Kids trembling fleſh,
Scarce fully ſlain, luke-warm and bleeding freſh.
Then, with one breath, he ſtriueth to attain
A Mountains top, that ouer-peers the Plain:
Againſt the ſtream to cleaue the rowling ridges
Of Nimph-ſtrong floods, that haue born down their bridges,
Running vnrean'd with ſwift rebounding ſallies
A-croſs the rocks within the narrow vallies:
To ouertake the dart himſelfe did throwe,
And in plain courſe to catch the Hinde or Roe.
But, when fiue luſtres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his ſtomach and his ſtrength aſpir'd
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,
Boar, Libbard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounſe, or Bear,
Him dread-leſs combats; and in combat foyls,
And reares high Tropheis of his bloody ſpoyls.
The people, ſeeing by his warlike deed
From theeues, and robbers euery paſſage freed:
From hideous yells, the Deſarts round about:
From fear, their flocks; this monſter-maſter ſtout,
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.
Then *Nimrod* (ſnatching Fortune by the treſſes)
Strikes the hot ſteele; ſues, ſooths, importunes, preſſes
Now thoſe, then thoſe, and haſtning his good Hap
Leaues hunting Beaſts, and hunteth Men to trap.
For, like as He, in former queſts did vſe
Cals, pit-falls, toyls, ſprenges, and baits, and glews:
And (in the end) againſt the wilder game,
Clubs, darts, and ſhafts, and ſwords, their rage to tame:
So, ſom he wins with promiſe-full intreats,
With preſents ſom, and ſom with rougher threats:
And boldly (breaking bounds of equitie)
Vſurps the Child-World 's maiden Monarchy;
Whereas, before each kindred had for guide
Their proper Chief, yer that the youthfull pride

Perſeuerance in painfull and laborious exerciſes of Nimrod *growne gracious with the people.*

Hee abandons his firſt petty Chaſe, and hunteth wylier for a more pretious Prey.

Of vpſtart State, ambitious, boyling, fickle,
Did thruſt (as now) in others corn his ſickle.
In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant 'gan deuiſe
Tyrannicall rule of Nimrod, and his proud enterprize.
To perpetrate a thouſand cruelties,
Pel-mel ſubuerting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Nature's triple ſacred Right.
He braues th' Almightie, lifting to his noſe
His flowring Scepter: and for fear he loſe
The peoples aw; who (idle) in the end
Might ſlip their yoak; he ſubtle makes them ſpend
Draws dry their wealth, and buſies them to build
A lofty Towr, or rather *Atlas* wilde.
W' haue liu'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim Grooms:
Leaue we theſe rowling tents, and wandring rooms:
Let 's raiſe a Palace, whoſe proud front and feet
With Heav'n and Hell may in an inſtant meet;
A ſure *Aſylum*, and a ſafe retreat,
If th' irefull ſtorm of yet-more Floods ſhould threat:
Lets found a Citie, and vnited there,
Vnder a King let 's lead our liues; for fear
Leaſt ſeuer'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,
We be diſperſt o're all the Regiments
That in his courſe the Days bright Champion eys,
Might-leſs our ſelues to ſuccour, or aduiſe.
But, if the fire of ſom inteſtine war,
Or other miſchief ſhould diuide vs far,
Brethren (at leaſt) let 's leaue memorials
Of our great names on theſe cloud-neighbouring wals.
Now, as a ſpark, that Shepheards (vneſpied)
Haue faln by chance vpon a Forreſt ſide,
A compariſon ſhowing, liuely, the efficacie of the attempts of Tyrants, the Rods of Gods righteous vengeance vpon vngodly people.
Among dry leaues; a-while in ſecret ſhrouds,
Lifting a-loft ſmall, ſmoaky-wauing clouds,
Till fanned by the fawning windes, it bluſhes
With angry rage; and riſing through the buſhes,
Climbs fragrant Hauthorns, thence the Oak, and than
The Pine, and Firre, that bridge the Ocean:
It ſtill gets ground, and (running) doth augment,
And neuer leaues till all neer Woods be brent:

So, this ſweet ſpeech (firſt broacht by certain Minions)
Is ſoon applauded 'mong the light opinions:
And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,
To all the baſe confuſed multitude;
Who longing now to ſee this Caſtle rear'd,
Them night and day in differing crafts beſtirr'd.
Som fall to felling with a thouſand ſtroaks
Aduenturous Alders, Aſhes, long-liv'd Oaks;
Degrading Forreſts, that the Sun might view
Fields that before his bright rayes neuer knew.
Ha' ye ſeen a Town expos'd to ſpoyl and ſlaughter
(At victors pleaſure) where laments and laughter
Mixtly reſound; ſom carry, ſom conuay,
Som lug, ſom load; 'gainſt Souldiers ſeeking Prey
No place is ſure, and yet a day be done,
Out at her gate the ranſack't Town doth run:
So (in a trice) theſe Carpenters diſrobe
Th' *Aſſyrian* hills of all their leafie robe,
Strip the ſteep Mountains of their gaſtly ſhades,
And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades:
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick-iuſtling meet abroad,
And bending axels groan beneath their load.
Heer, for hard Cement, heap they night and day
The gummy ſlime of chalky waters gray:
There, buſie Kil-men ply their occupations
For brick and tyle: there, for their firm foundations,
They dig to hell; and damned Ghoſts again
(Paſt hope) behold the Suns bright glorious wain:
Their hammers noyſe, through Heav'ns rebounding brim,
Affrights the fiſh that in fair Tygris ſwim.
Theſe ruddy wals in height, and compaſs growe,
They caſt long ſhadow, and far-off do ſhowe:
All ſwarms with work-men, that (poor ſorts) ſurmiſe
Euen the firſt day to touch the very skies.
Which, God perceiuing, bending wrathfull frowns,
And with a noyſe that roaring thunder drowns;
'Mid cloudy fields, hills by the roots he rakes,
And th' vnmov'd hindges of the Heav'ns he ſhakes.

Liuely Deſcription of the people occupied in ſom great buſines.

God diſpleaſed with the audacious enterpriſe of Nimrod and his reſolueth to

See,

Break their Designes by confounding their Language.

See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble Dwarfs,
See their huge Castles, Walls, and Counter-scarfs:
O strength-full Peece, impregnable! and sure
All my iust anger's batteries to endure.
I swore to them, the fruitfull earth, no more
Hence-forth should fear the raging Oceans roar;
Yet build they Towrs: I will'd that scattered wide
They should go man the World; and lo, they bide
Self-prisoned heer: I meant to be their Master,
My self alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor;
And they, for Lord, a Tyrant fell haue ta'en them,
Who (to their cost) will roughly curb and rean them;
Who scorns mine arm, and with these brauing Towrs
Attempts to scale this Crystall Throne of ours.
Com, com, let's dash their drift; and sith, combin'd
As well in voice, as blood, and law, and minde,
In ill they harden, and with language bold
Incourage-on themselues their work to hold,
Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence:
Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference;
Let's all confound their speech: let's make the brother,
The Sire, and Son, not vnderstand each other.

Execution of Gods Decree.

This said, as soon confusedly did bound
Through all the work I wot not what strange sound,
A iangling noyse; not much vnlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swains amid their drunken humors:
Som speak between the teeth, som in the nose,
Som in the throat their words do ill dispose,
Som howl, som hallow, som doe stut and strain,
Each hath his gibberish, and all strive in vain
To finde again their know'n beloued tongue,
That with their milk they suckt in cradle, young.

A fit comparison

Arise betimes, while th' *Opal*-coloured Morn,
In golden pomp doth *May-days* door adorn:
And patient hear th' all-differing voices sweet
Of painted Singers, that in Groues doe greet
Their Loue-*Bon-iours*, each in his phraze and fashion
From trembling Pearch vttering his earnest passion;

And

And ſo thou may'ſt conceipt what mingle-mangle
Among this people euery where did iangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quick;
One brings him vp a hammer: heaw this brick
(Another bids) and then they cleaue a Tree:
Make faſt this rope, and then they let it flee:
One cals for planks, another mortar lacks:
They bear the firſt, a ſtone; the laſt an ax:
One would haue ſpikes, and him a ſpade they giue:
Another asks a ſaw, and gets a ſiue:
Thus croſly-croſt, they prate and point in vain;
What one hath made, another mars again:
Nigh breath-leſs all, with their confuſed yawling,
In boot-leſs labour, now begins appawling.
In brief, as thoſe, that in ſom channell deep
Begin to build a Bridge with Arches ſteep,
Perceiuing once (in thouſand ſtreams extending)
The courſe-chang'd Riuer from the hils deſcending,
With watry mountains bearing down their Bay,
As if it ſcorn'd ſuch bondage to obay;
Abandon quickly all their work begun,
And heer and there for ſwifter ſafety run:
Theſe Maſons ſo, ſeeing the ſtorm arriu'd
Of Gods iuſt Wrath, all weak, and hart-depriu'd,
Forſake their purpoſe, and like frantick fools
Scatter their ſtuffe, and tumble down their tools.

An other elegãt compariſon ſhowing that there is no Counſail, no Endeuour, no diligence, no migh.t nor multitude, that can reſiſt God.

O proud revolt! O trayterous felony!
See in what ſort the Lord hath puniſht thee
By this Confuſion: ah! that language ſweet,
Sure bond of Cities, friendſhips maſtik meet,
Strong curb of anger, yerſt vnited, now
In thouſand drie Brooks ſtrays, I wot not how:
That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mouer,
That calm-rage harts-theef, quel-pride coniure-louer:
That pureſt coyn, then currant in each coaſt,
Now mingled, hath ſound, waight, and colour loſt,
'Tis counterfeit: and ouer euery ſhoar
The confus'd fall of *Babel* yet doth roar.

Diſcommodities proceeding frõ the confuſion of Tongues.

Then, *Finland*-folk might viſit *Affrica*,
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound
Our Towns about, our tongues do alſo mound:
For, who from home but half a furlong goes,
As dumb (alas!) his Reaſon's tool doth loſe:
Of if we talk but with our neer confines,
We borrow mouthes, or elſe we work by ſignes.
Vn-toild, vn-Tutord, ſucking tender food,
We learn'd a language all men vnderſtood;
And (ſeav'n-yeers-old) in glaſs-duſt did commence
To draw the round Earths fair circumference:
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,
We reacht betimes that Caſtles higheſt part,
Where th' *Encyclopedie* her darlings Crowns,
In ſigne of conqueſt, with etern renowns.
Now (euer-boys) we wax old, while we ſeek
The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek:
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole
Of Natures ſecrets, and of th' *Eſſence* ſole
Which Eſſence giues to all, we tire our minde
To vary verbs, and fineſt words to finde;
Our letters and our ſyllables to waigh:
At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,
Who teach vs yet to read, and giue vs (raw)
An *A.B.C.* for great *Iuſtinians* law,
Hippocrates, or that *Diuiner lore*,
Where God appears to whome him right adore.

The Hebrew Tongue in all Mens mouthes before the confuſion of Languages.

What ſhall I more ſay? then, all ſpake the ſpeech
Of God himſelfe, th' old ſacred *Idiom* rich,
Rich perfect language, where's no point, nor ſigne,
But hides ſome rare deep myſterie diuine:
But ſince that pride, each people hath a-part
A baſtard gibberiſh, harſh, and ouerthwart;
Which daily chang'd, and loſing light, wel-neer
Nothing retains of that firſt language cleer.

A concluſion tried, whereby ap-

The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned Nation
Fed with fair *Nilus* fruitfull inundation,

Longing

Longing to know their Languages prioritie,
Fondly impos'd the cenſuring authoritie
To ſilly Iudges, voyd of iudging ſenſe
(Dumb ſtammerers to treat of eloquence)
To wit, two Infants nurſt by Mothers dumb,
In ſilent Cels, where neuer noyſe ſhould com
Of charming humane voice, to eccho there,
Till triple-twelue months full expired were.
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men
That dwell at *Zant*, the faint-breath'd childeren,
Crie often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth affords.
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*
Bek meaneth bread, much to reioyce began,
Glad that kinde Nature had now graçt them ſo,
To grant this Sentence on their ſide to go.
Fools, which perceiv'd not, that the bleating flocks
Which powl'd the neighbour Mountains motly locks
Had taught this tearm, and that no tearms of *Rome*,
Greece, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Iewry*, com
Com born with vs: but euery Countries tongue
Is learnt by much vſe, and frequenting long.
Only, we haue peculiar to our race,
Aptnes to ſpeak; as that ſame other grace
Which, richly-diuers, makes vs differ more
From dull, dumb wretches that in Deſarts roar.
Now, that Buls bellow (if that any ſay)
That Lions roar, and ſlothfull Aſſes bray,
Now lowe, now lowd; and by ſuch languages
Diſtinctly ſeeme to ſhew their courages:
Thoſe are not words, but bare expreſſions
Of violent fits of certain paſſions:
Confuſed ſignes of ſorrow, or annoy,
Of hunger, thirſt, of anger, loue, or ioy.
And ſo I ſay that all the winged quiers,
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briers,
Ear-tickling tunes: for though they ſeem to prattle
A-part by payrs, and three to three to tattle;

peareth that children are naturally apt to learn to ſpeak: not able of themſelues to ſpeake, without example.

Anſwereth to the obiection taken from the confuſed voice of Beaſts.

To another obiection, of the chirping of Birds.

To winde their voice a hundred thousand waies,
In curious descant of a thousand layes:
T' haue taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill;
Their sounds want sense; their notes are word-less still:
Their song, repeated thousand times a day,
As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.

Aduantage of Man endued with Reason, aboue the rest of the Creatures.

But, only Man can talke of his Creator,
Of heav'n, and earth, and fire, and ayr, and water,
Of Iustice, Temperance, Wisdom, Fortitude,
In choise sweet tearms that various sense include.
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts dis'lunder;

Iosephus Scaliger, *skilfull in 13. languages.*

But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,
The Learned's Sun: who eloquently can,
Speak Spanish, French, Italian, Nubian,
Dutch, Chaldee, Syriak, English, Arabik,
(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.
O rich quick spirit! O wits Chameleon!
Which any Authors colour can put on.
Great *Iulius* Son, and *Syluius* worthy brother,
Th' immortall grace of *Gascony*, their mother.

Answer to a third obiection touching Parrot-resembling Echo, and speaking without speech.

And, as for Iayes, that in their wyery gail
Can ask for victuals, and vnvictuail'd rail;
Who, daring vs for eloquences meed,
Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed,
Say the Lords prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great houshold call:
Th' are like that voice, which (by our voice begot)
From hollow vale babbles it wots not what.
In vain the ayr they beat, it vainly cleauing,
And dumbly speak, their own speech not conceiuing,
Deaf to themselues: for speech, is nothing (sure)
But th' vnseen soules resounding purtrature:
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted-plain,
As it was all, yer that rough-hunters raign.

The Hebrew Tongue the principall.

Now, when I note, how th' Hebrew breuity,
Euen with fewe words expresseth happily
Deepest conceits; and leads the hearing part
Through all the closets of the mazy hart:

Better

Better then Greek with her *Synonimaes*, *First reason.*
Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphoraes*,
Her apt Coniunctions, Tenſes, Moods, and Caſes,
And many other much eſteemed graces:
When I remember, how the *Rabbins* fet *Second reaſon.*
Out of the ſacred Hebrew Alphabet
All that our faith beleeues, or eys behold;
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold:
Whether (with curious pain) we do tranſport
Her letters turn'd in many-various ſort
(For, as in ciphering, th' onely tranſportation *Similie.*
Of figures, ſtill varies their valuation:
So th' *Anagram* ſtrengthens or ſlacks a name,
Giuing a ſecret twiſt vnto the ſame):
Or whether wee (euen as in groſs) beſtowing
The numbers, which, from one words letters flowing,
Vnfold a ſecret; and that word again
Another of like number doth contain:
Whether one letter for a word be put;
Or all a ſentence in one word be ſhut:
As *Egypts* ſilence ſealed-vp (myſterious)
In one Character a long ſentence ſerious.
When I obſerue, that from the *Indian* Dawning, *Third reaſon.*
Euen to our *Iriſh Ætna's* fiery yawning:
And from hot *Tambut*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,
Thou ſeeſt (O Sun!) no Nation ſo barbarian,
Nor ignorant in all the Laws diuine,
But yet retains ſom tearms of *Paleſtine*,
Whoſe Elements (how-ſo diſguiz'd) draw-nigh
The ſacred names of th' old Orthogaphy.
When I conſider that Gods antient WILL *Fourth reaſon.*
Was firſt enrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:
That neuer *Vrim*, *Dream*, or *Viſion* ſung
Their Oracles, but all in *Iſaaks* tongue:
That in the ſame, the Lord himſelf did draw
Vpon two Tables his eternall Law:

And that (long ſince) in *Sions* Languages,
His heav'nly Poſtes brought downe his meſſages.
Firſt reaſon. And (to conclude) when I conceive, how then
They gaue not idle, caſuall names to men,
But ſuch as (rich in ſenſe) before th' euent,
Markt in their liues ſome ſpeciall accident;
And yet, we ſee that all thoſe words of old
Of Hebrew ſtill the ſound and ſenſe doe hold.
For, *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife
Eua (tranſlated) ſignifieth life:
Cain, firſt begot: *Abel*, as vain: and *Seth*,
Put in his place: and he that, vnderneath
The generall Deluge, ſaw the World diſtreſt,
In true interpretation, ſounderh Reſt.
To th' Hebrew Tongue (how-euer *Greece* do grudge)
The ſacred right of Elderſhip I iudge.
Praiſe of the Hebrew Tongue, Mother and Queene of all the Reſt. All hail, therefore, O ſempiternall ſpring
Of ſpirituall pictures! ſpeech of Heav'ns high King,
Mother, and Miſtreſs, of all Tongues the Prime:
Which (pure) haſt paſt ſuch vaſt deep gulfs of Time:
Which haſt no word but weighs, whoſe Elements
Flowe with hid ſenſe, thy points with Sacraments.
O ſacred *Dialect*! in thee the names
Of Men, Towns, Countries regiſter their fames
In brief abbridgements: and the names of Birds,
Of Water-gueſts, and Forreſt-haunting Heards,
Are open Books, where euery man might read
Their natures ſtory; till th' Heav'n-ſhaker dread,
In his iuſt wrath, the flaming ſword had ſet,
The paſſage into Paradiſe to let.
Adam gaue Hebrew names to all the Creatures. For, *Adam* then (in ſigne of maſtry) giuing
Peculiar names vnto all creatures liuing,
When in a generall muſter ranged right,
They marcht by couples in his awfull ſight,
He framed them ſo fit, that learned ears
Bearing the ſoule the ſound, the maruails bears,
Where-with th' All-forming voice adorned fair
Th' inhabitants of Sea, and Earth, and Ayr.

And, for each body acts, or ſuffers ought,
Hauing made Nowns, his Verbs he alſo wrought:
And then, the more t'enrich his ſpeech, he brings
Small Particles, which ſtand in lieu of ſtrings,
The maſter members fitly to combine
(As two great boards, a little glew doth ioyn)
And ſerue as plumes, which euer dancing light
Deck the proud creſts of helmets burniſht bright:
Frenges to mantles; ears, and rings to veſſels:
To marble ſtatues; baſes, feet, and treſſels.
This (*Adams* language) pure perſiſted ſince,
Til th'iron Age of that cloud-climbing Prince:
Reſounding onely, through all mortall tents,
The peer-les accents of rich eloquence;
But then (as partiall) it it ſelf retyr'd
To *Hebers* houſe: whether of the conſpir'd
Rebels, he were not; but in ſober quiet,
Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:
Or whether, thither by compulſion brought,
With ſecret ſighes hee oft his God beſought,
So with vnwilling hands helping to make
The walls he wiſht deep ſunk in Stygian Lake:
As wretched Galley-ſlaues (beating the Seas
With forced oars, fighting againſt their eaſe
And liberty) curſe, in their grieued ſpright,
Thoſe, for whoſe ſake they labour day & night:
Or whether elſe Gods liberall hand, for euer
(As it were) meeting holy mens indeuour,
For his owne ſake, of his free grace and pleaſure,
To th' Hebrew race depoſited this treaſure;
While the proud remnant of thoſe ſcattered Maſons
Had falſed it in hundred thouſand faſhions,
When euery one where Fate him called flew,
Bearing new words into his Country new.
But ſlippery Time, enuiouſly waſting all,
Diſfigur'd ſoon thoſe Tongues authenticall,
Which 'mid the *Babel*-builders thunder, bred
On *Tygris* banks, o're all the earth were ſpred:

He inriched the Language with the compoſition of verbs and Cluſter.

The Hebrew Tongue cõtinued from Adam to the time of Nimrod: ſince when it reſted in the houſe of Heber, of whom it is called Hebrew.

Simile.

A ſub-diuiſion of the Lãguages, firſt deuiſed.

And, ay the world the more confus'd to leaue,
The leaſt of them in many Tongues did cleaue.

Whereof proceede the ſundry changes in one ſelfe-ſame Language.

Each language alters, either by occaſion
Of trade, which (cauſing mutuall commutation
Of th' Earths and Oceans wares) with hardy luck
Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck:
Or elſe, becauſe Fame-thirſting wits, that toyl
In golden tearms to trick their gracious ſtile,
With new-found beauties prank each circumſtance,
Or (at the leaſt) doe new-coyn'd words inhaunce
With currant freedom: and again reſtore
Th' old, ruſty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of yore.

Simile.

For, as in Forreſts, leaves doe fall and ſpring:
Euen ſo the words, which whilom flouriſhing,
In ſweet Orations ſhin'd with pleaſing luſtre
(Like ſnowe-white Lillies in a freſh green paſture)
Paſs now no more; but, baniſht from the Court,
Dwel with diſgrace among the Country ſort:
And thoſe, which Eld 's ſtrict doom did diſallow,
And damn for bullion, goe for current now.

The liberty of a witty, learned, and iudicious Wrighter.

A happy wit, with gracious iudgement ioyn'd,
May giue a Paſport to the words new coyn'd
In his own ſhop: alſo adopt the ſtrange:
Ingraft the wilde: inriching, with ſuch change
His powerfull ſtile; and with ſuch ſundry ammell
Paynting his phraſe, his Proſe or Verſe enammel.
One language hath no law but vſe: and ſtill
Runs blinde, vnbridled, at the vulgars will.
Anothers courſe, is curiouſly inclos'd
In liſts of Art; of choiſe fit words compos'd.
One, in the feeble birth, becomming old,
Is cradle-toomb'd: another warreth bold
With the yeer-ſpinners. One, vnhappy-founded,
Liues in a narrow valley euer bounded:
Another 'mong the learned troup doth preſſe
From *Alexanders* Altars, euen to Fez.

Excellencie of the Hebrew,

And ſuch are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*:
Th' *Hebrew*, becauſe of it wee hold the Paten

Of

Of *Thrice-Eternalls* euer ſacred Word:
And, of his Law, that is the firſt Record.
The *Greek*, as hauing cunningly compriz'd
All kinde of knowledge that may be deuis'd.
And manly *Roman*, ſith the ſword vndaunted
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.
Writing theſe later lines, weary wel-neer
Of ſacred *Pallas* pleaſing labours deer;
Mine humble chin ſaluteth oft my breſt,
With an *Ambroſial* deaw mine eys poſſeſt
By peece-meal cloſe; all mouing powrs be ſtill;
From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill;
Down in my ſloath-lov'd bed again I ſhrink;
And in dark *Lethè* all deep cares I ſink:
Yea, all my cares, except a zeal to len
A gainfull pleaſure to my Country-men.
For, th' holy loues-charm, burning for their ſake,
When I am ſleeping, keeps my ſoule awake.
Gold-winged *Morpheus*, Eaſt-ward iſſuing
By 's cryſtall gate (it earlier opening
Then daies bright door) fantaſtick leads the way
Down to a vale, where moiſt-cool night, and day:
Still calms and ſtorms: keen cold, and ſultry ſmother:
Rain, and fair weather follow not each-other:
But *May* ſtill raigns, and roſe-crown'd *Zephyrus*
With wanton ſighes makes the green trees to buſs;
Whoſe whiſpering boughs, in Ouall form do fence
This flowrie field's delightfull excellence.
Iuſt in the midſt of this enammeld vale
Roſe a huge Rock, cut like a Pedeſtall;
And on the Cornich a Coloſſus ſtands
Of during braſſe, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thouſand chains, which all the mead a-long
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound faſt by th' ears, but faſter by the hart.
Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from cruelty.

Greek, and Latine Tongues aboue the reſt.

A pleaſant introduction to his following Diſcourſe, wherein Poetically He deſcribeth and bringeth in the principall Languages, together with ſuch as haue excelled in each of them.

The God of Dreams.

Deſcription of the Houſe, & Image of Eloquence: and of the principall Languages.

Neer

Neer hils do hop, and neighbour Forreſts bound,
Seeming to daunce at his ſweet voices ſound.
Of *Carian* pillars raiſd with curious Art
On baſes firm, a double rowe doth girt
The ſoule-charm Image of ſweet Eloquence:
And theſe fair Piles (with great magnificence)
Bear, foure by foure, one of the Tongues which now
Our learned Age for faireſt doth allow.

1. The Hebrew ſupported by 4. Pillars; (viz.)

Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer ſpirits ſupporting heer
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whoſe brows appear
Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heav'n-adorning brand,
Who holds a green-drie, wither'd-ſpringing wand,

Moſes.

And in his arms the ſacred Regiſter
Of Gods eternall ten-fold Law doth bear;
Is *Iſraels* guide: firſt Author, he that firſt
Vnto his heirs his Writings offer durſt:
Whoſe hallowed Pages not alone preceed
All *Grecian* Writ, but euery *Grecian* Deed.

Dauid.

Dauid's the next, who, with the melody
Of voice-matcht fingers, draws ſphears harmony,
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which ſhall reſound
While the bright day-ſtar rides his glorious Round:
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall ceaſe their Galliard, th' euer-bleſſed ſoules
Of *Chriſt* his champions (cheer'd with his ſweet ſongs)
Shall daunce to th' honour of the *Strong* of *ſtrongs*;
And all the Angels glory-winged Hoſtes
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hoaſts.*

Salomon.

The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,
Who in his lines hath more wiſe leſſons ſow'n,
More golden words, then in his Crown there ſhin'd
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gemms of *Inde*.

Eſay.

Then, *Amos* Son, in threatnings vehement,
Grace-fellowed, graue, holy and eloquent.

2. The Greeke by Homer.

Sweet-numbred *Homer* heer the *Greek* ſupports,
Whoſe School hath bred the many-differing ſorts
Of ancient Sages: and, through euery Realm,
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to ſtream:

Plato

Plato, the all-diuine, who like the *Foul*
(They call) of *Paradise*; doth neuer foul
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies
Higher then Heav'n from Hell, aboue the skies:
Cleer-styl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demosthen*,
Gold-mouthed hearts-king law of learned men.
Th' Arch-Foe to factious *Catiline* and (since)
To *Anthony*, whose thundring eloquence
Yeelds thousand streams, whence (rapt in admiration)
The rarest wits are drunk in euery Nation:
Cæsar, who knowes as wel to write, as war:
The Sinnewy *Sallust*: and that Heav'n-fall'n star,
Which straggling *Ilium* brings to *Tybers* brink,
Who neuer seems in all his Works to wink;
Who neuer stumbled, euer cleer and graue;
Bashfully-bold, and blushing modest-braue:
Still like himself, and else, still like to no-man:
Sustain the stately, graue-sweet ancient *Roman*.
On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuscan* plaç't:
Bold, choice-tearm'd *Petrarch*, in deep passions graç't:
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,
Smooth, pithie, various, quick affection-stirrer:
And witty *Tasso*, worthy to indight
Heroïk numbers, full of life and light;
Short, sharpe-conceipted, rich in language cleer,
Though last in age, in honour formost heer.
Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillers found,
Great *Aben-Rois* most subtill, and profound,
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learned *Auicen*,
And *Ibnu-farid's* figure-flowing Pen.
The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germaniz'd* the story
Of *Sleidan*: next, th' *Isleban* (lasting glory
Of *Wittenberg*) with *Peucer* gilding bright
His pleasing stile: and *Butric* my delight.
Gueuarra, *Boscan*, and *Granade*, which sup
With *Garcilace*, in honey *Pytho's* cup
The smiling Nectar, bear th' *Hyberian*:
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*,

Plato.
Herodotus.
Demosthenes.

3. The Latine by
Cicero.
Cæsar.
Sallust.
Virgil.

4. The Italian by
Boccace.
Petrarch.
Arioſto.
Tasso.

5. The Arabik by
Aben-Roes.
Eldebag.
Auicen
Ibnu-farid.

6. The Dutch by
Peuther.
Luther.
Peucer.
Butric.

7. The Spanish by
Gueuarra.
Boscan.

Rauisht

Granada. Garcilaco. Rauiſht *Oſyas*, he might well haue claymed
The *Spaniſh Laurell* 'mong theſe laſtly named.
8 The French. by Marot. Now, for the *French*, that ſhape-leſs *Column* rude,
Whence th' idle Maſon hath but groſly hew'd
(As yet) the rough ſcales from the vpper part,
Is *Clement Marot*; who with Art-les Art
Buſily toyls: and, prickt with praiſe-full thirſt,
Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Quercy* firſt:
Whom, as a time-torn Monument, I honour:
Or as a broken Toomb: or tattered Banner:
Or age-worn Image: not ſo much for ſhowe,
As for the reuerence that to *Eld* I owe.
The next I knowe not well; yet (at the leaſt)
He ſeems ſom skilfull Maſter with the reſt:
Yet doubt I ſtill. For now it doth appear
Amyot. Like *Iaques Aymot*, then like *Viginere*.
Ronſard. That, is great *Ronſard*, who his *France* to garniſh,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their Art-various varniſh;
And, hardy-witted, handleth happily
All ſorts of ſubiect, ſtile, and Poëſie.
Pleſsis. And this *du Pleſsis*, beating *Atheïſme*,
Vain *Paganiſme*, and ſtubborn *Iudaïſme*,
With their own arms: and ſacred-graue, and ſhort,
His plain-prankt ſtile he ſtrengthens in ſuch ſort,
That his quick reaſons wingd with grace and Art,
Pearce like keen arrows, euery gentle hart.
9: The Engliſh. by Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Nicholas Bacone. Sir Phil. Sidney *Our Engliſh* Tongue three famous Knights ſuſtain;
Moore, *Bacone*, *Sidney*: of which, former twain
(*High Chancellors of England*) weaned firſt
Our Infant-phraſe (till then but homely nurſt)
And childiſh toys; and, rudenes chaſing thence,
To ciuill knowledge, ioyn'd ſweet eloquence.
And (World-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *Thames*
His Swan-like tunes, ſo courts her coy proud ſtreams.
That (all with-childe with Fame) his fame they bear,
To *Thetis* lap, and *Thetis*, every-where.
But, what new Sun dazels my tender eyes?
What ſuddain traunce rapts me aboue the skies?

What

What Princely Port? O what imperiall grace?
What ſweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angels face?
Say (learned Heav'n-born Siſters) is not this
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* Miſteris,
The *Great Eliza*, making hers diſdaign,
For any Man, to change their Maydens raign?
Who, while *Erynnys* (weary now of hell)
With fire and Sword her neighbours States doth quell,
And while black *Horror* threats in ſtormy rage,
With dreadfull down-fal th'vniuerſall ſtage;
In happy Peace her Land doth keep and nouriſh:
Where reuerent *Iuſtice*, and *Religion* flouriſh.
Who is not onely in her mother-voyce
Rich in Oration; but with phraſes choice,
So on the ſodain can diſcourſe in *Greek*,
French, *Latin*, *Tuſcan*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniſh* eek,
That *Rome*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spayn*, and *Italy*,
Plead all for right in her natiuitie.
Bright Northren pearl, *Mars*-daunting martialiſt,
To grace the *Muſes* and the *Arts*, perſiſt;
And (O!) if euer theſe rude rimes be bleſt:
But with one glaunce of Nature's onely Beſt;
Or (lucky) light betweeen thoſe Yuory palms,
Which hold thy State's ſtern, in theſe happy calms,
View them with milde aſpect; and gently read
That for thy praiſe, thine eloquence wee need.
Then thus I ſpake; O ſpirits diuine and learned,
Whoſe happy labours haue your lands eterned:
O! ſith I am not apt (alas!) nor able
With you to bear the burthen honourable
Of Albions *Fame, nor with my feeble ſight*
So much as follow your Heav'n-neighbouring flight;
At leaſt permit me, proſtrate to imbrace
Your reuerend knees: permit me to inchace
Your radiant creſts with Aprils *flowrie Crown;*
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,
My freble tunes eternall fames deriue;
While in my Songs your glorious names ſuruiue.

And the incomparable Queene Elizabeth.

Her prudence, Piety, Iuſtice, Religion, Learning, and Eloquence.

Granting

the Granting my ſute, each of them bowd his head,
The valley vaniſht, and the pillers fled:
And there-with-all, my Dream had flow'n (I think)
But that I lym'd his limber wings with ink.

FINIS.

THE

The COLONIES.

THE III. PART OF THE II. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

To stop Ambition, Strife, and Auarice,
Into Three Parts *the Earth diuided is:*
To Sem *the East, to* Cham *the South, the West*
To Iapheth *falls; their seuerall scopes expreſt:*
Their fruitfull Spawn did all the World supply:
Antiquites vncertain Search, and why:
*A*ſſyria *ſceptred first; and first imparts,*
To all the rest, Wealth, Honour, Arms, and Arts:
The New-found World: Mens diuers humors strange:
The various World a mutuall Counter-change.

WHile through the Worlds vn-haunted wildernes
I, th' old, first Pilots wandring Houſe addreſs
While (*Famous* DRAKE-*like*), coaſting euery ſtrand
I do diſcouer many a *New-found-Land*:
And while, from Sea to Sea with curious pain
I plant great *Noahs* plentious Vine again:
What bright-brown cloud ſhall in the Day protect me?
What fiery Pillar ſhall by Night direct me
Toward each Peoples primer Reſidence,
Predeſtin'd in the Court of Prouidence,
Yer our bi-ſexed Parents, free from ſin,
In *Eden* did their double birth begin?
O ſacred Lamp! that went'ſt ſo brightly burning
Before the *Sages*, from the ſpycie *Morning*,
To ſhew th' Almightie Infants humble Birth;
O! chace the thick Clouds, driue the darknes forth

Being heer to intreat of the Tranſmigration of ſo many Nations, iſſued out of the loignes of Noah, *our Poet deſireth to be addreſſed by ſome ſpeciall Fauour of God.*

Which

Which blindeth me: that mine aduenturous Rime,
Circling the World, may search out euery Clime.
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage shift
From side to side; yet is my speciall drift,
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring
To that deer Babe, the *Man-God, Christ*, our King.

The true, & only drift of all his indeuours.

A comparison expressing the effect of the astonishment, which the confusion of Tongues brought into the Babel-builders.

AS WHEN the lowring Heav'ns with loudest raps
Through Forrests thrill their roaring thunder-claps,
The shiuering Fowls do sodainly forgo
Their nests and perches, fluttering to and fro
Through the dark ayr, and round about there rings
A whistling murmur of their whisking wings;
The gristel Turtles (seldoom seen alone)
Dis-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;
And euen the feeble downie feathered Yong
Venter to flie, before their quils be strong:
Euen so, the Builders of that *Babel-Wonder*,
Hearing Gods voice a-loud to roar and thunder,
In their rude voices barbarous difference,
Take (all at once) their fearfull flight from thence
On either hand; and through th' Earth voidly-vast
Each packs a-part, where God would haue him plaç't.

Why God would not that the seed of Noah should reside in the Plain of Shynar.

For, Heav'ns great Monarch (yer the World began)
Hauing decreed to giue the World to man;
Would not, the same a nest of theeues should be,
That with the Sword should share his Legacie;
And (bruitly mixt) with mongrell stock to stoar
Our Elements, round, solid, slimie floar:
But rather, fire of Couetize to curb,
Into three Parts he parts he parts this spacious Orb,
'Twixt *Sem* and *Cham*, and *Iapheth*: *Sem* the East,
Cham South, and *Iapheth* doth obtain the West.

The Earth distributed among the Sonnes of Noah.

To Sem the South.

That large rich Country, from *Perosite* shoars
(Where stately *Ob*, the King of Riuers, roars,
In *Scythian* Seas voyding his violent load,
But little less then six dais sayling broad)
To *Malaca*: *Moluques* Iles, that bear
Cloues and Canele: well-tempered *Sumater*

Sub-

Sub-equinoctiall: and the golden ſtreams
Of *Biſnagar*, and *Zeilan* bearing gemms:
From th' *Euxin* Sea and ſurge of *Chalcean* Twins
To th' *Anian* Streight: the ſloathfull, ſlymy Fens
Where *Quinzay* ſtands; *Chiorze*, where Bulls as big
As Elephants are clad in ſilken ſhag,
Is great *Sems* Portion. For the Deſtinies
(Or rather Heav'ns immutable Decrees)
Aſſur t' *Aſſyria* ſend, that in ſhort time
Chale and *Rheſen* to the Clouds might climbe,
And *Ninive* (more famous then the reſt)
Aboue them raiſe her many-towred Creſt:
The ſceptred *Elam* choſe the *Perſian* Hills,
And thoſe fat fields that ſwift *Araxis* fills;
Lud, *Lydia*: *Aram* all *Armenia* had:
And *Chalde* fell to learned *Arphaxad*.
Cham becam Souerain ouer all thoſe Realms — *To Cham the South.*
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne* ſtreams,
Botangas, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guaguametre*,
Hot *Concritar*, too-full of poyſony matter:
North-ward with narrow *Mid'terranean* Sea
Which from rich *Europe* parts poor *Africa*:
Towards where *Titans* Eueningſplendor ſank,
With Seas of *Fez*, *Cape-verde*, and *Cape-blanc*:
And toward where *Phœbus* doth each morning wake,
With *Adel* Ocean, and the *Crimſin* Lake.
And further, all that lies between the ſteep
Mount *Libanus*, and the *Arabian* Deep,
Between th' *Erythrean* Sea, and *Perſian Sine*,
He (mighty Prince) to's *Afrik* State doth ioine.
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Jordan* dwell
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Iſrael*):
Pheud peopled *Lybia*: *Mizraim Egypt* mann'd:
And's firſt-born *Chus* the *Æthyopian* ſtrand.
Iapheth extends from ſtruggling *Helleſpont*, — *To Iapheth the North & Weſt.*
The *Tane* and *Euxin* Sea, to th' double Mount
Of famous *Gibraltar*, and that deep Main,
Whoſe tumbling billows bathe the ſhoars of *Spayn*:

And from thoſe Seas, where in the ſteed of Keels
Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels,
To the *Marſilian*, *Morean*, and *Thyrrhenian*;
Ligurian Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,
Iuſt oppoſite to *Aſia* rich in ſpice,
Pride of the World, and ſecond *Paradiſe*:
And that large Country ſtretcht from *Amana*
To *Tanais* ſhoars, and to the ſource of *Rha*.
Forth of his *Gomers* loigns (they ſay) ſprung all
The war-like Nations ſcattered ouer *Gaul*,
And *Germans* too (yerſt called *Gomerits*):
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog*, *Scythes*:
From *Madai*, *Medes*: from *Meſech*, *Mazacans*:
From *Iauan*, *Greeks*: from *Thyras*, *Thracians*.
Heer, if I liſt, or lov'd I rouer-ſhooting,
Or would I follow the vncertain footing
Of falſe *Beroſus* and ſuch fond Deluders
(Their zealous Readers inſolent Illuders)
I could deriue the lineal Deſcents
Of all our Sires; and name you euery Prince
Of euery Prouince, in his time and place
(Succeſſiuely) through-out his Ancient Race:
Yea, ſing the Worlds ſo diuers populations;
And of leaſt Cities ſhowe the firſt Foundations.
But, neuer will I ſo my ſails abandon
To euery blaſt, and rowing ſo at randon
(Without the bright light of that glorious Star
Which ſhines 'boue all the Heav'ns) venter ſo far
On th' vnknowne ſurges of ſo vaſt a Sea
So full of Rocks and dangers euery way;
Hauing no Pylot, ſaue ſom brain-ſick Wrighters
Which coyn Kings names, vain fabulous Indighters
Of their own fancies, who (affecting glory)
Vpon a Flyes foot build a goodly ſtory.
Som words alluſion is no certain ground
Whereon a laſting Monument to Found:
Sith faireſt Riuers, Mountains ſtrangely ſteep,
And largeſt Seas, neuer ſo vaſt and deep

According to his accuſtomed modeſty & diſcretion, the Poet chuſeth rather Silence then to ſpeake vncertainly of things vnknowne.

Reaſons why the Search of ſuch Antiquities is ſo obſcure.

(Though

(Though ſelf-eternall, reſting ſtill the ſame)
Through ſundry chances often change their name:
Sith it befalls not alwaies, that his ſeed
Who builds a Town, doth in the ſame ſucceed:
And (to conclude) ſith vnder Heav'n, no Race
Perpetually poſſeſſeth any place:
But, as all Tenants at the High Lords will,
We hold a Field, a Forreſt, or a Hill:
And (as when winde the angry Ocean moues)
Waue hunteth waue, and billow billow ſhoues;
So do all Nations iuſtle each the other,
And ſo one People doth purſue another;
And ſcarce the ſecond hath a firſt vn-houſed,
Before a third him thence again haue rowſed.

Famous examples to this purpoſe.

So, th' ancient *Britain*, by the *Saxons* chaç't
From's natiue *Albion*, ſoon the *Gauls* diſplaç't
From *Armorik*; and then victoriouſly
(After his name) ſurnam'd that *Britannie*.

Of the ancient Britains.

So, when the *Lombard* had ſurrendered
Fair, double-named *Iſter's* flowrie-bed
To skar-faç't *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiouſly
The reſt of *Gauls* from wealthy *Inſubrie*;
Which, after fell in *French-mens* hands again,
Won by the ſword of *Worthy Charlemain*.

Of the Lombards.

So, th' *Alain* and North *Vandal*, beaten both
From *Corduba* and *Seuil* by the *Goth*,
Seiz'd *Carthage* ſtraight; which after-ward they loſt
To wiſe *Iuſtinians* valiant *Roman* Houſt:
And *Romans*, ſince, ioyn'd with the barbarous troop
Of curled *Moors*, vnto th' *Arabians* ſtoop.

Of the Alains Goths, and Vandals.

The ſacrilegious greedy appetite
Of Gold and Scepters gliſtering glorious bright,
The thirſt of Vengeance, and that puffing breath
Of cluiſh *Honour*, built on blood and death,
On deſolation, rapes, and robberies,
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutiſh butcheries,
Vn-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations
Through euery Clymat ſeek new habitations.

The cauſes of ſuch Tranſmigrations.

I ſpeak not heer of thoſe *Alarbian* Rouers,
Numidian Shepheards or *Tartarian* Drouers,
Who ſhifting paſtures, for their ſtore of Cattle,
Do heer and there their hayrie Tents in battle:
Like the black ſwarms of Swallows ſwiftly-light,
Which twice a-yeer croſs with their nimble-flight
The Pine-plough'd Sea, and (pleas'd with pureſt ayr)
Seek euery Seaſon for a freſh repair:
But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh
With their own bloods-price purchas't Victory;
Who, better knowing how to win, then wield;
Conquer, then keep; to batter, then to build;
And brauely chooſing rather War then Peace,
Haue ouer-ſpread the World by Land and Seas.

The original removes, voyages & conqueſts of the Lombards.

Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurſt,
On *Rugeland* and *Liuonia* ſeized firſt;
Then hauing well reueng'd on the *Bulgarian*
The death of *Agilmont*; the bold Barbarian
Surpriſeth *Poland*; thence anon he preſſes
In *Rhines* fair ſtreams to renſe his Amber treſſes:
Thence turning back, he ſeats him in *Morauia*;
After, at *Buda*; thence hee poſtes to *Pauia*;
There raigns 200. yeares: tryumphing ſo,
That royall *Teſin* might compare with *Po*.

Of the Goths.

Such was the *Goth*, who whilom iſſuing forth
From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,
Incampt by *Viſtula*: but th'ayr (almoſt)
Being there as cold as on the *Baltick* Coaſt,
He with victorious arms *Sclauonia* gains,
The *Tranſyluanian* and *Valacchian* Plains.
Thence plyes to *Thracia*: and then (leauing *Greeks*)
Greedie of ſpoyl, foure times he brauely ſeeks
To ſnatch from Rome (then, *Mars* his Minion)
The Palms which ſhe o're all the World had won;
Guided by *Rhadaguiſe*, and *Alaric*,
And *Vidimarius*, and *Theodoric*:
Then coms to *Gaul*: and thence repul'ſt, his Legions
Reſt euer ſince vpon the *Spaniſh* Regions.

Such

Such th' antik *Gaul*: who rouing every way,
As far as *Phœbus* darts his golden ray,
Seiz'd *Italy*; the Worlds proud Mistres sackt
Which rather *Mars* then *Romulus* compackt:
Then pill'd *Panonia*: then with conquering ploughs
He furrows-vp cold *Strymons* slymy slows:
Wastes *Macedonia*: and (inclin'd to fleece)
Spares not to spoyl the greatest Gods of *Greece*:
Then (cloyd with *Europ*) th' *Hellespont* he past,
And there Mount *Ida's* neighbour world did waste:
Spoyleth *Pisidia*: *Mysia* doth inthrall:
And midst of *Asia* plants another *Gaul*.
Most famous Peoples dark Antiquitie,
Is as a Wood: where bold Temeritie
Stumbles each step; and learned Diligence,
It self intangles; and blinde Ignorance
(Groping about in such *Cimmerian* nights)
In pits and ponds, and boggs, and quag-mires lights.
It shall suffice me therefore (in this doubt)
But (as it were) to coast the same about:
And, rightly tun'd vnto the golden string
Of *Amrams* Son, in graues verse to sing,
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Iapheth* did re-plant
Th' vn-peopled World with new inhabitant:
And that again great *Noahs* wandring Boat
The second time o're all the World did float.
Not that I send *Sem*, at one flight vnceast,
From *Babylon* vnto the farthest *East*,
Tartarian Chorats siluer waues t' essay,
And people *China*, *Cambalu*, *Cathay*,
Iapheth to *Spayn*: and that profanest *Cham*,
To thirstie Countries *Meder'* and *Bigam*,
To *Cephala* vpon *Mount Zambrica*,
And *Cape* of *Hope*, last coign of *Africa*.
For, as *Hymettus* and Mount *Hybla* were
Not ouer-spread and couered in one year
With bus'ie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice
Each Hyve supplying new-com Colonies

Of the ancient Gaules.

He affirmeth finally that the three Sonnes of Noah peopled the World, and showeth how.

2. Fit cõparisons to represent the same.

(Heav'ns tender Nurcelings) to thoſe fragrant Mountains,
At length their Rocks diſſolv'd in Hony Fountains:
Or rather, as two fruitfull Elms that ſpred
Amidſt a Cloaſe with brooks enuironed,
Ingender other Elms about their roots;
Thoſe, other ſtill; and ſtill, new-ſpringing ſhoots
So ouer-growe the ground, that in fewe yeers
The ſometimes-Mead a greet thick Groue appears:
Euen ſo th'ambitious *Babel*-building rout,
Diſperſt, at firſt go ſeat themſelues about
Meſopotamia: after (by degrees)
Their happy Spawn, in ſundry Colonies
Croſſing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,
All the green-mantled nether Globe hath mann'd:
So that, except th'Almighty (glorious Iudge
Of quick and dead) this World's ill dayes abbridge,
Ther ſhall no ſoyl ſo wilde and ſauage be,
But ſhall be ſhadowed by great *Adams* Tree.

Why the firſt Monarkie began in Aſſyria.

Therefore, thoſe Countries neereſt *Tigris* Spring,
In thoſe firſt ages were moſt flouriſhing,
Moſt ſpoken-of, firſt Warriours, firſt that guide,
And giue the Law to all the Earth beſide.
Babylon (liuing vnder th'awfull grace
Of Royall Greatnes) ſway'd th'Imperiall Mace,
Before the *Greeks* had any Town at all,
Or warbling Lute had built the *Dircean* Wall:
Yet *Gauls* had houſes, *Latins* Burgages,
Our Britains Tents, or *Germans* Cottages.

The Hebrewes and their next neighbours were religious & learned before the Grecians knew anything.

The *Hebrews* had with Angels Conuerſation,
Held th'Idol-Altars in abhomination,
Knew the Vnknowen, with eyes of Faith they ſaw
Th'inuiſible *Meſsias*, in the *Law*:
The *Chaldees*, Audit of the Stars had made,
Had meaſur'd Heav'n, conceiv'd how th'Earths thick ſhade
Eclipſt the ſiluer brows of *Cynthia* bright,
And her brown ſhadow quencht her brothers light.
The *Memphian* Prieſts were deep Philoſophers,
And curious gazers on the ſacred Stars,

Searchers

Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematicks;
Yer any Letter, knew the ancient'ſt *Attiks*.
Proud *Ægypt* gliſtred all with golden Plate,
Yer the lame *Lemnian* (vnder *Ætna* grate)
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented
Prometheus, 'mong the *Greeks* had fire inuented.
Gauls were not yet; or, were they (at the leaſt)
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their feaſt,
But Maſt and Acorns, for the which they gap't
Vnder the Trees when any winde had hapt:
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gain)
Durſt rowe about the ſalt-blew *Africk* Main;
Traffikt abroad, in Scarlet Robs were dreſt,
And pomp and pleaſure *Euphrates* poſſeſt.
For, as a ſtone, that midſt a Pond yee fling,
About his fall firſt forms a little ring,
Wherin, new Circles one in other growing
(Through the ſmooth Waters gentle-gentle flowing)
Still one the other more and more compell
From the Ponds Centre, where the ſtone firſt fell;
Till at the laſt the largeſt of the Rounds
From ſide to ſide 'gainſt euery bank rebounds:
So, from th' Earths Centre (which I heer ſuppoſe
About the Place where God did Tongues tranſpoſe)
Man (day by day his wit repoliſhing)
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to ſpring,
As he doth ſpread, and ſhed in diuers ſhoals
His fruitfull Spawn, round vnder both the *Poles*.
Forth from *Aſſyria*, Eaſt-ward then they trauail
Towards rich *Hytanis* with the golden grauell:
Then people they the *Perſian Oroatis*;
Then cleer *Choaſpis*, which doth humbly kiſs
The Walls of *Suſa*; then the Vallies fat
Neer *Caucaſus*, where yerſt th' *Arſaces* ſate:
Then mann they *Media*; then with humane ſeed,
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plain they ſpeed.
The Sons of theſe (like flowing Waters) ſpred
O're all the Country which is bordered

The Egyptians, *&* Tyrians *had their fill of Riches, and Pomp, and Pleaſure, before the* Greeks *or* Gauls *knew what the world meant.*

The firſt Colonies of Sem *in the Eaſt.*

The ſecond.

With *Chiesel* River, 'boue *Thacalistan*;
Gadel and *Cabul*, *Bedan*, *Balestan*.

The Third. Their off-spring then, with fruitfull stems doth stoar
Basinagar, *Nayard*, and either shoar
Of famous *Ganges*; *Aua*, *Toloman*,
The kingdom *Mein*, the Musky *Charazan*;
And round about the Desart *Op*, where oft
By strange *Phantasmas* Passengers are scoft.

The fourth. Som Ages after, linkt in diuers knots,
Tipur they take, rich in Rhinocerots;
Caichin, in Aloes; *Mangit*, and the shoar
Of Quinz' and *Anie* lets them spread no more.

First Colonies of Iapheth in the West. From that first Centre to the West-ward bending,
Old *Noahs* Nephews far and wide extending,
Seiz less *Armenia*; then, within *Cilicia*,
Possess the Ports of *Tharsis* and of *Issea*,
And the delicious strange *Corycian* Caue
(Which warbling sound of Cymballs seemes to haue)
Ionia, *Cappadocia*, *Taurus* horns,
Bythinia, *Troas*, and *Meanders* turns.

The second. Then passing *Sestos* Straights; of *Strymon* cold,
Herber and *Nest* they quaff; and pitch their Fold
In vales of *Rhodopé*, and plow the Plains
Where great *Danubius* neer his death complains.

The third diuided into many branches. *Thrace*, on the other side, subtle *Greece* beswarms;
Greece, *Italy* (famous for Art and Arms):
Italy, *France*; *France*, *Spayn*, and *Germany*
(*Rhines* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Britanie*.
On th' other side, it spreads about *Moldauia*,
Mare-Maiour, *Podolia*, and *Morauia*,
With *Transyluania*, *Seruia*, and *Panonia*,
The *Prussian* Plains, and ouer all *Polonia*:
The verge of *Vistula*, and farther forth
Beyond the *Alman*, drawing to the North.

First Colonies *of* Cham, *toward the South* Now turn thee South-ward: see, see how *Chaldéa*
Spews on *Arabia*, *Phœnice*, and *Iudéa*,
Chams curst Ligne, which (ouer-fertill all)
Betweene two Seas doth into *Ægypt* fall;

Sowes

Sowes all *Cyrenia*, and the famous Coaſt
Whereon the roaring *Punik* Sea is toſt:
Fez, *Dara*, *Argier*, *Galate*, *Guzol*, *Aden*,
Terminan, *Tombut*, *Melle*, *Gago*, *Gogden*:
The ſparkling Deſarts of ſad *Libya*,
Zeczec, *Benin*, *Borno*, *Cano*, *Nubia*,
And ſcalding quick-ſands of thoſe thirſty Plains
Where IESVS name (yet) in ſom reuerence raigns;
Where *Preſter Iohn* (though part he *Iudaize*)
Doth in ſom ſort deuoutly *Chriſtianize*.

But would'ſt thou knowe, how that long Tract, that lies
Vnder Heav'ns ſtarry Coach, couered with yce,
And round embraced in the winding arms
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but ſeldom warms)
Came peopled firſt? ſuppoſe, that paſſing by
The Plains where *Tigris* twice keeps company
With the far-flowing ſilver *Euphrates*,
They lodg'd at foot of hoary *Nyphates*:
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,
Albania, *Colchis*, and *Boſphorian* ſtrand:
And then from thence toward the bright *Leuant*,
That vaſt Extent, where now fell *Tartars* hant
In wandring troops; and towards th'other ſide
Which (neer her ſource) long *Volga* doth diuide,
Moſcouy Coaſt, *Permia*, *Linonia*, *Pruſſia*,
Biarmia, *Scrifinia*, *White-Lake*, *Lappia*, *Ruſsia*.

Colonies of the North.

But whence (ſay you) had that *New-World* his Gueſts,
Which *Spain* (like *Delos* floting on the Seas)
Late digg'd from darknes of Obliuions Graue,
And it vndoing, it new Eſſence gaue?
If long agoe; how ſhould it hap that no-man
Knew it til now? no *Perſian*, *Greek*, no *Roman*;
Whoſe glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding
O're all the World, of this had never tyding?
If but of late; how ſwarm their Cities ſince
So full of Folk? how paſs their Monuments
Th' *Ægyptian Spires*, *Mauſolus* ſtately Toomb,
The Walls and Courts of *Babylon* and *Rome*?

How the New-found World (diſcouered in our Time) came peopled. A double queſtion.

Why.

1. Answere.

Why! thinke yee(fond)thoſe people fell from Heav'n
All-ready-made; as in a Sommer Ev'n
After a ſwelting Day, ſom ſultry ſhowr
Doth in the Marſhes heaps of Tadpals pour,
Which in the ditches(chapt with parching weather)
Lie cruſht and croaking in the Mud together?
Or elſe,that ſetting certain ſlips,that fixt
Their ſlender roots the tender mould betwixt,
They ſaw the light of *Phœbus* lyueningface;
Having,for milk,moiſt deaws; for Cradle,graſs?
Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,
As Toad-ſtools,Turneps,Leeks,and Beets haue birth?
Or(like the bonesthat *Cadmus* yerſt did ſowe)
Were brauely born armed from top toe?
That ſpacious Coaſt, now call'd *America*,
Was not ſoſoon peopled as *Africa*;
(Th' ingenious,Towr-full,and Law-louing Soil,
Which,*Ioue* did with his Lemans name en-ſtile)
And that which from cold *Boſphorus* doth ſpread
To pearl'd *Auroras* Saffron-coloured Bed.
Becauſe,they ly neerer the diapry verges
Of tear-bridge *Tigris* Swallow-ſwifter ſurges
Whence our amaz'd firſt Grand-ſires faintly fled,
And like ſprung Patridge euery-where did ſpred;
Except that World,where vnder *Caſtiles* King,
Famous *Columbus* Force and Faith did bring.
But the rich buildings rare magnificence,
Th' infinit Treaſures,various Governments,
Showe that long ſince(although at ſundry times)
'T had Colonies(although from ſundry Climes):
Whether the violence of tempeſtuous weather
Som broken Veſſels haue inforced thither;
Whether,ſom deſperat,dire extremity
Of Plague,War,Famin; orth' Authority
Of ſom braue *Typhis*(in aduenture toſt)
Brought weary Caruels on that *Indian* Coaſt.

Conictures touching the Peopling of the ſame

Who maketh doubt but yerſt the *Quinzay* Fraights
As well might venture through the *Anian Straights*,

And

And finde as easie and as short a way
From the *East Indies* to the *Tolguage* Bay,
As vsually the *Asian* Ships are wont
To pass to *Greece* a-cross the *Hellespont*:
Spaniards to *Fez*, a-thwart the Straight *Abilia*:
Through *Messine* stream th' *Italians* to *Sicilia*?
From *Tolm* and *Quiuir*'s spacious Plains (wherein
Bunch-backed Calues, with Horse-like manes are seen,
And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Azasia*,
Toua, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Cossia*,
Mecchi, *Avacal*, *Calicuaz*, *Bacalos*,
Los Campos de Labor (where Floods are froze).
On th' other side, *Xaliseo* soyl they Mann
(Now new *Galizia*) *Cusule*, *Mechuacan*:
And cunningly in *Mexik* Sea they pile
Another *Venice* (or a City-*Ile*).
Strange things there see they (that amaze them much)
Green Trees to wither with their very touch;
And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountain top,
That (*Ætna*-like) bright Flashes belches vp.
Thence, reach they th' *Isthmos* of rich *Panama*,
And on their right hand build *Oncanama*,
With *Cassamalca*, *Cusco*, *Quito*: and
In famous *Peru*'s very golden Strand
Admire the Lake that laueth *Colle* about,
Whose Waues be salt within, and fresh without:
And streams of *Cinca*, that with vertue strange,
To hardest stone, soft Mud and Chalk do change.
Then seiz they *Chili*, where all day the Deep
Runs roaring down, and all the night doth sleep:
Chinca, the *Patagons*, and all the shoar
Where th' azure Seas of *Magellan* do roor.
Left-ward, they spread them 'longst the *Darians* side;
Where through th' *Vraban* Fields the *Huo* doth slide,
Neer *Zenu*'s stream, which toward the Ocean drags
Pure grains of Gold, as big as Pullets Eggs:
To new *Granada*, where the Mount emboss
With Emeralds doth shine; *Cumanean* Coast,

Wonders of the New-found World.

Where

Where noyſom vapours (like a dusky night)
Bedimms their eyes; and doth impair their ſight:
Therefore ſom troops, from *Cumana* they carrie
To *Caripana*, *Omagu*, and *Pari*:
By *Maragnon*, all over fell *Braſile*,
And *Plate*'s fat Plains, where flowes another *Nile*.
Ghelſe too, that *Grotland* yerſt did *Picne* ſtore,
And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor*;
As *Tombut*, *Melli*, *Gago* and *Terminan*,
Planted the Plains and ſhoars of *Corican*.
Yet (happily) thou'lt gladly grant me this,
That mans ambition ay ſo bound-les is,
That ſteepeſt Hills it over-climbs with eaſe,
And runs (as dry-ſhod) through the deepeſt Seas:
And (maugre meagre Thirſt) her Carvells Lands,
On *Afrik*, *Tolmon*, and *Arabian* ſands;
But hardly credit'ſt, that one Family,
Out of foure couples ſhould ſo multiply,
That *Aſia*, *Europ*, *Africa*, and All
Seems for their off-ſpring now too ſtreight and ſmall.
If thou ſet-light by th' everlaſting Voyce,
Which now again re-bleſt the Loue-full Choyce
Of ſacred Wedlocks ſecret-binding band;
Saying, *Increaſe*, Flouriſh and *Fill the Land:*
And if (profane) thou hold it for a Fiction,
That *Seauenty Iews*, in *Ægypt* (in affliction)
Within foure hundred yeers and half three-ſcore,
Grew to fiue-hundred-thouſand ſoules and more:
Conſider yet, that being fed that while,
With holeſom Fruits of an vn-forced ſoyl,
And kindely meats, not marred by the Book,
And wanton cunning of a ſawcy Cook:
Waigh furthermore, that being not cut-down
With bloody ſwords when furious neighbours frown;
Nor worn with Trauail, nor infeebeled
With hatefull Sloath: Our Grand-ſires flowriſhed
Hundreds of yeers in youth; and even in Age
Could render duly *Venus* Eſcuage:

How it was poſſible that Noah *and his 3. Sonnes ſhould ſo multiply.*

1. *Anſwere.*

2.

3.

And

And that *Polygamy* (in thoſe dayes common)
Moſt Men vſurping more then one ſole Woman,
Made then the World ſo mightily augment
In vpright Creatures; and (incontinent)
From fruitfull Loigns of one old Father-ſtock,
So many branches of man-kinde to flock:
Even as an ear of Corn (if all the yield
Be yeerly ſow'n ſtill in a fertill Field)
Fills Barns at length; and ſpreads in ſpacious Plain
Millions of millions of like ears again.
Or, as two Fiſhes, caſt into a Meer,
With fruitfull Spawn will furniſh in fewe yeer
A Town with victuall, and ſerue (furthermore)
Their neighbour Waters with their Fry to ſtore.
Haue not our Dayes a certain Father know'n,
Who with the fruit of his own body grow'n,
Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires,
And iſſue-bleſt (the Crown of Old Deſires)
In his owne life-time, his owne off-ſpring ſaw
To wed each other, without breach of Law?
So far, the branches of his fruitfull Bed,
Paſt all the Names of Kindreds-Tree did ſpread.
'Tis know'n that fewe *Arabian* Families
New-planted *Lybia* with their Progenies,
In compaſs of three hundred yeers and leſs;
And *Bugie, Argier, Oran, Thunis, Tez,*
Fez, Melli, Gago, Tombut, Terminan
With hatefull Laws of *Heathniſh Alcoran.*
If this, among the *Africans* we ſee,
Whom cor'ziue humour of Melancholy
Doth alwayes tickle with a wanton Luſt,
Although leſs powr-full in the *Paphian* Iouſt
For Propagation (for too-often Deed
Of *Loues-Delight*, enfeebles much their ſeed:
And inly, ſtill they feel a Wintery Fever,
As outwardly, a ſcorching Sommer ever)
Gheſs how much more, thoſe, whoſe hoar heads approach
And ſee the turnings of Heav'ns flaming *Coach*,

Compariſon to that purpoſe.

An example of our dayes.

Another example.

Doe

Doe multiply; becauſe they ſeldom venter,
And but in ſeaſon, *Venus* liſts to enter.
And, the cold, reſting (vnder th' *Artick* Star)
Still Maſter of the Field in champian War,
Makes Heat retire into the Bodies-Towr:
Which there vnited, giues them much more powr.

The North hath exceedingly multiplied in people: the South not ſo.

For thence indeed, *Hunns*, *Herules*, *Franks*, *Bulgarians*,
Circaſſyans, *Sweues*, *Burgognians*, *Turks*, *Tartarians*,
Dutch, *Cimbers*, *Normans*, *Alans*, *Oſtrogothes*,
Tigurins, *Lombards*, *Vandals*, *Viſigothes*,
Haue ſwarm'd (like Locuſts) round about this Ball,
And ſpoyl'd the faireſt Provinces of all:
While barren South had much a-doo t'aſſemble
(In all) two Hoaſts; that made the North to tremble:
Whereof; the One, that one-ey'd Champion led,
Who famous *Carthage* rais'd, and ruined:
Th'other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martell* martyr'd ſo;
That never ſince, could *Afrik* Army ſhowe.

Whence our Author taketh occaſion to enter into an excellent diſcourſe of Gods wondrous worke in the diuers temperatures, qualities, complexions, and manners, of ſo many Nations in the World.

O! ſee, how full of Wonders ſtrange is Nature:
Sith in each *Climat*, not alone in ſtature,
Strength, hair, and colour, that men differ doo,
But in their humours and their manners too.
Whether that, cuſtom into Nature change:
Whether that, Youth to th' Elds example range;
Or divers Laws of divers Kingdoms, vary-vs:
Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies cary-vs.
The Northern-man is fair, the Southern foul;
That's white, this black; that ſmiles, and this doth ſcoul:
Th'one's blythe and frolik, th'other dull and froward;
Th'one's full of courage, th'other fearfull coward:
Th'ones hair is harſh, big, curled, th'other's ſlender;
Th'one loveth Labour, th'other Books doth render:
Th'one's hot and moiſt, the other hot and dry;
Th'one's Voice is hoarce, the other's cleer and high:
Th'one's plain and honeſt th'other all deceipt;
Th'one's rough and rude, the other handſom neat:
Th'one (giddy-brain'd) is turn'd with every winde;
The other (conſtant) never changeth minde:

Th'one

Th' one's looſe and wanton, th' other continent;
Th' one thrift-leſs laviſh, th' other prouident:
Th' one milde Companion; th' other, ſtern and ſtrange,
(Like a wilde Wolf) loues by himſelf to range:
Th' one's pleas'd with plainneſs, th' other pomp affects:
Th' one's born for Arms, the other Arts reſpects.
But middling folk, who their abiding make
Betweene theſe two, of either guiſe partake:
And ſuch haue ſtronger limbs, but weaker wit,
Then thoſe that neer *Nyles* fertill ſides doo ſit;
And (oppoſit) more wit, and leſſer force
Then thoſe that haunt *Rhines* and *Danubius* ſhoars.
For, in the Cirque of th' Vniverſall *City*;
The *Southern*-man, who (quick and curious-witty)
Builds all on Dreams, deep Extaſies, and Traunces,
Who meaſures Heav'ns eternall-mouing Daunces,
Whoſe ſearching ſoule can hardly be ſuffic'd
With vulgar Knowledge, holds the Place of Prieſt.
The *Northern*-man, whoſe wit in 's Fingers ſettles,
Who what him liſt can work in Wood and Mettles,
Who (*Salmon*-like) can thunder counterfait;
With men of Arms, and Artizans is ſet.
The *Third* (as knowing well to rule a State)
Holds, grauely-wiſe, the room of Magiſtrate.
Th' one (to be brief) loues ſtudious *Theory*,
The other Trades, the third deep *Policy*.
Yet true it is, that ſince ſom later luſtres,
Minerua, *Themis*, *Hermes*, and his *Siſters*
Haue ſet, as well, their Schools in th' *Artick* Parts,
As *Mars* his Liſts, and *Vulcan* Shops of Arts.
Nay, ſee we not among our ſelues, that liue
Mingled almoſt (to whom the Lord doth giue
But a ſmall Turf of Earth to dwell-vpon)
This wondrous ods in our condition?
We finde the *Alman*, in his fight couragious,
But falable; th' *Italian* too-outragious;
Suddain the *French*, impatient of delay;
The *Spaniard* ſlowe, but ſubtle to betray:

Notable differences betweene the Nations of Europe.

Th' *Alman*,

Th' *Alman*, in Counsail cold; th' *Italian* quick,
The *French* inconstant, *Spaniard* politik:
Especially the French, German, Italian, & Spaniard.
Fine Feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* spares;
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman*, fares:
Milde speaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and brave,
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave:
Th' *Italian* proud in tyre, *French* changing much,
Fit-clad the *Spaniard*, and vn-fit the *Dutch*:
The *French*-man braves his Fo, th *Italian* cheers-him,
The *Alman* spoyls, the *Spaniard* never bears-him:
The *French*-man sings, th' *Italian* seems to bleat,
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great:
Spaniards like Iugglers Iett; th' *Almans* like Cocks,
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox:
Dutch Louers, proud; th' *Italian* envious,
Frolik the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.

Causes why the Lord would haue Man-kinde so disperſed ouer All the World.
Yet would the Lord, that *Noahs* fruitfull Race
Should over-spread th' Earths vniversall Face:
That, drawing so his Children from the crimes
Which seem peculiar to their Native Climes,
He might reveal his grace: and that Heav'ns Lights
Might well incline (but not constram) our sprights:
That over all the World, his Saints, alwayes
Might offer him sweet Sacrifice of Praise:
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far
Might ay resound, as Sun-burnt *Zanzibar*:
And that the treasures which strange Soyls produce,
Might not seem worth-les, for the want of vse;
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter
And vent their Wares about to every Quarter.

The World compared to a mighty City, wherein dwell People of all conditions, cõtinually traffiking together & exchanging their particular commodities, for benefit of the Publike.
For, as in LONDON *(stuft with euery sort)*
Heer's the Kings Palace, there the Iunes of Court:
Heer (to the Thames-ward, all a-long the STRAND*)*
The stately Houses of the Nobles stand:
Heer dwell rich Merchants; there Artificers;
Heer Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-Smiths, Iewellers:
There's a Church-yard furnisht with choise of Books;
Heer stand the Shambles, there the Rowe of Cooks:

Heer

Heer wonn Vp-Holsters, Haberdashers, Horners;
There Pothecaries, Grocers, Taylours, Tourners:
Heer Shoo-makers; there Ioyners, Coopers, Coriers;
Here Brewers, Bakers, Cutlers, Felters, Furriers:
This Street is full of DRAPERS, *that of Diars:*
This Shop with Tapers, that with Womens Tyars:
For costly Toys, Silk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawn,
Heer's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWN:
And All's but an Exchange, *where (briefly) no-man*
Keeps ought, as priuate. Trade makes all things common.
So com our Sugars from *Canary* Iles:
From *Candy*, Currance, Muskadels, and Oyls:
From the *Molucques*, Spices: Balsamum
From *Egypt*: Odours from *Arabia* com:
From *India*, Drugs, rich Gemms, and Iuorie:
From *Syria*, Mummie: black-red Ebonie,
From burning *Chus*: From *Peru*, Pearl and Gold:
From *Russia*, Furres (to keep the rich from cold):
From *Florence*, Silks: From *Spayn*, Fruit, Saffron, Sacks:
From *Denmark*, Amber, Cordage, Firres, and Flax:
From *France* and *Flanders*, Linnen, Woad, and Wine:
From *Holland*, Hops: Horse, from the banks of *Rhine*.
In brief, each Country (as pleas'd God distribute)
To the Worlds Treasure payes a sundry Tribute.
And, as sometimes that sumptuous *Persian Dame*
(Out of her Pride) accustomed to name
One Prouince for her Roab, her Rayl another,
Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother,
This her rich Mantle, that her royall Chain,
This her rare Bracelets, that her stately Train:
Euen so may Man; For, what wilde Hill so steep?
What so waste Desart? what so dangerous Deep?
What Sea so wrackfull? or so barren shoar
In all the World may be suppos'd so poor,
But yields him Rent: and free from enuious Spight,
Contributes frankly to his Lifes Delight?
Th'inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glass
Of siluer Brooks in curled streams doth pass,

Man, Lord of the World: which for the commodity of his life contributes bountifully all maner of necessaries.

The same more especially dilated in the particulars.

Serue vs for Gardens; and their flowerie Fleece
Affoords vs Sythe-work, yeerly twice or thrice:
The Plains for Corn: the ſwelling Downs for Sheep;
Small Hills for Vines: the Mountains ſtrangely-ſteep
(Thoſe Heav'n-climbe Ladders, Labyrinths of wonder,
Cellars of winde, and Shops of ſulphury Thunder;
Where ſtormie Tempeſts haue their vgly birth;
Which thou miſ-call'ſt the blemiſh of the Earth;
Thinking (profane) that God, or Fortune light
Made them of enuie or of ouerſight)
Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;
Bear mighty Forreſts, full of Timber-Trees
(Whereof thou buildeſt Ships and Houſes fair,
To trade the Seas, and fence thee from the Ayr)
Spew ſpacious Riuers, full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour-Peoples with their plenty feed;
Fatten the Earth with freſh, ſweet, fertill miſts;
Driue gainfull Mills; and ſerue for Forts and Liſts
To ſtop the Furie of Warres waſte-full hand;
And ioyn to th'Sea, the middle of the Land.
The Wyldes and Deſarts, which ſo much amaze-thee,
Are goodly Paſtures, that do daily graze-thee
Millions of Beaſts for tillage, and (beſides)
Store thee with fleſh, with Fleeces, and with Hides.
Yea, the vaſt Sea (which ſeems but only good,
To drown the World; and couer with his Flood
So many Countries, where we elſe might hope
For thrifty pains to reape a thankfull Crop)
Is a large Lardar, that in brynie Deeps,
To nouriſh thee, a World of Creatures keeps:
A plentious Victualler, whoſe prouiſions ſerue
Millions of Citties that elſe needs muſt ſtarue
(Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lie
Gaſping for thirſt vpon the ſand, a-drie):
'Tincreaſeth Trade, Iournies abbreuiates,
The flitting Clouds it ceaſe-les exhalates;
Which, cooling th'ayr, and guſhing down in rain,
Make *Ceres* Sons (in ſight) to mount a-main.

But,

But, shall I still be Boreas *Tennis-ball?*
Shall I be still stern Neptunes *tossed Thrall?*
Shall I no more behold thy native smoak,
Deer Ithaca? *Alas! my Bark is broak,*
And leaks so fast, that I can rowe no more:
Help, help, (my Mates) make haste vnto the shoar.
O! we are lost; vnless som friendly banks
Quickly receiue our Tempest-beaten planks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, *thy kinde arms I see*
Wide-stretched out to saue and welcom me.
Thou (tender Mother) wilt not suffer Age
To snowe my locks in Forrein *Pilgrimage:*
That sel Bresile *my breath-les Corps should shrowd,*
Or golden Peru *of my Praise be prowd,*
Or rich Cathay *to glory in my Verse:*
Thou gav'st me Cradle, thou wilt giue me Herse.
All-haile (deer ALBION) *Europ's Pearl of price,*
The Worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradise:
Thrice-happy Mother, which ay bringest-forth
Such Chinalry as daunteth all the Earth
(Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms
By Sea and Land, where euer Titan *warms):*
Such Artizans as do wel-neer Eclipse
Fair Natures praise in peer-les Workmanships:
Such happy Wits, as Egypt, Greece *and* Rome
(At least) haue equall'd, if not ouer-com;
And shine among their (Modern) learned Fellows,
As Gold doth glister among paler Yellows:
Or as Apollo *th' other* Planets *passes:*
Or as His Flowr excels the Medow-grasses.
Thy Riuers, Seas; thy Cities, Shores do seem;
Ciuil in manners, as in buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Ayr, thy Soyl exceeding Fat,
Fenç't from the World (*as better-worth then That*)
With triple Wall (of Water, Wood, and Brass)
Which neuer Stranger yet had power to pass;
Saue when the Heav'ns haue for thy haynous Sin,
By som of Thine, with false Keys *let them in.*

Here (as it were) wearied with so long a voyage, from so broad & bottom-les an Ocean (in imitation of the inimitable Author) the Translator hoping kind entertainment, puts in for the Port of England: whose happy praises he prosecutes at large; Concluding with a zealous Praier for preseruation of the King and prosperity of his Kingdoms.

About thy borders (*O Heav'n-blessed* ILE)
There neuer crawls the noysom Crocodile;
Nor Bane-breath'd Serpent, *basking in thy sand,*
Measures an Acre of thy flowry Land;
The swift foot Tiger, *or fierce* Lioness
Haunt not thy Mountains, nor thy wilderness;
Nor rauening Wolues *worry thy tender Lambs,*
Bleating for help vnto their help-les Dams;
Nor subtle Sea-Horse, *with deceiptfull Call,*
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall.
What though thy Thames *and* Tweed *haue neuer rowl'd,*
Among their grauel, massie grains of Gold?
What though thy Mountains spew no Siluer-*streams?*
Though euery Hillock yield not pretious Gemms?
Though in thy Forrests hang no Silken *Fleeces?*
Nor sacred Incense, *nor delicious* Spices?
What though the clusters of thy colder Vines
Distill not Clarets, Sacks, *nor* Muscadines?
Yet are thy Wolls, *thy* Corn, *thy* Cloath, *thy* Tin,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europes *Queen,*
Yea Empress of the World; *Yet not sufficient*
To make thee thankfull to the Cause efficient
Of all thy Blessings: Who, besides all this,
Hath (*now nine Lustres*) *lent thee greater Bliss;*
His blessed Word (*the witnes of his fauour*)
To guide thy Sons vnto his Son (*their* Sauer)
With Peace and Plenty: while, from War and Want,
Thy neighbours Countries neuer breathed scant.
And last, not least (*so far beyond the scope*
Of Christians *Fear, and* Anti-Christians *Hope*)
When all, thy Fall *seem'd to Prognosticate,*
Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State;
In raysing STVARDS *to thy regal Throne,*
To Rule (*as* Dauid *and as* Salomon)
With prudence, Prowess, Iustice, and Sobrietie,
Thy happy People in Religious Piety.
O too-too happy! too-too fortunate!
Knew'st thou thy Weal: or wert thou not ingrate.

But

But leaſt (at laſt) Gods righteous wrath conſume-vs
If on his patience ſtill we thus preſume-vs:
And leaſt (at laſt) all Bleſsings had before
Double in Curſes to torment-vs more:
Deer Mother ENGLAND, *bend thine aged knee,*
And to the Heav'ns lift vp thy hands with me;
Off with thy Pomp, *hence with thy* Pleaſures *paſt:*
Thy Mirth be Mourning, *and thy Feaſt a* FAST:
And let thy ſoule, with my ſad ſoule, confeſſe
Our former ſins, and foul vnthankefulnes.
Pray we the Father, *through th' adopting* Spirit,
Not meaſure vs according to our merit;
Nor ſtrictly weigh, at his High Iuſtice *Beam,*
Our bold Rebellions, *and our* Pride *extream:*
But, for his Son *(our deer* Redeemer's) *ſake,*
His Sacrifice, *for our Sins* Ranſom, *take;*
And, looking on vs with milde Mercies *Ey,*
Forgiue our Paſt, our Future Sanctifie;
That neuer more, his Furie we incenſe
To ſtrike (as Now) with raging Peſtilence
(*Much leſs prouoke him by our guilt ſo far,*
To wound vs more, with Famine *and with* War).
Lord, ceaſe thy wrath: Put vp into thy Quiuer
This dreadfull ſhaft: Deer Father vs deliuer:
And vnder wings of thy protection keep
Thy ſeruant IAMES, *both waking and a-ſleep:*
And (furthermore) we (with the Pſalmiſt) ſing
Lord giue thy iudgements to (*our Lord*) the King, Pſalm. 72.
And to his Son: *and let there aye be one*
Of his Male Seed to ſit vpon his Throne,
To feed thy Folk in Iacob, *and (aduance)*
In Iſrael *thy (deer) Inheritance,*
And (long-long-liued) full of Faith *and* Zeal,
Reform (like Aſa) *Church and Common-weal;*
Raiſing poor Vertue, *razing proudeſt* Vice,
Without reſpect of Perſon or of Price;
That all bold Atheiſts, *all* Blaſphemers, *then,*
All Popiſh Traytors *may be weeded clean.*
And, Curſt be All that ſay not heer, Amen. *FINIS.*

THE COLVMNES.

THE IIII. PART OF THE II. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Seth's *Pillars found:* Heber *inſtructs his Son*
In th' vſe therof, and who them firſt begun;
Opens the One, and findes on ſeuerall Frames,
Foure liuely Statues *of foure louely Dames*
(*The* Mathematiks) *furniſht each apart,*
With Equipages of their ſeuerall Art:
Wonders of Numbers *and* Geómetrie:
New Obſeruations in Aſtronomy:
Muſiks *rare force:* Canaan (*the Curſed*) *cauſe*
Of Hebers *ſtop; and* BARTAS *wittie pauſe.*

Being about to treat of the Mathematicks, our Poet heer implores the ſpeciall aſſiſtance in handling ſo high and difficult a Subiect.

IF euer (Lord) the pureſt of my Soule
In *ſacred Rage* were rapt aboue the Pole:
If euer, by thy Spirit my ſpirit inſpir'd,
Offred thee Layes that learned *France* admir'd:
Father of Light, Fountain of learned Art,
Now, now (or neuer) purge my pureſt part:
Now quinteſſence my Soule, and now aduance
My care-free Powrs in ſom celeſtiall Trance:
That (purg'd from Paſſion) thy Diuine addreſs
May guide me through Heav'ns gliſtring Palaces;
Where (happily) my deer VRANIA's grace,
And her fair Siſters I may all imbrace:
And (the melodious *Syrens* of the Sphears,
Charming my ſenſes in thoſe ſweets of theirs)

So raviſhed, I may at reſt contemple
The Starrie Arches of thy ſtately Temple:
Vnto this end, that as (at firſt) from thee
Our Grand-ſires learn'd Heav'ns Courſe and Qualitie;
Thou now mai'ſt prompt me ſom more lofty Song,
As to this lofty Subiect doth belong.

AFTER THAT Mens ſtrife-hatching, haut Ambition, *The occaſion and ground of this Diſcourſe.*
Had (as by lot) made this lowe Worlds partition;
Phalec and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand
A huge high *Pillar*, which vpright did ſtand
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean ſet,
Seeming great *Neptunes* ſurly pride to threat;
Whereon, a *Pharos* bears a Lanthorn bright,
To ſaue from Shipwrack thoſe that ſayl by night)
And afterward, another nigh as great;
But not ſo ſtrong, ſo ſtately, nor ſo neat:
For, on the flowrie field it lay all flat,
Built but of Brick, of ruſty Tyles, and Slat:
Whereas the Firſt was builded fair and ſtrong
Of Iaſper ſmooth, and Marble laſting long.

What Miracles! what monſtrous heaps! what Hills *Phalecs Queſtion.*
Heav'd-vp by hand! what Types of antike Skills
In form-les Forms (quoth *Phalec*)! Father ſhowe
(For, th' Ages paſt I knowe full well you knowe):
Pray teach me, who did both theſe Works erect:
About what time: and then to what effect.

Old *Seth* (ſaith *Heber*) *Adams* Scholler yerſt *Hebers anſwer.*
(Who was the Scholler of his maker firſt)
Hauing attain'd to knowe the courſe and ſites,
Th' aſpect and greatnes of Heav'ns gliſtring Lights;
He taught his Children, whoſe induſtrious wit
Through diligence grew excellent in it.
For, while their flocks on flowrie ſhoars they kept
Of th' *Eaſtern* Floods, while others ſoundly ſlept
(Huſhing their cares in a Night-ſhortning nap,
Vpon *Obliuions* dull and ſenſe-les Lap)
They liuing luſty, thrice the age of Ravens,
Obſerv'd the Twinkling Wonders of the Heav'ns:

And on their Grand-ſires firm and goodly ground
A ſumptuous building they in time doo found.
But (by Tradition (*Cabaliſtick*) taught
That God would twice reduce this world to nought,
By *Flood* and *Flame*; they reared cunninglie
This ſtately payr of *Pillars* which you ſee;
Long-time ſafe-keeping, for their after-Kin,
A hundred learned Myſteries therein.

The opening of the Pillars.

This hauing ſayd, old *Heber* drawing nigher,
Opens a Wicket in the Marble Spire,
Where (*Phalec* following) ſoon perceive they might
A pure Lamp burning with immortal light.

Simile.

As a mean perſon, who (though oft-diſgrac't
By churliſh Porters) is conuaigh'd at laſt
To the Kings Cloſet; rapt in deep amaze,
At th' end-les Riches, vp and down doth gaze:
So *Phalec* fares. O father (cries he out)
What ſhapes are theſe heere placed round about,
So like each other wrought with equall skill,
That foure rain-drops cannot more like diſtill?
What Tools are theſe? what diuine ſecrets lie
Hidden within this learned Myſterie?

The liberall Sciences.

Theſe foure (quoth *Heber*) Foure bright Virgins are,
Heav'ns Babes, and Siſters, the moſt fair and rare,
That e're begot th' eternall Spirit (ex-pir'd
From double Spirit) or humane ſoule admir'd.

Arithmetike.

This firſt, that ſtill her lips and fingers moues,
And vp and down ſo ſundry-wayes remoues
Her nimble Crowns; th' induſtrious Art it is
Which knowes to caſt all Heav'ns bright Images,
All Winters hail, and all the gawdy flowrs
Wherewith gay *Flora* pranks this Globe of ours.
Shee's ſtately deckt in a moſt rich Attire:
All kinde of Coyns in gliſtering heaps ly by-her:
Vpon her ſacred head Heav'n ſeems to drop
A richer ſhowr then fell in *Danäes* Lap:
A gold-ground Robe; and for a Glaſs (to look)
Down by her girdle hangs a Table-book,

Wherein

Wherein the chief of her rare Rules are writ,
To be safe-guarded from times greedy bit.
Mark heer what Figure stands for *One*, the right — *Her Numbers.*
Root of all Number; and of Infinite: — 1
Loues happines, the praise of Harmonie,
Nurcerie of All, and end of *Polymnie*:
No Number, but more then a Number yet;
Potentially in all, and all in it.
Now, note *Two*'s Character, *One*'s heir apparant, — 2
As his first-born; first Number, and the Parent
Of Female Payrs. Heer now obserue the *Three*, — 3
Th' eldest of Odds, Gods number properly;
Wherein, both Number, and no-number enter:
Heav'ns deerest Number, whose inclosed Center
Doth equally from both extreams extend:
The first that hath beginning, midst, and end.
The (*Cubes*-Base) *Foure*; a ful and perfect summ, — 4
Whose added parts iust vnto Ten doo com;
Number of Gods great Name, Seasons, Complexions,
Windes, Elements, and Cardinall Perfections.
Th' Hermaphrodite *Fiue*, neuer multipli'd — 5
By 't self, or Odd, but there is still descri'd
His proper face: for, three times *Fiue* arriue
Vnto Fifteen; *Fiue Fiues* to Twenty-*fiue*.
The perfect *Six*, whose iust proportions gather, — 6
To make his Whole, his members altogether:
For *Three*'s his half, his *Sixt One*, *Two* his *Third*;
And *One Two Three* make *Six*, in One conferd.
The Criticall and double-sexed *Seav'n*, — 7
The Number of th' vnfixed Fires of Heav'n;
And of th' eternall sacred *Sabbaoth*;
Which *Three* and *Foure* containeth ioyntly both.
Th' *Eight*, double-square. The sacred note of *Nine*, — 8. 9.
Which comprehends the *Muses* Triple-Trine.
The *Ten*, which doth all Numbers force combine: — 10.
The *Ten*, which makes, as *One* the *Point*, the *Line*:
The *Figure*, th' *Hundred*, *Thousand* (solid corps) — 100. 1000.
Which, oft re-doubled, on th' *Atlantik* shoars.

Can.

Can ſumm the ſand, and all the drops diſtilling
From weeping *Auſter*, or the Ocean filling.
Addition. See: many *Summes*, heer written ſtreight and euen
Each ouer other, are in one contriuen:
Subtraction. See here ſmall Numbers drawn from greater count:
Multiplication. Heer *Multipli'd* they infinitly mount:
Diuiſion. And laſtly, ſee how (on the other ſide)
One Summ in many doth it ſelf *Diuide*.
Tnat ſallow-faç't, ſad, ſtooping *Nymph*, whoſe ey
Still on the ground is fixed ſtedfaſtly,
Geometrie. Seeming to draw with point of ſiluer Wand
Som curious Circles in the ſliding ſand;
Who weares a Mantle, brancht with flowrie Buds,
Emboſt with Gold, trayled with ſiluer Floods,
Bordered with greeneſt Trees, and Fringed fine
With richeſt azure of Seas ſtorm-full brine:
Whoſe dusky Buskins (old and tattered out)
Showe, ſhe hath trauail'd far and neer about
By North and South; it is *Geometrie*,
The Crafts-mans guide, Mother of *Symmetrie*,
The life of Inſtruments of rare effect,
Law of that Law which did the World erect.
Her Inſtruments and Figures. Heer's nothing heere, but *Rules*, *Squires*, *Compaſſes*, *Waights*, *Meaſures*, *Plummets*, *Figures*, *Ballances*.
Lo, where the Workman with a ſteddy hand
Ingeniouſly a leuell *Line* hath drawn,
War-like *Triangles*, building-fit *Quadrangles*,
And hundred kindes of Forms of *Manie-Angles*
Sraight, *Broad*, and *Sharp*: Now ſee on th' other ſide
Other, whoſe *Tracts* neuer directly ſlide,
As with the *Snayl*, the crooked *Serpenter*,
And that which moſt the learned do prefer,
The compleat *Circle*; from whoſe euery-place
The *Centre* ſtands an equi-diſtant ſpace.
See heer the *Solids*, *Cubes*, *Cylinders*, *Cones*,
Pyramides, *Priſmas*, *Dodechædrons*:
And there the *Sphear*, which (Worlds Type) comprehends
In't-ſelf it-ſelf; hauing nor midſt nor ends:

Arts

Arts excellence, praise of his peers, a wonder
Wherein consists (in diuers sort) a hundred:
Firm *Mobile*, an vp-down-bending-Vault,
Sloaping in Circuit, yet directly wrought.
See, how so soon as it to veer begins,
Both vp and down, forward and back it wends;
And, rapt by other, not it self alone
Moues, but moues others with its motion
(Witnes the Heav'ns): yea, it doth seem, beside,
When it stands still, to shake on every side,
Because it hath but one small point wher-on
His equal halves are equi-peiz'd vpon,
And yet this goodly *Globe* (where we assemble)
Though hung in th'Ayr) doth neuer self-fly tremble:
For, it's the midst of the Con-centrik Orbs
Whom neuer Angle nor out-nook disturbs.
All *Solids* else (cast in the Ayr) reflect
Vn-self-like-forms: but in a Globe each tract
Seems still the same, because it euery-where
Is vniform, and differs not a hair.
More-ouer, as the Buildings *Ambligon*
May more receiue then Mansions *Oxigon*
(Because th'*acute*, and the *rect-Angles* too,
Stride not so wide as *obtuse Angles* doo):
So doth the *Circle* in his Circuit span
More room then any other *Figure* can.
Th'other are eas'ly broke, because of ioints,
Ends and beginnings, edges, nooks, and points:
But, th'*Orb*'s not subiect vnto such distress,
Because 'tis ioint-les, point-les, corner-les.
Chiefly (my *Phalec*) hither bend thy minde,
And learn Two Secrets which but fewe shall finde,
Two busie knots, Two labyrinths of doubt,
Where future Schools shall wander long about,
Beating their brains, their best endeuours troubling:
The *Circles* Squareness, and the *Cubes* Re-doubling.
Print euer faster in thy faithfull brain,
Then on brass leaues, these *Problemes* proued plain,

The certainty of Geometry.

Not

Not by Sophiſtick ſubtle Arguments,
But euen by practiſe and experience:
Vn-diſputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,
Which with new wonders all the World ſhall fill.
Heer-by the Waters of the loweſt Fountains,
Her rare inuentions. Shall play the Millers, as the Windes on Mountains:
Mills. And grain ſo ground within a rowling Frame,
Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame.
Heer-by, a Bullet ſpewd from Brazen breſt
Gunnes. In fiery fume againſt a Town diſtreſt,
With roaring powr ſhall paſh the Rocks in ſunder,
And with the noiſe euen drown the voice of Thunder.
Heer-by, the Wings of fauourable Windes
Ships. Shall bear from Weſtern to the Eaſtern *Indes*,
From *Africa* to *Thule's* fartheſt Flood,
A Houſe (or rather a whole Town) of Wood;
While ſitting ſtill, the Pilot ſhall at eaſe
With a ſhort Leauer guide it through the Seas.
Printing. Heer-by, the PRINTER, in one day ſhall rid
More Books, then yerſt a thouſand Wrighters did.
The Crane. Heer-by, a Crane ſhall ſteed in building, more
Then hundred Porters buſie pains before:
The Staffe. The *Iacobs-ſtaff*, to meaſure heights, and Lands,
Shall far excell a thouſand nimble hands,
To part the Earth in *Zones* and *Climats* euen;
And in twice-twenty-and-foure *Figures*, Heav'n.
Dials and Clocks. A Wand, Sand, Water, ſmall Wheels turning ay,
In twice-twelue parts ſhall part the Night and Day.
Spheares. Statues of Wood ſhall ſpeak: and fained Spheares
Showe all the Wonders of true Heav'n in theirs.
Men, raſhly mounting through the emptie Skie,
With wanton wings ſhall croſs the Seas wel-nigh:
And (doubt-leſs) if the *Geometrician* finde
Another World where (to his working minde)
To place at pleaſure and conuenience
His wondrous Engines and rare Inſtruments,
Euen (like a little God) in time he may
To ſom new place tranſport this World away.

Becauſe

Becauſe theſe Two our paſſage open ſet
To bright *Vrania*'s ſacred Cabinet.
Wherin ſhe keeps her ſumptuous Furniture,
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:
Becauſe, to climbe ſtarrie *Parnaſſus* top
None can, vnleſs theſe Two doo help him vp
(For, whoſo wants either of theſe Two eyes,
In vain beholds Heav'ns gliſtering Canapies):
The Caruer (heer) cloſe by *Geometry*
And *Numbring Art*, hath plaç't *Aſtronomie*. *Aſtronomie.*

A ſiluer Creſcent wears ſhe for a Crown,
A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down,
Brows ſtately bent in milde-Maieſtik wiſe,
Beneath the ſame two Carbuncles for eyes,
An Azure Mantle wauing at her back,
With two bright Claſps buckled about her neck;
From her right ſhoulder ſloaping ouer-thwart-her,
A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter,
Flouriſht with Beaſts of ſundry ſhapes, and each
With gliſtering Stars imboſt and poudred rich;
And then, for wings, the golden plumes ſhe wears
Of that proud Bird which ſtarrie Rowells bears.

Bur what fair Globes (quoth *Phalec*) ſeems ſhe thus, *Her 2. Globes.*
With ſpreading arms, to reach and offer vs?
My Son (quoth *Heber*) that round Figure there,
With croſſing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear; *1. The Terreſtrial.*
Wherin, the Earth (as the moſt vile and baſe,
And Lees of All) doth hold the loweſt place:
Whom prudent Nature girdeth ouer-thwart
With azure Zone: or rather, euery part
Couers with Water winding round about,
Saue heer and there ſom Angles peeping out:
For, th'Oceans liquid and ſad ſlyding Waues
Sinking in deepeſt of Earths hollow Caues,
Seek not (within her vaſt vnequall height)
The Centre of the wideneſs, but the weight.

Ther, ſhould be th'Ayr, the Fire, and wandring Seauen,
The Firmament, and the firſt-mouing Heav'n

(Beſides

(Besides th' Empyreall Palace of the *Sainctes*)
Each ouer other, if they could be painted.

His 10. Circles. But th' Artist, faining, in the steed of these,
Ten Circles, like Heav'ns Superficies;
To guide vs to them by more easie Path,
In hollow Globe the same described hath.

1 *The Equi-noctiall.* 'Mid th' amplest *Six*, whose crossing difference
Diuides in two the Sphears Circumference,
Stands th' *Equinoctial*; equi-distant all
From those two *Poles* which do support this Ball.
Therefore each Star that vnderneath it slides,
A rest-les, long and weary Iourney rides,
Goes larger Circuit, and more speedy far
Then any other steady fixed Star
(Which wexeth slowe the more it doth aduaunce
Neer either *Pole* his God-directed Daunce)
And while *Apollo* driues his Load of Light
Vnder this *Line*, the Day and dusky Night
Tread equall steps: for, learned Natures hand
Then measures them a-like in euery Land.

2 *The Zodiak.* The next, which there beneath it sloaply slides,
And his fair Hindges from the World's diuides
Twice twelue Degrees; is call'd the *Zodiack*,
The *Planets* path, where *Phœbus* plies to make
Th' Yeers Reuolution: through new *Houses* ranging,
To cause the *Seasons* yeerly foure-fold changing.

3 *The 1. Colure.* Th' other, which (crossing th' Vniuersall Props,
And those where *Titans* whirling Chariot sloaps)
Rect-angles forms; and, crooking, cuts in two
Heer *Capricorn*; there burning *Cancer* too;
Of the Sun's stops, it *Colure* hath to name,
Because his Teem doth seem to trot more tame
On these cut points: for heer he doth not ride
Flatling a-long, but vp the Sphears steep side.

4 *The 2. Colure.* Th' other, which cuts this equi-distantly
With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Scale*, is (like-wisely)
5 *The Meridian.* The Second *Colure*: The *Meridian*, This
Which neuer in one Point of Heav'n persists;

But

But ſtill purſues our *Zenith*: as the light
Inconſtant *Horizon* our ſhifting ſight. 6 The Horizon.
For the foure ſmall ones: heer the *Tropiks* turn, 7 and 8 The Tropiks.
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorn*.
And neerer th' Hindges of the golden Sphear,
Heer's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there: 9 and 10 The South and North Circles.
Which *Circles* croſs not (as you ſee) at all
The Center-point of th' Vniuerſall Ball;
But, parting th' Orb into vn-equall ells,
'Twixt th' *Equi-nox* and them, reſt *Parallels*.
The other Ball her left hand doth ſupport, The Celeſtiall Globes.
Is Heav'ns bright Globe: for, though that Art com ſhort
Of Nature far, heer may ingenious ſoules
Admire the ſtages of Star-ſeeled *Poles*.
O what delight it is in turning ſoft The diuers aſpects of the celeſtiall Bodies.
The bright Abbridgement of that Vpper Loft,
(To ſeem) to ſee Heav'ns glorious Hoſt to march
In gliſtring Troops about th' *Æthereal* Arch!
Where, one for Arms bears Bowe and Shafts: a Sword.
A ſecond hath; a trembling Launce a third:
One fals: another in his Chariot rowles
On th' azure Braſs of th' euer-radiant Bowles:
This ſerues a-foot, that (as a Horſeman) rides:
This vp, that down; this back, that forward ſlides:
Their Order order-leſs, and Peace-full Braul
With-child's the World; fils Sea, and Earth, and All.
I neuer ſee their glaunces inter-iect Simile.
In *Triangle*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aſpect,
Now milde, now moody: but, me thinks I ſee
Som frollik Swains amid their dauncing glee;
Where Men and Maids together make them merry,
With Iigs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary:
Where, on his Loue one ſmiles with wanton eye;
Wher-at his Riuall frowns for Iealouſie.
But why (quoth *Phalec*) hath th' All-Fair, who frames Queſtion.
Nought heer below, but's full of Beauties flames;
Ingrav'n on th' Orbs of th' azure Cryſtalline
(Where Beauties ſelf, and Loue ſhould euer ſhine)

So

So many hideous Beasts and Monsters fell?
Fellows, more fit for th'vgly Fiends in Hell.

Answere. Surely (saith *Heber*) God's all-prudent pleasure
Makes nothing Art-less, nor without iust measure:
And this the Worlds chief praise of Beauty carries,
That in each part it infinitly varies.

The reason of the names giuen to the 12. Signes of the Zodiak. Our learned Elders then, who on this Sphear,
Heav'ns shining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-fair,
Did vnto each, such Shape and Name deuise,
As with their Natures neerly symbolize.

1. Aries. In form of *Ram* with golden Fleece, they put
The bi-corn'd *Signe*, which the Yeers bounds doth 'butt;
Because the World (vnder his temp'rate heat
In fleece of flowrs is pranked richly neat.

2. Taurus. Of *Bull* the next: because the husband-men
With yoaks of slowe-paç't smoking Bullocks then
Tear-vp their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl,
Furbush their Coultars in the Corn-fit soyl.

3. Gemini. Of *Twins* the third: because then, of two Sexes
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole body mixes:
Then all things couple, then Fruits double growe,
Then Flowrs do flourish, and corn Fields do showe.

4. Cancer. The fourth a *Lobstars* name and frame they made,
Because then South-ward *Sol* doth retrograde,
Goes (*Crab*-like) backward, and so neuer stinteth,
But still his wheels in the same track reprinteth.

5. Leo. The fift a *Lion*: for, as Lions breath
Is burning hot; so likewise, vnderneath
This fiery *Signe*, th'Earth sparkles, and the streams
Seem sod-away with the Suns glowing beams.

6. Virgo. The sixt a *Maid*: because with Maid-like honour,
Th'Earth loatheth then the Suns Loue-glances on her
T'inflame her loue: and (reclus'd as it were)
This Virgin Season nought at all doth bear.

7. Libra. *Ballance* the seuenth: because it equall weighs
Nights louing-silence, and grief-guiding Daies;
And Heat and Cold: and in *Must*-Month, the Beam
Stands equi-poiz'd in equipeizing them.

Scorpion

Scorpion the next: becauſe his percing ſting
Doth the firſt tydings of cold Winter bring.
The ninth an *Archer* both in ſhape and Name,
Who day and night follows his faireſt game;
And his keen Arrows every-where beſtowes,
Headed with Yce, featherd with Sleet and Snowes.
The next a *Kid:* becauſe as Kids do clime
And friſk from Rock to Rock; about this Time
The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber)
Begins again vp towards vs to clamber.
And then, becauſe Heav'n alwayes ſeems to weep
Vnder th'enſuing *Signes*; on th'Azure ſteep
Our Parents plaç't a *Skinker:* and by him,
Two ſilver *Fiſhes* in his floods to ſwim.

8 Scorpio.
9 Sagittarius.
10 Capricornus.
11 Aquarius.
12 Piſces.

But if (my Son) this ſuperficiall gloze
Suffice thee not: then may we thus ſuppoſe,
That as before th'All-working Word alone
Made Nothing be All's womb and *Embryon*,
Th'eternall Plot, th'*Idea* fore-conceiv'd,
The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd,
Did in the Work-mans ſpirit divinely ly;
And, yer it was, the World was wondrouſly:
Th'Eternall *Trine-One*, ſpreading even the Tent
Of th'All-enlightning glorious Firmament,
Fill'd it with Figures; and in various Marks
The repourtray'd Tables of his future Works.

A deeper and more curious reaſon of the ſame.

See heer the pattern of a ſilver Brook
Which in and out on th'azure ſtage doth crook,
Heer th'Eagle plays, there flyes the rav'ning Crowe,
Heer ſwims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth rowe,
Heer bounds the Courſer, there the Kid doth skip,
Heer ſmoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep:
There's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Ayr,
But hath in Heav'n ſom like reſemblance fair.
Yea, even our Crowns, Darts, Launces, Skeyns, and Scales
Are all but Copies of Heav'ns Principals;
And ſacred patterns, which, to ſerue all Ages,
Th'Almighty printed on Heav'ns ample ſtages.

In heaven are patterns of all things that are in earth.

A third witty, pleaſant, and elegant reaſo of the names aforeſayd.

Yea ſurely, durſt I (but why ſhould I doubt
To wipe from Heav'n ſo many ſlanders out,
Of profane Rapin and deteſted Rapes,
Of Murder, Inceſt, and all monſtrous Scapes,
Wher-with (heerafter) ſom bold-fabling *Greeks*
Shall foully ſtain Heav'ns Roſy-bluſhing cheeks?)
Heer could I ſhowe, that vnder euery *Signe*
Th' Eternall grav'd ſom Myſtery divine
Of's *holy City*; where (as in a glaſs)
To ſee what ſhall heer-after com-to-paſs:
As publik and autentik Rowles, fore-quoting
Confuſedly th' Euents moſt worthy noting,
In his deer *Church* (his Darling and Delight).

Plauſtrum. O! thou fair *Chariot* flaming braue-ly bright,
Which like a Whirl-winde in thy ſwift Career
Rapt'ſt vp the *Thesbit*; thou do'ſt alwayes veer
About the *North-pole*, now no more be-dabbling
Thy nimble ſpoaks in th' Ocean, neither ſtabling
Thy ſmoking Courſers vnder th' Earth, to bayt:

Boötes. The while *Eliſha* earneſtly doth wayt,
Burning in zeal (ambitious) to inherit
His Maſters Office, and his mighty Spirit;
That on the ſtarry Mountain (after him)
He well may manage his celeſtiall Teem.

Hercules. Cloſe by him, *Dauid* in his valiant Fiſt
Holds a fierce *Lions* fiery flaming *Creſt*:

Lyra. Heer ſhines his golden *Harp*, and there his *Crown*:

Corona *Borealis*. There th'vgly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)

Vrſa *minor*. *Seav'n* (ſhining) *Stars*: Lo, heer the whiſtling *Launce*,

Pleiades. Which frantick *Saul* at him doth fiercely glaunce.

Cuſpis. Pure Honours Honour, Prayſe of Chaſtity,
O fair *Suſanna*, I ſhould mourn for thee,

Andromeda. And moan thy tears, and with thy friends lament

Caſsiopeia. (With Heav'n-liſt-eyes) thy woefull puniſhment,

Cepheus. Saue that ſo timely (through Heav'ns prouidence)

Perſeus. Yong *Daniel* ſaues thy wronged Innocence:
And by a dreadfull radiant ſplendor, ſpread

Caput *Meduſæ*. From Times-Child Truth (not from *Meduſa's* head)

Con-

Condemns th' old Leachers, and eft-ſoons vpon
Their curſed heads there hayls a ſtorm of ſtone.
Alſo, as long as Heav'ns ſwift Orb ſhall veer,
A ſacred Trophee ſhall be ſhining heer
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idoll fell, Draco.
Which the ſame Prophet ſhall in *Babel* quel.
Wher-to more fit may *Pegaſus* compair, Pegaſus.
Than to thoſe Courſers, flaming in the ayr,
Before the Tyrant of *leſſi-Aſia*'s fury,
Vſurps the fair *Metropolis* of *Iury*?
Wher-to the *Coach*-man, but *Ezechiel*
That ſo well driues the Coach of *Iſrael*?
Wher-to the *Swan*, but to that *Proto-Martyr*, Cygnus.
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture,
(Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom ſure to meet,
So neer his end ſings ſo exceeding ſweet?
Wher-to the *Fiſh* which ſhineth heer ſo bright, Piſcis *Borealis*.
But to that Fiſh, that cureth *Tobies* ſight?
Wher-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meek Man, Delphinus.
Who dry-ſhod guides through Seas *Erythean*
Old *Iacobs* Fry: And *Iordans* liquid glaſs
Makes all his Hoſt dry (without boat) to paſs?
And furthermore, God hath not onely graven
On the braſs Tables of ſwift-turning Heav'n
His ſacred *Mot*; and, in *Triangle* frame, Trigonos.
His *Thrice-One* Nature ſtamped on the ſame:
But alſo, vnder that ſtout *Serpent-Slayer*, Ophiucus.
His Satan-taming Son (Heav'ns glorious heir)
Who with the Engin of his *Croſs* abates
Th' eternall Hindges of th' infernall Gates:
And, vnder that fair Sun-fixt-gazing *Foul*, Aquila.
The God of Gods deer Minion of his Soule,
Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times,
His Spirit; his Loue, which viſits earthly Climes
In plumy ſhape: for, this bright winged *Signe*,
In head and neck, and ſtarry back (in fine)
No leſs reſembles the milde ſimple *Doue*,
Than crook-bild *Eagle* that commands aboue.

What ſhall I ſay of that bright *Bandeleer*,
Which twice-ſix *Signs* ſo richly garniſh heer?
Aries. Th' Years Vſher, doth the *Paſchal* Lamb fore-tell:
Taurus. The *Bull*, the Calf, which erring *Iſraell*
Gemini. Sets vp in *Horeb*. Theſe fair ſhining *Twins*,
Thoſe ſtriving Brethren, *Iſaacs* tender Sons:
Cancer. The fourth is *Salomon*, who (*Crab*-like) crawls
Backward from Vertue; and (fowl Swine-like) fals
In Vices mire: profaneſt old (at laſt)
In ſoule and body growen a-like vn-chaſte.
Leo. The fift, that *Lion*, which the Hair-ſtrong Prince
Virgo. Tears as a Kid, without Wars inſtruments.
The ſixt, that *Virgin*, euer-maiden Mother,
Bearing for vs, her Father, Spouſe, and Brother.
Libra. The next that *Beam*, which in King *Lemuels* hand,
So iuſtly weighs the *Iuſtice* of his Land.
Scorpio. The next, that Creature which in *Malta* ſtings
Th' Apoſtles hand, and yet no blemiſh brings;
For 'tis indifferent, whether we the ſame,
A ſpotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name.
Sagittarius. Th' *Archer*, is *Hagars* Son: The *Goat* (I gheſs)
Capricornus. Is *Arons* Scape-Goat in the Wildernes.
Aquarius. The next, the deer Son of dumb *Zacharias*,
Gods Harbinger, fore-runner of *Meſſias:*
Who in clear *Iordan* waſheth clean the ſin,
Of all that rightly do repent with-in.
Piſces. Theſe *Two* bright *Fiſhes*, thoſe wher-with the Lord
(Through wondrous bleſſing of his powtfull Word)
Feeds with fiue Loaues (vpon *Aſphaltis* ſhoar)
Abundantly fiue thouſand Folk, and more.
But, turn we now the twinkling *Globe*, and there
Let 's mark as much the *Southern* Hemi-ſphear.
Orion. Ah! know'ſt thou not this glorious *Champion* heer,
Which ſhines ſo brightly by the burning *Steer?*
Eridanus. 'Tis *Nun's* great Son, who through deep *Iordan* leads
His Army dry-ſhod; and (triumphant) treads
Canis. On *Canaan Currs*, and on th' *Ammorrean Hare*,
Canicula. Lepus. Foyl'd with the fear of his victorious war.

See

See th'ancient *Ship*, which, over windes and waues
Triumphing ſafe, the Worlds ſeed-remnant ſaues.
Lo, heer the *Braſen Serpent* ſhines, whoſe ſight
Cures in the Deſart, thoſe whom Serpents bite. Hydra.
Heer th'happy *Raui'n*, that brings *Elias* cates; Corvus.
Heer the rich *Cup*, where *Ioſeph* meditates Cratera.
His graue Predictions: Heer that Heav'nly *Knight*, Centaurus.
Who preſt appearing armed all in white,
To *Maccabeus*, with his flaming *ſpear*
So deep (at laſt) the *Pagan Wolf* doth tear, Lupus.
That on Gods *Altar* (yerſt profan'd ſo long) Ara.
Sweet *Incenſe* fumeth, and the ſacred Song
Of *Leuits* ſoundeth in his Houſe again;
And that rich Crown th'*Aſmonean* Race doth gain, Corona auſtralis.
To rule the *Iewes*. Lo, there the happy *Fiſh* Piſcis auſtra'is,
Which payes *Chriſts* Tribute (who our Ranſom is):
And heer the *Whale*, within whoſe noyſom breaſt, Balæna.
The Prophet *Ionas* for three dayes doth reſt.
But while (my ſpoaks-man, or I rather his) *A notable correction of the Poet vpon theſe laſt Diſcourſes.*
Thus *Heber* comments on Heav'ns *Images*,
Through path-leſs paths his wandring ſteps doth bring,
And boldly quavers on a Maiden ſtring;
Suppoſe not (Chriſtians) that I take for grounds
Or points of Faith, all that he heer propounds;
Or that old *Zeno's* Portall I ſuſtain,
Or *Stöik Fate* (th'Almighties hands to chain):
Or in Heav'ns Volume reading things to-com,
Erroneouſly a *Chaldee*-Wiſe becom.
No, no ſuch thing; but to refreſh again
Your tyred Spirits, I ſung this novell ſtrain:
That hither-to having with patience paſt
Such dreadfull Oceans, and ſuch Deſarts vaſt,
Such gloomy Forreſts, craggy Rocks and ſteep,
Wide-yawning Gulfs, and hideous Dungeons deep;
You might (at laſt) meet with a place of pleaſure,
Wher-on the Heav'ns laviſh their plentious treaſure,
Where *Zephyre* puffs perfumes, and ſilver Brooks
Embrace the Meads, ſmiling with wanton Looks.

Yet (curteous Readers) who is it can say
Whether our Nephews yet another-day
(More zealous than ourſelues in things Divine)
This curious *Art* ſhall Chriſtianly refine;
And giue to all theſe gliſtring *Figures* then,
Not *Heathen* names, but names of *Holy* men?

He proceedes to diſcouer the ſecrets of Aſtronomie.

But, ſeek we now for *Heber*, whoſe Diſcourſe
Informs his *Phalec* in the *Planets* courſe:
What *Epicicle* meaneth, and *Con-centrik*,
With *Apogé*, *Perigé*, and *Eccentrik*:
And how fell *Mars* (the Seedſter of debate)
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcans* Mate)
Saturn, and *Ioue*, three Sphears in one retain,
Smooth *Hermes* five, fair *Cynthia* two-times-twain.

For, the Divine Wits, whence this Art doth flowe,
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,
Now neer, now far from Natures Nave: above,
Confuſion, voyd; and rupture to remove,
Which would be cauſed, through their wanderment,
In th'Heav'ns inclos'd within the Firmament;
Have (more then men) preſum'd to make, within
Th' Eternall Wheels whereth'erring Tapers been,
Sundry ſmall Wheels, each within other cloſed,
Such equi-diſtance each-where inter-poſed,
That (though they kiſs) they cruſh not; but the baſe
Are vnder th'high, the high the lowe imbrace:

Simile.

Like as the Cheſt-nut (next the meat) within
Is cover'd (laſt) with a ſoft ſlender skin,
That skin inclos'd in a tough tawny ſhel,
That ſhel in-cas't in a thick thiſtly fell.

The vſe of the Aſtrolabe.

Then taks he th'*Aſtrolabe*, wher-in the Sphear
Is flat reduced: he diſcovers there
The *Card* of *Heights*, the *Almycantharats*,
With th' *Azimynths* and the *Almadarats*
(Pardon me Muſe, if ruder phraſe defile
This faireſt Table, and deface my ſtile
With Barbariſm: For in this Argument,
To ſpeak *Barbarian*, is moſt eloquent).

On

On th'other ſide, vnder a veering *Sight*,
A Table veers; which, of each wandring Light
Showes the ſwift courſe; and certain Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Months, and *ſcale* of *Altitudes*.
Removing th' *Alhidade*, he ſpends ſom leaſure
To ſhewe the manner how a Wall to meaſure,
A Fountains depth, the diſtance of a place,
A Countries compaſs, by Heav'ns ample face:
In what bright ſtarry *Signe*, th'Almighty dread,
Dayes Princely *Planet* daily billeted:
In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all
To finde his *Eleuation* and his *Fall*.
How long a time an entire *Signe* muſt wear
While it aſcendeth on our *Hemi-ſphear*:
Poles eleuation: The *Meridian line*:
And divers Hours of Day and night to finde.
These learned wonders witty *Phalec* marks,
And heedfully to every Rule he harks:
Wiſe Alchymiſt, he multiplies this Gold,
This Talent turns, encreaſing many-fold:
And then preſents it to his Noble ſeed,
Who ſoon their Doctor in his Art exceed.
But, even as *Mars*, *Hermes*, and *Venus bright*, *Simile.*
Go viſit now the naked *Troglodite*,
Then *Iaue*, then *Guynney*; and (inclin'd to change)
Oft ſhifting Houſe, through both the Worlds do range *Aſtronomy, by whom, and how maintained.*
(Both Worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' *Equinoctiall Line*):
So the perfection of this Art divine,
Firſt vnder th' *Hebrews* bred and born, anon
Coms to the *Chaldes* by adoption:
Scorning anon, th' olde *Babylonian* Spires,
It leaves ſwift *Tigris*, and to *Nile* retires;
And, waxen rich, in *Egypt* it erects
A famous School: yet, firm-leſs in affects,
It falls in loue with ſubtil *Grecian* wits,
And to their hands awhile it ſelf commits;
But, in renowmed *Ptolomeus* Raign,
It doth re-viſit the deer *Memphian* Plain:

Yet, Thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabians* try;
From thence to *Rome*: From *Rome* to *Germany*.
O true *Endymions*, that imbrace above
Vpon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Love
(Great Queen of Heav'n) about whose Bed, for Guard,
Millions of Archers with gold Shields do ward.
True *Atlasses*: You Pillars of the *Poles*
Empyreall *Palace*; you fair learned soules;
But for your Wrightings, the Starrs-Doctrine soon
Would sink in *Lethe* of Oblivion:
'Tis you that Marshall months, and yeers, and dayes:
'Tis you that quoat for such as haunt the Seas
Their prosperous Dayes, and Dayes when Death ingraven
On th' angry Welkin, warns them keep their Haven:
'Tis you that teach the Plough-man when to sowe:
When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe;
When to retire to Garrison again;
When to assault a batter'd Peece; and when
To convoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast:
'Tis you that shewe what season fitteth most
For every purpose; when to *Purge* is good,
When to be *Bathed*, when to be *Let-blood*:
And how *Physicians*, skilfully to mix
Their Drugs, on Heav'n their curious eys must fix.
'Tis you that in the twinkling of an ey
Through all the Heav'nly Provinces do fly:
'Tis you that (greater then our greatest Kings)
Possess the whole World in your Governings:
And (to conclude) you Demi-Gods can make
Between your hands the Heav'ns to turn and shake.
O divine Spirits! for you my smoothest quill
His sweetest hony on this Book should still;
Still should you be my Theam: but that the Beauty
Of the last *Sister* drawes my Love and Duty,
For, now I hear my *Phalec* humbly crave
The fourth Mayds name: his Father, mildely-grave,
Replyes him thus; Obserue (my deerest Son)
Those cloud-lesse brows, those cheeks vermilion,

The prayse of learned Astronomers, and the profit of their Doctrine.

Those

Thoſe pleaſing looks, thoſe eyes ſo ſmiling-ſweet,
That grace-full poſture, and thoſe prety feet
Which ſeem ſtill Dancing: all thoſe Harps and Lutes,
Shawms, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,
Plaç't round about her; prove in every part
This is the noble, ſweet, Voice-ord'ring *Art*,
Breath's Meaſurer, the Guide of ſuppleſt fingers
On (living-dumb, dead-ſpeaking) Sinnew-ſingers:
Th' Accord of Diſcords: ſacred *Harmony*,
And Numb'rie Law, which did accompany
Th' Almighty-moſt, when firſt his Ordinance
Appointed Earth to Reſt, and Heav'n to Dance.
For (as they ſay) for ſuper-Intendent there,
The ſupream Voice placed in every Sphear
A *Syren* ſweet; that from Heav'ns Harmony
Inferiour things might learn beſt Melody,
And their rare Quier with th' Angels Quier accord
To ſing aloud the prayſes of the Lord,
In's Royall Chappell, richly beautifi'd
With gliſt'ring Tapers, and all ſacred Pride.
Where, as (by Art) one ſelfly blaſt breath'd out
From panting bellowes, paſſeth all-about
Winde-Inſtruments; enters by th'vnder Clavers
Which with the Keys the Organ-Maſter quavers,
Fils all the Bulk, and ſeverally the ſame
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;
At once reviving lofty *Cymbals* voice,
Flutes ſweeteſt ayr, and *Regals* ſhrilleſt noyſe:
Even ſo th' all-quickning ſpirit of God above
The Heav'ns harmonious whirling wheels doth move;
So that re-treading their eternall trace,
Th'one bears the Treble, th'other bears the Baſe.
But, brimmer far than in the Heav'ns, heer
All theſe ſweet-charming Counter-Tunes we hear:
For, *Melancholy*, *Winter*, *Earth* belowe,
Bear ay the *Baſe*; deep, hollow, ſad, and ſlowe:
Pale *Phleagm*, moiſt *Autumn*, *Water* moiſtly-cold,
The Plummet-like-ſmooth-ſliding *Tenner* hold:

The deſcription of Muſike.

The Heauens Harmony.

Simile.

A foure-folde Conſort in the humors, ſeaſons, and Elements.

Hot-

Hot-humid *Bloud*, the *Spring*, transparent *Air*,
The Maze-like *Mean*, that turns and wends so fair:
Curst *Choler*, *Sommer*, and hot-thirsty *Fire*,
Th' high-warbling *Treble*, loudest in the Quire.
And that 's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st things
The power of Musike towards al. things. Are stoopt by *Musick*; as reteining springs
Of Number in them: and they feeble live
But by that Spirit which th'Heav'ns dance doth drive.
Sweet *Musik* makes the sternest men-at-Arms
Towards Men. Let-fall at once their anger and their Arms:
It cheers sad soules, and charms the frantik fits
Of Lunatiks that are bereft their wits:
It kils the flame, and curbs the fond desire
Of him that burns in Beauties blazing Fire
(Whose soule, seduced by his erring eyes,
Doth som proud Dame devoutly Idolize):
It cureth Serpents bane-full bit, whose anguish
In deadly torment makes men madly languish:
The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all,
Towards Beasts, Birdes, Flies, & Fishes. And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:
Th' Harp leads the Dolphin, and the buzzing swarm
Of busie Bees the tinkling Brass doth charm.
O! what is it that *Musik* cannot doo!
Sith th' all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too:
And makes the same down from the Empyreall Pole
Descend to Earth into a Prophets soule:
Towards God himselfe. With divine accents tuning rarely right
Vnto the rapting Spirit the rapted Spright?
Sith, when the Lord (most moved) threatneth most,
With wrathfull tempest arming all his Hoast;
When angry stretching his strong sinnewy arms,
With bended back he throwes down thundry storms;
Th' harmonious sighs of his heart-turning Sheep
Supple his sinnews, lull his wrath a-sleep;
While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand
The sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man?
Conclusion of the 2. Day of the 2. Week. But, while that *Heber* (eloquently) would
Olde *Musikes* vse and excellence haue told;

Curst

Curſt *Canaan* (ſeeking *Iordans* fatall courſe)
Paſt by the *Pillars*, and brake his Diſcourſe,
And mine with-all; for I muſt reſt me heer:
My weary Iourny makes me faint well-neer:
Needs muſt I craue new ayd from High, and ſtep
A litle back, that I may farther leap.

The ende of the Second Day of the Second Week.



ABRA-

ABRAHAM.

The THIRD DAY *Of* The SECOND WEEK;

Containing

1. *THE VOCATION,*
2. *THE FATHERS,*
3. *THE LAWE,*
4. *THE CAPTAINS.*



Acceptam refero.

The VOCATION.

THE I. PART OF THE III. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

ABRAM *from* Chaldé *is Divinely* CALL'D:
How Bleſt *abroad*: *His* (*parted*) Nephew *Thrall'd*
(*In* Sodom's *ayd*) *to* Chedorlaomer;
Reſcu'd *by Him*: *Type of that bloudy* War:
Melchiſedec *His* Hap *congratulates*:
Iſmael *great*; *but* GOD confederates
With (*promis'd*) Iſaak, *and his* (CHRIST-*kin*) *Seed*
Which ſhall in number even the Stars exceed.
Lot *harbors* Angels; *ſav'd from* Sodom's Fire;
His Wife Transform'd: *His Daughter's* foul Deſire.

VNtill *this Day* (deer *Muſe*) on every ſide
Within ſtraight liſts thou haſt been boundifi'd,
Pend in a Path ſo narrow every-where,
Thou couldſt not manage: onely heer and there
(Reaching thine arms over the Rails that cloſe
Thy bounded *Race*) thou caught'ſt ſom fragrant Roſe,
Som Gilly-flowr, or ſom ſweet Sops-in-Wine,
To make a Chaplet thy chaſte brows to binde.
But now, behold th'art in the open Plain,
Where thou maiſt liuely (like the Horſe of *Spain*, *Simile.*
That having burſt his halter and his holde
Flings through the field, where liſt him, vncontrol'd)
Coruet, and turn, run, prance, advance, and pride-thee,
As *ſacred fury* of thy *Zeal* ſhall guide-thee.

Th'whole

Th' whole World is thine: hēceforth thy Sythe may mowe
The faireſt Crop that in *Fame's* fields doth growe;
And, on the Sea of richeſt *Hiſtories*
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,
A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
Com huddling in, in heaps before thy view:
So that I fear, leſt (trayn'd with various ſent)
Thou be at fault in this vaſt Argument;
And leaſt the beſt choice in ſo bound-leſs Store,
Pain thee no leſs now, than did Want before.
But wotſt thou what, my *Muſe* (my deer delight,
My care, my comfort)? we will follow right
Simile. The modeſt hand of a fair Shepheardling,
Who doth not rudely ſpoyl the flowry Spring,
Of all her painted beauties; nor deface
All in one day a pleaſant Gardens grace;
But mannerly amid the Quarters ſeeks
Such rareſt flowrs as beſt her fancy likes:
And heer a blew one, there a red ſhe pulls,
A yellow heer, and there a white ſhe culls,
Then bindes them with her hair, and bleſſed over
With a chaſte kiſs, ſhe ſends them to her Lover:
Wee'l ouer-run the *Annalls* of all Ages,
And chooſing-out the chiefeſt Perſonages,
And Prodigies amid the *Hebrew* Story,
Wee'l offer them on th' Altar of *Gods* glory.
For He (I hope) who, no leſs good then wiſe,
Firſt ſtirr'd vs vp to this great Enterpriſe,
And gaue vs heart to take the ſame in hand,
For Level, Compaſs, Rule, and Squire will ſtand;
Will change the Pebbles of our puddly thought,
To *Orient* Pearls, moſt bright and bravely wrought:
And will not ſuffer in this pretious *Frame*
Ought that a skilfull Builders ey may blame:
Or, if he ſuffer ought, 't ſhall be ſom trace
But of that blindnes, common to our Race;
T' abate my glory, and to giue me proof
That (mortall) I build but with mortall ſtuff.

IAMES,

IAMES, richeſt Iem of *Scots*, and *Scotland's* Praiſe, *Dedicati n to the Kings Maieſtie.*
Who, with the ſame hand that the Scepter ſwayes,
On Heav'n-faln paper in a golden ſtile,
Dooſt happily immortall lines compile;
And (new *Apollo*) vnder Others names
Sing'ſt in thy Childehood thine Owne future *Fames*:
To whom but thee ſhould I theſe Verſes vow?
Who through the World haſt made me famous now,
And with a liberall learned hand indew'd
My *Muſe* with luſtre of a *Royall Sute*;
Before, ſo ragged that ſhe bluſht wel-neer
That her chaſte Siſters ſhould ſo homly ſee-her
The ſcorn of Art, of *Helicon* the ſhame,
Vſurping (wrong) VRANIA's ſacred Name.
Through thee ſhe's *Heav'nly*. O wiſe, worthy Prince,
May'ſt thou ſurmount all thoſe in Excellence,
Which haue (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*,
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall ſpots)
That, firſt *Fergu ſius* (glory of his dayes)
Ev'nus and *Donald* may enuy thy Praiſe;
And even the *Scott'ſh*, or (rather th' *Hebrew*) *Dauid*
(*Ieſſes* great ſon, ſo holily-behaved)
Give place to thy Renown, and therewithall
Give thee his Zeal and Heart heroicall,
And all his beſt (which doth thee beſt belong)
As he hath given thee his ſweet Harp and Song.
THOVGH profane ſervice of *Idolatry*
Had drown'd the whole Earth vniverſally:
Though ſhame-leſs ſin (born with the COLONIES
Through all the World) through all did Tyrannize:
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefeſt Seat,
Their ſtrength in *Shinaar*; and that City great,
Built on the ſlymy ſtrand of *Euphrates*,
Was the proud Palace where they held their Feaſts.
So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* ſacred Ligne
(Where God his grace yet ſeemed to confine)
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Aſſyrian* aire,
Did (like the Heathen) every day impaire: *Simile.*

Forgot

Forgot the true God: followed (raſhly-rude)
The groſs grand Error of the multitude:
Degeneriz'd, decay'd and withered quight:
Like ſom rare Fruit-Tree over-topt with ſpight
Of Bryers and Buſhes which it ſore oppreſs,
With the ſowr ſhadow of their Thorny treſs,
Till choakt withall, it dies as they do growe,
And beareth nought but Moſs and Miſſeltoe.

The Calling of Abraham.

But God, deſirous (more for vs, then him)
In ſom one ſtock to ſaue *Faith*'s ſacred ſtem
(Like as before from the All-drowning *Flood*
He ſav'd the worlds ſeed in an Ark of wood)
Marks *Abram* for his owne: and from falſe Rites
To men, to Beaſts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprights,
Him gratiouſly to his owne Service drawes;
Not by meer Conduct of exteriour cauſe,
As by contempling th'Artſhip richly-rare
Which gilds the Seeling of this Globe ſo fair;
Earths fruitfull power, producing (goodly-green)
From ſo ſmall ſeeds ſo huge and mighty Treen,
Flowrs fragrant aier, ſo freſh and divers-died;
Seas foaming Courſe, whoſe ever-Tilting Tide
(Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Seaſon,
Bounded with liſts, guided with reans of Reaſon:
But, by the motion of his Spirit, which ſeals
In our hearts Centre what his word reveals,
And prudently in his fit time and place
(Diſpenſing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)
Doth inwardly bear-witnes, and aver-it
Vnder our Spirits that 'tis God's *Holy Spirit*.

The fruits of a true faith and the effect thereof.

The ſacred *Faith of Abram* languiſht not
In Idleneſs, but alwayes waakt and wrought,
And ever lively, brought forth Patience,
Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,
Love, fervent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,
Sincerity, and true Perſeverance;
Fruits that (like Load-ſtones) haue a vertue given
(Through *Faith*) to draw their Father-Tree to Heav'n,

And

And guide the ſoules to God (the ſpring of life)
Of's kinſ-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his deer Wife;
Who with him following the Almighti's call,
Wend to the ſtrand where *Iordans* courſe doth craul,
Their owne deer Country willingly forſake,
And (true-religious) leſs account do make
Of goods and lands, and quiet-lifes content,
Than of an end-les, friend-les Banniſhment.
O ſacred ground of Vertu's ſole perfection!
O ſhield of Martyrs! Prophets ſure direction!
Soule's remedy! O contrite heart's Reſtorer!
Tears-wiping tame-grief! Hopes guide, hunting horror,
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortality!
O lively FAITH! through thy admired quality,
How many wonders dooſt thou work at once,
When from Sin's ſlumbers thou haſt waakt vs once,
And made vs inly-in our ſpirits conceiue
Beauties that never outward eyes perceiue!
Alas! ſaid *Abram*, muſt I needs forgoe
Theſe happy fields where *Euphrates* doth flowe?
Heer, firſt I drew this vitall air, and (pleas'd
With my births news) my Mothers throes I eas'd:
Heer, from her tender breſt (as ſoft as ſilk)
My tender gums ſuckt my firſt drop of milk:
Heer, with the pleaſure of mine infant-ſmile
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile:
Heer, my chaſte Siſters, Vnkles, Aunts and Kin,
My prity prattling haue delighted in:
Heer, many a time I wantonly haue clung,
And on my Fathers wrinkled neck haue hung:
Heer, I haue paſt my Lad-age fair and good;
Heer, firſt the ſoft Down on my chin did bud:
Heer, I haue learn'd Heav'ns Motions and the nature
And various force of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water:
Heer, I haue ſhow'n the nobleſt tokens forth
Both of my Mindes and of my Bodies worth:
Heer, I have ſpent the beſt part of mine age:
Heer, I poſſeſs a plentious Heritage:

Natural conſiderations to haue ſtopped the Iourney of Abrahã.

Heer, I haue got me many friends and fame;
And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:
And muſt I hence: and leaue this certain ſtate,
To roam vncertain (like a Runnagate)
O're fearfull Hils, and thorough foaming Torrents
That ruſh-down Mountains with their roring currents,
In dreadfull Deſarts, where Heav'ns hotteſt beam
Shall burn without; within vs, Thirſt extream:
And gloomy Forreſts full of ghaſtly fear
Of yelling Monſters that are dwelling there?
To ſeek a Country (God knowes where, and whither)
Whoſe vnknowen name hath yet ſcarce ſounded hither?
With ſtaff in hand and wallet at our back
From Town to Town to beg for all we lack?
To guiſe our ſelues (like counterfaiting Ape)
To th' guiſe of Men that are but Men in ſhape?
T' haue (briefly) nothing properly our owne
In all the World; no not our Grave-place knowen?
Is't poſſible I ſhould endure to ſee
The ſighs and tears my friends will ſhed for me?
O! can I thus my Native ſoyl forſake?
O! with what words ſhall I my farwell take?
Farwell *Chaldea*, deer delights adieu:
Friends, Brothers, Siſters, farwell all of you,
Farwell for ever: Can I thus (alas!)
Rudely vnwinde me from the kinde embrace
2. Of their deer arms that will me faſter holde
Compariſons. Than trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfolde;
Or then the Vine doth with her crawling ſpray
The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to ſtay?
Can I expoſe (with perill of my life)
Th' vn-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife,
To the none-ſparing luſt of that looſe Nation
That brutely burns in all abhomination?
Beſides, what rigour? nay, what paricide?
To hale from *Tygris* ſhoar to *Iordans* ſide
A weak olde-man, a man ſo weak and olde,
He ſcarſe can creep without our help and holde?

Yet,

Yet,'t must be so: for so the Lord commands.
A carnall man on carnal reason stands:
But, for all Reasons, *Faith* suffizeth me.
Who lodge with God can never House-less be.
Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age
And death of *Terah* slow'd his pilgrimage;
The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine)
To *Canaan* (since called *Palestine*):
Where God pours down such flouds of goods vpon them,
And bountiously bestowes such blessings on-them,
That their abundance shortly seems t'exceed
God's Promises, and their desires indeed.
Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale do haunt,
Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant,
Which (slowe in coupling, and in calving more,
Pyning her Master so long time before
With lingring hope) brings-forth with painfull groans,
But once in twelve yeers, but one Calf at once:
All 's white with their wool: all their Cattle proves,
Stil, stil increasing, like to Stares and Doves.
Their Wealth so growes, that wantoniz'd withall,
Their envious Shepheards broach a civill Brawl.
But, least this Mischief by the Grooms begun,
Between their Masters might vnkindely run,
The grave-milde *Grand-fire of the Faithfull* (there)
And *Ammon's* Father, to cut-off the fear
Of farther strife, and to establish rather
Their Mindes then Bodies in a league together;
Divided duly with a deep fore-sight
Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.
Then pleas'd, and parted; both go liue a-part:
The Vnkle kept the Mountain for his part;
For, 's Nephew chose the fat and flowery Plain,
And euen to *Sodom* stretcht his Tent and Train;
And, dwelling there, becam a Citizen
Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men.
O *Lot* (alas!) what lot hast thou elect?
Th' eternal verdure, and the trim prospect,

His resolution about all discourse of reason.

The great blessing of God on his obedience.

Simile.

Iarre begun betweene his Seruants, and the seruants of Lot.

Abram & Lot *to shun contention, part company.*

Lot *dwels at* Sodome.

The plentious Paſtures, and the purling Springs
Whoſe fibrous ſilver thouſand Tributes brings
To wealthy *Iordan*, watering ſo the ſoil
(Like Gods owne Garden) doth thy ſenſe beguile,
Blindeth thy iudgemet, makes thee (miſerable)
To ſeat thee with a People execrable,
Whoſe War-thrall'd woes, and odious villanies
To ſprings of tears ſhall turn thy tender eyes.

The battaile of Siddim fought by the king of Elam, with his confederates, againſt the Kings of Sodome and Gomorrha with theirs.

Elam's proud King, great *Chedor-laomer*,
(Leagued with *Arioch*, King of *Ellazar*,
The Soveraign of the Nations, *Thadael*,
And with the King of *Shynaar*, *Amraphel*)
Made war againſt the Kings of *Sodoma*,
Gomorrha, *Zeböim*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*;
Who, ſubiect to him for twelue years before,
Rebelled now, and caſt the yoak they bore.

Both Camps appoach, their bloudy rage doth riſe,
And even the face of Cowards terriblize;
New Martial heat inflames their mindes with ire,
Their bloud is moov'd, their heart is all on fire.
Their cheerfull limbs (ſeeming to march too ſlowe)
Longing to meet, the fatall drums out-goe;
And even already in their geſture fight:
Th'iron-footed courſers, luſty, freſh, and light,
Marying their Maſters cauſe and courage both
Snowe all the field with a white foming froth,
And prancing with their load (as proud withall)
With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call.

Now both the Hoaſts march forward furiouſly,
The Plain between ſoon ſhrinketh equally:
Firſt in the aire begins a fight of duſt,
Then on the Earth both Armies bravely iouſt.

Braue yet it was: for yet one might behold
Bright ſwords and ſhields, and plumed helms of gold
Vn-goard with bloud; no Cask had loſt his head,
No Horſe his load, no ſcattered Corps lay dead.

Compariſon.

But, on our Corn-fields towards harveſt-time
(For puniſhment of ſom ingratefull crime)

Th'in-

Th' incenſed hand of Heav'ns Almighty King
Never more thick doth ſlippery Ice-pearls fling,
Than heer the arrows ſhowr on every ſide:
An iron cloud Heav'ns angry face doth hide
From Souldiers ſight; and flying weapons then
For lack of ground fall vpon horſe or men:
Ther's not a ſhaft but hath a man for White,
Nor ſtone but lightly in warm bloud doth light:
Or, if that any fail their foes to hit
In fall; in flight themſelues they enter-ſplit:
The wounds com all from Heav'n: the braveſt hee
Kils and is kild of him he doth not ſee:
Without an aim the Dart-man darts his ſpear,
And Chaunce performs th' effect of Valour there.
As two ſtout Rams, both Ieloux-phrenſie-ſick, *Simile.*
Afront two flocks, ſpurr'd on with anger's prick,
Ruſh-on each other with tempeſtuous ſhock,
And butting boiſterous, horns and heads do knock:
So theſe two Armies enterchanged blowes,
And doubling ſteps and ſtrokes vpon their Foes,
Firſt fleſh their Launces, and their Pikes imbrew,
Then with their ſwords about them keenly heaw,
Then ſtab with daggers; ſtanding brauely too-'t,
Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot;
So neer, that oft ones Targets pike doth pearce
Anothers Shield, and ſends him to his Herſe.
And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered braue)
Oft on their Foes (vn-plumed) creſts do waue.
Of all their ſtroaks ſcarce any ſtroak is vain;
Yet ſtand they firm, and ſtill the fight maintain:
Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,
None turn their backs, no neither ſhrink a-ſide,
Of their owne blood, as of their Foe's as frank.
But, too-too-tyred, ſom at laſt diſ-rank:
Then, Threats, and Cries, and Plaints, redoubled ay,
And ſo pel-mel rage-blinded *Mars* doth play,
That now no more their Colours they diſcern;
But knowing none, to all are ſtrangely ſtern.

The *Paleſtine* fights vnder *Elams* Standard,
The *Shinarite* with *Sodoms* Enſignes wander'd:
Simile. Euen as two ſwarms of buſie Buzzers mounting
Amid the ayr, and mutually affronting,
Mingle their Troups; one goes, another coms,
Another turns; a clowd of Moatlings hums
Aboue our heads, who with their cipres wings
Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings:
Either of which, a hundred times a minute
Doth loſe a Souldier, and as oft re-win-it.

A martial braue of an olde Captain againſt the effeminate ſoftnes and delicacie of Carpet Knights.

But, may one hope in Champions of the Chamber,
Soft Carpet-Knights, all ſenting Musk and Amber
(Whoſe chief delight is to be ouer-com)
Vn-daunted hearts that dare to Over-com?
In Woman-Men a manly Conſtancy?
In wanton Arms vn-wearied Valiancy?
No, no, (*Gomorrha*) this is not the place
For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voice to grace:
No (filthy *Sodom*) 'tis not heer the game
To play with Males, in ſpight of Natures name:
No (*Zeboim*) heer are no Looking-Glaſſes
For *Para-Nymphs* to gaze their painted faces:
To ſtarch Muſtachoes, and to prank in print,
And curl the Lock (with *fauours* brayded in't):
No (*Adamah*) we ſpend not heer the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banquetting, and Play:
Nor laſtly (*Zoar*) is it heer the guiſe
Of ſilken Mock-*Mars* (for a *Miſtreſs-Prize*)
With Reed-like Launce, and with a blunted Blade,
To Championize vnder a Tented ſhade,
As at your Tourneys. Therfore to your Mew:
Lay-down your weapons, heer's no Work for you.
'Tis heer the Faſhion (and the pride of Wars)
To paint the face with ſweat, duſt, blood, and ſcars:
Our Glaſs is heer a bright and gliſtring ſhield:
Our Satten, ſteel: the Muſick of the Field
Doth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roar:
Death tilteth heer: The Miſtreſs we adore,

Is Victory (true Soveraign of our hearts)
Who without danger graceth no Deserts:
Dead carcasses perfume our dainty Nose:
Our Banquets heer, be Banquets for the Crowes:
Fly therefore (Cowards) fly and turn your backs,
(As you were wont in your thought-shaming acts)
But with our Swords and Launces (in your haste)
Through-thrilled (Villains) this shall be your last,
Said *Amraphel*: and charg'd them in such sort,
That 'tseems a suddain Whirl-winde doth transport
Their fainting Troups. Som (best-aduised) fly
To tops of Mountains, that do neighbour by; *Defeature of the Sodomites.*
Som through the Plain: but, neither (in the chace)
Dares once look back (no, not with half a face)
Their fear had no restraint, and much less Art:
This throwes away his shield, and that his dart;
Swords, Morrions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, Pikes, & Launces,
Are no defence, but rather hinderances:
They with their hearts, haue also lost their sight,
And recking less a glorious end, in Fight,
Than thousand base deaths, desperatly they ran
Into the flood that fats rich *Canaan*.
Then, *Iordan* arms him 'gainst these infidels,
With rapid course, and like a sea he swels;
Lakes vnder ground into his channel range,
And shallowest Foords to ground-less gulfs do change:
He fumes, he foams, and swiftly whirling ground,
Seems in his rage, these bitter words to sound:
Die (Villains) die: O more than infamous
Foul Monsters, drench your damned soules in vs.
Sa, sa, my Floods: with your cold moisture quench
The lust-full flame of their self-burning stench.
Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the wrong,
Which they haue done our Mother *Nature* long.
The River swiftly whirling-in the slaues,
Abouewith Bowes, beneath with Bodies paues:
The gaudy Plume, yet floting light and soft,
Keeps for awhile, the hollow helm aloft;

But yet (at length) even thoſe that ſwim the beſt,
Down to the bottom ſink among the reſt,
Striving and ſtruggling (topſi-turuy toſt)
While fain they would, but cannot yield the ghoſt;
Becauſe the flood (vnwilling to defile
His pureſt waues with ſpirits ſo foul and vile)
Re-ſpews them ſtill into themſelues, and there
Smoothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were:
Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at laſt
To the main Sea, or his own ſhoar doth caſt.

Their owne Ambuſh ſerues againſt themſelues.

The Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* then,
Hoping to train the King of *Elams* men,
Among the Clay-pits which themſelues before
(T'intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered or'e,
Ran thither-ward: but their confuſed flight,
In their owne ambuſh made their owne to light,
Wherin they loſt the flowr of all their reſt,
Sooner of death, then of deaths fear poſſeſt.

One, as he flies with trembling ſteps the dart
Which (from behinde) nigh pearſt him to the heart,
Tangling his foot with twyning tendrels tho
Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did growe,
Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels
Vp to the waſte in water: where he feels
A three-fold Fate: for there (O ſtrange!) he found
Three deaths in one; at once *ſlain*, *hang'd*, and *drownd*.

Another, weening ore a Well to skip,
From the wet brim his hap-leſs foot doth ſlip,
And he in falls: but inſtantly (paſt hope)
He catcheth holde vpon a dangling rope,
And ſo at length with ſhifting hands gets-vp
By little and little to the fountains top:
Which *Thadael* ſpying, to him ſtraight he hies,
And thus alowd vnto the wretch he cries;
Varlet, is this, is this the means you make,
Your wonted yoak of *Elam* off to ſhake?
Is this your Skirmiſh? and are theſe your blowes,
Wher-with t'incounter ſo courageous Foes?

Sir,

Sir, leaue your ladder; this ſhall ſerue as well,
This ſword ſhall be your ladder down to Hell:
Go pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Acheron*)
The Tribute heer deni'd vnto your owne:
Heer-with he drawes his Fauchin bright and keen,
And at a blowe heaws both his arms off clean;
His trickling hands held faſt, down fell his Trunk,
His blood did ſwim, his body quickly ſunk.
Another (roughly puſhed by the Foe)
Falls headlong down into a Bog belowe:
Where, on his head deep planted in the mud
With his heels vp-ward like a tree he ſtood;
Still to and fro, wauing his legs and arms, *Simile.*
As Trees are wont to waue in windie ſtorms.
Another heer (on horſ-back) poſting ouer
A broad, deep clay-pit that green boughs do couer,
Sinks inſtantly; and in his ſuddain Fate
Seems the braue Horſe doubly vnfortunate:
For, his own neck he breaks, and bruzing in
(With the keen ſcales of his bright Brigandin)
His Maſters bowels ſerues (alas!) for Tomb
To him that yerſt ſo many times did comb
His criſpy Creſt, and him ſo frankly fed
In 's hollow Shield with oats and beans, and bread:
Even ſo ſomtimes, the loving Vine and Elm *Simile.*
(With double domage) ioyntly over-whelm;
Shee wails the wrack of her deer Husbands glade;
He moans his Spouſes feeble arms and ſhade:
But moſt it grieues him with his Trunk to cruſh
The precious Cluſters of her pleaſing Buſh;
And preſs to death vnkindly with his waight
Her that for loue embraceth him ſo ſtraight.
Yet *Lot* alone (with a ſmall troup aſſiſted) Lots valour.
The Martiall brunt with Manly breaſt reſiſted,
And thirſting Fame, ſtands firmly looking for
The furious hoſte of *Chedorlaomor*:
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops
Of tender Saplings with their ſlender tops,

Is fell'd almoſt as ſoon as vnder-taken
By Multitudes of Peaſants Winter-ſhaken:
Lot's little Number ſo environ'd round,
Hemm'd with ſo many ſwords, is ſoon hew'n down.

His vndanted reſolution.

Then left alone, yet ſtill all one he fares;
And the more danger, ſtill the more he dares:

Simile.

Like a ſtrange Maſtif fiercely ſet vpon
By mongrell Currs, in number ten to one:
Who tyr'd with running (growen more cunning) gets
Into ſom corner, where vpright he ſets
Vpon his ſtern, and ſternly to his Foes
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he ſhowes,
And ſnarls, and ſnaps; and this and that doth bite,
And ſtoutly ſtill maintains th' vnequall fight
With equall fury, till (diſdaining Death)
His Enemies be beaten out of breath.
Arioch, admiring, and (even) fearing too
What *Lot* had done, and what he yet might doo;
Him princely meets, and mildely greets him thus:
Ceaſe (valiant youth) ceaſe, ceaſe t' incounter vs.
Wilt thou (alas!) wilt thou (poor ſoule) expoſe
And hazard thus thy life and Fame to loſe,
In ſuch a Quarrell, for the cauſe of ſuch?
Alas, I pitty thy miſ-fortune much.
For, well I ſee, thy habit and thy tongue
Thine Arms (but moſt) thy courage) yet ſo yong)
Showe that in SODOM's wanton walls accurſt
Thou wert not born, nor in *Gomorrha* nurſt.
O chief of Chivalry, reſerue thy worth
For better wars: yield thee: and think hence-forth
I highly prize thy prows; and, by my ſword,
For thouſand kingdoms will not falſe my word.

Lot taken priſoner.

Paſt hope of Conqueſt (as paſt fear of death)
LOT yields him then vpon the Princes Faith;
And, from his Camel quick-diſmounting, hies
His Royall hand to kiſs in humble wiſe:
And th' Army, laden with the richeſt ſpoyl,
Triumphantly to th' Eaſtward marcht the while.

No

No ſooner noyſe of theſe ſad novels cam
Vnto the ears of faithfull ABRAHAM,
But inſtantly he arms to reſcue LOT,
And that rich prey the heathen Kings had got.
Three hundred ſervants of his houſe he brings
(But lightly arm'd with ſtaues and darts, and ſlings
Aided by MAMRE (in whoſe Plain he wons)
ASCOL and ANER (AMOR's valiant ſons)
So at the heels he hunts the fearleſs Foe,
Yet waits aduantage yer he offer blowe)
Favour'd by ſtreightneſs of the ways they took,
And couer'd cloſe with nights deceitfull cloak.

Abraham *with his family of* 300. *goes to reſcue* Lot.

In *Groou-land* fields is found a dungeon,
A thouſand-fold more dark than *Acheron*,
It hath no door, leſt as it turns about
On ruſty hooks, it creak too lowdly out,
But *Silence* ſerues for Port and Porter there,
A gagged Vſher that doth never wear
Stif-ruſtling ſilks, nor ratling chamlet ſutes,
Nor gingling ſpurs, nor creaking ſpaniſh boots;
But, that he make no noyſe (when ere he ſturs)
His high-day ſutes are of the ſofteſt Furs,
At other times (leſs-ſtately-ſervice-ful)
Hee's only clad in cotton, ſhod in wool:
His left fore-finger ore his lips he locks,
With th'other beckens to the early Cocks,
The ruſhing ſtreams, and roaring *Eölus*,
Seeming (though dumb) to whiſper ſoftly thus:
Sleep ſilver *Torrents*; ceaſe, ſweet *Chante-cleer*,
To bid *Good-morrow* to the *Morning* heer:
Be ſtill, ye Windes, keep in your natiue neſt,
Let not your ſtorms diſturb this houſe of Reſt.

A liuely deſcription of Sleep, *with his Cel, Seruants, furniture & company*

In midſt of all this Caue ſo dark and deep,
On a ſtill-rocking couch lies blear-ey'd *Sleep*,
Snorting alowd, and with his panting breath
Blowes a black fume, that all envapoureth:
Oblivion lies hard-by her drowzy brother,
Who readily knowes not her ſelf, nor other:

Then

Then ſolitary *Morpheus* gently rockt:
And naſty *Sloath* ſelf-pyn'd, and poorly-frockt,
Irreſolute, vnhandſom, comfortleſs,
Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth preſs
The yellow *Night-ſhade*, and blew *Gladiols* iuice,
Wher-with her ſleep-ſwoln heauy lids ſhe glewes.
Confuſedly about the ſilent Bed
Fantaſtick ſwarms of *Dreams* there hovered,
Green, red and yellow, tawny, black, and blew:
Som ſacred, ſom profane; ſom falſe, ſom true;
Som ſhort, ſom long; ſom diueliſh, ſom divine;
Som ſad, ſom glad; but monſtrous all (in fine):
Simile. They make no noyſe, but right reſemble may
Th'vnnumbred Moats which in the Sun do play,
When (at ſom Cranny) with his percing ey
He peepeth-in ſom darker place to ſpy.
Thither th' Almighty (with a iuſt intent
To plague thoſe tyrants pride) his Angel ſent.
No ſooner entred, but the radiant ſhine
Of's gliſtring wings, and of his glorious eyn,
As light as Noon makes the dark Houſe of Night.
The gawdy ſwarm of *Dreams* is put to flight,
And opening wide the ſable Canapey
The winged Herald ſummon'd *Sleep* away.
Silence diſlodg'd at the firſt word he ſpake:
But deaf dead *Sleep* could not ſo ſoon awake,
Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd, and touz'd,
And by the angel often rubb'd and rouz'd:
At length he ſtirs, and ſtretching lazily
His legs and arms, and opening half an ey,
Foure or fiue times he yawns; and leaning-on
His (Lob-like) elbowe, hears This Meſſage don.
Great Spirits-reſtorer, Cares-charm, Chacing-grief,
Night-ſhort'ning Sier, Man's-Reſt, and Mind's Relief,
Vp, vp (ſayd he) diſpatch thee hence in poſte,
And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoſte
Of thoſe prowd Kings, that (richly charg'd with Prey)
On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in diſ-aray.

Th'angel,

Th' angell, in th' instant back to Heav'n-ward gon,
Sleep slowely harnest his dull Bears anon;
And in a noyse-less Coach all darkly dight,
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowsiness*, and *Night*:
Th' ayr thickning where he goes, doth nod the head,
The Woolf in Woods lies down, th' Oxe in the Mead,
Th' Orque vnder Water; and on Beds of Down
Men stretch their limbs, and lay them softly down.
The Nightingale pearcht on the tender spring
Of sweetest Haw-thorn hangs her drowsie wing,
The Swallow's silent, and the lowdest *Humber*,
Leaning vpon the Earth, now seems to slumber:
Th' Yew mooues no more, the Aspe doth cease to shake,
Pines bow their heads, seeming som rest to take.
So soon as *Sleep*'s black wings had over-spread
The Pagan Hoast; the Souldiers haste to bed:
For, instantly begin they all to wink,
To hang their heads, and let their weapons sink:
Their words half-spoke, are lost between their lips,
Through all their veins *Sleep*'s charming humor slips,
Which to a deep and death-like *Lethargie* brings
Both Heathen Souldiers, and their Heathen Kings.

Abram perceiving now the Army neer,
By their owne Fires; gan thus hir Troups to cheer:
Souldiers (sayd he) behold, this happy Night
Shall make amends for that dis-astrous Fight
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,
For *Sodom*'s shame, and *Lot*'s captivity:
Me thinks already, *Victory* (adorn'd
With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns) return'd
From th' Enemy, on our triumphant spears
Erecteth Tropheis far more rich than theirs:
Me thinks already on our glistering Crests,
The glorious Garland of the Conquest rests;
Our way to Vertue lyes so smooth and plain,
With pain-less Honour, and vn-vent'red Gain.
This Hoast you see, is not the valiant Troup
That stript *Gomorrha*, and made *Segor* stoop;

Abrams *oration to his little Troope.*

That

That *Iordan*, *Inde*, and *Euphrates* admire;
But a foul heard of Swine wallowing in myre:
Regard them as they are, not as they were:
See but their ſloath, do not their number fear:
He that's aſleep is dead, and he that's dead
Bites not (they ſay): what haue we then to dread?
Why ſtay we, Lads? already down they are,
Their throats be naked, and their boſoms bare,
Their liues ly proſtrat heer at our command;
And Fortune calls but for your helping hand.
Com, follow me; rather, the *Lord of Hoaſts*
(Terrour of Tyrants) who through all the Coaſts
Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)
All worldly powr, and brings mens plots to nought:
Com (happy Troop) follow with one accord
Th' invincible braue Standard of the Lord.
This ſayd: eft-ſoons I wot not what a grace,
What divine beam reflected on his face:
Simile. For, as in March, the Serpent, having caſt
His old foul skin, crawls from his hole full faſt,
Hiſſes, and ſtings, and ſtares vs in the face,
And (gold-like) gliſtering, glides along the graſs:
So Heav'n inſpires freſh vigour in each part,
His blood renews, his heart doth take new heart,
A martiall Fury in his breaſt there boyls,
His ſtature ſeems much taller then yer-whiles,
Youth paints his cheeks with Roſe and Lilly Dies,
A louely Lightning ſparkles in his eyes;
So that his gallant Port and gracefull Voice
Confirms the fainteſt, makes the ſad reioyce.
Abraham ſets vpon the Campe of Chedorlaomer. Then, on the Camp he ſets, where round about
Lie mingled Carrs, and Horſe, and Men that rout:
Reſt ſeizeth all; and (wanting what it fed)
The Fire it ſelf ſlept in his aſhy bed.
Th' *Hebrews* the-while laid-on on back, or breaſt,
Or arm, or ſide, according as their Reſt
To th' ground had bound them; and thoſe liues bereft
The which Death's Image in an Image reft.

Heer,

Heer, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,
Pours-out at once his gore, his ghoſt, and Wine;
The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confuſed,
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accuſed.
Another, taken by inchanting ſleep,
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons, quaffing deep;
Doth at a wound, given in his rattling gorge,
The Wine again in his owne Cup diſ-gorge.
Another, while ingeniouſly he plays
Vpon his Lute ſom paſſing-pleaſing Lays,
Sleep ſieles his eyes vp with a gloomy clowd;
And yet his hand ſtill quauers light and lowd:
But, at the laſt it ſinks; and, offring fair
To ſtrike the Baſe, ſtrikes but the empty ayr:
His ſoule, deſcending to th' Infernall Coaſts,
Goes to conclude his Song vnto the Ghoſts:
Dolefull it was, nor for the Argument
(For 't was of *Loue*) but for the ſad event.
Another, wak'ned with thoſe lowd alarms,
Starts-vp, and groapeth round about for arms;
Which, ah too ſoon he findeth, for his part:
For a keen poignard ſtabs him to the heart.

Simile.

Like as a Tigreſs, having with the gore
Of Bulls and Heifers made her ſpots the more,
And pav'd a Plain with Creatures mangled lims,
Views on each ſide her valiant ſtratagems,
Treads on the vanquiſht, and is prowdly-ſad,
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw ſhe had:
So th' *Hebrew* ſtalking round-about the ſlain,
Braues (but it boots not) and would very fain
That thoſe dead bodies might their ghoſts re-gather,
Or that thoſe Mountains would produce him (rather)
Som Foes more wakefull, that more manfully
In blood-drown'd Valleis might his valour try.
Amor's three ſons did no leſs ſlaughter make;
Abram for zeal, they but for Furies ſake:
This, nayls a Souldier with his ſword to th' ground;
That, at a blowe, th' heads of two Heads diſ-crown'd.

This,

This, vnderneath a Chariot kils the Driuer:
That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth shiver.
The Tents already all in blood do swim,
Gushing from sundry Corps, from severall lim.
In brief, so many ravening Woolves they seem,
Within whose breast, fierce Famine biteth keen,
Who softly stealing to som fold of sheep
(While both the Shepheard and his Curr doth sleep)
Furbush their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey
Vpon the best, to eat and bear-away.
Yet, at the length, the vanquished awake,
And (re-aray'd) the Victors vnder-take;
Putting the three prowd *Amorites*, to flight,
Who but for *Abram*, had been routed quite.
Sleep, sleep (poor *Pagans*) sith you needs must die,
Go sleep again, and so die easily,
Die yer you think on death, and in your Dreams
Gasp-out your soules; Let not your dazled beams
Behold the havock and the horrour too
Of th'Execution, that our swords shall doo,
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,
Yer Death, to fright you with a thousand deaths,
Said *Abraham:* and pointing every word
With the keen point of his quick-whirled sword:
(As swift in doing, as in saying so)
More fiercely chargeth the insulting Foe,
Than ever Storm-full cloud, which fed with Water's
Comparison. Thin moist-full fumes (the snowy Mountains daughters)
Showr'd heaps of hail-shot, or pour'd floods of rain,
On slender stems of the new tender Grain:
Through blood, and blades, through danger, dust, and death,
Through mangled Corps, and carrs he traverseth;
And partly in the shock, part with his blowes,
He breaketh in through thickest of his Foes,
And by his trauail topsi-turneth then
The liue and dead, and half-dead horse and men:
His bright-keen Fauchin neuer threats but hits;
Nor hits, but hurts; nor hurts, but that it splits

Som

Som priuy poſtern, whence to Hel (in poſt)
Som groaning Pagan may gaſp out his ghoſt:
He all aſſayls, and him ſo braue beſtowes,
That in his Fight he deals more deaths than blowes.
As the North-winde, re-cleering-vp the front
Of clowdy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt *Simile.*
The ſhowrs that *Auſters* ſpungy thirſt exhales
Out of thoſe ſeas that circle *Orans* walls:
So wher-ſo-e're our *Hebrew Champion* wield
His war-like weapon and his gliſtring Shield
(Whoſe glorious ſplendor darts a dreadfull light)
All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight, Elamites *ouer-throwen by* Abraham.
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope, and all,
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall:
Or, if that any be ſo ſtrangely-ſtout
As not to faint, but brauely yet holde out,
Alas! it boots not, for it cannot ſtop
The victory, but haſte his own miſhap.
But in what Fence-ſchoole, of what maſter, ſay, *God giueth victory.*
Braue pearl of Souldiers, learnd thy hands to play
So at ſo ſundry weapons, ſuch paſſados,
Such thruſts, ſuch foyns, ſtramazos, and ſtoccados?
Even of that mighty God, whoſe ſacred might
Made Heav'n and Earth (and them ſo braue bedight)
Of meerly nothing: of that God of Powr
Who ſwore to be thy Target and thy Towr:
Of that high God, who fortifies the weak,
Who teacheth His, even ſteely bowes to break,
Who doth his Childrens zealous hearts inflame;
But daunts the prowd, and doth their courage tame.
Thy ſword abates th'armed, the ſtrong, the ſtout; Abraham *follows the execution.*
Thou cleav'ſt, thou kill'ſt: The faint diſ-armed rout,
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder,
And thy prowd dreadfull port confounds with wonder:
Death and Deſpair, Horror and Fury fight
Vnder thine Enſignes in this Diſmal Night:
Thou ſlayeſt this, and that thou threat'ſt as much:
This thou purſu'ſt, that thou diſdaign'ſt to touch:

In brief(thou bleſt Knight braue)thou queld'ſt at once
Valiant and vile,arm'd and vnarmed ones.
Heer, thine even hand(even in a twinkling trice)
In equall halves a Pagans head doth ſlyce:
Down on each ſhoulder looketh either half,
To gaze vpon his ghaſtly *Epitaph*,
In lines of blood writ round about him fair,
Vnder the curtain of his parted hair.
Heer,through a Ierkin (more then Muſket-proof)
Made twelue fold double of Eaſt-country Buff,
Clean through and through thy deadly ſhaft doth thril
A Gyants bulk; the wounded hulk doth reel:
The head behinde appears; before, the feathers:
And th'Ethnick ſoule flies both-waies out togethers:
Heer thou do'ſt cleaue,with thy keen Fauchins force,
The Bards and Breaſt-plate of a furious Horſe,
No ſooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,
Writing his Fortune in a bloody track:
Thy barbed dart,heer at a *ſcholdre* flies,
And in an inſtant lardeth both his thighes,
While he blaſpheming his hard ſtarrs and ſtate,
Hops (like a Pie) in ſtead of wonted gate.

Lot reſcued, revengeth bravely his captivity.

Now LOT (the while) eſcap't from ELAMS hands,
Free from the burthen of his yron bands;
With iuſt reuenge retorts his taken wrong,
His feet growe ſwift,his ſinnews waxen ſtrong,
His heart reviues; and his reviued heart
Supplies new ſpirits to all and euery part:

Simile.

And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out
Of ſom great Stable,ſtaring ſcuds about,
Shakes his prowd head and creſt,yerks out his heels,
Butts at the ayr,beats on the humble fields,
His flying ſhadow now purſues amain,
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as faſt again,
Again beholds it,with ſelf-prowd delight
Looks on his legs,ſets his ſtiff tayl vpright,
And neighs ſo lowd to Mares beyond the Mound,
That with the noyſe the neighbour Hils reſound:

So

So, one while, LOT ſets on a Troup of Horſe,
A Band of Sling-men he anon doth force,
Anon he puſheth through a Stand of Pikes,
A Wing of archers off anon he ſtrikes,
Anon he ſtalks about a ſteepfull Rock,
Where ſom, to ſhun Death's (never ſhunned) ſtroak,
Had clambred-vp; at length a path he ſpies,
Where vp he mounts, and doth their Mount ſurprize:
Whence, ſtones he heaues, ſo heavy and ſo huge,
That in our Age, three men could hardly bouge;
Vnder whoſe waight his flying Foes he daſhes,
And in their fleſh, bones, ſtones, and ſteel he paſhes:
Somtimes he ſhoots, ſomtimes he ſhakes a Pike,
Which death to many, dread to all doth ſtrike.
Som in the breaſt he wounds, ſom in the backs,
Som on the hanch, ſom on the head he hacks,
He heaws down all; and maketh where he ſtood
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of blood.

At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place, *The Pagans wholly put to flight.*
Then both ſides ran; theſe chaſed, thoſe do chaſe:
Theſe onely vſe their heels, thoſe heels and hands:
Thoſe wiſh but a fair way; theſe that the ſands
Would quickly gape, and ſwallow quick to Hell
Themſelues that fled, and them that chaç't ſo fell:
Theſe render nought but blowes, thoſe nought but blood,
Both ſides haue broak their Ranks: pel-mel they ſcud;
Choakt-vp with duſt, diſordered, diſ-aray'd;
Neither, Command, Threat, nor Intreat obay'd.

Thou that (late) bragdſt, that thy White *Wormly* braue
Could dry-foot run vpon the liquid Waue,
And on the ſand leaving no print behinde
Out-ſwifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,
With a ſteel Dart, by ABRAH'M ſtifly ſent,
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle ſlent:
And thou that thrice, neer *Tygris* ſilver ſource,
Hadſt won the Bell, as beſt in every Courſe,
Art caught by LOT, and (thrild from ſide to ſide)
Looſeſt thy ſpeed-praiſe, and thy life beſide.

It seems no Fight, but (rather as befalls)
An execution of sad criminals:
Whoso escapes the sword, escapes not so
His sad destruction; or, if any tho
Escap't at all, they were but few (at least)
To rue the fatall ruine of the rest:
For th'Vnkle and the Nephew never lin,
Till out of *Canaan* they haue chaç't them clean:
Simile. Like to a Cast of Falcons that pursue
A flight of Pigeons through the welkin blew;
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louver,
(To saue their lyues) they hardly can recouer.

The Kings of Canaan *receiued* Abraham *and his company with great ioy and the gratefull offer of their homage vnto him.*

At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords
Of *Palestine*, with glad and humble words,
Do welcom *Abram*, and refresh his Troop;
To 's knees their heads, to 's feet their knees they stoop:
O valiant Victor! for thy high deserts,
Accept the homage of our humble hearts.
Accept our grateful zeal: or, if ought more
(As well thou maist) thou doest expect therfore,
Accept (said they) our Lands, our goods, our golde,
Our wiues, our lyues, and what we deerest holde:
Take all we haue; for all we haue is thine:
No wrong to vs, to take thy Valours fine.

Melchisedech *blesseth* Abraham.

Melchisedec, Gods *sacred Minister*,
And King of *Salem*, coms to greet him there,
Blessing his bliss, and thus with zealous cry
Deuoutly pearç't Heav'ns starfull Canopey.
Blest be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule
The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole;
And Rules the Actions of all Humane-kinde
With full command; and with one blast of winde
Razes the Rocks, and Rends the proudest Hills,
Dries-vp the Ocean, and the Empty fils:
Blest be the great God of great *Abraham:*
From Age to Age extolled be his Name:
Let every Place vnto him Altars build,
And euery Altar with his Praise be fill'd,

And

And every Praiſe above the Welkin ring
As loud or louder then the Angels ſing:
Bleſſed be He that by an Arm-leſs crew
Of Art-leſs Shepheards did ſo quick ſubdue
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* ſo;
And to the ſervants of an exil'd Foe
Hath given the Riches and the royall ſtore
(Both of their Booty and their Owne before)
Of ſuch an Hoaſt, of Nations that firſt ſee
Sol's early riſing from *Aurora*'s knee.

But *Abraham*, to prove that not for Prey,
He put-on arms, divides the Spoils away:
The *Tythe*'s the *Prieſts*: the Reſt of all the things
(Yerſt loſt in field) he renders to the Kings,
Save but the Portion He participates
To th' *Amorites*, his ſtout Confederates:
Shewing himſelf a Prince as politicke
Prudent and iuſt, as ſtout and Souldier-like,
That with his Proweſs Policy can mel,
And Conquering, can vſe his Conqueſt wel,
Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meek,
That ſcorning Riches, true Renown doth ſeek.

Abraham diſtributes the booty, reſerving only a portion for the Amorites that were his confederates.

So, from the Sea, even to th' *Euphratean-ſource*,
And even from *Dan*, to *Nilus* cryſtall courſe,
Rings his renown: Of him is all the ſpeech,
At home, abroad; among the poor and rich,
In war and peace: the Fame of his high deeds
Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds;
And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels,
Shaking the ſides of their proud Citadels,
That with their fronts the ſeat of IOVE do ſcorn,
And with their feet at *Pluto*'s crown do ſpurn.

He is famous far and neere.

Voice, Harp, and Timbrel ſound his praiſe together,
He's held a Prophet or an Angel rather,
They ſay that God talks with him face to face,
Hoaſts at his houſe, and to his happy Race
Gives in *Fee-ſimple* all that goodly Land
Even from the Sea, as far as *Tygris* ſtrand.

God appears vnto him, and maketh covenant with him.

And it is certain, the *Thrice-sacred-One*,
The King of Kings, by Dream or Vision,
Speaks with him oft; and calls him thus by name:
Faint not my servant, fear not ABRAHAM;
I an no fiend that with a fained lip
Seek guilefully thy simpleness to trip,
Nor to intice thee (with a baen-full breath,
To bite (like ADAM) a new fruit of death:
'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native VR,
From night to day, from death to life (thus far)
I brought thee hither, I have blest thee heer,
I with thy flocks have covered far and neer
Canaan's fat Hills; I have preserv'd thy Wife
From Strangers lust, and thee from Tyrants knife,
When thy faint heart, and thy false tongue, affrai'd
To tel the Truth, her and thy self betray'd:
'Tis I, that have so oft from Heathens powr
Preserv'd thy person; and (as Conquerour)
Now made thee Trivmph over th'Eastern Kings
(Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings):
I am (in brief) I am the Lord thy God,
Thy help at home, thy Guide and Gard abroad.
Keep thou my Covenant: and (to signifie,
That, to the World thou di'st, to live to Me)

Circumcision instituted.

Go, *Circumcise* forth-with thy Self and Thine,
Lead holy Life, walk in my Wayes divine
With vpright-foot: so shall my favour haunt
Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want:
No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land
Which *Canaans* Children haue with mighty hand

Canaan promised to Abraham.

So long possest; a happy Land that flowes
With milk and hony: a rich Land where growes
(Even of it self) all kinde of Fruit and Corn,
Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plenties-Horn:
I'le heap thee there with Honor, Wealth, and Powr,
I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr.
O Lord (said ABRAM) though into my lap
In shours of Gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop,

What

What booted all, to me that am alone?
Alas! my Lord, I have enough, for one
That hath no iſſue after to inherit,
But my good ſeruant ELEAZAR's merit.
Not ſo, my Son (replies th'Omnipotent)
Miſtake not ſo my bountifull intent;
I'll not diſparage to a Servants Fee
The rich eſtate, and royall Dignitie
That in my People ſhall heereafter ſhine:
No, no (mine ABRAM) even a ſtock of thine,
Thine owne deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed
Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy ſtate ſucceed.
Yea, thine owne Son's immortal-mortall Race
Shall hold in gage the treaſures of my Grace.
The Patriarch, then rapt with ſodain Ioy,
Made anſwer thus: Lives then my wandring Boy?
Lives ISMAEL? is ISMAEL alive?
O happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive):
And ſhall his Seed ſucceed ſo eminent?
Ah! let me die then, then I die content.
ISMAEL indeed doth live (the Lord replies)
And lives, to father mighty Progenies:
For, from the Day when firſt his Mother (flying
Thy ieloux SARA's curſt and threatfull-crying)
To the dry Deſarts ſandy-horror hi'd,
I have for both been carefull to provide;
Their extream Thirſt due-timely to refreſh,
Conducting them vnto a Fountain freſh,
In liquid Cryſtall of whoſe Mayden ſpowt
Bird never dipt hir bill, nor Beaſt his ſnowt:
And if I err not (but, I cannot err:
For, what is hid from Hearts-Artificer?
What can the ſight of the Sight-maker dim)?
Another Exile yet attendeth him,
Where-in he ſhall (in ſeaſon) feel and finde,
How much to him I will be good and kinde.
He ſhall growe Great, yet ſhall his reſt be ſmall;
All ſhall make war on him, and He on all:

Ismaels mightinesse.

Through Corslets, Rivets, Iacks, and Shirts of Mail.
His shaft shall thril the Foes that him assail:
A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit:
A Sparrows head he shall (even flying) split:
And in the air shall make the Swallow cease
His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimblenesse.
Yea (O Saints-Firstling) only for thy sake,
Twelue mighty Princes will I shortly make
Spring from his Loigns, whose fruitfull seed shall swaie,
Even vnto *Sur* from golden *Havila*.
Yet, 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit
Mine inward Covenant; th'outward seal of it
ISMAEL may bear, but not the efficace
(Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).
But to declare that vnder Heavens Frame,
I hold nought deerer then mine ABRAHAM,
I'll open SARA's dry and barren womb,

Isaac promised

From whence thine ISAAC (Earths delight) shall com,
To glad the World; a Son that shall (like thee)
Support the *Faith*, and prop her Family.
Com from thy Tent, com forth and heer contemple
The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple,
Number the Stars, measure their bigness bright,
With fixed ey gaze on their twinkling Light,
Exactly mark their ordered Courses, driven
In radiant Coaches through the Lists of Heaven:
Then mai'st thou also number thine own Seed,
And comprehend their Faith, and plainly read
Their noble Acts, and of their Publike-State
Draw an *Idea* in thine owne conceit.
This, This is He, to and with whom I grant

In him the Covenant ratified.

Th'eternall Charter of my *Covenant*.
Which if he truly keep, vpon his Race
I'll pour an Ocean of my plentious Grace:
I'll not alone giue him these Fields heer seen,
But even from *India*, all that flowreth green
To th'vtmost Ocean's vtmost sand and shelf;
I'll give him Heav'n, I'll give him even my Self.

Hence,

Hence, hence, the *High and mighty Prince* ſhall ſpring,
Sin's, Death's, and Hell's eternall taming King,
The ſacred Founder of Man's ſoveraign Bliſs,
World's peace, world's ranſom, and world's righteouſneſs.
Th'Eternal ſeem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,
Th'olde-man to followe him with a greedy eie:
The ſuddain diſ-appearing of the Lord,
Seem'd like to Powder fired on a boord,
When ſmokingly it mounts in ſuddain flaſh,
With little flame, giving a little claſh.
Plenty and Pleaſure had o're-whelm'd the while
Sodom and *Gomer* in all Vices vile:
So that, already the moſt ruth-leſs Rape
Of tender Virgins of the rareſt ſhape,
Th'Adulterous kiſs (which Wedlocks bands vnbindes)
Th'Inceſtuous Bed, confounding Kindreds kindes
(Where Father wooes the Daughter, Siſter Brother,
Th'Vnkle the Niece, and even the Son the Mother)
They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor;
But rather ſcorn'd, as ſports they car'd not for.
Forbear (deer Younglings) pray a-while forbear,
Stand farther from me, or elſe ſtop your ear,
At th'obſcene ſound of th'vnbeſeeming words
Which to my *Muſe* this odious place affords:
Or, if it's horror cannot drive you hence,
Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Puniſhments.
Theſe beaſtly Men (rather theſe man-like Beaſts)
Could not be fill'd with VENVS vulgar Feaſts;
Fair Nature could not furniſh their Deſire;
Som monſtreous meſs theſe Monſters did require:
An execrable flame inflam'd their hearts,
Prodigiouſly they play'd the Womens parts:
Male hunted Male; and acted, openly,
Their furious Luſts in fruitleſs Venery.
Therefore, to purge Vlcers ſo peſtilent,
Two heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodom* ſent;
Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates
To take his Lodging and to taſte his Cates.

Of his ligne ſhall come Chriſt the Redeemer.

Proſperity plungeth the Sodomites in all manner of abhominations.

Their moſt execrable ſinne.

2. Angels ſent down, received and gueſted by Lot.

For,

For, Angels, being meer Intelligences,
Have (properly) no Bodies nor no ſenſes:
Of the nature and eſſence of Angels.
But (ſacred Legats of the *Holy-One*)
To treat with vs, they put our Nature on;
And take a body fit to exerciſe
The Charge they haue, which runs, and feeds, and flies;
Dures during their Commiſsion; and, that paſt,
Turns t'Elements whence it was firſt amaſſt.
A ſimple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)
Vnto a bodie doth not ſo vnite,
As to the Matter Form incorporates:
But, for a ſeaſon it accommodates,
As to his Tool the quaint Artificer,
(That at his pleaſure makes the ſame to ſtir)
Yet in ſuch ſort that th'inſtrument (we ſee)
Holds much of him that mooves it actively.
But alwaies in ſom place are Angels: though
Not as all filling (God alone is ſo,
The ſpirit which all good ſpirits in ſpirit adore,
In all, on all, with-out all, evermore):
Nor as environ'd (that alone agrees
To bodies bounded with extremities
Of the next ſubſtance; and whoſe ſuperfice
Vnto their place proportionable is):
But rather, as ſole ſelfly-limited,
And ioyn'd to place, yet not as quantiti'd,
But by the touch of their liue efficace,
Containing Bodies which they ſeem t'embrace:
So, viſibly thoſe bodies move, and oft
By word of Mouth bring arrands from aloft,
And eat with vs; but not for ſuſtentation,
Nor naturally, but by meer diſpenſation.
Such were the ſacred Gueſts of this good Prince:
Such, courteous ABRAHAM feaſted in his Tents,
When, ſeeing three, he did adore but one,
Which, comming down from the celeſtiall Throne,
Fore-told the ſad and ſodain Tragedy,
Of theſe looſe Cities, for their Luxury.

You

You that your Purſe do ſhut, and doors do bar
Againſt the colde, faint, hungry Paſſenger,
You little think that all our life and Age
Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage:
And that in earth whoſo hath never given
Harbour to Strangers, ſhall haue none in Heaven,
Where ſolemn *Nuptials* of the *Lamb* are held;
Where Angels bright and Soules that haue exceld,
All clad in white, ſing th'*Epithalamie*,
Carowſing *Nectar* of Eternitie.

Exhortation to Hoſpitality.

Sans *Hoſpitality*, the Pilgrim poor
For Bed-fellow might haue a Wolf or Boar:
What e'r is given the Strange and Needy one,
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan,
A Loan to God, who payes with intereſt;
And (even in this life) guerdons even the leaſt.
For, alms (like levain) make our goods to riſe,
And God his owne with bleſſings plentifies.

The luſt-ful Sodomites, inflamed with the beauty of the Angels, mutiny againſt Lot for harboring them.

O Hoſts, what knowe you, whether (charitable)
When you ſuppoſe to feaſt men at your Table,
You gueſt Gods Angels in Mens habit hid,
(Heav'n-Citizens) as this good *Hebrew* did?
Who ſupped them: and when the time grew meet
To go to bed, he heard amid the ſtreet
A wrangling iangling, and a Murmur rude,
Which great, grew greater through Nights ſolitude.
For, thoſe that firſt theſe two bright Stars ſurvai'd,
Wilde Stalion-like, after their beauties naigh'd;
But, ſeeing them by the chaſte ſtranger ſav'd,
Shame-leſs and ſenſe-leſs vp and down they rav'd,
From Houſe to Houſe knocking at every dore,
And beaſtly-brute, thus, thus they rail and rore;
Brethren, ſhall we endure this Fugitive,
This ſtranger Lot, our pleaſures to deprive?
(O Cowardiſe!) to ſuffer in our ſights
An exile heer t'vſurp our choiſe delights,
T'embrace a brace of Youths ſo-beauious
(Rather two Gods com-down from Heaven to vs)?

Shall

Shall it be ſaid that ſuch an olde colde ſtock
Such rare yong Minions in his bed ſhould mock:
While wretched wee, vnto our ſelves make mone,
And (Widow-like) wear-out our ſheets alone?
Let's rather break his doors, and make him knowe,
Such dainty morſels hang not for his Mowe.

Simile. *Even as at* Bathe, *down from the neighbour Hills,*
After a ſnowe, the melting Cryſtall trills
Into the Avon (*when the* Pythian *Knight,*
Strips thoſe ſteep Mountains of their ſhirts ſo white)
Through hundred Valleis guſhing Brooks and Torrents,
Striving for ſwiftneſs in their ſundry Currents,
Cutting deep Chanels where they chance to run,
And never reſt till all do meet in one:
So, at their cry, from every corner throng
Vnto Lot's houſe, Men, Children, olde, and young.
For, common was this execrable ſin:
With blear-ey'd Age, as nuſled long therein;
With Youth, through rage of luſt; with Infancy,
Example-led: all through Impunity.
And thus, they all cry out; Ope, ope the dore,
Com, open quickly, and delay no more:
Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove
With vs the pleaſures of Male-mingled love.

Lot ſpeaks them faire, & intreats them earneſtly for the ſafety of his gueſts. Lot lowely then replies: Brethren and Friends,
By all the names that amity commends,
By Nature's Rules, and Rights of Hoſpitality,
By ſacred Laws, and leſſons of Morality,
By all reſpects of our com-Burgeſhip
(Which ſhould our mindes in mutuall kindeneſs keep)
I do adiure you all, that you refrain
The honor of my harm-leſs gueſts to ſtain,
Nor in your hearrs to harbor ſuch a thought
Wherby their Vertues may be wrongd in ought.

Their inſolent reply. Baſe buſie Stranger, com'ſt thou hither, thus
(Controller-like) to prate and preach to vs?
No (*Puritan*) thou ſhalt not heer do ſo:
Therefore diſpatch and let thy darlings go;

Let-

Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove
With vs the Pleaſures of Male-mingled love.
The horror of this ſin, their ſtubborn rage,
His ſacred promiſe given his Gueſts for gage,
Th'olde *Hebrew*'s minde ſo trouble and diſmay,
That wel he wots not what to do nor ſay.
For, though we ought not (if Gods Word be true)
Do any evill that good may enſue:
To ſhun one ill, another ill he ſuffers,
He proſtitutes his Iſſue; and he offers
Lambs to the guard of Wolves: and thus he cries,
I have (with that, the tears ran-down his eyes)
I have two daughters that be Virgins both;
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth)
Go, crop the firſt-fruits to their Bride-grooms due
(O! death to think it): But let none of you
Abuſe my chaſte Gueſts with ſuch villany
As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately;
A Sin ſo odious, that the Name alone
Good men abhor, yea even to think vpon.
Tuſh: we are glutted with all granted loves,
And common Pleaſure nought our pleaſure moves:
LOT, our delightes (ty'd to no law's conformity)
Conſiſt not in the pleaſure, but th'enormity,
Which fools abhor: and, ſaying ſo, they ruſh,
Som vpon LOT, Som at his Gates do puſh.
O curſed City! where the aged Sier,
Vn-able thus to do, doth thus deſier;
And Younglings, yet ſcarce weaned from their Nurſe,
Strive with their Elders whether ſhall be worſe;
Full is the meaſure of thy monſtrous ſin:
Thy Canker now o're all thy bulk hath been.
God hates all ſin: but, extream Impudence
Is even a greater ſin than the Offence:
The ſweet kinde Kiſſes of chaſte Man and Wife
Although they ſeem by God and Nature (rife)
Rather commanded then allow'd, and graç't
In their ſweet fruits (their iſſue choicely-chaſte)

He offers them his owne daughters to reſcue his Gueſts.

Their monſtrous impudence.

Impudence in ſinning, doubles the guilt of ſin.

With

With Law's large priviledge; yet euermore
(As Modesty and Honesty implore)
Ought to be private, and (as things forbidden
Vnto the sight) with Night's black curtin hidden.
Yet, these foul Monsters, in the open street
Where altogether all the Town might see't,
Most impudent, dare perpetrate a sin
Which Hell it self before had neuer seen;
A sin so odious, that the fame of it
Will fright the damned in the darksom Pit.

Before their fearfull destruction, the Angels bring Lot and his family safe out of the City

But now, the Angels, their celestiall kinde
Vn-able longer to conceal, strook blinde
Those beastly Letchers, and brought safe away
LOT and his housholde by the break of day.
But, O prodigious! never rose the Sun
More beautifull, nor brighter shin'd-vpon
All other places (for he rose betimes
To see such Execution on such Crimes):
And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders,
It rores, it rains (O most vnwonted wonders!)
Vpon this Land, which 'gainst th'Omnipotent
Had warr'd so long with sins so insolent:
And 'gainst the pride of those detested livers,
Heav'n seems to empty all his wrathful Quyvers.
From *Acheron*, even all the Furies hie,
And all their Monsters them accompany,
With all their tortures and their dismal terrors,
And all their *Chaos* of confused Horrors;
All on the guilty strand of *Iordan* storm,
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodom* swarm,
As thick as Crowes in hungry shoals do light

Simile.

On new-sowen lands; where stalking bolt vpright,
As black as Iet they iet about, and feed
On Wheat, Or Rye, or other kinde of seed,
Kaaking so loud, that hardly can the Steer
The whistling Goad-man's guiding language hear.

The manner of their punishment

It rain'd indeed; but not such fertil rain
As makes the Corn in Sommer sprout amain;

And

And all things, freshed with a pleasant air,
To thrive, and prove more lively, strong and fair:
But in this sink of Sin, this stinking Hel,
A rain of Salt, of Fire and Brimston, fel.
Salt did consume the pleasant fruitfulness,
Which serv'd for fewel to their Wantonness:
Fire punished their beastly Fire within:
And Brimstone's stink the stench of their foul Sin.
So, as their Sin was singular (of right)
Their Punishment was also exquisite:
Heer, open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires
Burn all to ashes, sparing neither Spires
Of Brick nor Stone, nor Columns, Gates, nor Arches,
Nor Bowrs, nor Towrs, nor even their neighbour-Marches.
In vain the-while the People weep and cry,
To see their wrack and knowe no remedy:
For, now the Flame in richest Roofs begun,
From molten gutters scalding Lead doth run,
The Slats and Tyles about their ears do split,
The burning Rafters Pitch and Rosin spit:
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,
About the fields ten thousand sparks do flie;
Half-burned Houses fal with hideous fray,
And VULCAN makes Mid-night as bright as Day:
Heaven flings-down nought but flashing Thunder-shot,
Th'Air's all a-fire, Earth's exhalations hot
Are spewing ÆTNA's that to Heaven aspire;
All th'Elements (in brief) are turn'd to fire.
Heer, one perceiving the next Chamber burning,
With suddain leap towards the window turning,
Thinks to cry *Fire:* but instantly the smoke
And Flame with-out, his with-in Voice do choke.
Another, sooner feels then sees the Fire.
For, while (O horror!) in the stinking mire
Of his foul Lust he lies, a Lightning flash
Him and his Love at-once to dust doth dash:
Th'abhorred Bed is burnt, and they, aswell
Coupled in Plague as Sin, are sent to Hell.

by fire and brimstone from Heaven, and the reason thereof.

The same most lively represented.

Another

Another yet on tops of Houſes crawls:
But his foot ſlips, and down at laſt he falls.
Another feeling all his cloathes a-fire,
Thinking to quench them yer it ſhould come nigher,
Leaps in a Lake: but all the Lake began
To boyl and bubble like a ſeething Pan,
Simile. Or like a Chaldron that top-full of Oyl,
Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl,
To boyl to death ſom cunning counterfait
That with falſe ſtamp ſom Princes Coyn hath beat.
Another, ſeeing the City all in Cinders,
Himſelf for ſafety to the fields he renders;
But flakes of Fire from Heav'n diſtilling thick,
Thereth'horror of a thouſand Deaths do ſtrike.
Through *Adamah's* and *Gomor's* goodly Plains,
Sodom and *Seboim* not a ſoule remains:
Horſe, Sheep, and Oxen, Cows and Kids partake
In this revenge, for their vile Maſters ſake.
Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent
Inroll'd the *Deed* of their drad Puniſhment,
With Diamantin Pen, on Plates of Braſs,
With ſuch an Ink as nothing can deface:
The molten Marble of theſe cindred Hills,
Aſphaltis Lake, and theſe poor mock-fruit Fields
Keep the *Record*; and cry through every Age,
How God deteſteth ſuch deteſted rage.
O chaſtiſement moſt dradly-wonderfull!
Th'Heav'n-cindred Cities a broad ſtanding Pool
O're-flowes (yet flowes not) whoſe infectious breath
Corrupts the Ayr, and Earth diſ-fertileth:
A Lake, whoſe back, whoſe belly, and whoſe ſhoar,
Nor Bark, nor Fiſh, nor Fowl hath ever bore.
The pleaſant Soyl that did (even) ſhame yer-while
The plentious beauties of the banks of *Nile*,
Now ſcarr'd, and collowed, with his face and head
Cover'd with aſhes, is all dri'd and dead;
Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;
Vpon whoſe breſt nothing can live or thrive:

For

For, nought it bears save an abortiue suit
Of seeming-fair, false, vain, and fained fruit,
A fruit that feeds the ey, and fills the hand,
But to the stomach in no steed doth stand;
For euen before it touch the tender lips
Or Ivory teeth, in empty smoak it slips,
So vanishing: only, the nose receiues
A noysom sauour, that (behinde) it leaues.
Heer, I adiure you, vent'rous Trauailours,
That visit th' horror of these cursed shoars,
And taste the venom of these stinking streams,
And touch the vain fruit of these wythered stems:
And also you that do beholde them thus
In these sad Verses pourtray'd heer by vs,
To tremble all, and with your pearly tears
To shewr another Sea; and that your hairs
Staring vpright on your affrighted head
Heave vp your Hats; and, in your dismall dread,
To think, you hear like Sulph'ry Storms to strike
On our new Monsters for Offences like.
For, the Almightie's drad all-daunting arm,
Not only strikes such as with *Sodom* swarm
In these foul Sins; but such as sigh or pity
Sodoms destruction, or so damn'd a City,
And cannot constant with dry eyes obserue
God's iudgements iust on such as such deserue.
LOT hies to SEGOR: but his wife behinde
Lagged in body, but much more in minde:
She weeps and wails (O lamentable terror!
O impious Pity! O kind-cruell error)
The dire destruction of the smoking Cities,
Her Sons-in-Law (which should haue been) she pities,
Grieves so to leave her goods, and she laments
To lose her Iewels and habiliments:
And (contrary to th' Angels Words precise)
Towards the Town she turns her wofull eyes.
But instantly, turn'd to a whitely stone,
Her feet (alas!) fast to the ground be growen;

Exhortation to Trauailers that haue seene, & to others that shall reade or heare these fearefull monuments of Gods seuere Iustice, to make right vse of this fearefull Example.

Lots wife metamorphozed.

The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in:
Simile. As silly Bird caught in a subtil gin,
Set by som Shepheard neer the Copses side,
The more it struggles is the faster ty'd.
Simile. And, as the venom of an eating Canker
From flesh to flesh runs every day the ranker,
And never rests, vntill from foot to head
O're all the Body his fell poyson spread:
This Ice creeps-vp, and ceaseth not to num,
Till even the marrow hard as bones becom,
The brain be like the scul, and bloud convert
To Alablaster over every part;
Her Pulse doth cease to beat, and in the air
The Windes no more can wave her scattered hair:
Her belly is no belly, but a Quar
Of *Cardon* Rocks, and all her bowels are
A pretious Salt-Mine, supernaturall,
Such, as (but Salt) I wot not what to call;
A Salt which (seeming to be fall'n from Heav'n)
To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson given,
Not to presume in Divine things to pry,
Which seav'n-times seal'd, vnder nine Locks do lie.
She weeps (alas!) and as she weeps, her tears
Turn into Pearls fro'rn on her twinkling hairs:
Fain would she speak, but (forced to conceal)
In her cold throat her guilty words congeal;
Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-cross,
Though dumb, declare both why and how she was
Thus *Metamorphos'd*: for, Heav'n did not change
Her last sad gestures in her suddain *change*.
No gorgeous Mausole, grac't with flattering verse,
Eternizeth her Trunk, her House, and Herse;
But, to this Day (strange will it seem to som)
One and the same is both the Corps and Tomb.

Mens prona esse to fall, without the support of Gods gracious favour.

Almighty Father! Gracious God and Iust!
O! what hard-heartednes, what brutish Lust,
Pursueth man: if thou but turn thy face,
And take but from vs thy preventing grace:

And!

And, if provoked for our paſt offences,
Thou giveſt vs vp to our Concupiſcences?
O *Harran's* Nieces, you (LOT's daughters) ſaw
SODOM conſumed in that Sulphury flaw:
Their Hills and Forreſts calcined (in fine)
Their liberall fields ſowen with a burning brine,
Their ſtately houſes like a coal-pit ſmoaking,
The Sun it ſelf with their thick vapours choking:
So that within a yard for ſtinking ſmother
The Labourers could hardly knowe each other;
Their flowring Valley to a Fen exchang'd,
And your owne Mother to a Salt-ſtone chang'd:
Yet all (alas!) theſe famous Monuments
Of the iuſt rigour of God's Punithments
Cannot deter you: but even *Sodom*-like
Inceſtuouſly a holy-man you ſeek;
Even your owne Father, whom with wine you fill;
And then by turns intice him to your will:
Conceiving ſo (O can Heav'n ſuffer it!)
Even of that ſeed which did your ſelues beget:
Within your wombs you bear for nine months time
Th'vpbraiding burden of your ſhame-leſs Crime,
And troubling Kindred's names and Nature quight,
You both becom even in one very Night,
Wives to your Fathers, Siſters to your Sons,
And Mothers to your Brothers all at once;
All vnder colour, that thus living ſole,
Sequeſtred thus in an vnhaunted hole,
Heav'ns envy ſhould all ADAM's race have reft,
And LOT alone ſhould in the World be left.
Had't not been better, never to haue bred,
Than t'have conceived in ſo foul a bed?
Had't not been better never t'haue been Mothers,
Than by your Father, to have born your Brothers?
Had't not been better to the death to hate,
Then thus t'haue lov'd him, that you both begate?
Him, ſo much yours, that yours he mought not be?
Sith of theſe Rocks God could immediatly

Lot drawen by his Daughter, in drunkenneſſe to commit Inceſt with both of them.

Haue rais'd Lot Son-in-lawes; or, striking but
Th'Earths solid bosom with his brazen foot,
Out of the dust haue reared suddain swarms
Of People, stay'd in Peace, and stout in Arms.

FINIS.



THE

The FATHERS.

A PART OF THE II. PART OF THE III. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

The famous FATHER *of the Faithfull, heer*
Limn'd to the life, in ſtrife of Faith *and* Fear:
His Sonn's *ſweet nature, and his nurture ſuch,*
Endeer his TRIAL *with a neerer Touch:*
REASON'S *beſt* Reaſons *are by* FAITH *refell'd,*
With GOD, *th'* Affection, *for the* Action *held:*
So, counter-manding His command *(atchiev'd)*
The Sire's *approoued, and the* Son *repriev'd.*
Heer (had *our Author* liv'd, to end his Works)
Should haue enſu'd the other PATRIARCHS.

O! 'Tis a Heav'nly and a happy turn,
Of godly Parents to be timely born:
To be brought-vp vnder the watchfull eyn
Of milde-ſharp Maſters awfull Diſcipline:
Chiefly, to be (even from the very firſt)
With the pure milk of true Religion nurſt.
Such hap had *Iſaac:* but his Inclination
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education.
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, and Iudgement ſage,
Out-ſtripping Time, anticipate his age.
For (yet a Childe) he fears th' Eternall Lord,
And wiſely waits all on his Father's word;

Whose steady steps so duly he obserues,
That every look, him for a lesson serues:
And every gesture, every wink and beck,
For a command, a warning, and a check:
So that, his toward Diligence out-went
His Fathers hopes and holy document.
Now, though that *Abram* were a man discreet,
Sober and wise, well knowing what is meet;
Though his deer Son somtimes he seem to chide,
Yet hardly can he his affection hide;
For, evermore his loue-betraying ey
On's darling *Isaac* glanceth tenderly:
Sweet *Isaac*'s face seems as his Glasse it were,
And *Isaac*'s name is musick in his ear.
But God, perceiving this deep-settled Loue,
Thence takes occasion *Abrams* Faith to prooue;
And tempteth him: But not as doth the Divell
His Vassals tempt (or Man his Mate) to evill:
Satan still draws vs to Death's dismall Path;
But God directs where Death no entry hath:
Ay Satan ayms our constant Faith to foyl;
But God doth seal it, never to recoyl:
Satan suggesteth ill; God mooues to grace:
The Divell seeks our Baptisme to deface;
But God, to make our burning *Zeal* to beam
The brighter ay in his *Ierusalem*.

Simile. A Prince that means effectuall proof to make
Of som Man's Faith that he doth newly take,
Examins strictly, and with much a-doo,
His Words and Deeds, and every gesture too;
And, as without, within as well to spy-him,
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him.
But God ne'r seeks, by Triall of Temptation,
To sound Man's heart and secret cogitation
(For, well he knowes Man, and his ey doth see
All thoughts of men, yer they conceived be):
But this is still his high and holy drift,
When through temptation he his Saints doth sift,

To

To leaue for pattern to his Churches seed,
Their stedfast Faith, and never-daunted Creed.
Yet, out of season God doth never try
His new-converted Children, by and by:
Such novices, would quickly faint and shrink:
Such ill-rigg'd Ships, would even in launching sink:
Their Faith's light blossoms, would with every blast
Be blowen away, and bear no fruit at last:
Against so boistrous stroaks they want a shield:
Vnder such weight, their feeble strength would yield.
But when his Words deer seed that he hath sowen
Within their hearts, is rooted well, and growen:
And when they haue a broad thick Breast-plate on,
High peril-proof against affliction:
Such as our *Abram:* Who, now waxen strong,
Through exercise of many trials long,
Of faith, of loue, of fortitude, and right:
Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,
By often Terrors, *Lots* Imprisonment,
His Wifes twice taking, *Ismaels* banishment,
Beeing made invincible for all assaults
Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults;
Is tempted by the voyce which made all things,
Which sceptreth Shepheards, and vn-crowneth Kings.
Giue me a voyce, now, O voyce all divine!
With sacred fire inflame this breast of mine: *Invocation.*
Ah! ravish me, make all this Vniverse
Admire thine *Abram* pourtrayd in my Verse.
Mine *Abram*, sayd the Lord, deer *Abraham*,
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence *I am:*
Hie straight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill
Thine owne Son *Isaac*; on that sacred Hill
Heaw him in pieces, and commit the same
In Sacrifice vnto the rage-full Flame.
As he, that slumbering on his carefull Bed, *Simile.*
Seems to discern som Fancy full of dread,
Shrinks down himself, and fearfull hides his face,
And scant draws breath in half an howrs space:

So *Abraham*, at theſe ſharp-ſounding words
(Which wound him deeper than a thouſand ſwords)
Seiſed at once with wonder, grief, and fright,
Is well-nigh ſunk in Deaths eternall night;
Death's aſh-pale Image in his eyes doth ſwim,
A chilling Ice ſhivers through every lim,
Flat on the ground himſelf he groveling throwes,
A hundred times his colour comes and goes,
From all his body a cold deaw doth drop,
His ſpeech doth fail, and every ſenſe doth ſtop.
But, ſelf-return'd, two ſounding ſobs he caſt,
Then two deep ſighes, then theſe ſad words at laſt:
Cruell command, quoth He, that I ſhould kill
A tender Infant, innocent of ill:
That in cold blood I (barbarouſly) ſhould murder
My (fear-leſs, fault-leſs) faithfull Friend: nay further)
Mine owne deer Son: and what deer Son? Alas!
Mine only *Iſaac* (whoſe ſweet vertues paſs
The louely ſweetnes of his angel-face)
Iſaac, ſole Pattern of now-Vertue knowen;
Iſaac, in years yong but in wiſedom growen:
Iſaac, whom good-men loue, the reſt enuy:
Iſaac, my hearts heart my lifes life muſt dy.
That I ſhould ſtain an execrable Shrine,
With *Iſaac*'s warm blood, iſſued out of mine.
O might mine ſerue, 't were tolerable loſs,
'T were little hurt: nay, 't were a welcom croſs.
I bear no longer fruit: the beſt of Mee,
Is like a fruit-leſs, branch-leſs, ſap-leſs Tree,
Or hollow Trunk, which only ſerues for ſtais
To crawling Iuie's weak and winding ſprais.
But loſing *Iſaac*, I not only leeſe
My life withall (which Heav'ns haue linkt to his)
But (O!) more millions of Babes yet vn-bore,
Than there be ſands vpon the *Lybian* ſhoar.
Canſt thou, mine Arm? O canſt thou, cruell arm,
In *Iſaac*'s breaſt thy bloody weapon warm?
Alas! I could not but even die for grief,
Should I but but yield mine Ages ſweet relief

(My bliſs, my comfort, and mine ey's delight)
Into the hands of Hang-mens ſpare-leſs ſpight:
But that mine own ſelf (O extreameſt Rigour!)
What my ſelf formed, ſhould my ſelf, diſ-figure:
That I (alas!) with bloody hand and knife,
Should rip his boſom, rend his heart and life:
That (odious Author of a Precedent
So rarely ruth-leſs) I ſhould once preſent,
Vpon a ſacred Altar, an Oblation
So barbarous (O brute abhomination!)
That I ſhould broyl his Fleſh, and in the flame
Behold his bowels crackling in the ſame:
'Tis horrible to think, and helliſh too,
Cruel to wiſh, impoſſible to doo.
Doo't he that liſt, and that delights in blood:
I neither will, nor can becom ſo wood,
T'obey in this: God, whom we take to be
Th'eternall Pillar of all verity,
And conſtant fairh; will he be faith-les now?
Will he be falſe, and from his promiſe bow?
Will he (alas!) vndo what he hath don,
Mar what he makes, and looſe what he hath won?
Sail with each winde? and ſhall his promiſe, then,
Serue but for ſnares t'intrap ſincereſt men?
Somtimes, by his eternall ſelf he ſwears,
That my Son *Iſaac*'s number-paſſing Heirs
Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race
Shall be the bleſſed levain of his Grace;
Now he commands me his deer life to ſpill,
And in the Cradle my health's Hope to kill:
To drown the whole World in the blood of him:
And at one ſtroak vpon his fruitfull ſtem,
To ſtrike-off all the heads of all the flock,
That ſhould heer-after his drad name inuoak,
His ſacred noſtrils with ſweet ſmels delight,
His ears with praiſes, with good deeds his ſight.
Will God impugn himſelf? and will he ſo
By his command, his couenant ouerthrowe?

And ſhall my faith, my faith's confounder be?
Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.
Alas! what ſaiſt thou, *Abram*? pawſe thou muſt.
He that revives the *Phœnix* from her duſt,
And from dead Silk-worm's Toombs (their ſhining Clews)
A living bird with painted wings renews;
Will he forget *Iſaac*, the only ſtock
Of his chaſte Spouſe (his Church and choſen flock)?
Will he forget *Iſaac*, the onely Light
Of all the World, for Vertues luſtre bright?
Or, can he not (if't pleaſe him) even in death
Reſtore him life, and re-inſpire him breath?
But mark, the while thou bringeſt for defence,
The All-proof Towr of his Omnipotence,
Thou ſhak'ſt his Iuſtice. This is certain (too)
God can do all, ſaue that he will not doo.
He loues none ill: for, when the wreakfull Waues
Were all return'd into their wonted Caues;
When all the Meads, and every fruitfull Plain,
Began (with ioy) to ſee the Sun again;
So ſoon as *Noah* (with a gladſom heart)
Forth of his floating Priſon did depart,
God did forbid Murder: and nothing more
Then Murder, doth his *Maieſty* abhor.
But (ſhallow man) ſound not the vaſt Abiſs
Of God's deep Iudgements, where no ground there is:
Be ſober-wiſe: ſo, bound thy frail deſire:
And, what thou canſt not comprehend, admire.
God our Law-maker (iuſt and righteous)
Maketh his Laws, not for himſelf, but vs:
He frees himſelf; and flies with his Powrs wing,
No where, but where his holy will doth bring:
All that he doth is good: but not therefore
Muſt he needs do it, 'cauſe 'twas good before:
But good is good, becauſe it doth (indeed)
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:
From him, the Fountain of pure Righteouſneſs:
From him, whoſe goodneſs nothing can expreſs.

Ah,

Ah, profane thoughts! O wretch! and think'ſt thou then
That God delights to drink the blood of men?
That he intends by ſuch a ſtrange impietie
To plant his ſeruice? You, you forged deitie
Of *Molech*, *Milcom*, *Camoſh*, *Aſtaroth*,
Your damned Shrines with ſuch dire *Orgies* blot:
You Tyrants, you delight in Sacrifice
Of ſlaughtered Children: 't is your bloody guiſe
(You cruell Idols) with ſuch *Hecatombs*
To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms:
You holde no ſent ſo ſweet, no gift ſo good,
As ſtreaming Riuers of our luke-warm blood:
Not *Abram's* God (ay gratious, holy, kinde)
Who made the World but onely for Man-kinde:
Who hates the bloody hands: his Creatures loues:
And contrite hearts for ſacrifice approues.
You, you, diſguiz'd (as angels of the light)
Would make my God Author of this deſpight,
Supplant my Faith on his ſure promiſe built,
And ſtain his Altars with this bloody guilt.

No, no, my ioy, my Boy thrice-happy born
(Yea more then ſo, if furious I, forlorn,
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father ſhalt thou be
Of happy People, that ſhall ſpring from thee.
Fear not (deer Child) that I, vnnaturall,
Should in thy blood imbrue my hand at all:
Or by th' exployt of ſuch deteſted deed
Commend my name to them that ſhall ſucceed.
I will, the Fame that of my name ſhall ring
In time to com, ſhall fly with fairer wing.

The lofty Pine that's ſhaken to and fro Simile.
With Counter-puſs of ſundry windes that blowe,
Now, ſwaying South-ward tears ſom root in twain,
Then, bending North-ward doth another ſtrain,
Reels vp and down, toſt by two Tyrants fell,
Would fall, but cannot; neither yet can tell
(Inconſtant Neuter, that to both doth yield)
Which of the two is like to win the Field:

So *Abraham*, on each ſide ſet-vpon
Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;
One while his Faith, anon Affection ſways:
Now wins Religion, anon Reaſon waighs:
Hee's now a fond, and then a faithfull Father:
Now reſolute, anon relenting rather:
One while the Fleſh hath got the vpper hand:
Anon the Spirit the ſame doth countermand.
Hee's loth (alas!) his tender Son to kill;
But much more loth, to break His Fathers will.
For thus (at laſt) He ſaith, now ſure I knowe
'Tis God, 'tis God; the God that loues me ſo,
Loues, keeps, ſuſtains: whom I ſo oft haue ſeen:
Whoſe voice ſo often hath my comfort been.
Illuding Satan cannot ſhine ſo bright,
Though Angelliz'd: No, 'Tis my God of Might.
Now feel I in my Soule (to ſtrength and ſtir-it)
The ſacred Motions of his ſacred Spirit.
God, this ſad Sacrifice requires of me;
Hap what hap may, I muſt obedient be.
The ſable Night diſ-log'd: and now began
Aurora's Vſher with his windy Fan
Gently to ſhake the Woods on every ſide,
While his fair *Miſtreſs* (like a ſtately Bride)
With flowrs, and Gems, and *Indian* gold doth ſpangle
Her louely locks, her Louers looks to tangle;
When gliding through the Ayr, in Mantle blew,
With ſiluer fring'd, ſhee drops the Pearly deaw.
With her goes *Abram* out: and the third day,
Arriues on *Cedrons* Margents greenly-gay:
Beholds the ſacred Hil, and with his Son
(Loaden with ſacred wood) he mounts anon.
Anon, ſaid *Iſaac*; Father, heer I ſee
Knife, fire, and faggot, ready inſtantly:
But wher's your *Hoſte*? Oh! let vs mount, my Son,
Said *Abram*: God will ſoon prouide vs one.
But, ſcant had *Iſaac* turn'd his face from him,
A little faſter the ſteep Mount to climbe,

Yet *Abram* changed cheere; and, as new Wine, *Simile.*
Working a-new, in the new Cask (in fine)
For beeing ſtopt too-ſoon, and wanting vent,
Blowes-vp the Bung, or doth the veſſell rent,
Spews out a purple ſtream, the ground doth ſtain,
With *Bacchus* colour, where the cask hath layn:
So, now the Tears (which manly fortitude
Did yerſt as captiue in the Brain include)
At the deer names of Father and of Son,
On his pale Cheeks in pearly drops did run:
His eye's ful veſſels now began to leak:
And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering gan to ſpeak,
In ſubmiſs voyce, that *Iſaac* might not hear
His bitter grief, that he vnfoldeth heer.
Sad ſpectacle! O now my hap-les hand,
Thou whetſt a ſword, and thou do'ſt teend a brand;
The brand ſhal burn my heart, the ſword's keen blade
Shall my bloods blood, and my lifes life, inuade:
And thou, poor *Iſaac*, beareſt on thy back,
Wood that ſhall make thy tender fleſh to crack,
And yield'ſt thee (more for mine, than thine amiſs)
Both Prieſt and Beaſt, of one ſame Sacrifice.
O hapleſs Son! O more then hap-leſs Sire!
Moſt wicked wretch! O what miſ-fortune dire
In-gulfs vs heer! where miſerable I,
To be true godly, muſt Gods law deny:
To be true faithful, muſt my faith tranſgreſs:
To be God's Son, I muſt be nothing leſs
Than *Iſaacs* Sire: and *Iſaac* (for my ſake)
Muſt Soyl, and Sire, and life and all forſake.
Yet on he goes, and ſoon ſurmounts the Mount,
And ſteel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournful Front:
(Much like the *Delian Princeſs*, when her Grace *Simile.*
In *Thetis* Waues hath lately waſht her face)
He builds his Altar, lays his wood ther-on,
And tenderly bindes his deer Son anon.
Father, ſaid *Iſaac*, Father, Father deer
(What? do you turn away, as loth to hear?)

O Father, tel me, tel me what you mean:
O cruelty vn-knowen! Is this the meam
Wherby my loyns (as promiſed long-ſince is)
Shal make you Grand-ſire of ſo many Princes?
And ſhal I (glorious) if I heer do dy,
Fil Earth with Kings, with ſhining Stars the Sky?
Back, *Phœbus*: bluſh, go hide thy golden head:
Retire thy Coach to *Thetis* watery Bed:
See not this ſavage ſight. Shal *Abram*'s minde
Be milde to all, and to his Son vn-kinde!
And ſhal great *Abram* do the damned deed,
That Lions, Tygres, Boars, and Bears would dread!
See how (incenſt) he ſtops his ear to me,
As dreaming ſtil on 's bloody myſtery.
Lord, how preciſe! ſee how the Paricide
Seems to make conſcience in leſs ſins to ſlide:
And he that means to murder me (his Son)
Is ſcrupulous in ſmaller faults to run.
Yet (Father) hear me: not that I deſire
With ſugred words to quench your Angers fire:
In Gods's name reap the Grain your ſelf haue ſowen,
Com take my life, extracted from your own,
Glut with my blood your blade, if you it pleaſe
That I muſt die; welcom my death (mine eaſe):
But tell me yet my fault (before I die)
That hath deſerv'd a puniſhment ſo high.
Say (Father) haue I not conſpir'd your death?
Or with ſtrong poyſon ſought to ſtop your breath?
Haue I deuis'd to ſhort my Mother's life?
Or with your Foes taen part in any ſtrife?
O thou Ethereal Palace Cryſtalline
(God's higheſt Court) If in this heart of mine
So damned thoughts had ever any place,
Shut-vp for ever all thy Gates of Grace
Againſt my Soule; and neuer let, that I
Among thy winged Meſſengers do flie.
If none of theſe, *Abram* (for I no more
Dare call thee Father) tell me further-more

What

What reſts beſides, that damned I haue don,
To make a Father Butcher of his Son:
In memorie, that fault I fain would haue,
That (after God's) I might your pardon craue
For ſuch offence; and ſo, th'Attonement driven,
You liue content, and I may die forgiuen.
My Son (ſaid Hee) thou art not hither brought
By my fell furie, nor thine own foul fault:
God (our God) calls thee, and He will not let
A Pagan ſword in thy deer blood be wet;
Nor burning Plague, nor any pining pain
With Languor turn thy fleſh to duſt againe:
But Sacrific'd to him (for ſweet perfume)
Will haue thee heer within this fire conſume.
What? Fears my Loue, my Life my Gem, my Ioy?
What God commands, his ſeruants muſt obey,
Without conſulting with frail Fleſh and Blood,
How he his promiſe will in time make good:
How he wil make ſo many Scepters ſpring
From thy dead duſt? How He (All-wiſe) wil bring,
In his due ſeaſon, from thy ſenſe-leſs Thighes,
The glorious Son of righteouſnes to riſe,
Who ſhal the Mountains bruiſe with yron Mace,
Rule Heav'n and Earth, and the Infernal place?
For, he that (paſt the courſe of Natures kinde)
Firſt gaue thee birth, can with his ſacred Winde
Raiſe thee again out of the loweſt duſt:
Ten-thouſand means he hath to ſaue the iuſt:
His glorious wiſdom guides the worlds ſociety,
With equall Reans of Power and of Piety.
Mine own ſweet *Iſaac*, deereſt of my ſeed,
(Too ſweet, alas! the more my grief doth bleed,
The more my loſs, the more (with ceaſe-leſs anguiſh)
My vexed Bowels for thy lack ſhal languiſh),
Adue deer Son (no longer mine, but his
Who call's thee hence) let this vn-happy kiſs
Be the ſad ſeal of a more ſad Fare-wel
Than wit can paint, or words haue powr to tell.

Sith

Sith God commands, and (father) you require
To haue it ſo, com Death (no longer dire,
But glorious now) com gentle death, diſpatch:
The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach
T'imbrace my Soule: O! let me brauely fly
To meet my Lord, and Death's prowd darts defie.
What, Father, weep you now? Ah! ceaſe thoſe ſhowrs:
Weep not for me; for I no more am yours:
I was the Lords yer I was born, you knowe;
And he but lent me for a while to you:
Will you recoyl, and (Coward) loſe the Crown
So neer your head, to heap you with renown?
Shal we ſo dare to dally with the Lord?
To caſt his yoak, and to contemn his Word?
Where ſhall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne:
The Earth his foot-ſtool: and dark' *Acheron*
(The Dungeon where the damned ſoules be ſhut)
Is of his anger euermore the Butt.
On him alone, all our good-hap depends:
And he alone from dangers vs defends.
Ah! weep no more: This ſacred Turf doth craue
More blood than Tears: let vs vs ſo behaue,
That ioyn'd in zeal, we yield vs willingly
To make a vertue of neceſſity.
Let's teſtifie we haue a time abod,
I in your School, you in the ſchool of God:
Where, we haue learned that his ſacred Word
(Which made of Nothing, all that euer ſtirr'd;
Which all ſuſtaines, and all directeth ſtill)
To diuers ends, conducts the good and ill.
Who loues not God, more than all Kinn's reſpect,
Deſerues no place among his deer Elect:
And who doth once God's Tillage vnder-take,
Muſt not look back, neither his Plough forſake.
Here-with, th'old *Hebrew* cheerfuller becam,
And (to himſelf) cries, Courage *Abraham*:
The World, the Fleſh, *Adam*, are dead in thee:
God, Spirit, and Faith, alone ſubſiſting be.

Lord,

Lord, by thy Spirit vnto my ſpirit annex
So liuely Faith, that ſtill mine eyes may fix
On thy true *Iſaac*, whoſe ſharp (ſin-leſs) Suffering
Shall purge, from ſin, me and my ſinfull offering.
Scarce had he draw'n his ſword (in reſolution)
With heaued hand for inſtant execution,
When inſtantly the thundring voyce of God
Stay'd heart and hand, and thus the Fact forbod;
Abram, enough: holde, holde thy hand (ſayd he)
Put-vp thy ſword; thine *Iſaac* ſhall not die:
Now, of thy faith I haue had perfect proof,
Thy Will, for Deed I do accept: enough.
Glad *Abram*, then, to God giues thanks and prayſe,
Vnbindes his Son, and in his room he lays
A Lamb (there ſtrangely hampered by the head)
And that, to God, devoutly offered.
Renowned *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts
Excell the Fictions of *Heroik* Facts:
And, that pure Law a Son of thine ſhall write,
Shall nothing els but thy braue deeds recite.
Extol who liſt, thy wiſdom's excellence,
Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence,
And Iuſtice too (which even the *Gentiles* honor):
Ill dares my Muſe take ſuch a task vpon-her.
Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th' Effects)
Onely one fruit of thouſand ſhe ſelects,
For glorious ſubiect: which (to ſay the right)
I rather loue to wonder-at, than write.
Go *Pagans*, turn, turn-over every Book:
Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look,
Collect a Scroule of all the Children ſlain
On th' Altars of your Gods: dig-vp again
Your lying *Legends*: Run through every Temple;
Among your Offerings, chooſe the beſt example
(Among your Offerings which your Fathers paſt
Haue made, to make their names eternall laſt)
Among them all (fondlings) you ſhall not finde
Such an example, where (vnkindely-kinde)

Father and Sonſo mutually agree,
To ſhowe themſelues, Father nor Son to be:
Where man's deep zeal, and God's deer fauour ſtroue,
For Counter-conqueſt in officious loue.
One, by conſtraint his Son doth ſacrifice:
Another means his Name t'immortallize
By ſuch a Fact: Another hopes to ſhun
Som diſmall Plague, or dire Affliction:
Another, only that he may conform
To (Tyrant) Cuſtom's, aw-les law-les Form,
Which blears our eys, and blurs our Senſes ſo,
That Lady *Reaſon* muſt her ſeat forgo:
Yea, blindes the iudgement of the World ſo far,
That *Vertue*'s oft arraign'd at *Vice*'s Bar.
But, vn-conſtrain'd, our *Abram*, all alone,
Vpon a Mountain, to the guiſe of none
(For it was odious to the *Iewes* to doo)
And in a time of Peace and plenty too,
Fights againſt Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)
And, ſlaying *Iſaac*, wars againſt his Weal.
O ſacred Muſe! that on the double Mount,
With withering Bayes bind'ſt not thy Singers Front;
But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels Quire,
With Crowns of glory doeſt their brows atrire:
Tell (for thou know'ſt) what ſacred Myſtery,
Vnder this ſhaddow, doth in ſecret ly?
O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye not all,
For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall,
So liuely figur'd? To beholde Gods Bowe
So ready bent to cleaue your heart in two?
To ſee yong *Iſaac*, Pattern of that Prince,
Who ſhal Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell, convince?
Both only Sons; both ſacred Potentates,
Both holy Founders of two mighty States,
Both ſanctified, both Saints Progenitors;
Both bear their Croſs, both Lamb-like Sufferers,
Both bound, both blame-leſs, both without reply,
Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to dy

Vpon

Vpon Mount *Sion*: which high glorious Mount
Serues vs for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount,
Reſtores vs *Edens* key (the key of *Eden*,
Loſt through the eating of the fruit forbidden,
By wretched *Adam*, and his weaker Wife)
And bleſſed bears the holy Tree of life.
Chriſt dies indeed: but *Iſaac* is repriv'd
(Becauſe Heav'ns Councell otherwiſe contriv'd)
For *Iſaac*'s blood was no ſufficient price
To ranſom ſoules from Hell to Paradiſe:
The Leproſie of our contagious ſin,
More powr-full Rivers muſt be purged in.

FINIS.

The LAWE.

THE III. PART OF THE III. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Envy, *in* Pharao, *seeks to stop the Cause*
Of Iews *increase*: Moses *escapes his claws*;
Out of a Burning (*vnburnt*) Bush, *a Voice*
For Iacob's *Rescue doth of Him make choice*;
Sends him (*with* Aaron) *to the* Egyptian *King*:
His Hard'ning, PLAGVING, *finall Ruining*
In the Red Sea. Israel *ingrate for all*:
Christ-*Typing* Manna, Quails, Rock-waters *fall*:
The glorious LAVVE: *the* golden Calf: strange Fire:
Core *in-gulfs*: MOSES *prepar'd t' expire*.

ARm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions,
Rock-battering Bumbards, Valour-murdering Guns,
Think you to drown with horror of your Noise
The choise sweet accents of my sacred Voice?
Blowe (till you burst) roar, rend the Earth in sunder;
Fill all with Fury, Tempest, War, and Thunder;
Dire Instruments of Death, in vain yee toyl:
For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd stile
Out-shrills yee still; and my *Stentorian* Song,
With warbled Ecchoes of a silver tongue,
Shall brim be heard from *India* even to *Spain*,
And then from thence, even to the *Artik* Wayn.
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any sort;
My sides 's too-weak, alas, my breath 's too-short:

It

It is the ſpirit-inſpiring Spirit, which yerſt
On th'eldeſt Waters mildly moved firſt,
That furniſhes and fills with ſacred winde
The weak, dull Organs of my *Muſe* and minde.
So, ſtill, good Lord, in theſe tumultuous times,
Giue Peace vnto my Soule, ſoule to my Rimes:
Let me not faint amid ſo fair a courſe:
Let the World's end be th'end of my Diſcourſe:
And, while in FRANCE fell MARS doth all devour,
In lofty ſtile (Lord) let me ſing thy Powr.
ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and ſuppreſt
IOSEPH's Deſerts; his Maſter was deceaſt,
His Sons were dead: when curriſh *Envie's ſtrife*
Lays each-where ambuſh for poor ISRAEL's life:
Who, notwithſtanding, doth far faſter ſpread
And thicker ſpring, than, in a fruitfull Mead
Moted with Brooks, the many-leaved locks
Of thriving Charvel; which the bleating Flocks
Can with their dayly hunger hardly mowe
So much as dayly doth ſtill newly growe.
This *Monſter* wuns not in the Cel ſhe wont;
Sh'hath rear'd her Palace on the ſteepeſt Mount,
Whoſe ſnowy ſhoulders with their ſtony pride
Eternally do *Spain* from *France* divide:
It hath a thouſand loop-holes every-way;
Yet never enters there one ſunny ray:
Or if that any chance ſo far to paſs,
'Tis quickly quenched by her cloudy face:
At every Loop, the Work-man wittily
Hath plaç't a long, wide, hollow Trunk, wher-by
Prattling *Renown* and *Fame* with painted wing,
News from all corners of the World do bring,
Buzzing there-in: as, in a Sommer Even,
From clefts of Medows that the Heat hath riven,
The Graſs-hoppers, ſeeming to fain the voyces
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thouſand noyſes.
It fortun'd *now* that a ſwift-flying *Fame*,
Which (lately but) from ſtately *Memphis* came,

Compariſon.

Deſcription of the Palace of Envy.

Simile.

To whom Fame reporteth Iſraels *proſperity.*

Sweating, and dusty, and nigh breath-less, fills
With this Report one of hir listening Quills:
O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with vs,
Acute and quick, that is not curious?)
Most wakefull Goddess, Queen of mortall hearts,
Consort of *Honour*, *Wealth*, and *High-Deserts*,
Doo'st thou not knowe, that happy ISRAEL
(Which promiseth, the Conqueror of Hell,
That twice-born King, here-after to bring-forth,
Who dead shall liue again; and by his Worth
Wipe-out Man's Forfait, and God's Law fulfill,
And on his Cross th' envy of *Envy* kill)
Doth (even in sighte) abundantly increase?
That Heav'n and Earth conspire his happiness?
That seaventy Exiles, with vn-hallowed Frie
Couer the face of all the World well-nigh?
And, drunk with wealth, waigh not thy force a iot?
Envie, thou seest it; but fore-seest it not.

Envy incenseth Pharaoh to oppresse them.

Swolne like a Toad, between her bleeding iaws
Her hissing Serpents wriggling tails she chaws:
And, hasting hence, in ISIS form she iets;
A golden vessell in one hand she gets,
In th' other a sweet Instrument; her hood
Was Peacocks feathers mixt with Southernwood;
A silver Crescent on her front she set,
And in her bosom many a fostering teat:
And, thus disguis'd, with pride and impudence
She presses-in to the *Bubastik* Prince,
Who, slumbring then on his vn-quiet Couch,
With ISRAEL's greatness was disturbed much:
Then she (the while, squinting vpon the lustre
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers glistre;
And, snuffing with a wrythed nose the Amber,
The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)
'Gan thus to greet him: Sleep'st thou? sleep'st thou, son?
And see'st thou not thy self and thine vn-don,
While cruell Snakes, which thy kinde brest did warm,
Sting thee to death, with their vngratefull swarm?

These

Theſe Fugitiues, theſe out-caſts do conſpire
Againſt rich *Egypt*, and (ingrate) aſpire
With odious Yoak of bondage to debaſe
The noble PHARAOH's, Godd's immortall Race.
With theſe laſt words, into his breſt ſhe blowes
A baneſull ayr, whoſe ſtrength vnfeltly flowes
Through all his veins; and, having gain'd his heart,
Makes *Reaſon* ſtoop to *Senſe* in every part:
So th' Aſpick pale (with too-right aim) doth ſpit *Simile.*
On his bare face, that coms too-neer to it,
The froth that in her teeth to bane ſhe turns;
A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns
So ſecretly, that without ſenſe of pain,
Scar, wound, or ſwelling, ſoon the Partie's ſlain.
What ſhall I farther ſay? This Sorrow's-Forge,
This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's ſcourge,
Beſides her ſable poyſon, doth inſpire *Enuies two Twins.*
With *Hate* and *Fear* the Princes fell deſire.
Hence-forth therefore, poor ISRAEL hath no peace,
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no eaſe;
Still, ſtill oppreſt, Tax vpon Tax aroſe,
After Theſts, Threats, and after Threats com blowes.
The ſilly wretches are compell'd ſom-while *Slavery of the Iſraelites.*
To cut new Chanels for the courſe of *Nile*:
Somtimes ſom Cities ruins to repair:
Somtimes to build huge Caſtles in the air:
Somtimes to mount the *Parian* Mountains higher
In thoſe proud Towrs that after-worlds admire;
Thoſe Towrs, whoſe tops the Heav'ns have terrified:
Thoſe Towrs, that ſcuſe th' audacious *Titan*'s pride
(Thoſe Towrs, vain Tokens of a vaſt expence;
Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments)
To make with their owne ſweat and blood their morter:
To be at-once Brick-maker, Maſon, Porter.
They labour hard, eat little, ſleeping leſs,
No ſooner layd, but thus their Task-lords preſs;
Villains, to work: what are yee growen ſo ſloth?
Wee'll make ye yeeld vs wax and hony both.

Pharao his vain policy.

In brief, this Tyrant, with ſuch ſervitude,
Thought ſoon to waſte the *ſacred multitude*;
Or, at the leaſt, that over-layd with woe,
Weakned with watching, worn with toyling ſo,
They would in time becom leſs ſervice-able
In VENUS Battails, and for breed leſs able
(Their ſpirits diſperſt, their bodies over-dri'd,
And *Cypris* ſap vn-duly qualified):
But, when he ſaw this not ſucceed ſo well,
But that the Lord ſtill proſper'd ISRAEL;

His cruell Edict againſt the male children.

Inhumane, he commands (on bloudy Pain)
That all their male-babes in their birth be ſlain:
And that (becauſe that charge had don no good)
They ſhould be caſt, in CAIRO's ſilver Flood.
O Barbariſm, learned in Hel belowe!
Thoſe, that (alas!) nor ſteel nor ſtream do knowe,
Muſt Die of ſteel or ſtream: cruell Edicts!
That, with the Infant's bloud, the Mother's mix;
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;
Him with the ſtroke, her with the grief therof:
With two-fold tears *Iews* greet their Native Heav'n:
The day that brings them life, their life hath reav'n.
But, IOCHEBED would fain (if ſhe had durſt)
Her deer ſon MOSES ſecretly haue nourç't:
Yet thinking it better her Babe forgo,
Than Childe and Parents both to hazard ſo,
At length ſhe layes it forth, in Ruſh-boat weaves-it,
And to God's Mercy and the Flood's ſhe leaves-it.
Though Rudder-les, not Pilot-les, this Boat
Among the Reeds by the Floods ſide did float,
And ſaues from wrack the future *Legiſlator*,

His Daughter finding Moſes *expoſed, cauſeth him to be Princely brought vp.*

Lighting in hands of the Kings gracious Daughter:
Who opening it, findes (which with ruth did ſtrike-her)
A lovely Babe (or little Angel liker)
Which with a ſmile ſeem'd to implore the ayd
And gentle pity of the Royall Mayd.
Love, and the Graces, State and Maieſty,
Seem round about the Infants face to fly,

And

And on his head ſeem'd (as it were) to ſhine
Preſagefull rayes of ſom-what more diuine.
She takes him vp, and rears him royal-like;
And, his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like
A wel breath'd Body, nimble, ſound, and ſtrong,
That in the Dance-ſchool needs not teaching long:
Or a good Tree ſet in as good a ſoyl,
Which growes a-pace, without the Husband's toyl.
In time, he puts in *Practice* what he *knowes*;
With curteous *Mildneſſe*, manly *Courage* ſhowes:
H' hath nothing vulgar: with great happineſs,
In choice diſcourſe he doth his minde expreſs;
And as his Soul's-type his ſweet tongue affoords,
His gracefull Works confirm his gracious Words:
His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir:
So means the Prince, ſuch is the peoples prayer.
Thus, while o're-whelmed with the rapid courſe
Of Miſchief's Torrent (and ſtill fearing worſe)
ISRAEL ſeems help-les and even hope-les too
Of any help that Mortall hand can doo:
And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form
Boads them (alas!) nothing but wrack and ſtorm,
Their *Caſtor* ſhines, their Saviour's ſav'd: and Hee
That with high hand ſhall them from bondage free,
Scourging with Plagues, ſcarring with end-les ſhame
Th' *Egyptian* Court, is raiſed by the ſame.
For, though him there they as a God adore,
He ſcorns not yet his friends and kindred poor:
He feels their Yoak, their mournings he laments:
His word and ſword are preſt in their defence;
And, as ordain'd, for their Deliverance,
And ſent expreſs by Heav'ns pre-ordinance,
Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,
A *Patagon*, that taſted nought ſo well
As ISRAEL's blood) to ill-intreat a *Iew*,
Him bold incounters, and him brauely ſlew.
But, fearing then leaſt his inhumane Prince
Should hear of it, young MOSES flyes from thence:

2. *Similes.*

Gods prouidence in his preſeruation.

Moſes affection and duty toward his Parents and care of his Brethren.

He flies out of Egypt.

And,

And, hard by *Horeb*, keeping IETHRO's ſheep,
He Faſts and Prayes; with Meditations deep
His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more,
And prudently he lays-vp long-before
Within his Soule (his ſpirituall Armory)
All ſacred Weapons of *Sobriety*,
Where-with t'incounter, conquer, and ſuppreſs
All Inſurrections of Voluptuouſneſs.
God talketh to him in the Wildernes. Alſo, not ſeldom ſom deep *Dreams* or *Trance*
Him ſuddainly doth even to Heav'n advance:
And He, that whilom could not finde the Lord
On plentious ſhoars of the *Peluſian* Foord,
In walled Cities with their Towred Ports,
In learned Colledges, nor ſumptuous Courts;
In *Deſart* meets him; greets him, face to face,
And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace.
Moſes viſion of the flaming Buſh For, while he paſt his ſacred Pentiſhip
(In Wildernes) of th'*Hebrews* Shepheardſhip;
In driving forth to kiſs-cloud SINA's foot
His fleecy Flock, and there attending too't,
He ſuddain ſees a *Buſh* to flame and fume,
And all a-fire, yet not at all conſume;
It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in,
Kiſſes, but bites not, no not even the skin:
True figure of the *Church*, and ſpeaking Signe
Which ſeemeth thus to, of it ſelf, define:
What? (AMRAM's ſon) Doth IACOB's bitter Teen
Diſmay thee ſo? Behold, this Haw-thorn green
Is even an Image of thine ISRAEL,
Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell
Still flouriſhes, on each ſide hedged round
With prickly Thorns, his hatefull Foes to wound:
This Fire doth ſeem the Spirit Omnipotent,
Which burns the Wicked, tries the Innocent;
Who alſo addeth to the ſacred Signe,
The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.
The voyce of the Lord ſpeaking out of the Buſh. I AM *I that I am*, in me, for me, by me:
All Beings els Be not (or elſe vn-ſelfly be)

But,

But, from my Beeing, all their Beeing gather;
Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father:
Onely Beginning, Midſt, and End of all;
Yet *ſans* Beginning, Midſt, and End at all:
All in my ſelf compris'd; and all compriſing
That in the World was, is, or ſhall be riſing:
Baſe of this Vniverſe: th'vniting Chain
Of th'Elements: the Wiſedom Soveraign:
Each-where, in Eſſence, Powr and Providence;
But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:
Fountain of Goodneſs: ever-ſhining Light:
Perfectly Bleſt: the One, the Good, the Bright:
Self-ſimple Act, working in fraileſt matter:
Framer of Forms: of Subſtances Creator:
And (to ſpeak plainer) even that GOD I AM
Whom ſo long ſince religious ABRAHAM,
ISAAC, and IACOB, and their Progenies
Haue worſhipped and prays'd in humble wiſe.
My ſacred ears are tyred with the noyſe
Of thy poor Brethren's iuſt-complayning voyce:
I haue beheld my Peoples burdens there;
MOSES, no more I will, nor can, forbear:
Th'haue groan'd (alas!) and panted all too-long
Vnder that Tyrants vn-relenting wrong.
Now, their *Deliverer* I authorize thee,
And make thee Captain of their Colony;
A ſacred Colony, to whom (as mine)
I haue ſo oft bequeath'd rich *Paleſtine*.
Therfore from me command thou PHARAO
That preſently he let my People go
Into the *Dry-Arabian* Wilderneſs,
Where far from ſight of all profane exceſs,
On a new Altar they may ſacrifice
To ME the LORD, in whom their ſuccour lies:
Haſte, haſte (I ſay) and make me no excuſe
On thy Tongue's rudenes (for the want of vſe)
Nor on thy weaknes, nor vnworthyneſs
To vnder-go ſo great a Buſineſs.

God hath pity on his people afflicted in Egypt.

He ordaineth Moſes *for their Deliverer, & giues him commiſsion to go to Pharao.*

What?

What? cannot He, that made the lips and tongue,
Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong)
Vnto his Legat? And, who every thing
Of Nothing made, and All to nought ſhall bring;
Th' Omnipotent, who doth confound (for His)
By weak the ſtrong; by what is not, what is,
(That in his wondrous Iudgements, men may more
The Work-man then the Inſtruments adore)
Will he forſake, or leaue him vn-aſſiſted,
That in his ſervice duly hath inſiſted?
Sith faithfull Servant, to do-well affected,
Can by his Maſter never be reiected.

Moſes (*accompanied with his brother* Aaron) *ſets forward in his high Embaſſage.*

No ſooner this, the *Divine Voice* had ended,
And vp to Heav'n the Buſhy Flame aſcended,
But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commiſſion)
His Brother AARON, wends with expedition
Firſt to his People, and to PHARAO then,
The King of *Egypt* (cruelleſt of Men):
And inly filled with a zealous flame,
Thus, thus he greets him, in th' Almighties name;
Great NILVS Lord, thus ſayth the Lord of Hoaſts,
Let go my People out of all thy Coaſts,
Mine ISRAEL (PHARAO) forth-with releaſe,
Let them depart to HOREB's Wildernes;
That vnto me, without offence or fear,
Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.

Pharaos *proud anſwere.*

Baſe Fugitiue, proud ſlaue (that art return'd,
Not to be whipt, but rather hangd or burn'd)
What Lord, ſayd PHARAO? ha! what Soveraign?
O ſeaven-horn'd *Nile*! O hundred-pointed Plain!
O City of the Sun! O *Thebes*! and Thou
Renowned *Pharos*, do yee all not bow
To vs alone? Are yee not onely Ours?
Ours at a beck? Then to what other Powrs
Owes your great PHARAO homage or reſpect?
Or by what *Lord* to be controul'd and checkt?
I ſee the Drift. Theſe off-ſcums all at once
Too idlely pampred, plot Rebellions:

Sloth

Sloth marrs the ſlaues, and vnder fair pretence
Of *new Religion* (Traytours to their Prince)
They would Reuolt. O Kings! how fond are we
To think by Fauours and by Clemency,
To keep men in their duty? To be milde,
Makes them be mad, proud, inſolent and wilde:
Too-much of Grace, our Scepters doth diſ-grace,
And ſmooths the path to Treaſon's plots a-pace.
The dull Aſs, numbers with his ſtripes his ſteps:
Th'Ox, over-fat, too-ſtrong, and reſty, leaps
About the Lands, caſteth his yoak, and ſtrikes,
And waxen wilde, euen at his Keeper kicks.
Well: to enioy a People, through their skin
With ſcourges ſlyç't, muſt their bare bones be ſeen:
We muſt ſtill keep them ſhort, and clip their wings,
Pare neer their nails, and pull out all their ſtings;
Lade them with Tribute, and new Towle, and Tax,
And Subſidies, vntill we break their backs:
Tire them with trauail, flay-them, pole-them, pil-them,
Suck bloud and fat, then eat their fleſh, and kil-them.
'Tis good for Princes, to haue all things fat,
Except their Subiects: but beware of that.
Ha, Miſcreants! ha, raſcal excrements,
That lift your heel againſt your gracious Prince;
Hence-forth, you get nor wood nor ſtraw no more,
To burn your Bricks as you haue had before:
Your ſelues ſhal ſeek it out; yet ſhal you ſtil
The number of your wonted task fulfill.

The true Anatomie of a tyrant.

I haue Commiſſion from the King of Kings,
Maker, Preſerver, Ruler of all things,
Replies the *Hebrew*, that (to knowe the Lord)
Thou feel his hand, vnleſs thou fear his word.

Moſes *reply.*

In th'inſtant, AARON on the ſlippery ſand
Caſts down his Rod; and boldly thus began:
So ſhall thy golden Scepter down be caſt,
So ſhall the Iudgements of the Lord at laſt
(Now deemed dead) reuiue, to daunt thy powr:
So ISRAEL ſhall *Egypts* wealth deuour,

Aaron *caſteth downe his Rod: which immediatly turnes into a Serpent.*

If

If thou confeſs not God to be the Lord:
If thou attend not, nor obſerue his Word:
And if his People thou do not releaſe,
To go and ſerue him in the Wildernes.
Before that AARON this Diſcourſe had done,
A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on,
It gliſtered bright: and in a faſhion ſtrange,
Into a Serpent it did wholly change;
Crawling before the King, and all along
Spetting, and hiſſing with his forked tongue.

The Magicians of Egypt *counterfet that miracle, and bewitch the eyes of the King.*

The *Memphian* Sages then, and ſubtill Prieſts,
Tvphold the Kingdom of their OSIRIS,
Vpbrayd them thus: Alas! is this the moſt
Your God can do, of whom ſo much you boaſt?
Are theſe his Wonders? Go (baſe *Monte-banks*)
Go ſhew elſ-where your ſleights and Iuggling pranks.
Such tricks may blear ſom vulgar innocents,
But cannot blinde the Counſell of a Prince;
Who, by the Gods inſtructed, doth contain
All Arts perfection in his ſacred brain.
And, as they ſpake, out of their curſed hands
They all let-fall their ſtrange-inchanted Wands,
Which inſtantly turn into Serpents too,
Hiſſing, and ſpetting, crawling to and fro.
The King too much admires their cunning Charms:
The place with Aſpicks, Snakes, and Serpents ſwarms;
Creeping about: as an ill-Huſwife ſees

Simile.

The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheeſe.
You, you are Iugglers, th' *Hebrew* then repli'd:
You change not Nature, but the bare out-ſide;
And your Enchantments onely do transform
The face of things, not the eſſentiall form.
You (Sorcerers) ſo mock the Princes ey,
And, his Imagination damnifie,
That common Senſe to his externall, brings
(By re-percuſſion) a falſe ſhape of things.
My Rod's indeed a Serpent, not in ſhowe,
As heer in ſight your ſelues by proof ſhall knowe.

Immediatly

Immediatly his *Dragon* rear'd his head,
Roul'd on his breſt; his body wriggelled
Som-times aloft in length; ſomtimes it ſunk
Into it ſelf, and altogether ſhrunk:
It ſlides, it ſups the air, it hiſſes fell,
In ſteed of eyes two ſparkling Rubies ſwell:
And all his deadly baens, intrenched ſtrong
Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,
Call for the Combat: and (as greedy) ſet
With ſodain rage vpon thoſe Counterfet,
Thoſe ſeeming-Serpents, and them all devour:
Euen as a *Sturgeon* or a *Pike*, doth ſcour
The Creeks and Pills in Rivers where they lie,
Of ſmaller Fiſhes and their feeble fry.

Moſes *rod-Serpent devoureth the Serpents of the* Egyptians.

But, at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blinde,
And deaf to his owne good, is more inclin'd
To Satans tools: the people like the Prince,
Prefer the Night before Light's excellence.
Wherfore the Lord, ſuch proud contempts to pay,
Ten ſundry *plagues* vpon their Land doth lay:
Redoubling ſo his drad-full ſtrokes, that there,
Who would not love him milde, him rough ſhould fear.

Pharao *and his people hardened: Therefore God plagued* Egypt.

Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wanded wood,
AARON anon converts the *Nile* to blood;
So that the ſtream, from fruitfull MEROE,
Runs red and bitter even vnto the Sea.
The Court re-courſt to Lakes, to Springs, and Brooks;
Brooks, Springs, and Lakes had the like taſte and looks:
Then, to the Ditches; but even to the brink
There flow'd (alas!) in ſteed of Water, ink:
Then, to the likelieſt of ſuch weeping ground
Where, with the Ruſh, pipe-opening Fern is found;
And there they dig for Water: but (alas!)
The wounded ſoyl ſpets bloud into their face.
O iuſt-iuſt Iudgement! Thoſe proud Tyrants fell,
Thoſe bloudy Foes of mourning ISRAEL;
Thoſe that delighted, and had made their game
In ſhedding bloud, are forç't to drink the ſame:

1. *By turning their Waters into bloud.*

And

And thoſe, that ruthe-les had made *Nile* the ſlaughter
Of th' *Hebrew* Babes, now die for want of Water.
Anon, their Fields, Streets, Halls and Courts he loads
2 Couering their Land with Frogs. With foul great Frogs, and vgly croking Toads;
Which to the tops of higheſt Towrs do clamber
Even to the Preſence, yea the priuy Chamber:
As ſtarry Lezards in the Sommer time
Vpon the walls of broken houſes climbe.
Yea; even the King meets them in every diſh
Of Privy-diet, be it Fleſh or Fiſh:
As at his Boord, ſo on his royall Bed;
With ſtinking Frogs the ſilken quilts be ſpred.
The Magicians counterfait the ſame, but their deceipts are vain The Prieſts of PHARAO ſeem to do the ſame:
AARON alone in the Almighties Name,
By Faith almighty: They for inſtruments
Vſe the black Legions of the *Stigian* Prince:
He by his Wonders labours to make knowen
The true Gods glory; only they their owne:
He ſeeks to teach; they to ſeduce awry:
He ſtudies to build vp; they to deſtroy:
He, ſtriking Strangers, doth His people ſpare;
They ſpoil their owne, but cannot hurt a hair
Of the leaſt *Hebrew*: they can onely wound;
He hurts, and heals: He breaks, and maketh ſound:
And ſo, when PHARAO doth him humbly pray,
Re-cleers the Floods, and ſends the Frogs away.
The King eaſed of his puniſhmẽt, is again hardned But (as in Heav'n ther did no Iuſtice raign)
The Kings repentance endeth with his pain.
He is re-hardned: like a ſtubborn Boy
That plies his Leſſon (Hypocritely-coy)
While in his hand his Maſter ſhakes the Rod;
But, if he turn his back, doth flowt and nod.
Therefore 3. Egypt is plagued with Lyce. Therefore the Lord, this Day, with loathſom *Lice*
Plagues poor and rich, the naſty and the nice,
Both Man and Beaſt; For, AARON with his wand
Turns into *Lice* the duſt of all the Land.
4. With Flies. &c. The morrow after, with huge ſwarms of *Flies*,
Hornets and *Waſps*, he hunts their Families

From

From place to place, through Medows, Fens and Floods,
Hills, Dales, and Desarts, hollow Caves and Woods.
Tremble therefore (O Tyrants) tremble ay,
Poor worms of Earth, proud Ashes, Dust and Clay;
For, how (alas!) how will you make defence
'Gainst the tri-pointed wrathfull violence
Of the drad dart, that, flaming in his hand,
Shall pash to powder all that him withstand?
And 'gainst the rage of flames eternal-frying,
Where damned soules ly ever-never-dying:
Sith the least *Flies*, and *Lice*, and *Vermin* too
Out-braue your braves, and Triumph over you.
Gallop to *Anian*, sail to *Iucatan*,
Visit *Botongas*, dive beyond the *Dane*:
Well may you fly, but not escape him there:
Wretches, your haltars still about you bear.
Th' Almightie's hand is long, and busie still;
Having escap't his Rod, his Sword you feel:
He seems som-times to sleep, and suffer all;
But calls at last for Vse and Principall:
With hundred sorts of Shafts his Quiver's full,
Som passing keen, som som-what sharp, som dull,
Som killing dead, som wounding deep, som light;
But all of them do alwayes hit the White,
Each after other. Now th' Omnipotence
At *Egypt* shoots his Shafts of Pestilence:
Th' Ox falls-down in his yoak, Lambs bleating dy,
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they fly.
Anon he covers Man and Beast with cores
Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores;
Whose vlcerous venoms, all inflaming, spread
O're all the body from the foot to head.
Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among
Spoyl all their fields: their Cattel great with young
All brain'd with hail-stones: Trees with tempest cleft,
Robd of their boughs, their boughs of leaues bereft.
And, from Heav'ns rage, all to seek shelter, glad;
The Face of *Egypt* is now dradly-sad:

Man cãnot hide him frõ the hand of God, nor auoid his vengeance.

5. With the Plague of Pestilence.

6. With Vlcers & grieuous Scabs or Murrain.

7. With hail & Fire frõ Heauen

Egyptians amazed at this extraordinary scourge.

The Sün Virgins tear their Beauties honour;
Not for the waste, so much, as for the manner.
For, in that Country never see they Clowd,
With waight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd,
They knowe no Ice: and though they haue (as we)
The Year intire, their Seasons are but three:
They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect,

The naturall fruitfulnesse and prosperity of Egypt, in it selfe marvailous.

Which from elsē-where *Sol's* thirsty raies erect:
Rain-les, their soyl is wet; and, Clowd-les, fat;
It self's moist bosom brings it this and that:
For, while else-where, the River's roaring pride
Is dryed-vp; and while that far and wide
The *Palestine* seeks (for his thirsty Flock)
Iordan in *Iordan*, *Iaboc* in *Iaboc*;
Their floud o'reflowes, and parched *Mesraim*
A season seems in a rich Sea to swim,
Niles billows beat on the high-dangling Date;
And Boats do slice, where Ploughs did slide of late.
Steep snowy Mounts, bright Stars, *Etesian* gales,
You cause it not: no, those are Dreams and Tales:
Th' Eternall-Trine, who made all compasly,
Makes th'vnder waues, the vpper's want supply;
And, *Egypts* Womb to fill with fruits and Flowrs,
Gives swelling *Nile* th'office of heavenly Showrs.
Then, the *Thrice-Sacred* with a sable Clowd
Of horned *Locusts* doth the Sun be-clowd,
And swarmeth down on the rebellious Coast

8. They are vexed with Grashoppers.

The *Graſſ-hoppers* lean, dam-devouring Hoast;
Which gleans what *Hail* had left, and (greedy) crops
Both Night and Day the Husband's whole-year's hopes.
Then, gross thick *Darkness* over all he dight,

9. With palpable darkneſſe.

And three fair Dayes turns to one fearfull Night:
With Ink-like Rheum the dull Mist's drouzy vapours
Quench their home-Fires, and Temple-sacred Tapers.
If hunger drive the Pagan from their dens,
One 'gainst a settle breaketh both his shins;
Another, groping vp and down for bread,
Falls down the stayrs, and there he lies for dead.

But,

But, though these works surmount all Natures might,
Though his owne Sages them of guile acquight,
Though th'are not casuall (sith the holy-man
Fore-tels prefixtly What, and Where, and Whan)
And though that (living in the midst of His)
The *Israelites* be free from all of This,
Th'incensed Tyrant (strangely-obstinate)
Retracts the Leave he granted them of late.

The Israelites in all these plagues vntouche, yet Pharao still hardned.

For, th' *Ever-One*, who with a mighty hand
Would bring his People to the plentious Land
Of *Palestine*: Who providently-great,
Before the eyes of all the World would set
A Tragedy, where wicked Potentates
Might see a Mirror of their owne estates:
And, who (most-iust) must haue meet Arguments,
To showe the height of his Omnipotence;
Hardens the King and blinding him (self-blinde)
Leaues him to Lusts of his owne vicious minde.
For, God doth never (ever purely bent)
Cause sin, as sin; but as Sin's Punishment.

For the last Charge, an Angell in one night,
All the first born through all the Land doth smite;
So that from *Swēs* Port to *Birdene* Plain,
Ther's not a House, but hath som body slain,
Saue th' *Israelites*, whose doors were markt before,
With sacred *Pass-Lamb*'s sacramentall gore.
And therfore ever-since on that same day,
Yeerly, the *Iewes* a Yearling Lamb must slay;
A token of that *Passage*, and a Type
Of th' *Holy-Lamb*, which should (in season ripe)
By powring-forth the pure and plentious Flood
Of his most precious Water-mixed Blood,
Preserue his People from the drad *Destroyer*,
That fries the wicked in eternall fier.

10. *Therefore al the first borne of* Egypt *are slain in one night by the Angel.*

Through all the Land, all in one instant cry,
All for one cause, though yet all knowe not why.
Night heaps their horrors: and the Morning showes
Their privat griefs, and makes them publike woes.

After so many grievous plagues the Egyptians cry out upon their King to let the Israelites goe.

Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
O're *Memphis* yet his golden tresse display,
When from all parts, the Maydens and the Mothers,
Wiues, Husbands, Sons, and Siers, Sisters, and Brothers,
Flock to the Court, where with one common voice
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noyse:
O stubborn stomach! (cause of all our sadnes)
Dull Constancy! or rather, desperat Madnes!
A Flood of Mischiefs all the Land doth fill,
The Heav'ns still Thunder; th' Ayr doth threaten stil:
Death, ghastly death triumpheth every-where,
In every house; and yet without all fear,
Without all feeling, we despise the Rod,
And scorn the Iudgements of the mighty God.
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings
His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of Kings;
And in his sight, the Greatest of you all
Are but as Moats that in the Sun do fall:
Yield, yield (alas!) stoop to his powrfull threat;
He's warn'd enough that hath been ten times beat.

They hasten and importune them to be gone.

Go, get you gon: hence, hence vn-lucky race;
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this Place,
Your breath this ayr: Why haste you not away?
Hebrews, what lets you? wherfore do you stay?
Step to our houses (if that ought you lack)
Choose what you like, and what you like go take,
Gold, Plate, or Iewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,
Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkanets, or Brouches,
Bear them vnto your gods, not in the sands
Where the Heav'n-kissing Clowd-browd *Sina* stands;
But much, much farther, and so far, that here
We never more your odious newes may hear:
Go *Hebrews*, go, in God's Name thriue amain;
By loosing you, we shall sufficient gain.

After their departure, Pharao immediately pursues them.

With the Kings leaue, then th' *Hebrews* Prince collects
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs:
Scarce were they gon, when *Pharaoh* doth retract,
And arms all *Egypt* to go fetch them back;

And

And camping neer them, execrably-rude,
Threatens them death, or end-les Seruitude,
Even as a Duck, that nigh som cryſtall brook
Hath twice or thrice by the ſaine Hawk bin ſtrook,
Hearing aloft her gingling ſiluer bels,
Quivers for fear, and looks for nothing els
But when the Falcon (ſtooping thunder-like)
With ſuddain ſouſe her to the foyl ſhal ſtrike,
And with the ſtroak, make on the ſenſe-les ground
The gut-les Quar, once, twice, or thrice rebound:
So *Iſrael*, fearing again to feel
Pharao's fell hands, who hunts him at the heel,
Quivers and ſhivers for deſpair and dread;
And ſpits his gall againſt his godly Head.
O baſe ambition! This falſe Politick,
Plotting to Great himſelf, our deaths doth ſeek:
He mocks vs all, and makes vs (fortune-les)
Change a rich Soyl for a dry Wilderneſs;
Allur'd with luſtre of Religious ſhowes,
Poor ſoules, He ſels vs to our hatefull Foes:
For, O! what ſtrength? alas! what ſtratagem?
Or how (good God) ſhall we encounter them?
Or who is it? or what is it, ſhall ſaue vs
From their fell hands, that ſeek to ſlay, or ſlaue-vs?
Shall we, diſ-armed, with an Army fight?
Can we (like Birds) with ſtill-ſteep-riſing flight
Surmount theſe Monntains? haue we Ships at hand
To paſs the Sea (this half a Sea half ſand)?
Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cables;
Who knowes theſe Waters to be navigable?
Alas! ſom of vs ſhall with Scithes be laſht;
Som, with their Horſe-feet all to pieces paſht,
Som, thrill'd with Swords, or Shafts, through hundred holes
Shall ghaſtly gaſp-out our vntimely ſoules:
Sith die we muſt, then die we voluntary:
Let's run, our ſelues, where others would vs carry;
Com *Iſraelites*, com, let vs die together,
Both men and women: ſo we ſhall (in either)

Simile.

The Iſraelites *feare, and murmuring againſt* Moſes.

Prevent their rage, content their avarice,
And yield (perhaps) to MOSES, even his Wish.
Moses instruction to incourage them, with assured confidence in God.
Why brethren? knowe ye not, their Ruler saith,
That in his hand God holdeth life and death?
That He turns Hils to Dales, and Seas to Sands?
That He hath (prest) a thousand winged Bands
T'assist his Children, and his Foes t'assail?
And that He helps not, but when all helps fail?
See you this mighty Hoast, this dreadfull Camp,
Which dareth Heav'n, and seems the Earth to damp;
And all in rag'd, already chargeth ours,
Simile.
As thick, or thicker than the Welkin powrs
His candi'd drops vpon the ears of Corn,
Before that *Ceres* yellow locks be shorn?
It all shall vanish, and of all this Crew
(Which thinks already to haue swallowed you)
Of all this army, that (in Armour bright)
Seems to out-shine the Sun, or shame his light;
There shall to-morrow not a man remain:
Therfore be still; God shall your side sustain.
Calling vpō God he parts the Red Sea, so that the people passe thorough as on dry land.
Then (zealous) calling on th'immortall God,
He smot the Sea with his dead-living Rod:
The Sea obay'd, as bay'd: the Waues, controul'd,
Each vpon other vp to Heav'n do folde:
Between both sides, a broad deep Trench is cast,
Dri'd to the bottom with an instant blast:
Or rather, 'tis a Valley paved (els)
With golden sands, with Pearl, and Nacre-shels,
And on each side is flanked all along
With walls of crystall, beautifull and strong.
This flood-les Foord, the Faithfull Legions pass,
And all the way their shoo scarce moisted was.
Dream we (sayd they)? or is true we try?
The Sea start at a stick? The Water dry?
The Deep a Path? Th'Ocean in th'ayr suspending?
Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop descending?
Two Walls of Glass, built with a word alone,
Affrik and *Asia* to conioyn in one?

Th'all-

Th'all-ſeeing Sun new bottoms to beholde?
Children to run, where Tunnies lately roll'd?
Th'*Egyptian* Troops purſue them by the track;
Yet wayts the patient Sea, and ſtill ſtands back,
Till all the Hoaſt be marching in their ranks
Within the lane between his cryſtall banks:
But, as a wall weak'ned with mining-vnder,
The Piles conſum'd falls ſuddainly a-ſunder,
O're-whelmeth all that ſtand too neer the breach,
And with his Ruines fils-vp all the ditch:
Even ſo Gods finger, which theſe Waters bay'd,
Beeing with-drawen, the Ocean ſwell'd and ſway'd;
And, re-conioyning his congealed Flood,
Swallows in th'inſtant all thoſe Tyrants wood.
Heer, one by ſwimming thinks himſelf to ſaue:
But, with his ſcarf tangled about a Naue,
He's ſtrangled ſtraight; and to the bottom ſinking,
Dies; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking:
While that (in vain) another with lowd laſhes
Scours his prowd Courſers through the ſcarlet *Waſhes*;
The ſtreams (wher-on more Deaths than waues do ſwim)
Bury his Chariot, and his Chariot him:
Another, ſwallowed in a Whirl-Whales womb,
Is layd a-liue within a living Tomb:
Another, ſeeing his Twin-brother drowning,
Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing;
With both his hands graſping that hand, his Twin
Vnto the bottom hales him head-long in;
And inſtantly the Water covers either:
Right Twins indeed; born, bred, and dead together.
Nile's ſtubborn Monarch, ſtately drawen vpon
A curious Chariot chaç't with pearl and ſtone,
By two prowd Courſers, paſſing Snowe for colour;
For ſtrength, the Elephants; Lions for valour;
Curſeth the Heav'ns, the Ayr, the Windes, and Waues;
And, marching vp-ward, ſtill blaſphemes and braues:
Heer, a huge Billow on his Targe doth ſplit;
Then, coms a bigger, and a bigger yet,

The Egyptians following them are ſwallowed in the Sea.

Simile.

Pharao profanely blaſphemeing & prowdly braving Moſes and the Sea, is notwithſtanding drowned with the reſt.

To ſecond thoſe: The Sea growes ghaſtly great;
Yet ſtoutly ſtill, He thus doth dare and threat:
Baſe roaguing luggler, think'ſt thou with thy Charms;
Thou ſhalt preuaile againſt our puiſſant arms?
Think'ſt thou poor ſhifter, with thy Hel-ſpels thus
To croſs our Counſels, and diſcomfit vs?
And, O proud Sea! falſe, trayterous Sea, dar'ſt thou?
Dar'ſt thou conſpire 'gainſt thine owne *Neptune* now?
Dar'ſt thou preſume 'gainſt vs to riſe and roar?
I charge thee ceaſe: be ſtill I ſay: no more:
Or I ſhall clap thine arms in Marble ſtocks,
And yoak thy ſhoulders with a Bridge of Rocks;
Or baniſh thee from *Etham* far for ay,
Through ſom new Chanel to go ſeek thy way.
Heer-at, the Ocean more than ever frets,
All topſi-turuy vp-ſide-down it ſets;
And a black billow that aloft doth float,
With ſalt and ſand, ſtops his blaſphemous throat.
What now betydes the Tyrant? Waters now
Haue reft his neck, his chin, cheeks, eyes, and brow;
His front, his fore-top: now there's nothing ſeen,
But his prowd arm, ſhaking his Fawchin keens
Wher-with, he ſeems, in ſpight of Heav'n and Hell,
To fight with Death, and menace *Iſrael*.
At laſt he ſinks all vnder water quite,
Spurning the ſand, again he ſprings vpright;
But, from ſo deep a bottom to the top,
So clogg'd with arms, can cleaue no paſſage vp:
Simile. As the poor Partridge cover'd with the net
In vain doth ſtriue, ſtruggle, and bate, and beat;
For the cloſe meſhes, and the Fowler's craft,
Suffer the ſame no more to whurre aloft.
I, to your ſelues leaue to conceiue the ioy,
Of IACOB's heirs, thus reſcu'd from annoy;
Seeing the Sea to take their cauſe in hand,
And their dead Foes ſhuffled vpon the ſand;
Their ſhields, and ſtaues, and Charlots (all-to-tore)
Floating about, and flung vpon the ſhoar:

When

When thus th'Almighty (glorious God moſt High)
For them without them, got the Victory,
They skip and dance; and marving all their voices,
To Timbrels, Hawbois, and lowd Cornets noyſes,
Make all the ſhoars reſound, and all the Coaſts,
With the ſhril Praiſes of the Lord of Hoaſts.

2. Part of this Tract: where is diſcourſed of the eſtate of the People of Iſraell in the Wilderneſſe, vntill the death of Moſes.

Eternall iſſue of eternall Sire,
Deep Wiſedom of the *Father*, now inſpire
And ſhewe the ſequell that from hence befell,
And how He dealt with his deer *Iſraell*,
Amid the Deſart, in their Pilgrimage
Towards the *Promis'd* plentious *Heritage*:
Tell for (I knowe) thou know'ſt: for, compaſt ay
With Fire by Night, and with a Clowd by Day,
Thou (my ſoul's hope) wert their ſole guide and guard,
Their Meat and Drink in all their Iourney hard.
Marching amid the *Deſart*, nought they lack:
Heaven ſtill diſtils an Ocean (for their ſake)
Of end-les-good: and every Morn doth ſend
Sufficient Food for all the day to ſpend.
When the Sun riſeth, and doth haſte his Race,
(Half ours, half theirs, that vnderneath vs paſe)
To re-beholde the bewty, number, order,
And prudent Rule (preventing all miſ-order)
Of th'awefull Hoaſt lodg'd in the Wilderneſs,
So favour'd of the Sun of Righteouſneſs:
Each coms but forth his Tent, and at his dore
Finds his bread ready (without ſeeking more):
A pleaſant bread, which from his plentious clowd,
Like little Haile, Heav'ns wakefull Steward ſtrow'd.
The yellow ſands of *Elim*'s ample Plain
Were heaped all with a white ſugred grain;
Sweet Corianders; Iunkets, not to feed
This Hoaſt alone, but even a World (for need).
Each hath his part, and euery one is fed,
With the ſweet morſels of an vn-bought bread.
It never rains for a whole year at-once,
But daily for a day's proviſions:

God giueth them Manna.

It is giuen from day to day.

To

To th'end, ſo great an Hoaſt, ſo curbed ſtraight,
Still on the Lord's wide open hand ſhould wayt,
And every Dawning haue due cauſe to call
On him, their Founder, and the Fount of all:
Each, for his portion hath an *Omer*-full;
The ſur-plus rots, mould, knead it how they will.
The Holy-one (iuſt Arbitrer of wrong)
Allows no leſs vnto the weak, than ſtrong:
On *Sabbaoth*'s Eve, he lets ſufficient fall,
To ſerue for that day, and the next with-all,
That on his *Reſt*, the ſacred Folk may gather,
Not Bodie's meat, but ſpirituall *Manna* rather.
Thou that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread haſt,
Thou, for whom Harueſt all the Year doth laſt,
That in poor Deſarts, rich aboundance heap'ſt,
That ſweat-les eat'ſt, and without ſowing reap'ſt,
That haſt the Ayr for farm, and Heav'n for field
(Which, ſugred Mel, or melled ſugar yield)
That, for taſte-changing do'ſt not change thy cheer,
God's Penſioner, and Angel's Table-peer:
It is a liuely figure of Chriſt *the true bread of life.*
O *Iſraell*! ſee in this Table pure,
In this fair glaſs, thy Saviour's pourtraiture,
The Son of God, MESSIAS promiſed,
The ſacred ſeed, to bruize the Serpents head:
The glorious Prince, whoſe Scepter ever ſhines,
Whoſe Kingdom's ſcope the Heav'n of Heavens confines;
And, when He ſhall (to light thy Sin-full load)
Put *Manhood* on, diſ-knowe him not for *God*.
The ſame demõſtrated by particular conference.
This Grain is ſmall, but full of ſubſtance though:
CHRIST ſtrong in working, though but weak in ſhowe.
Manna is ſweet: Chriſt as the Hony-Comb.
Manna from high: and CHRIST from Heaven doth com.
With that, there falls a pleaſant pearly deaw:
CHRIST comming-down doth all the Earth be-ſtreaw
With ſpirituall gifts. That, vnto great and ſmall
Taſtes to their taſtes: and CHRIST is all to all:
(Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth,
Ioy to th'afflicted, to the ſickly health,

Pardon

Pardon to thoſe Repent, Prop to the bow'd,
Life's ſavour to the Meek, *Death*'s to the Prowd):
That's common good: and *Chriſt* communicate.
That's purely-white: and *Chriſt* immaculate.
That gluts the wanton *Hebrews* (at the laſt):
Chriſt and his *Word* the World doth ſoon diſ-taſte.
Of that, they eat no leſs that haue one meaſure,
Than who haue hundred: and in *Chriſt* his Treaſure
Of Divine *Grace*, the *faith*-full *Proſelite*
Hath no leſs part, than Doctors (deep of ſight).
That's round: *Chriſt* ſimple, and ſincerely-round.
That in the *Ark*: *Chriſt* in his *Church* is found.
That doth (with certain) ſtinking worms becom:
Chriſt (th' *Ever-Word*) is ſcandall vnto ſom.
That raineth not, but on the ſacred Race:
Chriſt to his Choſen doth confine his Grace.
That's broken every grain: *Chriſt* (Lamb of God)
Vpon his *Croſs*-preſs is ſo torn and trod,
That of his *Blood* the pretious Flood hath purl'd,
Down from Mount *Sion* over all the World.
Yet glutted now with this *ambroſiall* Food,
This Heav'nly bread, ſo holy and ſo good,
Th' *Hebrews* do luſt for fleſh: a freſh South-winde
Brings ſhoals of Fowls to ſatisfie their minde;
A clowd of *Quails* on all the Camp is ſent,
And every one may take to his content:
For, in the Hoaſt, and all the Country by,
For a days-iourney, Cubit thick they lie.
But though their Commons be thus delicate,
Although their eyes can ſcarce look out for fat,
Although their Bellies ſtrout with too much meat,
Though (*Epicures*) they vomit as they eat;
Yet ſtill thay howl for hunger: and they long
For *Memphian* hotch-potch, Leeks, and Garlick ſtrong:
As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that miſs
Their Terms appointed for their flouriſhes)
Pine at a Princely feaſt, preferring fair,
Red Herrings, Raſhers, and (ſom) ſops in Tar;

The people luſt for fleſh.

God ſends them Quailes.

They long for the Garlike & Onyons of Egypt.

Similes.

Yea,

Yea, coals, and clowts, ſticks, ſtalks, and durt, before
Quail, Pheaſant, Partridge, and a hundred more:
So their fantaſtick wearifom diſeaſe,
Diſtaſtes their taſtes, and makes them ſtrange to pleaſe.
But, when the Bull, that lately toſt his horn
In wanton Pride, hangs down his head, forlorn
For lack of Water: and the Souldier bleak
Growes (without Arms) for his owne waight too-weak,
When fiery Thirſt through all their veins ſo fierce
Conſumes their blood, into their bones doth pearce;
Sups-vp their vitall humour, and doth dry
Their whilom-beauties to *Anatomy*:
They weep and wail, and but their voyce (alas!)
Is choakt already that it cannot paſs
Through the rough *Straights* of their dry throats; they wo
Roar-out their grief, that all men hear them ſhould.
O Duke! (no *Hebrew*, but an *Ethnick* rather)
Is this (alas!) the guerdon that we gather,
For all the ſervice thou haſt had of vs?
What haue we don, that thou betray'ſt vs thus?
For our obedience, ſhall we ever-more
With Fear and Want be hanted at our dore?
O windy words! O periur'd promiſes!
O gloze, to gull our honeſt ſimpleneſs!
Eſcap't from Hunger, Thirſt doth cut our throat:
Paſt the *Red Sea*, heer vp and down we float
On firm-leſs ſands of this vaſt Deſart heer,
Where, to and fro we wander many a year:
Looking for Libertie, we finde not Life:
No, neither Death (the welcom end of ſtrife).
Envy not vs, deer Babes: we envy you,
You happy ones, whom *Egypt's* Tyrant ſlew;
Your Birth and Death cam hand in hand together,
Your end was quick, nay 'twas an Entry rather
To end-leſs Life: We wretches, with our age
Increaſe our Woes, in this long Pilgrimage:
We hope no Harbour where we may take breath:
And Life to vs is a continuall Death.

They murmure for want of water with grievous imputation to their good Guide.

You

You bleſſed liue, and ſee th'Almighties face:
Our Days begin in tears, in toyls they paſs,
And end in dolours (this is all we do):
But Death concludes tears, toyls, and dolours too.
Stif-necked People, ſtubborn generation,
Egypt doth witneſs (in a wondrous faſhion)
God's goodnes (to thee): all the Elements
Expound vnto thee his Omnipotence:
And do'ſt thou murmure ſtill? and dar'ſt thou yet
Blaſpheme his promiſe, and diſcredit it?
Said MOSES then, and gaue a ſodain knock
With his deere Scepter on a mighty Rock;
From top to toe it ſhakes, and ſplits with-all,
And wel-nigh half, vnto the ground doth fall,
As ſmit with Lightning: then, with rapid ruſh,
Out of the ſtone a plentious *ſtream* doth guſh,
Which murmurs through the Plain; proud, that his glaſs
Gliding ſo ſwift, ſo ſoon re-youngs the graſs;
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sun,
And, through new paths ſo braue a courſe to run.
Who hath not ſeen (far vp within the Land)
A ſhoal of Geeſe on the dry-Sommer ſand
In their hoarce language (ſom-times lowely-lowd)
Suing for ſuccour to ſom moyſt-ful clowd;
How, when the Rain deſcends, their wings they beat,
(With the freſh drops to cool their ſwelting heat)
Bib with their Bill, bouz with their throats, and ſuck,
And twenty times vnto the bottom duck?
Such th'*Hebrews* glee: one, ſtooping down, doth ſup
The cleer quick ſtream; another takes it vp
In his bare hand, another in his hat;
This in his buskin, in a bucket, that
(Wel freſht him-ſelf) bears ſom vnto his Flock;
This fils his pitcher ful, and that his Crock:
And other ſom (whoſe Thirſt is more extream)
Like Frogs lie paddling in the cryſtall ſtream.
From *Rephidim*, along'ſt the *Deſart* Coaſt,
Now to Mount *Sina* marcheth all the Hoaſt;

Moſes reproues them, & ſmiteth the Rock, from whence iſſues plenty of water.

Similes.

They march toward Mount Sina, where God deliuereth them his LAW.

Where,

Where, th'everlasting GOD, in glorious wonder,
With dreadful voyce his fearfull LAVV doth thunder;
To showe, that His reverent, Divine *Decrees*
(Wher-to all hearts should bow, and bend all knees)
Proceed not from a *Politick* Pretence,
A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince;
(Nymph-prompted NVMA, or the *Spartans* Lord,
Or him that did *Cecropian* Strifes accord)
Nor from the mouth of any mortall man;
But from that King, who at his pleasure can
Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Ayr, and all ther-in:
That ISRAEL shall finde him (if they sin)
As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,
As dreadfull now in giving the COMMAND:
And, that the Text of that drad *Testament*
Grav'n in two Tables, for vs impotent,
Hath in the same, a sadder load compris'd,
And heavier yoak, then is the yoak of *Christ*.
That, that doth showe vs Sin; threats, wounds, and kils:
This offers Grace, Balm in our sores distils.

With what dreadful Maiesty it was delivered.

Redoubled Lightnings dazleth' *Hebrews* eyes,
Clowd-sund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and skies,
Lowder and lowder it careers and cracks,
And stately SINA's massie center shakes,
And turneth round, and on his sacred top,
A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap;
Vnder his rocky ribs, in Coombs belowe,
Rough-blustering BOREAS, nurst with *Rphean* snowe,
And blub-cheekt AVSTER, puft with fumes before,
Met in the midst, iustling for room, do roar:
A cloak of clowds all thorough-lin'd with Thunder,
Muffles the Mountain both aloft and vnder:
On PHARAN now no shining PHARVS showes.
A Heav'nly Trumpe a shrill *Tantara* blowes,
The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble-flash,
The smoaking storms, the whirl-fire's crackling clash,
And deafning Thunders, with the same do sing
(O wondrous consort!) th' everlasting King

His

His glorious Wisdom, who doth giue the *Law*
To th'Heavenly Troops, and keeps them all in aw.
But, as in Battail, we can hear no more
Small Pistol-shot, when once the Canons roar:
And as a Cornet soundeth cleer and rife,
Aboue the warbling of an *Alman* Fife;
A dradder voyce (yet a distincter voice)
Whose sound doth drown all th'other former noyse,
Roars in the Vale, and on the sacred Hill,
Which thrills the ears, but more the heart doth thrill
Of trembling *Iacob*: who all pale for fear,
From God's owne mouth these sacred words doth hear;
Hark *Israell*: O *Iacob* hear my *Law*:
Hear it, to keep it (and thy self in aw).
I am IEHOVA, I (with mighty hand)
Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt* Land:
ADORE ME ONLY for thy God and Lord,
With all thy heart, in every Deed and Word.
MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of any sort)
To thy owne Works My Glory to transport.
VSE NOT MY NAME without respect and fear,
Never Blaspheme, neither thy self for-swear.
SIX DAYS VVORK for thy food: but then (as I)
REST ON THE SEAVENTH, and to my Temple hye.
TO THOSE that gaue thee life, due REVERENCE giue,
If thou desire long in the Land to liue.
IMBRVE *thou* NOT THY HAND IN HVMAN BLOOD.
STAIN NOT *anothers* BED. STEALE NO MAN'S GOOD.
BEAR NO FALSE VVITNES. COVET NOT *to haue*
Thy Neighbours Wife, his Oxe, his Ass, his Slaue,
His House, his Land, his Cattle or his Coyn,
His Place, or Grace; or ought that is not Thine.
Eternall Tutor, O Rule truely-right
Of our frail life! our foot-steps Lanthorn bright:
O Soule's sweet Rest! O byting curb of Sin!
Which Bad despise, the Good take pleasure in:
Reverent EDICTS vpon Mount SINA giuen,
How-much-fold sense is in few words contriven!

Simile.

Simile.

The Decalogue.

The excellency of the Law of God.

How

How wonderfull, and how exceeding-farre!
How plain, how ſacred, how profound you are!
All Nations elſe, a thouſand times (for cauſe)
Haue Writ and Raç't, and chopt and chang'd their Laws:
Except the *Iews*; but they, although their State
With every Moon almoſt did innovate
(As ſomtimes having Kings, and ſomtimes none)
In all their changes kept their Law ſtill one.

The inconſtancie and vanity of Humane Lawes.

What reſteth at this day, of *Salaminian*,
Laconian LAVVS, or of the *Carthaginian*?
Yea *Rome*, that made even all the World one City,
So ſtrong in Arms, and in State's-Art ſo witty;
Hath, in the Ruines of her Pride's rich *Babels*,
Left but a Relique of her *Twice-Six-Tables*.

Stability and authoritie of the Law of God.

But, ſince in *Horeb* the High-Thundring ONE
Pronounç't This *Law*, three-thouſands times the Sun
Hath gallopt round Heaven's golden Bandeleer,
Imboſſt with Beaſts, ſtudded with ſtarrs ſo cleer;
And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft,
Although the People vnto whom 'twas left,
Be now no People, but (expulſt from home)
Through all the corners of the World do roam:
And though their State, through every Age almoſt,
On a rough Sea of Miſchiefs hath been toſt.

A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine
All other Lawes: *Megarian* Diſcipline
Hath nought of th'*Attick*: nor the *Coronan*
Of *Theban* Rytes: nor *Thebes* of *Cadmean*:
But, this *Set* LAVV given IACOB's Generations,
Is the true Law of Nature, and of Nations,
Which (ſacred) ſounds wher-ever (to deſcry)
Th'all-ſearching Sun doth caſt his flaming eye.
The *Turks* imbrace, the *Chriſtians* honour it,
And *Iews* with Fear, do even adore it yet.

How all men tranſgreſſe the ſame in every part.

I only, I (Great GOD) thy LAVVS do ſpurn
With my foul feet, I do thy Satutes ſcorn:
Puft in my Soule with extream *Pride*, before,
Nay in thy ſtead, I do my ſelf *Adore*.

I *Serue* no wooden gods, nor *Knee*-to Stones;
But *Couetous*, I Worſhip Golden ones.
I Name thee not, but in vain *Blaſphemy*,
Or (ACHAB-like) in ſad *Hypocriſie*.
I *Reſt* the Sabboath: yet I break thy LAVV,
Seruing (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.
I *Reuerence* Superiors, but in ſhowe;
Not out of Loue, but as compelled ſo.
I *Murder* none, yet doth my *Tongue* too-rife
Wound others Fame, and my Hearts-hate their life.
I *Ciuilize*, leſt that I ſeem *Obſcœne*:
But Lord (Thou know'ſt) I am *Vnchaſte*, vnclean.
I ſeem no *Theef*: yet tempted with my *Want*,
I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.
I ſpeak not much: yet in my little Talk,
Much *Vanity*, and many *Lies* do walk.
I *Wiſh* too-earneſt, and too-oft (in fine)
For others Fortunes, male-content with mine.
Heer lie I naked: lo th' *Anatomy*
Of my foul Heart. O *Humane-Deity*!
O *Chriſt*! th' Almightie's like All-mighty *Word*,
O put-me-on Thy *Robe*! as whilom (Lord)
Thou putſt-on Mine: me in Thy Blood be-laue;
And in my Soule thy ſacred *Laws* ingraue.

Remedy for all our ſinnes.

While with the Duke, th' Eternall did deuiſe,
And to his inward ſight did modulize
His *Tabernacle*'s admirable Form;
And prudently him (faithfull) did inform
In a new *Rubrik* of the *Rytes Diuine*,
To th' end the Heirs of promis'd *Paleſtine*,
After their fancy ſhould not worſhip him,
Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,
Into his ſacred TEMPLE introduce
The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* vſe:
But, by their *Rytes* to guide their ſpiritual eye
To *Chriſt*, the Rock on whom their hopes ſhould lie;
Beholde (alas!) frail *Aaron*, Deputied
During his abſence, all the Flock to guide,

In Moſes *abſence* Aaron *makes the golden Calfe.*

Dumb coward Curr, barks not againſt their ill;
But giving way to the mad Peoples will,
Caſteth a *Golden Calf*, and ſets it vp,
For them to worſhip, and vnto it ſtoop:
Gold, Rings, and Iewels, which the Lord of Heaven
Had (as Loue-tokens) lately to them given,
Are caſt into a Mould; and (which is worſe)
Iacob, to wed a *Calf*, doth *God* divorce.
Thoſe Feet, that dry-ſhod paſt the *Crimſin Gulf*,
Now Dance (alas!) before a Molten *Calf*:
That Voice, which late on ETHAM ſands had rung
Th'Almightie's glory, now to Satan ſung.

Moſes *ſharply reproveth* Aaron, *breakes the Idol, and puniſheth the Idolaters.*

The zealous Prophet, with iuſt fury moov'd,
'Fore all the Hoaſt, his Brother ſharp reproov'd:
And pulveriz'd their Idol: and eft-ſoons
Flankt by olde LEVI's moſt religious Sons,
Throngs through the Camp, & each-where ſtrowes his way
With blood and ſlaughter, horror and diſmay:

Simile.

As half a ſcore of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerfull ey chooſing a plot of Wheat,
Reap it at pleaſure, and of *Ceres* locks
Make hand-fulls ſheaves, & of their ſheaves make Shocks;
And through the Field from end to end do run,
Working a-vie, till all be down and don:
Or, as ſo many Canons ſhot at-once
A-front a Camp; Th'Earth with the Thunder grones,

Simile.

Heer flies a broken arm, and breaks another;
There ſtands th'one half of a halv'd body, th'other
Falls-down a furlong thence: heer flies a ſhield;
And deep-wide windows make they in the field.

Aaron & Mary (*or* Miriam) *murmure againſt* Moſes.

All theſe ſure ſignes of God's deer eſtimate,
Cannot confirm the *Hebrew* Magiſtrate
In his Authority: even AARON ſpights-it,
And MIRIAM (his Siſter) too back-bites-it.
But ſuddainly, on her in his Defence,
Foul Leproſie did puniſh this Offence.

Nadab *and* Abihu *for offering* ✠ *ſtrange Fire,*

His Nephews, ſcorning his Command, aſpire
Before the Lord to offer forrain Fire:

But,

But, on them ſoon a heav'nly Flame down-falling
(As in the Sommer ſom hot-dry *Exhaling*,
Or *blazing-Star* with ſuddain flaſh doth fall
At Palmers feet, and him affright with-all:)
Fires inſtantly their beards and oyled hair,
And all the ſacred veſtiments they wear;
Exhales their bloud, their Bodies burns to aſhes,
Their *Cenſers* melts with heat of Lightning flaſhes,
Their coals are quenched all, and ſacred Flame
Th'vn-hallowed Fire devour'd and over-came.

are killed by Fire from Heaven.

His Kinſ-man CORE then (with DATHAN ioyn'd
And with ABIRAM) murmur'd and repin'd:
O ſee (ſaith he) how many a ſubtil gin
The Tyrant ſets to ſnare our Freedoms in!
How we, abus'd with *Oracles* moſt vain,
(Which MOSES and his brother AARON fain)
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories*,
Do ſimply loſe our ſweeteſt Liberties!
See, how they do ingroſs between them two,
Into one Houſe, SCEPTER and EPHOD too:
See, how they dally, and with much delay
Prolong our Iourney to prolong their *Sway*:
And (to conclude) ſee how ſly Courſe they take,
To build their Greatneſs on our grievous wrack.
Hear'ſt thou me (MOSES) if thou chiefly ioy
To ſee thy Brethren's torments and annoy,
'Twere good to walk vs yet for ten yeers more
About theſe Mountains in theſe Deſarts poor:
Keep vs ſtill Exiles; Let vs (our Deſire)
Languiſh, wax-olde, and in theſe ſands expire,
Where cruell Serpents haunt vs ſtill at hand,
A Fruit-les, Flood-les, yea a Land-les Land.
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine Ambition
Cannot com down to privat mens condition,
Be Captain, Duke and King: for, God approves-thee,
Thy Vertues guard, the People fears and loves-thee.
But as for AARON, what is his deſert?
What High-exploit, what Excellence, what Art

Core, Dathan, and Abiram, their conſpiracy.

Gain'd him th' *High-Priesthood*? O good God, what shame?
Alas! hath he for any thing got fame
But HOREBS Horn-God? for despising thee,
And thy Commands; and for Conspiracie?
The morrow next, before the *Sacred Tent*
This Mutiner with sacred Censer went
Adorn'd, self-gazing, with a lofty ey,
His faction present: AARON also by.
Lord shield thy Cause, approve thee veritable,
Let not thy Name be to the Lewd a Fable:
Oint thine *Anointed* publikely: by Miracle,
Showe whom thou hast selected for thine *Oracle*:
Said MOSES then; and even as yet he spake,
The groaning Earth began to reel and shake,
Their dreadfull punishment. A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,
And in her bosom vp and down it tumbles,
Tearing her Rocks, Vntil she *Yawn* a way
To let it out and to let in the Day:
Heav'n sees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,
And Divels dazled with the glistring leav'n
Of th'ancient Sun, yet lower fain would dive;
But chain'd to th'Centre all in vain they strive.
CORE, round compast with his Rebel friends,
Offers to BELZEBVB and to the *Fiends*:
His bodie's batter'd with Rocks falling down,
And arms of Trees there planted vp-side-down:
He goes with Noise down to the *Silent* Coast,
Intoombd alive, without all Art or cost.
And all the rest that his proud side assum'd,
Scaping the Gulf, with Lightning are consum'd.
Aarons charge is confirmed by miracle. And AARON's Office is confirm'd by God,
With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,
Which dead, re-buds, re-blooms, and Almonds bears;
When all his Fellows haue no life in theirs.
Sundry victories of the Israelites, vnder the conduct and direction of Moses. Now, shall I sing, through MOSES prudent Sway,
How ISRAEL doth AMALEC dismay,
ARAD and OG (that of huge Giants springs)
Proud HESEBON, and the five *Madian* Kings,

With

With the falſe Prelat, who profanely made
Of *Prophets-gifts* a ſacrilegious trade;
Who falſe, ſayes true; who ſtriving (paſt all ſhame)
To force the Spirit, is forced by the ſame:
Who, ſnaring th' *Hebrews* with frail Beauties graces,
Defiles their bodies, more their ſoules defaces?
Doubt-les his Deeds are ſuch, as would I ſing
But half of them, I vnder-take a thing
As hard almoſt, as in the *Gangik* Seas
To count the Waves, or Sands in *Euphrates*;
And, of ſo much, ſhould I a little ſay,
It were to wrong him, and his Praiſe betray.
His Noble Acts we therefore heer ſuſpend,
And skip vnto his ſweet and happy End:
Sith, th' End is it whereby we iudge the beſt
(For either Life) how Man is Curſt or Bleſt.
Feeling his vigour by degrees to waſte,
And, one Fire quencht, another kindling faſt,
Which doth his Spirit re-found, his ſoule refine,
And raiſe to Heaven, whence it was ſent divine;
He doth not (*Now*) ſtudy to make his *Will*,
T' *Entail* his Land to his *Male-Iſſue* ſtill:
Wiſely and iuſtly to divide his Good,
To Sons and Daughters, and his neereſt Blood:
T' aſſigne his Wife a *Dowry* fair and fit,
A hundred times to add, and alter it:
To quittance Friendſhips with frank Legacies:
To guerdon Service with *Annuities*,
To make *Executors*, to *Cancel* ſom,
T' appoint himſelf a Palace for a *Tomb*.
(I praiſe a Care to ſettle our Eſtate:
But, when Death threats vs, then it is too-late.
A ſeemly Buriall is a ſacree Rite:
But let the living take that charge of right.)
He (lifting higher his laſt thoughts) beſides
The Common-Weale's care, for the Church prouides,
And graving his diſcourſe with voice devout,
Bids thus far-well to all that ſtand about;

Referring the Warres for another Diſcourſe, our Poet haſteth to the death of Moſes.

By his example Men are warned not to deferre to make their Will till it be too late to be troubled with the buſines of this world.

He pronounceth the blessings and the curses writtē in Leviticus 26 & Deutro. 28. *wherevnto the people say Amen.*

O IACOB's seed (I might say, my deer sons)
Y'are sense-les more then metalls, stocks or stones,
If y'have forgot the many-many Miracles
Wher-with the Lord hath seal'd my sacred *Oracles*;
And all the Favours (in this savage Place)
In forty yeers received of his grace.
Therefore (O ISRAEL) walk thou in his fear,
And in thy hearts-heart (not in Marble) bear
His ever-lasting LAVV: before him stand,
And to his Service consecrate thy hand.

Blessings on those that obey.

If this thou do, thy Heav'n-blest fleecy Flocks
Shall bound about thy Pastures, Downs and Rocks;
As thick as skip in Sommer, in a Mead,
The Grass-hoppers that all with Deaw are fed:
Thy fruitfull Eaws fat Twins shall bring thee ever,
And of their Milk shall make a plentious River:
Th'olde Tyrant loads not with so-many loans,
Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impositions,
The panting Vassalls to him Tributary,
As thy rich Fields shall pay thee voluntary:
Thy children, and thy children's children, set
About thy Table side by side at meat,
Shall flourish like a long and goodly rowe
Of pale-green Olives that vprightly growe
About a ground, and (full of Fruit) presage
Plenty of Oyl vnto their Master sage:
Sons of thy sons shall serue thy reverend Eld:
Thou shalt die quiet, thou shalt live vnqueld:
Blessed at home, and blessed in the Plain:
The blessed God shall send thee timely Rain,
And holsom windes, and with his keyes of grace
Open Heav'ns store-house to thy happy Race:
Thy proud fell Foes with Troops of armed men
Shall charge thee one way, but shall flie thee ten:
The Peace-Plant Olive, or Triumphant Bay
Shall shade thy gates: Thy valour shall dismay,
And daunt the Earth: and with his sacred aw
Thy Saviour-King shall giue the World the law.

If

If other-wiſe; the Megrim, Gowt, and Stone,
Shall plague thee fel with thouſand pangs in one:
Thy numbry Flocks in part ſhall barren be,
In part ſhall bring abortives vnto thee:
Accurſt at home, accurſed in the Plain,
Thy labour boot-les, and thy care in vain:
Thy Field ſhall be of ſteel, thy Heav'n of braſs,
Thy Fountains dry: and God diſpleas'd (alas!)
In ſteed of holſom ſhowrs, ſhall ſend down flaſhes
Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and Aſhes:
Thou ſhalt reap little where thou much haſt ſhed,
And with that little ſhall thy Foe be fed;
He ſhall the fatteſt of thy Heard devour
Before thy face, and yet thou muſt not lowr:
Thou ſhalt build fair, another haue thy Place:
Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face
Shal looſe her *Bride-belt*: God with rage ſhall ſmight
Thy ſtubborn heart, with blindneſſe and affright;
So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,
Yea, the leaſt creak ſhall make thee turn thy back:
Thou never ſhalt thine adverſe Hoaſt ſurvay,
But to be beaten, or to run away.
A People ſtout, for ſtrength and number ample,
Which th'*Ægle* hath for *Enſigne* and Example,
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall ſhall dam,
And make thee (Famiſht) thy void bowels cram
With thine owne bowels, and for want of meat
Thine owne deer Children's trembling fleſh to eat.
And then, thy Remnant (far diſperſt from home)
O're all the Corners of the earth ſhall roam:
To ſhew their Curſe, they ſhall no Country ow'ne,
And (which is worſe) they ſhall not be their Owne.
AMEN, ſaid all the Hoaſt. Then (like the Swan)
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began:

Curſes on the Diſobedient.

SIth ISRAEL (O wil-full!) will not hear;
Hearken O Heavens, and O thou Earth give ear
Vnto my voice, and Witneſs (on my part)
Before the Lord, my zeal and their hard hart.

The SONG OF MOSES.

O Heav'n and Earth attend vnto my Song,
Hear my diſcourſe, which ſweetly ſlides along
As ſilver ſhowrs on the dry Meads do trill,
And hony deaws, on tender graſs diſtill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts, my Verſe
(As water on the withered Lawns) may pearce:
And that the hony dropping from my tongue
May ſerve the olde for rain, for deaw the young.

I ſing th'Eternal: O let Heav'n and Earth
Com praiſe him with me, ſound his glory forth,
Extol his Powr, his perfect Works record,
Truth, Goodnes, Greatnes, Iuſtice of the Lord.

But, though for ever He have ſhowen him ſuch;
His children yet (no Children, rather-much
A Baſtard Race) full of malicious ſin,
All kinde of vice have foully wallowed in.

O fooliſh People! dooſt thou thus requight
His Father-care, who fenç't thee day and night,
As with a Shield? Who choſe thee as his heir?
Who made thee, of ſo foule a maſſe, ſo fair?

Vn-winde the bottom of olde Times again,
Of Ages paſt vn-reel the ſnarled skain,
Ask of thy Parents, and they ſhall declare,
Thine Elders, and they'll tell thee Wonders rare.

They'll tell thee, how, when firſt the Lord had ſpred
Men on the Earth, and iuſtly levelled
His ſtrait long Meaſure th'All-Bal to divide,
He did for thee a plentious Land provide.

For his deer IACOB, whom his favour then
Seem'd t'have ſequeſtred from the reſt of men,
To th'end his *Bleſſed Seed* (in future age)
Should be his Care, Love, Lot, and Heritage.

They'll

They'll tell thee too, how through the ſandy horror
Of a vaſt *Deſart*, Den of ghaſtly Terror,
Of Thirſt and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL:

Yea (of his goodnes) to direct him ſtill,
By Word and Writ ſhow'd him his ſacred Will;
Vnder his wings ſhade hid him tenderly,
And held him deer, as apple of his ey.

As is the royall *Eagle's* ſacred wont,
When ſhe would teach her tender Birds to mount,
To flie and cry about her Neſt, to cheer-them,
And when they faint, on her wingd back to bear-them:

God (without aid of other Gods or *Graces*)
Safe guide, hath made him mount the higheſt Places,
Suck Oyl and Hony from the Rocks diſtilling,
In plentious Land with pleaſant Fruits him filling.

He gave him Milk and Butter for his meat,
Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, and the flowr of Wheat;
And for his Drink, a moſt delicious Wine
(The ſprightfull bloud of the broad-ſpreading Vine).

But, waxen fat, he lifts his wanton heel
Againſt his God (to whom his Soule ſhould kneel)
Forſakes his Maker, and contemns the Same
That ſaved him from danger, death, and ſhame.

Then, he inflam'd the fury of the Lord,
With profane bowing to falſe Gods abhord:
With ſerving *Idols*, and with Sacrificing
To Fiends, and Phanſies of his owne deviſing.

For vain falſe Gods, Gods vn-renown'd, and new,
Gods that his Fathers nor he neuer knew,
He hath forgot the true eternall BEING,
The God of whom he holdes his bliſs and being.

God

God ſaw it well, and Ielouſly a-fire,
Againſt his Children thus he threats his ire:
No; I will hide the brightnes of my face,
I'll take from them the treaſures of my grace:

Then let vs ſee what will of them becom:
But, what but miſchife can vnto them com,
That ſo perverſe with every puff let fly
Their Faith, ſole conſtant in inconſtancy?

Th'have made me ieloux of a God, no God:
I'll make them ieloux, I will Wed (abroad)
A People (yet) no People: And their breſt
Shall ſplit, for ſpight, to ſee the *Nations* bleſt.

Devouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath conſume
The deep of Deeps, the middle Downs, and Fields,
And ſtrong foundations of the ſteepeſt Hils.

I'll ſpend on them my ſtore of Puniſhments.
And all mine Arrows; Famine, Peſtilence,
Wilde Beaſts, and Worms that baſely crawling are,
Without remorſe ſhall make them end-les War.

Abroad the Sword their ſtrong men ſhall devour;
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr:
The freſh young Youth, the ſucking Children ſmall,
And hoary head, dead to the ground ſhall fall.

Yea, even already would I quite deface
And clean deſtroy them, I would IACOB race,
Raze his Memoriall from the Earth for ay,
But that I fear the *Heathen* thus would ſay:

We have preuail'd, we by our ſtrength alone
Have quell'd this People, and them over-throwen:
'T was not their God that did it for their Sins:
No, He himſelf is vanquiſht with his Friends.

Ha!

Ha! ſottiſh blocks, void of all ſenſe and ſight:
Could one man put a thouſand men to flight?
And two, ten thouſand? if the God of Arms
Had not even ſolde their Troops and bound their arms?

For God, our God, doth all their Gods ſurpaſs:
They knowe it well: but, their Wine ſprings (alas!)
From SODOM's Vine, and grew in GOMER's fields,
Which Gall for Grapes, for Rayſins Poyſon yeelds.

It is no Wine: no, the black bane it is,
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice;
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the ſame that coms
From the fel ASPIK's foul infecting gums.

Do not I knowe it? keep not I account
(In mine Exchequer) how their Sins do mount?
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay
In my due time: I will not long delay.

Their Ruin poſteth: then, th'Omnipotent
Shall iudge for IACOB: then I will repent
To quite-deſtroy mine owne beloved People,
Seeing their ſtrength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'T will then be ſaid, Where are there Gods become,
(Their deaf, dull Idols, ſent-les, ſight-les, dumb)
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, and eyes,
And (as their Guards) ſo oft did ſacrifice?

Now let thoſe trim Protectors them protect;
Let them them riſe quickly and defend their Sect,
Their *Fires* and *Altars*; and com ſtand before,
To ſhield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

Knowe therfore, Mortals, I th' IMMORTAL *am*:
There's none like *Me*, in or above this *Frame*:
I wound, I heal; I kill, I fetch from Grave,
And from my hands none can the Sinner ſave.

I'll lift my hand toward th'arched Heav'ns on high,
And ſwear with-all by mine Eternity,
(Which onely *Beeing*, gives to all to *Been*)
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:

If once (I ſay) as ſoverain King alone,
I ſit me down on my high *Juſtice* Throne,
I'll venge me roughly on mine Enemies,
And guerdon iuſtly their iniquities:

My heart-thrill Darts I will make drunk with blood,
I'll glut my Sword with ſlaughter; all the brood
Of rebell Nations I will race (in fine)
To recompence the blood and death of Mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praiſe and fear,
Sith to the Lord it is ſo choiſely-deer:
Sith Hee'll auenge his Cauſe, and beating down
His Enemies, will mildly cheer his Owne.

FINIS.

The CAPTAINES.

THE IIII. PART OF THE III. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Iust-Duked IOSVAH *cheers the* Abramides
To CANAAN's *Conqueſt*: Iordan *ſelf-divides*:
Re-Circumciſion, *what, and where, and why*:
Sackt Iericho: Hai *won* (*ſo* Achan *die*):
Gabaonites *guile*: ſtrange Hail: *the* Sun ſtands ſtill:
Nature *repines*. Iews (*Guide-les*) *prone to ill*.
Adoni-Bezec. Sangar, DEBORA,
Barac *and* Iahel *conquer* SISARA.
Samuel *ſucceeds*: Iews *craue a* KING: *a vie*
Of People-*Sway*; States-*Rule*: *and* MONARCHIE.

HAil *holy* IORDAN, and you *bleſſed* Torrents
Of the pure Waters of whoſe cryſtal Currents
So many *Saints* have ſipt: O *Walls*, that reſt
Fair Monuments of many a famous Gueſt:
O *Hills*, O *Dales*, O *Fields* ſo flowry ſweet,
Where *Angels* oft have ſet their ſacred feet:
And thou O *ſacred Place*, which wert the *Cradle*
Of th'onely MAN-GOD, and his happy *Swadle*:
And thou O *Soil*, which drank'ſt the *crimſin Shower*
That (for our health) out of his veins did pour:
And you fat *Hillocks* (which I take as given
For a firm pledge of the full loves of Heav'n):
Where Milk and Honey flowe; I ſee you all,
Vnder the conduct of my Generall.

Canaan *ſaluted*.

NVN's

NVN's valiant *Son:* and vnder GEDEON's Sway,
SANGAR, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

Argument of this Tract.

For, heer (braue *Heroes*) your high Feats I sing;
Thrice-sacred Spirit, thy speedie succour bring:
O Spirit, which wert their Guide, Guard, strength & stay,
Let not my Verse their Vertue's praise betray.

IOSVAH, by Favour not by Bribes, obtains
A higher Rank then Royall Soveraigns
(Who buies in gross, he by retail must sell:
And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well):
He gets it not by Fortune (she is sight-les):
Neither by Force (for, who so enters (Right-les)
By Force, is forced to go out with shame):
Nor so dain climbs he (raw) vnto the same
(For, to high Place, who mounts not step by step,
He coms not down, but head-long down doth leap):

Iosuah his inst authority, over the People of Israell.

Simile.

But, even as that grave-gracefull Magistrate,
Which (now) *with* Conscience, Law *doth Moderate,*
Was first a Student (*vnder others aw*)
Then Barister, *then* Counseller *at-Law,*
Then Queens-Solicitor, *then* Roules-*Arbitrer,*
And then Lord-Keeper, *now* LORD CHANCELER;
He coms to't by degrees: and having first
Show'n himself wise in spying *Canaan* yerst,
Faith-full to MOSES in his Ministrings,
And *Stout* in Fight against the Heathen Kings,
God makes him CAPTAIN, and the sacred Priests
Pronounce him so, the People pleased is.

His first Oration to the People.

But in his State yer he be stall'd (almost)
Set in the midst of God's beloved Hoast,
He thus dilates: O happy Legions deer,
Which sacred Arms vnder Heav'ns Ensignes bear,
Fear not that I, yet forty years, again
Your wandring Troops in these vast sands should train
'Twixt Hope and Fear: th'vn-hallowed Offerings,
The proud revolts, blasphemous Murmurings
Of your stiff Fathers, have with-holden rather
Then whole with-draw'n th'aid of your heav'nly Father:

God

God tenders it in time, and (pacifi'd)
Nills the set Term without effect should slide.
Serve him therfore, now take him at his word,
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord,
And bravely showe that th'Hoast of ISRAEL,
In Valour, far doth his drad Fame excell.
Courageous IACOB, ARAD's stoutest hearts
And strongest Holdes have prov'd thy Pikes and Darts,
The *Madianits* have thine Arms thunder knowen,
Th'hast razed *Bazan*, ransackt *Hezebon*,
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Desarts vast)
Crost the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop SINA past,
And sent to Hell thy draddest Foes: Lo, now
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.
Then turning him to RVBEN and to GAD,
And to MANASSES, who their Portion had
By MOSES grant on *Iordan's* Eastern verge;
War-eloquent, he thus proceeds to vrge:
Can you (my Harts) finde in your hearts to leave
Your Ranks, and vs thus of your aids bereave?
Will you ly wrapped in soft beds a-sleep,
While in colde Trenches your poor Brethren keep?
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be don)
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*
His cloudy store in storm-full fury pours,
And drowns your Brethren with continuall showrs?
Will you go Dance and dally to and fro,
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?
Will you expect a part with them in gain,
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain?
God shield you should dishonour so your Blood:
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Flood
Your Wives and Children, and (vnfit for Battell)
Your aged Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)
Com arm your selves, t'advance our Victories,
And share with vs in Perill, as in Prize.
O noble Prince (then all the Hoast repli'd)
March on a Gods name; and good Hap betide:

He vrgeth particularly Ruben, Gad, *and* Manasses, *to take part with their Brethren, in prosecuting the Conquest of* Canaan.

The general and ioifull answer of the people.

Were

Were *Canaan* turn'd another Wildernes,
Were there before vs yet more crimsin Seas,
Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Seer* set
Each vpon other (vp to Heav'n to get)
We'll follow thee through all; and onely th'end
Of our owne lyves shall our brave Iourney end.
After the *Ark*, then march they in aray
Direct to *Iordan*, praising all the way
That living God, whose match-les mighty hand
Parted the Sea, that they might pass by land.

A Poeticall and pleasant description of the River Iordan.

Hoar-headed *Iordan* neatly lodged was
In a large Cave, built all of beaten Glass;
Whose waved Seeling, with exceeding cost,
The *Nymphs* (his Daughters) rarely had imbost
With Pearls and Rubies, and in-lay'd the rest
With *Nacre checks*, and Corall of the best:
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,
With tribute silver to his seruice run:
There, IRIS, AVSTER, and Clowds blewly black
Continually their licour leave and take:
There, th'aged Flood lay'd on his mossie bed
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head
Vpon a Tuft, where th'eating waves incroach,
Did gladly wait for ISRAELS approach:
Each hair he hath is a quick-flowing stream,
His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that over-flowes his bounds:
His weak gray eyes are alwaies seen to weep,
About his loins a rush-Belt wears he deep,
A Willow Wreathe about his wrinkled brows;
His Father NEREVS his complexion showes.
So soon as He their welcom rumour heard,
His frosty head aboue the Waues he rear'd,
With both his hands strook back behinde his ears
The waving Tresses of his weeping hairs,
And then perceiuing IACOB's Army stay'd
By his prowd streams; he chid them thus, and said:

Pre-

Presumptuous Brook, dar'st thou (ingratefull Torrent) Prosopopœia.
Lift-vp thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current
Against the Lord, and over-flowe thy bound
To stop his passage? Shall the Floods profound
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast giue-way?
Shall *Egypt*'s honour, shall that Gulf (I say)
That long large Sea, which with his plentious waues
A third or fourth part of the World be-laues;
Shall That yield humbly at his Servant's beck?
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)
Resist himself (his glorious self) that Inns
Heer in his *Ark*, between the Cherubins?
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung
His deep wide Crock, that on his hip had hung,
And down his back powrs back-ward all his Course:
The stream returns towards his double source;
And, leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,
The fearfull waues in heaped Hils were fixt,
To giue God place, and passage to his hoast,
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed coast.

So, dry they pass (after the sacred *Oracle*) *The Israelites passe dry shod through* Iordan
And leaue Memorials of that famous Miracle
Vpon Mount *Gilgal*: and their flesh anon
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.
For, the All-guiding God, th' Almighty Prince,
To giue His som special difference,
Will'd that all Males of *Abram*'s Progenies *Circumcision.*
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*;
And ever-more, that *Isaac*'s blessed Race
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace.

But, why (sayst thou) should ancient ISRAEL, *A curious Question, why it was appointed in such a place.*
In such a secret place Record and Seal
Th' *Act* of the *Covenant*: and with bloody smart,
Ingraue their glory in a shamefull part?

Who blushes at it, is a grace-less Beast: *A sharp and sober answere.*
Who shames to see the *Signe* of *Grace* impresst
In shamefull part, he is asham'd of CHRIST
Born of that Race, and selfly *Circumcis'd*.

A hundred ſubtill Reaſons from the Writs
Of *Rabines* could I bring: but, ſober Wits
Reſt ſatisfied, conceiving that th'inciſion
The right application and vſe thereof. Of th'obſcœne *Fore-skin*, ſignifies th'abſciſion,
Or ſacred cutting-off of foul Affects,
Beſeeming thoſe whom God, for his, elects:
That God the Fruits of Fleſh and Blood doth hate:
And that through CHRIST we muſt regenerate.
The Paſſeover. Now, th'*Hebrews* kept their *Paſs-over*: and go
(By Heav'ns addreſs) to mighty *Iericho*,
Beſieging ſo the City round about,
That fear got in, but nothing could get out.
The Siege of Iericho, after a ſtrange manner. Souldiers (ſayd then th'vndaunted Generall)
Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, nor Rams at all,
To myne, or ſcale, or batter-down theſe Towrs:
The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs
Will fight himſelf alone: and then he bod
(As firſt himſelf had been inform'd by God)
That dayly once they all ſhould march the Round
About the City, with horn-Trumpets ſound,
Bearing about for only Banneret,
The lightfull *Ark*, GOD's ſacred Cabinet:
Their ſwords vn-draw'n, not making any noyſe,
Threat-leſs their brows, and without braves their voyce,
No ſhaft to ſhoot, no ſigne of War, no glance,
And even their March doth rather ſeem a dance.
The Citizens deride it. What Childre-ſpell? what May-game haue we heer?
What, dare you (Gallants) dare you com no neer?
Is this your braue Aſſault? is this your Fight?
Ween you with Scar-crowes vs (like birds) to fright?
(Said the beſieged) get you ſom where els
(Poor ſots) to ſhowe your Bug-bears and your ſpels:
Ceaſe your hoarſe muſick, leaue the ſtage alone:
Fools, draw the Curten, now your Play is done.
On the 7 day, their walles of themſelues fall downe. Six dayes together had the *Hebrews* thus't
About the town, ſeaven-times the ſeaventh they muſt;
When ſacred *Levits* ſound more lowd and high
Their horny Trumps; then all the people cry

Com,

Com, com (great God) com, batter, batter down
These odious walls, this Idol-wedded Town.
It cracks in th'instant, the foundation shrinks,
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks,
Each stone is loose, and all the wall doth quiver,
And all at once vnto the ground doth shiver
With hideous noyse; and th' *Heathen* Guarison
Is but immur'd with Clowds of dust alone:
So shall you see a Clowd-crown'd Hill somtime,
Torn from a greater by the waste of Time,
Dreadly to shake, and boundling down to hop;
And roaring, heer it roules tall Cedars vp,
There aged Oaks; it turns, it spurns, it hales
The lower Rocks into th'affrighted Vales,
There sadly sinks, or suddain stops the way
Of som swift Torrent hasting to the Sea.
Boast you (O Bombards) that you Thunder drown:
And vaunt you (Mines) that you turn vp side-down
Rampires and Towrs, and Walls the massie-most:
Yet, your exploits require both time and cost;
You make but a small breach, but a rough way,
And (by mischance) oft your owne side betray.
But, th' *Hebrews* with a suddain showt and cry,
A whole great Town dis-mantle instantly,
And (vnresisted) entring every-where,
They exercise all hostile vengeance there.
And, as a sort of lusty Bil-men, set *Simile.*
In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great;
Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain,
They turn an Oak-groue to a Field of grain:
So th' *Hebrew* Hoast, without remorse or pitty, Iericо *sackt & consumed with fire, and all her inhabitants put to the sword: without respect of State, Sexe or Age.*
Through all sad corners of the open City,
Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in blood, and toyl
To lay all levell with the trampled soyl:
The Idol's Temples, and the delicat
Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat:
The Fire lowd-crackling with the Clowds doth meet,
A bloody Torrent runs through every street,

Their venge-full ſword ſpares neither great nor ſmall;
Neither the Childe that on his hands doth crawl,
Nor him that wears ſnowe on his ſhaking head,
Ice in his heart; nor the leaſt Beaſt they bred.
A deed (indeed) more worthy th'*Heſiline*,
Than th'holy *Hebrews*; had the voyce Divine
Not charg'd them ſo, and choycely armed them
'Gainſt *Iericho*, with his owne * *Anathem:*
Reſerving only for his *Sacred Place*,
The Gold and Silver, th'Iron and the Braſs.
Yet ſacrilegious *Achan* dar'd to hoord
Som precious Pillage: which incenſt the Lord
Againſt the Camp, ſo that he let them fly
(For this Offence) before their Enemy.
For, when three thouſand choſen *Iſraelites*
Were ſent to *Hai* t'aſſault the *Cananites*,
The Town all arm'd: their Prince the forwardeſt
(No leſs-brave Souldier then bold Athëiſt)
Arms the broad mountain of his hairy breaſt,
With horrid ſcales of *Nilus* greedy beaſt:
His brawny arms and ſhoulders, with the skin
Of the dart-darting wily *Porcupin:*
He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghaſtly head,
Wher-on for Plume a huge Horſe-tail doth ſpread;
Not much vnlike a Birch-tree bare belowe,
Which at the top in a thick tuft doth growe,
Waving with every winde, and made to kiſs
Th'Earth, now on that ſide, and anon on this:
In Quyver made of Lezard's skins he wears
His poyſoned Arrows; and the Bowe he bears,
Is of a mighty Tree ſtrung with a Cable,
His Shaft a Lever, whoſe keen head is able
To pearce all proof, ſtone, ſteel, and Diamant.
Thus furniſhed, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:
Sirs, ſhall we ſuffer this ignoble Race,
Thus ſhamefully vs from our Owne to chaſe?
Shall they be Victors yer they overcom?
Shall our Poſſeſſions and our Plenty com

* Curſe.

Achan's Sacriledge.

Hai *ſummoned, the Townes mens ſally and put the Iſraelites to flight.*

The antik armour of the king. His inſolent and blaſphemous Oration.

Among

Among theſe Mongrels? Tuſh: let Children quake
At dreams of ABRAM: let faint Women ſhake
At their drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord;
I knowe no Gods, aboue my glittering Sword:
This ſayd, he ſallies, and aſſaults the Foe
With furious skirmiſh, and doth charge them ſo,
As ſtormy billows ruſh againſt a Rock:
As boyſtrous windes (that haue their priſon broak)
Roar on a Forreſt: as Heav'ns ſulph'ry Flaſh
Againſt proud Mountains ſurly brows doth daſh.
The ſacred Troops (to conquer alwayes wont)
Could not ſuſtain his firſt Tempeſtuous brunt,
But turn their backs: and as they fly amain,
Four leſs than fourty of their band were ſlain.
The ſon of NVN then (with th' *Iſacian* Peers)
Before the *Ark* in poſtrate wiſe appears;
Sack on his back, duſt on his head, his eyes
Even great with teares, thus to the Lord he cries:
O! what alas? what haue we don, O Lord?
The People, deſtin'd to thy Peoples ſword,
Conquers thy people; and the *Cananites*
(Againſt thy Promiſe) chaſe the *Iſraelites*.
O Lord, why did not *Iordans* rapid Tyde,
Still ſtay our Hoaſt vpon the other ſide?
Sith heer, in hope, to get the *Promis'd* more,
We hazzard all that we had won before.
Regard, and guard vs; nay, regard thy Name:
O! ſuffer not the ſeed of *Abraham*
(Almighty Father, O thou God moſt high!)
To be expos'd to *Heathen's* Tyranny!
Much leſs thy ſacred *Ark*, for them to burn:
And leaſt of all, thy glorious Self, to ſcorn.
IOSVAH (ſayd God) let th' Hoaſt be ſanctifi'd,
And let the Church-thief die, that dar'd to hide
Th'vn-lawfull Pillage of that curſed Town
(Thy Mayden Conqueſt, prime of thy Renown):
Then ſhalt thou vanquiſh, and the lofty Towrs
Of HAI, ſhal fall vnder thy war-like powrs.

3. *Similes.*

Ioſuah *and the Princes of* Iſrael *humbled before the Lord in Prayer.*

The morrow next, after the great *Assise*,
Achã *executed* ACHAN (convicted, not by bare surmize,
But by God's Spirit, which vndermines our mindes,
And cleerly sees our secretest designes,
To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,
To whom the Die vncertain rouleth not)
Is brought without the Hoast, with all hee hath,
And sacrific'd vnto th' Almighties wrath.
Now, between *Bethel* and HAI's western wall,
There lies a valley close inviron'd all
Between the forking of a Hill so high,
That it is hidden from all passers-by:
Whose horned clifts, belowe are hollowed,
And with two Forrests arbour'd over-head;
'Tis long and narrow; and a rapid Torrent,
Bounding from Rock to Rock with roaring Current,
Deaffens the Shepheards: so that it should seem
Nature fore-cast it for som stratagem.
An ambush. Thither the Duke (soon after mid-night) guides
His choycest Bands, and them there war'ly hides:
Ech keeps his place, none speaks, none spits, none coughs;
But all as still, as if they march ton moss:
Simile. So fallow Wolues, when they intend to set
On fearfull flocks that in their Folds do bleat,
Through silent darknes secret ways do groap;
Their feet are feathered with the wings of hope,
They hold their breath, and so still vn-descri'd,
They pass hard by the watchfull Mastie's side.
Mean-while the howrs opened the doors of Day,
To let out *Titan* that must needs away:
Whose radiant trestes, but with trayling on,
Began to gild the top of *Libanon*;
* *Signifieth but an Earle: but here it is vsurped for the chiefe Captain* Ioiuah. When, with the rest of all his Hoast, the * GRAVE
Marcheth amain to giue the Town a braue,
Simile. They straight re-charge him: as in season warm
The hony-makers busie-buzzing swarm,
With humming threats throngs from the little gates
Of their round Towr, and with their little hates

Fiercely

Fiercely aſſail, and wound the naked skins
Of ſuch as come to rob their curious Inns.
Why (Cowards) dare you com again for blowes?
Or, do you long your wretched liues to loſe?
Com, we are for you; wee'll diſpatch you ſoon,
And for the many wrongs that you haue don
Vnto our ſelues, our Neighbours, and our Friends,
This day our ſwords ſhall make vs full amends
(Cry th' *Amorites*): and th' *Hebrew* Captain then *A ſtrattagem.*
Flies, as affraid, and with him all his men
Diſorderly retire; ſtill faining ſo,
Till (politik) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe
Right to his Ambuſh: then the Souldiers there
Hid in the Vale, hearing their noyſe ſo neer,
Would fain be at them, were they not with-held
By threatning geſtures of Commanding Eld:
So haue I ſeen on LAMBORN'S *pleaſant Downs,* *A ſimile.*
When yelping Begles or ſom deeper Hounds
Haue ſtart a Hare, how milk-white Minks *and* Lun
(*Gray-bitches both, the beſt that ever run*)
Held in one leaſh, haue leapt and ſtrain'd, and whin'd
To be reſtrain'd, till (*to their maſters minde*)
They might be ſlipt, to purpoſe; that (*for ſport*)
Watt *might haue law, neither too-long nor ſhort.*
But, when the *Heathen* had the ambuſh paſt,
The Duke thus cheers his ſacred Troops as faſt,
Sa, ſa, my Hearts; turn, turn again vpon-them,
They are your owne, now charge, and cheerly on-them.
His ready Souldiers at a beck obay,
And on their Foes courageous load they lay; *His conquered.*
They ſhoot, they ſhock, they ſtrike, they ſtab, they kill
Th' vnhallowed Currs, that yet reſiſted ſtill;
Vntill behinde them a new ſtorm aroſe
With horrid noyſe, which daunts not only thoſe,
But with the fury of it 's force doth make
The Hills and Forreſts, and even Hell to quake.
Pagans, what will you do? if heer you fly,
You fall on *Caleb*, where y' are ſure to dy:

If there, on *Iosuah*: O vnfortunate!
Your help-lesse Gods in vain you invocate.
Y'are (O forlorn!) like Rabbets round be-set
With wily Hunters, Dogs, and deadly Net:
Simile. With shrill *Sa-haw, heer-heer-ho, heer-again,*
The Warren rings; th'amazed Game amain
Runs heer and there; but, if they scape away
From Hounds, staues kill them; if from staues, the Hay.
Yield, yield, and die then, striue not to retire:
For, even in death behold your Town a-fire.
Then *Gabaon*, a mighty City neer,
That these Exploits of Heav'ns drad hand did hear,
Sent subtilly, to League with *Israel*.
No: y'are deceiv'd (sayd then th' *Arch-Colonel*)
The *Cananites* are destin'd long ago
To Fire and Sword, and vtter Over-throwe;
From Heav'ns high Iudge the sentence doth proceed:
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.
The Gabaonites *cunning policie, to make League with* Israel. Alas! my Lord (reply'd th' Embassadors)
You may perceiue we are no Borderers
Vpon these countries; For, our sutes, our slops,
Our hose and shoos, were new out of the shops
When we set forth from home; and even that day
This Bread was baked when we came away;
But the long Iourney, we haue gon, hath wore
Our cloaths to rags, and turn'd our Victuals hoar.
W'adiure you therefore in the sacred name
Of that drad GOD to whom your vows you frame,
By the sweet ayr of this delightfull Coast,
By the good Angell that conducts your Hoast,
By deer Embraces of your deerer Wiues,
And by your Babes (even) deerer then your liues;
By each of these, and all of these together,
And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawen vs hither,
T'haue pitty on vs, and to swear vnto-vs,
To saue our liues, and not so to vndo-vs,
As these neer Nations: *Israel* accords,
And with an Oath confirms the solemn words.

So,

So, I (good Lord) perceiving all the Seed
Of *Sin-full Adam*, vnto Death decreed,
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Fury fell,
And damn'd for ever to the deepeſt Hell;
Would fain be free: but, if I ſhould (alas!)
Com, as I am, before thy glorious face,
Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eyes away;
For, Fleſh and Blood poſſeſs not Heav'n, for ay;
And, the ſtrict Rigour of thy *Iuſtice* pure
Cannot (O Lord) the leaſt of ſins endure.
Oh then! what ſhall I do? I'll ſimilize
Theſe *Gabaonites*: I will my ſelf diſguize
To gull thee, Lord (for, even a holy Guile
Findes with thee grace and fauour often-while):
I'll put-on (crafty) not the cloak of *Pride*
(For, that was it whereby our Grandſires di'd,
And *Lucifer*, with his aſſociates, fell
From Ioys of Heav'n, into the Pains of hel):
But th'humble *Fleece* of that ſweet ſacred *Lamb*
Which (for our ſakes) vpon the *Croſs* became
So torn and tatter'd; which the moſt refuſe:
Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandal of the *Iewes*.
And, as a piece of Silver, Tyn, or Lead,
By cunning hands with Gold is covered;
I, that am all but Lead (or droſs, more baſe)
In fervent Cruſible of thy free Grace,
I'll gild me all with his pure Beautie's Gold:
Born a new man (by Faith) I'll kill mine old:
In Spirit and Life, *Chriſt* ſhall be mine example,
His Spirit ſhall be my ſpirit, and I his Temple.
I beeing thus in *Chriſt*, and *Chriſt* in me,
O! wilt thou, canſt thou, driue vs farre from thee?
Deprive from promis'd new-*Ieruſalem*,
Chriſt thine owne *Likenes*, and me, *like* to him?
Banniſh from Heav'n (whoſe *Bliſs* ſhal never vade)
Thy *Chriſt*, by whom; and me, for whom 'twas made?
But, O preſumption! O too raſh Deſigne!
Alas! to *Will* it only, is not mine:

A ſacred application of their profane example

Simile.

And,

And, though I *Would*, my flesh (too-Winter-chill)
My Spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.
O! therfore thou, thou that canst all, alone;
All-sacred Father's like all-sacred Son,
Through thy deep Mercy daign thou to transform
Into thy Self me sin-full silly worm;
That so, I may be welcom to my God,
And liue in Peace, not where the *Iewes* abode,
But in Heav'n-*Sion*: and that thou maist be
Th'vniting glew between my God and me.
Now, *Eglon*'s, *Hebron*'s, *Iarmuth*'s, *Salem*'s Lords,
And *Lachis* Kingling (after these Accords)
Wroth that their Neighbours had betrayed so
Their common Country, to their common Foe,
Had made so great a breach, and by the hand
Led (as it were) th' *Hebrews* into their Land;
Set-vpon *Gabaon*: but th' *Isacian* Prince,
As iust as valiant, hastes to hunt them thence;
And, resolute to rescue his Allies,
He straight bids Battail to their Enemies.

The Battaile of the fiue Kings.

The Fight growes fierce; and winged *Victory*,
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
Into the midst; she goes, and coms, and goes,
And now she leans to these, and now to those.
Auster the while from neighbour Mountains arms
A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms
With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely-fell
In the stearn visage of the Infidel:

Extraordinary Volleys of Hail-shot frõ Heauen vpõ the Infidels.

The roaring Tempest violently retorts
Vpon themselues the *Pagans* whirling darts,
And in their owne breasts, their owne Launces bore,
Wher-with they threatned th' Hoast of God before:
And (even) as if it enuied the Renown
Of valiant *Iosuah* (now by *Ganges* knowen)
With furious shock, the formost Ranks it whirr'd
Vpon the next, the second on the third:

Simile.

Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe
Doth in an evening on a Carpet build,

When

When ſom Wag by, vpon his Work doth blowe;
If one Arch fail, the reſt fall all arowe
Each vpon other, and the Childe he Cries
For his loſt labour, and again he tries.
If any, reſting on his knotty Spear
'Gainſt Arms and ſtorms, yet ſtand out ſtifly there,
Th'Hail, which the Winde full in his face doth yerk,
Smarter than Racquets in a Court re-ierk
Balls 'gainſt the Walls of the black-boorded houſe,
Beats out his eyes, battters his noſe, and brows.
Then turn the *Pagans*, but without a vail:
For, inſtantly the ſtony ſtorm of Hail
Which flew direct a-front, direct now falls
Plumb on their heads, and cleaues their ſculs and cauls:
And ever, as they waver to and fro,
Over their Hoaſt the Haily Clowd doth go:
And never hits one *Hebrue*, though between,
But a ſword's length (or not ſo much) beſeen:
A bluckler one, another a bright helm
Over his threatened or ſick head doth whelm;
But the ſhield broken, and helm beaten in,
Th'Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloody green.
Thoſe, that eſcape, betake them to their heels;
Ioſuah purſues: and though his ſweat diſtills
From every part, he wounds, he kills, he cleaues:
Neither the Fight imperfect ſo he leaues,
But full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,
Thus (O ſtrange language!) thus alowd he ſaith;
Beam of th'Eternall, daies bright Champion,
Spiall of Nature, O all-ſeeing Sun,
Stay, ſtand thou ſtill, ſtand ſtill in *Gabaon*;
And thou, O Moon i'th'vale of *Aialon*,
That th'*Ammorites* now by their hare-like flight
Scape not my hands vnder all-hiding Night.
As a Caroche, draw'n by foure luſty ſteeds,
In a ſmooth way whirling with all their ſpeeds,
Stops ſuddainly, if't ſlip into a ſlough,
Or if it croſs ſom Log or maſſie bough;

At the command of Ioſuah *the Sun ſtādeth ſtil.*

Simile.

The

The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,
Which now began, towards his Weſt to run,
Stops inſtantly, and giues the *Hebrews* ſpace
To rid the Pagans that they haue in chaſe.

Deſcriptiõ of Nature, who offended therat, makes her complaint to GOD.

Nature, amaz'd; for very anger ſhakes,
And to th' Almighty her complaint ſhe makes:
Seemly ſhe marches with a meaſur'd paſe,
Choler puts colour in her lovely face,
From either nipple of her boſom-Twins
A liuely ſpring of pleaſant milk their ſpins,
Vpon her ſhoulders (*Atlas*-like) ſhe bears
The frame of All, down by her ſide ſhee wears
A golden Key, wher-with ſhee letteth-forth,
And locketh-vp the Treaſures of the Earth:
A ſumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,
Wher-in the *Heauens*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* is ſhowen;
The Sea in *Siluer* woven, the Earth in *Green*,
The Heav'ns in *azure*, with *gold* threds between:
All-quickning *Loue*, freſh *Beauty*, ſmiling *Youth*,
And *Fruitfulneſs*, each for her fauour ſu'th:
Grace ſtill attends ready to do her honour,
Riches and *Plenty* alwayes wait vpon her.

Accoutred thus, and thus accompani'd,
Proſopopœia. With thouſand ſighs, thus to the Lord ſhe cri'd:
Shall it be ſayd, a Man doth Heav'n command?
Wilt thou permit a braving Souldiers hand
To wrong thine eldeſt Daughter? ah! ſhall I
Haue the bare Name, and He th'authority
To Gouern all, and all controul (O Lord)
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?
Shall I (the World's Law) then, receiue the Law
At others hands? of others ſtand in aw?
If't be thy pleaſure, or thou think it fit,
To haue it ſo, or ſo to ſuffer it,
(Pardon me, Father, that I am ſo free)
I heer ſurrender thy Lieutenancy:
Beſtow't on him, put all into his hand:
Who Heav'ns commands, He well may Earth command.

Why

Why (daughter) know'ſt thou not (God anſwers her)
That many times my Mercy doth transfer
Into my Children mine owne power, wher-by
They work (not ſeldom) mine owne Wonders high?
That th' are my ſacred Vice-Roys? and that Hee,
Who (ſtript of Fleſh) by *Faith* is ioyn'd to me,
May remove Mountains, may dry-vp the Seas,
May make an Ocean of a Wilderneſs?
Th' haſt ſeen it, Daughter: therfore, but thou pine
In Ielouſie of this drad arm of mine,
Grudge not at theirs: for they can nothing do,
But what my Spirit inables them vnto.
O happy Prince! I wonder not at all,
If at thy feet the ſtout *Anachian* fall,
If th' *Amorrhite*, *Hevite*, and *Canaanite*,
The *Pherezite*, *Hethite*, and *Iebuſite*,
And huge *Baſanian*, by thy daunt-leſs Hoaſt
Were over-throwen: and, if as ſwift (almoſt)
As my ſlowe *Muſe* thy ſacred Conqueſts ſings,
Thou *Cam'ſt*, *Saw'ſt*, *Conquer'dſt* more then thirty Kings;
Subduing *Syria*, and dividing it
Vnto twelve Kindreds in twelve portions fit:
Sith (O grand Vicar of th' Almighty Lord)
With onely ſummons of thy mighty Word,
Thou makeſt Rivers the moſt deafly-deep
To obſtarize (back to their ſource to creep);
Walls giue thee way: after thy Trumpets charge,
Rock-ruſhing Tempeſts do retreat, or charge:
Sol's at thy ſervice: and the ſtarry *Pole*
Is proud to paſs vnder thy Muſter-Roule.
As a blind man, forſaken of his Guide
In ſom thick Foreſt, ſad and ſelf-beſide,
Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path,
His groaping hand his (late) eys office hath,
Heer at a ſtub he ſtumbles, there the buſhes
Rake-off his Cloak, heer on a Tree he ruſhes,
Strayes in and out, turns, this and that way tries,
And at the laſt falls in a Pit, and dies:

The power of a ſtedfaſt Faith.

IOSVAH *his victories.*

Simile.

Even

After his death Israel having loſt his guide, fals from his God.

Even ſo (alas!) having their Captain loſt,
So blindely wanders IACOB's wilfull Hoaſt,
Contemns the Fountain of God's ſacred Law,
From Idoll-Puddles poyſoning drink to draw;
Forſakes th'olde true God, and new falſ-gods fains,
And with the *Heathen* friendſhip entertains.

God therefore forſakes him.

Th'Almighty ſaw it (for, what ſees he not?)
And ſodainly his fury waxed hot;
And on their neck, for his ſweet yoak, he layd
The Strangers yoak that hard and heavy waigh'd.

Simile.

But, as an Infant which the Nurce lets go
To go alone, waves weakly to and fro,
Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas!)
For her quick hand, would fall and break his face:
So IACOB, iuſtly made afflictions thrall,
Is never ready in the Pit to fall
Of pale Deſpair, but (if he cry, and craue him)
God ſtill extends his gracious hand to ſave-him;

Vpon his Repentance God again receiues him to fauour.

Rayſing ſom *Worthy* that may break inſunder
The Gyves and Fetters that he labours vnder.
So then, aſſiſted by th'immortall hand,
Brave ISRAEL brings vnder his Command
IERVSALEM, LVS, BETHEL, ACCARON,
SESAI, and THOLMAI, GAZA, and ASCALON,
And BEZEC too; whoſe bloudy Tyrant, fled,
Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread:

The Tyrant Adoni-Bezec taken & intreated as He had handled others.

To ſelf-taught Torture he himſelf is put,
His ſacrilegeous Thumbs and Toes be cut.
Whereby, more inly prickt, then outly payn'd,
God's Vengeance iuſt he thus confeſs't, and playn'd;

His Complaint.

O hand, late Scepter-graç't! O hand, that late
EGYPT did dread, and EDOM tremble at!
O hand, that (armed) durſt even MARS defie,
And could'ſt have pull'd proud IVPITER from high!
Now, where-to ſerv'ſt thou, but t'augment my moan?
Thou canſt not now buckle mine Armour on;
Nor wield my mighty Launce with brazen head,
Ah! no (alas!) thou canſt not cut my bread.

O feet (late) winged to purſue the flight
Of hundred Armies that I foyl'd in fight,
Now you haue loſt your office, now (alas!)
You cannot march; but limp about this place.
But, 'tis the iuſt God, the iuſt hand of Heav'n — *His confeſſion.*
In mine owne Coin hath me my payment given:
For, ſeventy Kings, thus maim'd of Toes and Thumbs,
I, inſolent, haue made to lick the crums
Vnder my boord (like Dogs) and drawen perforce
To ſerue for blocks when I ſhould mount my horſe.
Therefore (O Kings!) by mine example learn — *His caueat to all Tyrants and cruell minded men.*
To bound your rage, limit your fury ſtearn:
O Conquerers! be warned all by me;
Be to your Thralls, as God to you ſhall be:
Men, pitty Man, wretched and over-throwen;
And think his caſe may one-day be your owne:
For, Chance doth change: and none aliue can ſay,
He happy is, vntill his dying day:
The Foe that after Victorie ſurvives,
Not for himſelf but for your glorie liues:
Th' Oliue's aboue the Palm: and th' happieſt King
His greateſt Triumph, is Self-triumphing.
But *Iſrael*, wallowing in his myre again, — Iſrael *again and again relapſeth.*
Soon loſt the glory former Arms did gain;
And goods and bodies eaſie booties bin
To *Aram*, *Moab*, and the *Philiſtim*.
What help (*O Iacob*)? th'haſt nor arms, nor head, — *Again humbled.*
Thy Fields with bones of thine owne bands be ſpread,
And th'only name of thy profaner Foe,
Congeals thy blood, and chils thy heart for Woe.
Fly, fly, and hie thee quickly to recover
The all-proof Target of thine ancient Lover,
Thy gracious God, the glorious Tyrant-tamer,
Terror of terrors, *Heathen*'s dreadfull hammer.
Ah! ſee already how he reſcues thee — *Again & again releeued.*
From th' odious yoak of *Pagan* Tyranny,
Breaking the Fetters of thy bondage fell,
By *Ahod*, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*,

Sangar *a Plow-Swain: a famous Champion of* Israel.

And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand
With Ox-teem tills his tributary Land,
When *Philistins*, with Sword and Fiery fury,
Slaughter the *Iews*, and over-run all *Iury*,
Deflowr the Virgins, and with lustfull-spight
Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands sight:
He leaues his Plough, he calls vpon his God,
And onely armed with his slender Goad,
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp:
A *Pagan* Captain weens him thus to damp;
What means this Fool (saith he)? go silly Clown,
Get thee to Plough, go home and till thy ground,
Go prick thy Bullocks; leave the Works of MARS
To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiars.
First learn thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)
To knowe my strength (rather th'Almightie's might):
And on his head he layes him on such load
With two quick vennies of his knotty Goad,
And with the third, thrusts him between the eyes,
That down he falls, shaking his heels, and dies.
Then steps another forth, more stout and grim,
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets fly at him:
But SANGAR shuns the blowe, and with his stroak,
The *Pagan* leg short-off in sunder broak;
On th'other yet, a while he stands and fights:
But th' *Hebrew* Champion such a back-blowe smights
That flat he layes him; then with fury born,
Forward he leaps, and in a Martial scorn,
Vpon his panch sets his victorious foot,
And treads and tramples, and so stamps into't,
That bloud and bowels (mingled with the bruse)
Half at his mouth, half at his sides he spews:

Simile.

As, on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed)
Make with sweet *Nectar* every wound to bleed,
Each Grape to weep, and crimsin streams to spin
Into the Vate, set to receiue them in.
Thence thirty steps, a chief Commander prest,
And prowdly wags his feather-clouded Crest,

And

And cries, Com hither (Cow-heard) com thou hither,
Com let vs cope, but thou and I together;
I'll teach thee (peasant) and that quickly too,
Thou hast not with thy fellow swains to doe,
That on Mount *Carmel's* stormy top do feed.
No, heer (poor sot) thou other fence shalt need.
SANGAR runs at him, and he runs so fierce,
That on his staf, him six steps back he bears;
Bears down another with him, and another,
That but with gesture stood directing other:
As, when 'tis dark, when 't rains, and blusters rough, *Simile.*
A thund'ring tempest with a sulphury puff
Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another,
And that a third, each opposite to other:
Smoak, dust, and door-falls, with storms roaring din,
Dismay the stoutest that command within;
The common sort (beside their little wits)
Scarr'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets:
But, in their shirts over the walls they run,
And so their Town, yer it be ta'en, is wun;
The suddain Storm so inly-deep dismaies them,
That fear of Taking, to despair betrays them.
Amid their Hoast, then brauely rushes SANGAR,
His sinnewy arm answers his sacred Anger:
Who flies, or follows, he alike besteads:
On scattered heaps of slaughtered Foes he treads.
This, with his elbow heer he over-turns,
That, with his brow; this, with his foot he spurns;
Heer, with his Staff he makes in shivers fly
Both cask and scull, and there he breaks a thigh,
An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin, a cheek;
And th' hungry Shepheard hardly beats so thick
Nuts from a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beats down: *Comparison.*
With swords and shields, and shafts, the Field is sowen:
Alone he foils a Camp: and on the Plain
There ly six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.
Almighty God, how thou to Thine art good!
Thy peoples Foes are not alone subdu'd

By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, before
Nothing but spades, coulters, and bills had bore:
But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand
Thou for a time committest the Command
Of ISRAEL: for, of no other Head,
Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,
DEBORA. But prudent DEBORA: vnto whose Throne
Fly those whose heads with age are hoary growen,
And those great Rabbies that do grauely sit,
Revolving volumes of the highest Writ,
And He that in the Tabernacle serues,
Her sacred voyce as Oracles obserues:
None from her presence ever coms confus'd.
And, got en skill, giues place to skill infus'd.
O IACOB's Lanthorn, Load-star pure, which lights
On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*
(Said then the People) what shall vs befall?
IABIN's fell yoak our weary necks doth gall:
We are the Butts vnto all Pagan darts,
And colde Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).
ISRAEL (saith shee) be of good cheer; for now
God wars vpon your Foes, and leagues with you:
Therfore to Field now let your youth advance,
And in their rests couch the revenging Launce:
Barac. This sayd, on BARAC the a Shield bestowes,
Indented on the brims, which plain fore-showes
His shield given by Debora. In curious Bos-work (that doth neatly swell)
The (won and lost) Battails of *Israel*,
As an abbridgement, where to life appear
The noblest Acts of eight or nine score year.
Gedeon. Lo heer an army, stooping by the side
Of a deep River (with their Thirst half dri'd)
Sups, licks, and laps the stream: of all which rout,
The Captain chuses but three hundred out,
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,
About a mighty Pagan Hoast doth march,
Making the same, through their drad sodain sound,
With their owne Arms themselues to inter-wound:

A helliſh rage of mutuall fury ſwels
The bloudy hearts of barbarous Infidels,
So that the friends that in one Couch did ſleep,
Each others blade in eithers breſt do ſteep:
And all the Camp with head-les dead is ſowen,
Cut-off by Cozen-ſwords, kill'd by their owne.
Lo there, another valiant Champion, Iephthe.
Who having late triumphant Laurels won;
His heed-les Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,
His onely Daughter doth vnkindly kill:
The frantik Mother, all vnbraç't (alas!)
With ſilver locks vnkemb'd about her face;
Arming her rage, with nails, with teeth, and tongue,
Runs-in, and ruſhes through the thickeſt throng:
And, ſhe will ſaue, and ſhe will haue (ſhe ſayes)
Her Deer, her Daughter; and then hold ſhe layes
Vpon the Maid, and tearing-off her Coat,
Away ſhe runs, thinking ſhe her had got.
The Prieſt diſſolues in tears, th' Offring is cheerfull;
The Murdred's valiant, and the Murderer fearfull;
The Father leads with ſlowe and feeble paſe,
The Daughter ſeems to run to death a-pace,
As if the Chaplet that her temples ties,
Were *Hymen's* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice:
Her grace and beauties ſtill augment; (in fine)
Whoſo beholds her ſweet, loue-darting Eyn,
Her Cheeks, Lips, Brow's; freſh Lillies, Coral, Iet:
He ſees (or ſeems to ſee) a Sun to ſet.
And (to conclude) the Graver, Maul, and Mould,
Haue given ſuch life to th' Iron, Braſs, and Gold,
That heer wants nothing but the Mothers ſcreech,
The Father's ſigh, and the ſweet Daughter's ſpeech.
Lo heer, another ſhakes his vnſhav'n treſſes, Samſon.
Triumphing on a Lion torn in peeces:
O match-les Champion! Pearl of men-at-arms,
That emptieſt not an Arcenal of Arms,
Nor needeſt ſhops of *Lemnian* Armourers,
To furniſh weapons for thy glorious Wars:

An Asse's Iaw-bone is the Club wher-with
Thy mighty arm, brains, beats, and battereth
Th'vncircumcised Camp: all quickly scud;
And th'Hoast that flew in dust, now flowes in bloud:
Heer, th'Iron Gates, whose hugeness woont to shake
The massie Towrs of *Gaza*, thou doost take
On thy broad shoulders: there (in seeming iest)
Crushing their Palace-pillars (at a feast)
Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall
The *Philistins* blaspheming Princes all.
Heer, from ones head, which two huge coins do crush,
(As whay from Cheese) the battred brains do gush:
Heer lies another in a deadly sound,
Nail'd with a broken rafter to the ground:
Another, heer past with a pane of wall,
Hath lost his soule, and bodies shape withall:
Another, heer o're-taken as he fled,
Lies (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head:
Another, covered with a heap of lome,
Seems with his mooving to re-moue his Toomb:
Simile. Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,
In velvet Robes vnder the Earth doth roule,
Refusing light, and little air receives,
And hunting worms her mooving hillocks heaves.

The Leuites *wife.* Lo lower heer, a beastly Multitude
On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude;
Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th' execrable Fact)
Into twelue Peeces her dead Body hackt;
And, to twelve Parts of ISRAEL them transfers,
As twelue quick tinders of intestin Wars.

The Arke *taken by the Philistines.* And lower yet, behold) with hatefull scorn)
The ARK of God to DAGON's Temple born;
But, th'Idol yeelds to GOD, and DAGON falls
Before the ARK, which *Heathen's* pride appalls.

The Battaile betweene the Israelites *and* Asorians *with their iron Chariots.* BARAC thus arm'd, th' ASORIANS sets-vpon,
That bright in brass, steel, gold, and silver shone:
But, his young Souldiers were much daunted tho,
To see the fearfull Ensigns of the Foe:

Nine

Nine hundred Chariots, whirling swift and light,
Whose glistering irons dazle even their sight;
Whose barded Steeds bear in their heads a Blade
Of the right temper of DAMASCVS made
(As proud of it, as Vnicorns are wont
Of their rich Weapon that adornst their Front)
Amidst their Pettral stands another Pike:
On either-side, long grapples (Sickle-like);
The like at either Nave: so that (in Wars)
'Tis present death t'approach these broaching Cars.
But DEBORA, her Troops incouraging,
Bestirs her quick, and steps from wing to wing:
Courage (sayth she) brave Souldiers, sacred Knights,
Strike, and strike home, lay-on with all your mights:
Stand, fear them not (O Champions of the Faith)
God drives your Foes into the snares of Death.
Doubt-les, they are your owne: their armed Charrets
They are but Buggs to daunt dejected spirits.
No, no (my Hearts) not Arms, nor Engines glorious,
But 'tis the heart that makes a Camp victorious:
Or rather, 'tis God's Thunder-throwing hand,
Which onely doth all Warr's success command;
And, VICTORIE's his Daughter, whom he now
(For his owne sake) frankly bestowes on you.
Even as a sort of Shepheards, having spi'd
A Wolf com stealing down a Mountains side,
Cry shrill, *Now-now*, vp-hill, *a Wolf, a Wolf*;
Now, now (sayes *Eccho*) vp-hill, *a Wolf, a Wolf*;
And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise,
That th' hungry Thief hence without hunting flies:
So th' *Hebrews*, heartned with her brave Discourse,
Gave such a shout, that th' armed Carrs and Horse
Turn suddain back, their Drivers Art deceive;
And, changing side, through their owne Army cleave.
Som, with the blades in every Coursers brow,
Were (as with Launces) bored through and through:
Som torn in peeces with the whirling wheels,
Som trod to death vnder the Horses heels;

Debora *comforteth and incourageth the* Israelites.

Simile.

Gods enemies ouerthrown by their owne Engines.

As (in som Countries) when in Season hot,
Vnder Horse feet (made with a whip to trot)
Simile. They vse to thresh the sheaves of Winter-Corn,
The grain spurts-out, the straw is bruis'd and torn.
Som (not direct before the Horse, nor vnder)
Were with the Sythes mow'n in the midst a-sunder:
Simile. As in a Mead the Gras yet in the flowr,
Falls at the foot of the wide-straddling Mower,
That with a stooping back, and stretched arm,
Cuts-cros the swathes to Winter-feed his Farm.
If there rest any resolute, and loth
To lose so soon their Arms and honors both
At first assault, but rather brauely bent
To see so fierce and bloudy Fight's event;
Both DEBORA and BARAC thither pli'd:
But (as 'tis writ of the mild AMRAMIDE,
Debora *prayes, while* Barac *fights.* And NVN's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like man,
Who did transplant the Tribes to CANAAN)
She (in the zeal of her religious spirit)
Lifts-vp her hands to pray, and he to fight.
The Infidels vtterly ouerthrown and Sisara *their Captaine slain by* Iahel. He charges fierce, he wounds, he slaughters all
But SISARA, their Captain general;
Who flies to IAHEL, and by her is slain
Driving a nail in-to his sleeping brain.
At last, the Helm of head-strong ISRAEL
Coms to the hand of famous SAMVEL;
One rarely-wise, who weds his Policy,
Samuel, *Iudge.* To divine gifts of sacred Prophecie:
But, his too-greedy Sons, digressing quite
From his good steps, dis-taste the ISRAELITE
Iztael, subiect to KINGS. Of th'ancient KYLE of th'Heav'nly Potentate:
So that all seek a-fridd a-in *Change* of STATE.
Assembled then in sacred PARLIAMENT,
Vp starts a Fellow of a mean Descent
(But of great spirit, well-spoken, full of wit,
And courage too, aspiring high-into-th') *1. A Declamatiõ of a* Plebeian *for* Democratie *or People-Sway.*
And having gain'd attention, thus he sayes:
Diuine Designe! O Purpose worthy-prayse,

To now-*Reform* the STATE, and ſoundly *heal*
With holſom Lawes th'hurts of the *Common-weal*:
But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed (or never);
Change not an Ague for a burning-Fever;
In ſhaking-off confuſed *Anarchie*,
To be intic't t'imbrace a *Monarchie*,
Admir'd of Fools, ador'd of Flatterers,
Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers:
The Freedom and Defence of the baſe Rabble,
But to braue mindes a Yoak intolerable.
For, who can brook, millions of men to meaſure
Breath, Life, and Mooving, all at One man's pleaſure?
One, to keep all in aw? One, at a beck
A whole great Kingdom to controule and check?
Is't not a goodly ſight, to ſee a Prince,
Void of all Vertue, full of inſolence,
To Play with Noble States, as with a ſtraw?
A Fool, to give ſo many Wiſe the Law?
A Beaſt, to govern Men? An Infant, Eld?
A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the Field?
Who is't but knowes, that ſuch a Court as this,
Is th'open Shop of ſelling Offices?
Th'harbour of Riot, ſtews of Ribaldry,
Th'haunt of Profuſion, th'Hell of Tyranny?
That no-where ſhines the ROYAL Diadem,
But (Comet-like) it boads all Vice extreme?
That not a King amongſt ten thouſand Kings,
But to his Luſt his Law in bondage brings?
But (ſhame-les) triumphs in the ſhame of Wives?
But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives?
But gildeth thoſe that glorifie his Folly;
That ſooth, and ſmooth, and call his Hell-neſs holy?
But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes
(Pour'd every-where) his meaneſt Subiects vexes:
As an ill-ſtated Body doth diſtill
On 's feebleſt parts his cold-raw humors ſtil.
That Form of RVLE is a right *Common-weal*,
Where all the *People* haue an Enter-deal:

The corruption & licentiouſnes of moſt Princes Courts.

Simile.

When (with-out all or Law) the Tyrant's sword
Is not made drunk with blood, for a Miss-word:
Where, Each (by turn) doth *Rule* and doth *Obey*;
Where, still the *Commons* (hating Soverain-*Sway*)
Share equally both Rigour and Reward
To each-man's merit; giving no regard
To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldy Monuments
From great-great-Grand-sires scutcheon'd in Descents:
Where, *Learned* Men, vn-foule-clogd (as it were)
With servile giues of Kings imperious Fear,
Fly even to Heav'n; and by their Pens inspire
Posterity with Vertue's glorious Fire:
Where, Honour's honest Combat never ceases,
Nor Vertue languishes, nor Valour leeses
His sprightfull nerves, through th'Enuy of a PRINCE,
That cannot brook another's excellence;
Or, Pride of those, who (from great Elders sprung)
Haue nothing but Their glory on their tongue;
And deeming Others Worth, enough for them,
Vertue and *Valour*, and all *Art* contemn:
Or, base Despair, in those of meaner Calling,
Who, on the ground still (woorm-like) basely crawling,
Dare not attempt (not scarcely think, *pretile*)
Any great Act or glorious Enterprise;
Because Ambition, Custom, and the Law,
From high Estate hath bounded them with aw:
Where, He that never rightly learn'd to obay
Commandeth not, with heavy Sword of *Sway*:
Where, each i'th' Publik having equall part,
All to saue all, will hazard life and hart:
Where, *Liberty* (as deer as life and breath)
Born with vs first, consorts vs to our Death.
Shall savage Beasts like better Nuts and Mast
In a free Forrest, than our choise Repast
In iron Cages? and shall we (poor Sots)
Whom Nature Masters of our selues allots,
And Lords of All besides; shall we go draw
On our owne necks a neuer-les Yoak of Aw?

Simile.

Rather

Rather (O IACOB) chuſe we all to die,
Than to betray our Native *Libertie*,
Than to becom the ſporting Tennis-ball
Of a proud *Monarch*; or to yeeld vs thrall
To ſerve or honor any other King
Than that drad LAVV which did from SINA ring.
Another then, whom Age made venerable,
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honorable,
Stands-vp, and ſpeaks (maieſtically-milde)
On other Piles the COMMON-WEAL to build.
Doubt-les (ſaid he) with waſte of Time and Soap,
Y'have labour'd long to waſh an ÆTHIOPE:
Y'have drawn vs heer a goodly form of STATE
(And well we have had proof of it of late):
Shall we again the Sword of IVSTICE put
In mad mens hands, ſoon their owne throats to cut?
What Tiger is more fierce? what Bear more fel?
What Chaff more light? What Sea more apt to ſwel
Than is th'vnbridled Vulgar, paſſion-toſs't;
In calms elated, in foul-weather loſt?
What boot deep Proiects, if to th'eyes of all
They muſt be publiſht in the common Hall?
Sith knowen Deſigns are dangerous to act:
And, th'vn-cloſt Chief did never noble fact.
DEMOCRACY is as a toſſed Ship
Void both of *Pole* and Pilot in the Deep:
A *Senate* fram'd of thouſand Kinglings ſlight;
Where, voices paſs by number, not by waight;
Where, wiſe men do propound, and Fools diſpoſe:
A Fair, where all things they to ſale expoſe:
A Sink of Filth, where ay th'infamouſeſt,
Moſt bold and buſie, are eſteemed beſt:
A Park of ſavage Beaſts, that each-man dreads:
A Head-les Monſter with a thouſand heads.
What ſhall we then do? ſhall we by and by
In Tyrants paws deiect vs ſervilely?
Nay, rather, ſhunning theſe extremities,
Let vs make choiſe of men vpright and wiſe;

2. Another of a reverent Senator for Ariſtocracy, or the rule of a choſen Synode of the beſt men.

Compariſons.

Simile.

Simile.
Simile.

Simile.

Of

Of ſuch whoſe Vertue doth the Land adorn,
Of ſuch whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,
Of ſuch as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch
Of th'abiect Vulgar; and to th'hands of ſuch
(Such as for Wiſedom, Wealth, and Birth excell)
Let vs commit the Reans of ISRAEL;
And ever from the ſacred Helm exclude
The turbulent, baſe, moody *Multitude*.
Take away Choiſe, and where is Vertue's grace?
What? ſhall not Chance vnto Deſert give place?
Simile. And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blinde be led
By thoſe whoſe eyes are perfect in their head?
Chiefly, amid ſuch baulks, and blocks and Pits,
As in beſt *State*-paths the beſt *States*-man meets?
Compariſon. Who may be better truſted with the key
Of a great Cheſt of Gold and gems than they
That got the ſame? And who more firm and fit
At *carefull* Stern of POLICIE to ſit,
Than ſuch as in the Ship moſt venture bear:
Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack fear:
Such as, Content, and having Much to loſe,
Even Death it ſelf, rather than Change, would chuſe?
While he diſcourſt thus on a Theam ſo grave,
3. The Oration of a Noble yong Prince, for Monarchy or the ſole Soveraintie of a KING. Vp-roſe a Gallant, noble, yong, and brave,
Fo to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance)
One-day t'attain a Scepters governance,
And thus he ſpeaks: Your RVLE is yet too *Free*.
Y'have proin'd the leaves, not boughs of *Publik-Tree*:
Y'have qualified, but not *yet* cur'd our Grief:
Y'have in our Field ſtill left the tares of Strife,
Of Leagues and Factions. For, plurality
Of Heads and Hands to ſway an *Empire*,
Is for the moſt part like vntamed Bulls:
Simile. One, this way hales; another that way pulls:
All, every-way; hurried with Paſſion's windes
Whither their Luſt-ſtorms do tranſport their mindes;
At length, the ſtrongeſt bears the weakeſt down,
And to himſelf wholly vſurps the Crown:

And

And so (in fine) your *Aristocracie*
He by degrees brings to a *Monarchie*.
In brief, the Scepter *Aristocratike*,
And *People-Sway*, have * *symptomes* both a-like:
And neither of them can be permanent
For want of *Vnion*; which of Gouernment
Is both the Life-bloud, and Preservative,
Wherby a STATE, yong, strong, and long doth thrive.
But, MONARCHY is as a goodly Station,
Built skilfully, vpon a sure Foundation:
A quiet House, wherin (as principall)
One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all:
A well-rigd Ship, where (when the danger's neer)
A many Masters strive not who shall steer.
The world hath but One God: Heav'n but One Sun:
Quails but One Chief: the Hony-Birds but One
One Master-Bee: and Nature (natively)
Graves in our hearts the Rule of MONARCHY.
At sound of whose Edicts, all ioynt-proceed:
Vnder whose Sway, Seditions never breed:
Who, while consulting with Colleagues he stands,
Lets not the Victory escape his hands:
And, that same *Maiesty*, which (as the Base
And Pedestal) supports the waight and grace,
Greatnes and glory of a well-Rul'd *State*,
It not extinguisht nor extenuate,
By being parcellis'd to a plurality
Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality:
Like as a goodly River, deep and large,
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge,
If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters guided,
Be in a hundred little Brooks divided;
No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more waighs the fame;
But soon it loses both his trade and name.
And (to conclude) a wise and worthy *Prince*,
A KING, compleat in Royall excellence,
Is even the Peoples prop, their powrfull nerves,
And lively Law, that all intire preserves:

* A passion following any sickness.

His

His Countrie's life, and ſoule, ſight, and fore-ſight;
And even th'Almightie's ſacred Picture right.
While yet he ſpake, the People loudly cri'd,
A KING, a KING; wee'll have a KING for Guide.
He ſhall command: He ſhall conduct our Hoaſts,
And make vs Lords of th'IDVMEAN Coaſts.
Ingrate, ſaid SAMVEL, will you then reiect
Th'Almighties Scepter: do you more affect
New POLICY, than his olde PROVIDENCE?
And change th'Immortall for a mortall Prince?

A KINGs Prerogative.

Well (Rebels) well, you ſhall, you ſhall have one:
But, do ye knowe what followes ther-vpon?
He, from your Ploughs ſhall take your Horſes out,
To ſerve his Pomp, and draw his Train about
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton ſort
Of Popiniayes and Peacocks of the Court):
He ſhal your choiſeſt Sons and Daughters take
To be his Servants (nay, his ſlaves to make):
You ſhall plant Vineyards, he the Wine ſhall ſup:
You ſhall ſowe Fields, and he ſhall reap the Crop:
You ſhall keep Flocks, and he ſhall take the Fleece:
And PHARAO's Yoak ſhall ſeem but light to his.
But, IZARAEL doth wilfull ſtill perſeuer,
And SAMVEL (preſt and importun'd ever)

Saul anointed King of Iſraell.

Anointeth SAVL (the ſon of CIS) a Man
Whoſe curſed end marr'd what he well began.
You, too-too-light, buſie, ambitious wits,
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits:
Fantaſtik Frantiks, that would innovate,

A check to buſie, ſeditious, and ambitious Malcontents in any State.

And every moment change your form of STATE:
That weening high to fly, fall lower ſtill:
That though you change your bed, change not your Ill:
See, See how much th'Almighty (the moſt High)
Heer-in abhors your fond inconſtancy.
The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRACY,

The authority of every kinde of Government is from God.

And ſacred KINGDOM, took authority
A-like from Heav'n: and these three Scepter-forms
Flouriſh a-vie, as well in Arts and Armes,

As

As prudent Laws. Therefore, you ſtout *Helvetians*,
Griſons, *Genevians*, *Raguſins*, *Venetians*,
Maintain your Liberties, and change not now
Your ſacred Laws rooted ſo deep with you.
On th'other ſide, we that are born and bred
Vnder KINGS Aw, vnder one *Supreme Head*,
Let vs ſtill honor their drad *Maieſties*,
Obey their Laws, and pay them Subſidies.
Let's read, let's hear no more theſe factious Teachers,
Theſe ſhame-les *Tribunes*, theſe ſeditious Preachers,
That in all places alwayes belch and bark
Aloud a-broad, or whiſper in the dark,
Railing at Princes (whether good or bad)
The true Lieutenants of Almighty God.
And let not vs, before a KING, prefer
A *Senate*-ſway, nor Scepter *Popular*.
'Tis better bear the *Youth-ſlips* of a KING,
I'th' *Law* ſom fault, I'th' *State* ſom blemiſhing,
Than to fill all with Blood-flouds of *Debate*;
While, to *Reform*, you would *Deform* a STATE.
One cannot (with-out danger) ſtir a ſtone
In a great Building's olde foundation:
And, a good Leach ſeeks rather to ſupport,
With ordered dyet, in a gentle ſort,
A feeble Body (though in ſickly plight)
Than with ſtrong Med'cines to deſtroy it quight.
And therefore, Curſed, *ever* Curſed *be*
Our * Hell-*ſpurr'd* PERCII's *fel* Conſpiracy;
And every head *and every* hand *and* heart,
That did Conceive *or but* Conſent *his part*:
POPE-*prompted* Atheiſts, *fayning* Superſtition,
To cover Cruelty *and cloak* Ambition:
Incarnat Divels, *Enemies of Man*,
Dam-Murdering Vipers, *Monſters in-humane*,
Diſ-natur'd NERO's, *impious* EROSTRATES,
That with one Puff *would* blowe-vp *all* Eſtates;
Prince's *and* Peer's, *and* Peoples *Government*
(*For, of all Three conſiſts our* PARLIAMENT)

Therefore every People to perſiſt in the State eſtabliſhed.

* *A iuſt Execration of the Popiſh Powder-Plot on the fift of November, 1605.*

Religion,

Religion, Order, Honesty, *and all,*
And more then all that Fear *can fear to fall.*
And therfore, Blessed, *ever* Blessed *be*
Our glorious GOD's *immortall Maiesty;*
ENGLANDS *Great* Watch-Man, *he that* Israel *keeps,*
Who neuer slumbers *and who neuer* sleeps:
Our gratious Father, *whose still-firm affection*
Defends vs still with wings of his Protection:
Our louing Saviour *that thus Saues vs still*
(*Vs so vnworthy, vs so prone to ill*):
Our sacred Comforter (*the Spirit of Light*)
Who steers vs still in the True FAITH *aright:*
The TRINITIE, *th' Eternall* THREE *in* ONE,
Who by his Powr and Prouidence alone,
Hath from the Furnace of their Fiery *Zeal*
Preserv'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PVBLIK-WEAL,
Therefore, O PRINCE (*our nostrils deerest breath*)
Thou true Defender *of true Christian* FAITH,
O! *let the Zeal of* GOD's *House eat thee vp:*
Fill BABYLON *her measure in her* Cup:
Maim the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezec:
Pittie not Agag, *spare not* Amalech:
Huut, hunt *those* Foxes *that would vnder-mine*
Root, Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine:
O! *spare them not. To spare Them, is to spoil*
Thy Self, thy Seed, thy Subiects, and thy Soil.
Therfore, O PEERS, *Prince-loyall* Paladines,
True-noble Nobles, *lay-by by-Designes;*
And, in God's quarrel and your Countries, bring
Counsail and Courage to assist your KING
To counter-mine against the Mines *of* ROME;
To conquer Hydra, *and to ouer-com*
And clean cut-off his Horns, and Heads, and all
Whose hearts do Vow, *or knees do* Bow *to* Baal:
Be Zealous for the LORD, *and Faith-full now,*
And honor Him, and He will honour you.
FATHERS, *and* Brethren, *Ministers of* CHRIST,
Cease civill Warrs: war all on Anti-Christ;

Whose

Whose subtle Agents, *while you strive for shels,*
Poyson the kernel with Erronious *Spels:*
Whose Envious Seed-men, *while you* Silent *Sleep,*
Sowe Tares *of* Treason, *which take root too-deep.*
Watch; watch your Fold: Feed; feed your Lambs at-home:
Muzzle *these* Sheep-clad *bloudy* Wolves *of* ROME.
Therfore, O PEOPLE, *let vs Praise and Pray*
Th' Almighty-most (whose Mercy lasts for ay)
To giue vs grace, to euer-keep in minde
This MIRACLE *of his* Protection *kinde:*
*To true-*Repent *vs of our hainous* Sin
(Pride, Lust, *and* Looſnes) *we haue wallowed in:*
To stand still constant *in the pure* Profession
Of true RELIGION (*with a due discretion*
To try the Spirits, *and by peculiar choice*
To knowe our Shepheards *from th'* Hyæna's *voice*):
And, ever loyall to our PRINCE, *t'expose*
Goods, Lands, and Liues, against his hate-full Foes:
Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine *be found,*
Conuert them quickly; and the rest Confound.
And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, *&* PEOPLE *too,*
Praise all at once, and selfly each of you,
His Holy Hand, *that (like as long-agoe,*
His Sidrach, Misach *and* Abednego)
From the hot Furnace *of* POPE-Powder'd *Zeal*
Hath Sav'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PVBLIK-*weal.*

The End of the
THIRD DAIE
of the
SECOND WEEK.

DAVID.

The FOVRTH DAY
Of
The SECOND WEEK;

Containing

1. *THE TROPHEIS,*
2. *THE MAGNIFICENCE,*
3. *THE SCHISM,*
4. *THE DECAY.*

Translated
&
Dedicated

To Prince HENRY *his Highnesse.*



Acceptam refero.

To Prince HENRY
his Highneß.

A SONNET.

HAuing new-muſtred *th'* HOAST *of all this* ALL:
Your Royall Father In our Fore-ward *ſtands*;
Where (Adam-*like*) *Himſelf alone Commands*
A WORLD *of* Creatures, *ready at his Call.*
Our Middle-ward *doth not vnfitly fall*
To famous Chiefs, *whoſe graue-braue heads & hands*
In Counſail'd Courage ſo Conduct our Bands,
As (*at a brunt*) *affront the force of* Baal.
Our Rere-Ward (*Sir*) *ſhalbe your Princely* Charge,
Though laſt, not leaſt (*ſith it moſt Honour brings*)
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large:
For, Your Command *is of a* Camp *of* KINGS,
Some good, ſome bad: Your Glory *ſhall be, heer*
To Chuſe and Vſe *the good, the bad* Caſſier.

A STANZA.

IEwel of NATVRE, *Ioy of* ALBION,
To whoſe perfection Heav'n *and* Earth *conſpire*:
That, in Time-fulnes, Thou mayſt bleſs thy Throne
(*Succeeding in the* Vertues *of thy Sire*)
As happily thou haſt begun, goe-on;
That, as thy Youth, *we may thine* Age *admire*;
Acting *our* Hopes (*which ſhall revive our hearts*)
Pattern & Patron both of Arms & Arts.

Ioſuah Syluester.

THE TROPHEIS.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF *the fourth Day of the ſecond* Week, of BARTAS.

THE ARGVMENT.

Saul's *fall from* Fauour, *into Gods* Diſgrace.
Dauid *deſign'd* Succeſſor *in his Place*;
Brauing Goliah, *and the* Philiſtins
He brauely foyles: He flyes his furious Prince.
Seem-Samuel *raiſ'd*: Saul *routed*; *Selfely-ſlain.*
King-Dauids TROPHEIS, *and triumphant Raign:*
His heauenly Harp-*skill* (*in King* IAMES *renewd*):
His humane frailty, heauily purſewd.
Berſabé *bathing:* Nathan *bold-reproouing:*
Dauid *repenting* (*Our* REPENTANCE *mooving*).

Saul *king of Iſraell, fortunate at the firſt, is afterward reiected, and* Dauid *elected in his ſtead.*

HEröike force, and Prince-fit forme withall,
Honor the Scepter of courageous *Saul*;
Succeſſe confirmes it: for the power Diuine
Tames by his hand th'outrageous *Philiſtine*,
Edom, and *Moab*, and the *Ammonite*,
And th'euer-wicked, curſt *Amalekite:*
O too-too-happy! if his arrogance
Had not tranſgreſt Heauens ſacred Ordinance:
But therefore, God in's ſecret Counſell (iuſt)
Him euen alreadie from his Throne hath thruſt,
Degraded of his gifts: and in his ſteed
(Though priuily) anointed *Ieſſé's* Seed,

Th'ho-

Th'honour of *Iacob*, yea of th'Vniuerſe,
Heav'ns darling *DAVID*, *Subiect* of my Verſe.
Lord, ſith I cannot (nor I may not once)
Aſpire to *DAVIDS* Diadems and Thrones; *Inuocation.*
Nor lead behind my bright *Tryumphal-Car*
So many Nations Conquered in War:
Nor (*DAVID*-like) my trembling Aſps adorn
With bloody *TROPHEIS* of my Foes forlorn:
Vouchſafe mee yet his *Verſe*, and (Lord) I craue
Let me his Harp-ſtrings, not his Bowe-ſtrings haue;
His Lute, and not his Launce, to worthy-ſing
Thy glorie, and the honour of thy King.
For, none but *DAVID* can ſing *DAVID*'s worth:
Angels in Heav'n thy glory ſound; in Earth,
DAVID alone; whom (with Heav'ns loue ſurpriz'd)
To praiſe thee there, thou now haſt Angeliz'd.
Giue mee the Laurel, not of War, but Peace;
Or rather giue mee (if thy grace ſo pleaſe)
The *Ciuik Garland* of green Oaken boughes,
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious browes,
To euer-witnes to our after-frends
How I haue reskew'd my con-Citizens,
Whom profane *Fames-Thirſt* day and night did moue
To be be-ſlav'd to th'yoake of wanton *Loue:*
For, (not to mee, but to thee, Lord, be prayſe)
Now, by th'example of my *Sacred* Layes,
To *Sacred Loues* our nobleſt ſpirits are bent,
And thy rich Name's their only Argument.
HEE WHOM in priuat wals, with priuie ſigne,
The great King-maker did for *King* aſſigne,
Begins to ſhowe himſelf: a fier ſo great
Could not liue flame-les long: nor would God let
So noble a ſpirits nimble edge to ruſt
In Sheapheards idle and ignoble duſt.
My Son, how certain we that *Saying* proue, Ieſsè (*or* Iſhai) *ſendeth* Dauid *to ſee his brethrē in the Campe.*
That doubtfull Fear ſtill wayts on tender Loue?
DAVID (ſaith *Ieſſe*) I am full of fears
For thy deer Brethren; Each Aſſault, ſalt tears

Draws from mine eyes; mee thinks each point doth ſtab
Mine *Eliab*, *Samma*, and *Aminadab*.
Therefore goe viſite them, and with this Food
Beare them my Bleſſing; ſay I wiſh them good;
Beſeeching God to ſhield and them ſuſtain,
And ſend them (ſoon) victorious home again.
Gladly goes *DAVID*, and anon doth ſpie
Deſcription of Goliah. Two ſteep high Hils where the two Armies lie,
A Vale diuides them; where, in raging mood
(*Coloſſus*-like) an armed Giant ſtood:
His long black locks hung ſhagged (ſlouen-like)
A-down his ſides: his buſh-beard floated thick;
His hands and arms, and boſom briſtled were
(Moſt Hedge-hog-like) with wyer inſteed of haire:
His foul blaſphemous mouth, a Caues mouth is;
His eyes two Brands, his belly an Abyſſe:
His legs two Pillers; and to ſee him go,
Hee ſeemd ſome ſteeple reeling to and fro.
A Cypreſſe-Tree of fifteen Summers old,
Pyramid-wiſe waues on his Helm of gold.
Whoſe gliſtring brightnes doth (with rayes direct)
Againſt the Sun, the Sun it ſelf reflect:
Simile. Much like a Comet blazing bloodie-bright
Ouer ſome City, with new threatfull light;
Preſaging down-fall, or ſome diſmal fate,
Too-neer approaching to ſome ancient State.
His Launce a Loom-beam, or a Maſt (as big)
Which yet he ſhaketh as an Oſier twig;
Whoſe harmful point is headed ſtifly-ſtraight
With burniſht Braſſe aboue an Anuils waight:
Vpon whoſe top (in ſtead of Bannaret)
A hiſſing Serpent ſeems his foes to threat:
His brazen Cuiraſſe, not a Squire can carrie;
For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie:
His Shield (where *Cain* his brother *Abel* ſlaies,
Where *Chus* his ſon, Heav'n-climbing Towrs doth raiſe;
Where th' *Ark* of God, to th' *Heathen* captiuate,
To *Dagon*'s Houſe is led with ſcorne and hate)

In

Is like a Curtain made of double planks
To saue from shot some hard-beleaguer'd Ranks.
His threatfull voice is like the stormefull Thunder
When hot-cold Fumes teare sulphury clowds asunder.

O Fugitiues! this is the fortieth day
(Thus barkes the Dog) that I haue stalked aye
About your fearefull Hoast: that I alone
Against your best and choisest Champion,
In single Combat might our Cause conclude,
To shun the slaughter of the multitude.
Come then, who dares; and to be slaine by mee,
It shall thine honour and high Fortune bee.
Why am I not lesse strong? my common strength
Might find some Braue to cope with at the length.
But, fie for shame, when shall we cease this geare?
I to defie, and you to flie for feare?
If your hearts serue not to defend your Lot,
Why are you arm'd? why rather yeeld you not?
Why rather doe you (sith you dare not fight)
Not proue my mildnesse, than prouoke my might?
What needed Coats of brasse and Caps of steele
For such as (Hare-like) trust but to their heele?
But, sith I see not one of you (alas!)
Alone dares meete, nor looke me in the face,
Come tenne, come twenty, nay come all of you,
And in your ayde let your great God come too:
Let him rake Hell, and shake the Earth in sunder,
Let him be arm'd with Lightning and with Thunder:
Come, let him come and buckle with me heere:
Your goodly God, lesse then your selues, I feare.

His brauing Defiance to the Hoast of Israell.

Thus hauing spewd, the dreadfull *Cyclop* stirr'd
His monstrous Limbes; beneath his feet he reard
A Clowd of dust: and, whersoe're he wend,
Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghastly steps attend.

Euen as a payr of busie chattering Pies,
Seeing some hardie Tercell, from the skies
To stoop with rav'nous seres, feele a chill feare,
From bush to bush, wag-tayling here and there;

Simile.

So that no noyse, nor shout, nor stricke can make
The timorous Birds their Couert to forsake:
So th' *Hebrew* Troopes this brauing Monster shun;
And from his sight, some here, some there, doo run.
In vain the King commands, increats, and threats;
And hardly three or foure together gets.

Saul stirreth vp his Souldiers & proposeth ample Reward to him that shall vndertake the Philistine.

What shame (saith he) that our victorious Hoast
Should all be daunted with one Pagans boast?
Braue *Ionathan*, how is thy courage quaild
Which, yerst at *Bosez*, all alone assaild
Th' whole *Heathen* Hoast? O Worthy *Abner* too,
What chance hath cut thy Nerues of Valour now?
And thou thy self (O *Saul*) whose Conquering hand
Had yerst with *Trophеis* filled all the Land,
As far as *Tigris*, from the *Iapigan* Sea:
Where is thy heart? how is it fall'n away?
Saul is not *Saul*: O! then, what *Israelite*
Shall venge God's honor and Our shame acquight?
Who, spurrd with anger, but more stird with Zeale,
Shall foile this Pagan, and free *Israel*?
O! who shall bring me this Wolf's howling head,
That Heav'n and Earth hath so vn-hallowed?
What e're he be, that (lauish of his soule)
Shall with his blood wash out this blot so foule,
I will innoble him, and all his House;
He shall inioy my Daughter for his Spouse:
And euer shall a Deed so memorable
Be (with the Saints) sacred and honorable.
Yet, for the *Duel* no man dares appeer:
All wish the Prize; but none will win't so deer:
Big-looking Minions, braue in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows:
But, euen the blast that cools their courage so,
That makes my *DAVID's* valiant rage to glowe.

Dauid offers.

My Lord (saith He) behold, this hand shall bring
Th'heav'n-scorning head vnto my Lord the King.
Alas, my Lad, sweet Shepheard (answers *Saul*)
Thy heart is great; although thy limbs be small:

High

High flie thy thoughts; but wee haue need of more,
More ſtronger Toyles to take ſo wilde a Boare:
To tame *Goliah*, needs ſom Demi-god,
Some *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad
Of ſlender growth, vpon whoſe tender Chin
The budding doun doth ſcarcely yet begin.
Keep therefore thine owne Rank, and draw not thus
Death on thy ſelf, diſ-honor vpon vs,
With ſhame and ſorrow on all *Izrael*,
Through end-les Thraldom to a Foe ſo fel.
The faineſt Harts, God turns to Lions fierce, *His aſſurance.*
To Eagles Doues, Vanquiſht to Vanquiſhers:
God, by a Womans feeble hand ſubdews
Iabins Lieutenant, and a Iudge of *Iews*.
God is my ſtrength: therfore (O King) forbear,
For *Izrael*, for Thee, or Mee, to fear:
No ſelf-preſumption makes me raſhly braue;
Aſſured pledge of his prowd head I haue.
Seeſt thou theſe arms (my Lord) theſe very arms
(Steeld with the ſtrength of the great God of Arms)
Haue bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lions blood:
Theſe very arms, beſide a ſhady Wood,
Haue ſlain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)
Had torn and born my fatteſt ſheep away.
My God is ſtill the ſame: this ſauage Beaſt,
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feaſt,
All-ready feels his furie, and my force;
My foot al-ready trampleſ on his Corps:
With his owne ſword his curſed length I lop,
His head al-ready on the geound doth hop.
The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute,
To ſee a mind ſo yong, ſo reſolute:
Then ſon (ſaith he) ſith ſo confirmd thou art,
Go, and Gods bleſsing on thy valiant hart;
God guide thy hand, and ſpeed thy weapon ſo,
That thou return triumphant of thy Foe.
Hold, take my Corſlet, and my Helm, and Launce,
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes aduance.

The faithfull Champion, being furnisht thus,
Is like the Knight, which twixt *Eridanus*
And th'heav'nly *Star-Ship*, marching brauely-bright
(Hauing his Club, his Casque, and Belt bedight
With flaming studs of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.
But, yer that hee had half a furlong gon,
The massie Launce and Armour hee had on
Did load him so, he could not freely mooue
His legs and arms, as might him best behooue.
Simile. Euen so, an *Irish* Hobby, light and quick
(Which on the spur ouer the bogs they prick
In highest speed) If on his back he feel
Too-sad a Saddle, plated all with steel,
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behind,
Crooper and Trappings him too-close to binde;
He seems as lame, he flings, and will not go;
Or, if he stir, it is but stiff and slowe.
DAVID therefore lays-by his heauie load,
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*
(Who by the weakest can the strongest stoop)
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,
No Arrows seeks, nor other Arcenall;
But, by the Brooke that runnes amid the Vale,
Hee takes fiue Pebbles and his Sling, and so,
Couragiously incounters with his Foe.
What Combat's this? On the one side, I see
A mooving Rocke, whose looks do terrifie
Euen his owne Hoast; whose march doth seem to make
The Mountaine tops of *Sucoth* euen to shake;
On th'other side, a slender tender Boy
Where grace and beautie for the prize doo play;
Shaue but the doun that on his Chin doth peer,
And one would take him for *Anchises* Pheer:
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,
And one would think that it were *Cupids* self.
Gold on his head, skarlet in either Cheek,
Grace in each part and in each gest, alike;

In

In all ſo louely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Enuy cannot but commend
His match-les beauties: and though ardent zeale
Fluſh in his face againſt the Infidel,
Although his Fury fume, though vp and down
He nimblie trauerſe, though he fiercely frown,
Though in his breaſt boyling with manly heat,
His ſwelling heart do ſtrongly pant and beat;
His Storme is Calm, and from his modeſt eyes
Euen gratious ſeems the grimmeſt flaſh that flies.
Am I a Dog, thou Dwarf, thou Dandiprat,
To be with ſtones repell'd and palted at?
Or art thou weary of thy life ſo ſoon?
O fooliſh boy! fantaſticall Baboone!
That never ſaw'ſt but ſheep in all thy life;
Poore ſotte, 'tis heer another kind of ſtrife:
We wraſtle not (after your Shepheards guiſe)
For painted Sheep-hooks, or ſuch pettie Prize,
Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheeſe:
The Vanquiſht Head muſt be the Victors Fees.
Where is thy ſweatie duſt? thy ſun-burnt ſcars,
(The glorious marks of Soldiers ſtrain'd in Warres)
That make thee dare ſo much? O Lady-Cow,
Thou ſhalt no more be-ſtar thy wanton brow
With thine eyes rayes: Thy Miſtreſs ſhall no more
Curl the quaint Treſſes of thy Golden ore:
I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of thoſe ſweet-ſmiling eyes:
Yet, no (my guirle-boy) no, I will not file
My feared hands with blood ſo faintly-vile:
Go ſeek thy match, thou ſhalt not dy by me,
Thine honor ſhall not my diſhonor be!
No (ſilly Lad) no, were thou of the Gods,
I would not fight at ſo vn-knightly ods.
Come barking Curre (the *Hebrew* taunts him thus)
That haſt blaſphem'd the God of Gods, and vs;
The ods is mine (villain, I ſcorne thy Boaſts)
I haue for Aide th'almighty Lord of Hoaſts.

Th'*Ethnik*'s a-fier, and from his goggle eyes
All drunk with rage and blood, the Lightning flies:
Out of his beuer, like a Boare he foames:
A helliſh Fury in his boſom roames:
As mad, he marcheth with a dreadfull paſe,
Death and deſtruction muſter in his face;
He would a-freſh blaſpheam the Lord of Lords
With new deſpights; but in the ſteed of words
Simile. He can but gnaſh his teeth. Then, as an Oxe
Straid twixt the hollow of ſteep Hils and Rocks,
Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged turnings,
Lowes hideouſly his ſolitary Mournings:
The Tyrant ſo from his cloſe helmet blunders
With horrid noiſe, and this harſh voice he thunders:
Thy God raignes in his Ark, and I on Earth:
I Chalenge Him, Him (if he dare come forth)
Not Thee, baſe *Pigme*. Villain (ſaies the *Iew*)
That blaſphemy thou inſtantly ſhalt rue,
Simile. If e'r you ſaw (at Sea) in Summer weather,
A Galley and a Caraque cope togither;
(How th'one ſteers quick, and th'other veers as ſlowe
Lar-boord and ſtar-boord from the poop to prowe;
This, on the winde; that, on her Owres relies;
This daunteth moſt; and that moſt damnifies)
You may conceaue this Fight: th'huge *Polypheme*
Stands ſtifly ſhaking his ſteel-pointed beam:
Dauid dooth trauerſe (round about him) light,
Forward and back, to th'left hand, and the right,
Steps in and out; now ſtoops, anon he ſtretches;
Then he recoyls, on either hand he ſeaches;
And ſtoutly-actiue, watching th'aduerſe blowes,
In euery poſture dooth himſelf diſpoſe.
Simile. As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks doo fight,
(Briſtling their plumes, and (red with rage) do ſmight
With ſpurs and beak, bounding at euery blowe,
With freſh aſſaults freſhing their fury ſo,
That, deſperate in their vnyeelding wrath,
Nothing can end their deadly fewd but death)

The

The Lords about, that on both sides do bet,
Look partially when th'one the Field shall get,
And, trampling on his gaudie plumed pride,
His prostrate Foe with bloody spurs bestride,
With clanging Trumper and with clapping wing,
Triumphantly his Victory to sing:
So th'*Hebrew* Hoast, and so the *Heathen* stranger
(Not free from fear, but from the present danger)
Behold with passion these two Knights, on whom
They both haue wagerd both their Fortunes sum:
And either side, with voice and gesture too,
Hartens and cheers their Champion well to doo;
So earnest all, that almost euery one
Seems euen an Actor, not a looker-on:
All feel the Skirmish twixt their Hope and Fear:
All cast their eyes on this sad Theater:
All on these two depend, as very Founders
Of their good Fortune, or their Fates Confounders.
O Lord, said DAVID (as he whirld his Sling)
Be bowe and Bowe-man of this shaft I fling.
With sudden flerk the fatal hemp lets go
The humming Flint, which with a deadly blowe
Pearç't instantly the *Pagans* ghastly Front,
As deep as Pistol-shot in boord is wont.
The villain's sped (cries all the *Hebrew* band) Goliah ouer-throwne.
The Dog, the Atheist feels Gods heauy hand.
Th'*Isacian* Knight, seeing the blowe, stands still.
Fro th'Tyrants wound his ruddy soule doth trill,
As from a crack in any pipe of Lead Similie.
(That conuoyes Water from some Fountaines head)
Hissing in th'Aire, the captiue Stream doth spin
In siluer threds her crystall humor thin.
The Giant, wiping with his hand his wound,
Cries, tush, 'tis nothing: but eftsoones the ground
Sunk vnder him, his face grew pale and wan,
And all his limbs so faint and fail began:
Thrice heaues he vp his head; it hangs as fast,
And all a-long lies *Isaac*'s dread at last,

Simile. Couering a rood of Land; and in his Fall,
Reſembles right a lofty Tower or Wall,
Which to lay leuel with the humble ſoil
A hundred Miners day and night doo toil;
Till at the length ruſhing with thundrous roar,
It ope a breach to th'hardy Conquerour.
Then, two lowd cries, a glad and ſad were heard:
Wherwith reviv'd, the vaunting Tyrant ſtird,
Re-ſummoning vnder his weak Controule
The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule;
And (to be once more buckling yer he dies,
With blowe for blowe) he ſtriues in vain to riſe.
Such as in life, ſuch in his death he ſeems;
For euen in death he curſes and blaſphemes:
Simile. And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger,
Flies at the ſtone and biteth that for anger;
Goliah bites the ground, and his owne hands
As Traytors, falſe to his fel hearts commands.
Then the *Hebrew* Champion heads the Infidel
With his own ſword, and ſends his ſoule to Hell.
Pagans diſperſe; and the *Philiſtian* ſwarms
Haue armes for burthen, and haue flight for armes;
Danger behinde, and ſhame before their face:
Rowting themſelues, although none giue them chaſe.

Dauids *Thankſgiving for the victory.*

Armi-potent, Omnipotent, my God,
O let thy Praiſe fill all the Earth abroad;
Let *Izrael* (through Thee, victorious now)
Inceſſant ſongs vnto thy Glory vow:
And let me Lord (ſaid *DAVID*) euer chuſe
Thee ſole, for Subiect of my ſacred *Muſe*.
O wondrous ſpectacle! vnheard-of-Sight!
The Monſter's beaten-down, before the Fight:
A Dwarf, a Sheepheard, conquers (euen vn-armd)
A Giant fell, a famous Captain, armd.
From a fraile Sling this Battery neuer came,
But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-razing Ram:
This was no caſt of an vncertain Slinger,
'T was Croſſe-bow-ſhot: rather it was the finger

Of

Of the All-mightie (not this hand of mine)
That wrought this work ſo wondrous in our eyne:
This hath Hee done, that by a woman weake
Can likewiſe ſtone the ſtout *Abimelech:*
Therefore, for euer, ſinging ſacred Layes,
I will record his glorious Power and Praiſe.
Then, *Iacob*'s Prince him ioyfully imbraces,
Prefers to honours, and with fauours graces,
Imployes him farre and nigh; and farre and neere,
From all ſad cares he doth his Soueraigne cleere.
In Camp he curbs the *Pagans* arrogance:
In Court he cures the Melancholy Trance
That toyls his ſoule; and, with his tunefull Lyre, *Effects of Muſick.*
Expels th'Ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.
For, with her ſheath, the ſoule commerce frequents,
And acts her office by his inſtruments;
After his pipe ſhe dances: and (againe)
The body ſhares her pleaſure and her paine;
And by exchange, reciprocally borrowes
Some meaſure of her ſolace and her ſorrowes.
Th'Eare (doore of knowledge) with ſweete warbles pleas'd,
Sends them eftſoones vnto the Soule diſeas'd,
With darke black rage, our ſpirits pacifies,
And calmly cools our inward flame that fries.
So, O *Tyrtéus*, changing Harmonie, *Examples of the ſame.*
Thy Rowt thou changeſt into Victorie.
So, O thrice-famous, Princely *Pellean*,
Holding thy hart's reanes in his Tune-full hand;
Thy *Timothie* with his Melodious skill
Armes and diſ-armes thy Worlds-drad arme (at will);
And with his *Phrygian* Muſicke, makes the ſame
As Lion fierce; with *Dorik*, milde as Lambe.
So, while in *Argos* the chaſte Violon
For's abſent Soueraigne doth graue-ſweetly groan,
Queen *Clytemneſtra* doth reſiſt th'alarmes
Of lewd *Ægyſthus*, and his luſtfull Charmes.
So, at the ſound of the ſweet-warbling braſſe,
The Prophet rapting his ſoule's ſoule a ſpace,

Re-

Refines him ſelfe, and in his fantaſie
Graues deep the ſeal of ſacred Propheſie.
For, if our Soule be Number (ſome ſo thought)
It muſt with number be refreſhed oft;
Or, made by Number (ſo I yeeld to ſing)
We muſt the ſame with ſome ſweet Numbers bring
To ſome good Tune: euen as a voice (ſometime)
That in its Part ſings out of tune and time,
Is by another voice (whoſe meaſur'd ſtraine
Cuſtome and Arte confirms) brought in again.
It may be too, that DAVIDS ſacred Ditty
Quickned with *Holy-Writ*, and couched witty,
Exorciſt-like, chaç't *Natures* cruel Fo,
Who the Kings ſoule did toſſe and torture ſo.
How e'r it were, He is (in euery thing)
A profitable ſeruant to the King:
Who enuious yet of his high Feats and Fame,
His Faith, and Fortitude, diſtruſts the ſame:
And, the diuine Torch of his Vertues bright
Brings him but ſooner to his lateſt Night;
Saue that the Lord ſtill ſhields him from on hy,
And turnes to Triumph all his Tragedy.

Simile.

O bitter ſweet! I burſt (thus raues the King)
To hear them all, in Camp and Court to ſing,
SAVL *he hath ſlain a thouſand*, DAVID *ten*,
Ten thouſand DAVID. O faint ſcorn of men!
Lo, how, with Luſtre of his glorious parts,
Hee ſteals-away the giddy peoples harts;
Makes lying Prophets ſooth him at a beck;
Thou art but King in name, Hee in effect:
Yet thou endur'ſt it; haſte thee, haſte thee (Sot)
Choak in the Cradle his aſpiring Plot;
Preuent his hopes, and wiſely-valiant
Off with his head that would thy foot ſupplant.
Nay, but beware; his death (belov'd ſo wel)
Will draw thee hatred of all *Izrael*.
Sith then ſo high his heady valour flies,
Sith common glory cannot him ſuffice,

Sauls *Envy to* Dauid.

Sith

Sith Danger vpon Danger hee purſews,
And Victory on Victory renewes;
Let's put him to't: Let's make him Generall,
Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all:
So ſhall his own Ambitious Courage bring
For Crown a Coffin to our *Iunior* King:
Yea, had hee *Sangars* ſtrength, and *Sampſons* too,
Hee ſhould not ſcape the taske I'll put him to.
But yet, our DAVID more then all atchieues,
And more and more his grace and glory thriues:
The more he doos, the more he dares adventure,
His reſt-les Valour ſeeks ſtill new Aduenture.
For, feeling him armd with th'Almighty's Spirit,
He recks no danger (at the leaſt to fear it).
Then, what doos *Saul*? When as he ſaw no ſpeed
By ſword of Foes ſo great a Foe to rid,
Hee tries his owne: and one-while throwes his dart,
At vn-awares to thrill him to the hart:
Or treacherouſly hee layes ſom ſubtill train,
At boord, or bed, to haue him (harm-les) ſlain:
On nothing elſe dreams the diſloyall wretch,
But *Dauids* death; how *Dauid* to diſpatch.
Which had bin don, but for his Son the Prince,
(Who deerly tenders *Dauids* Innocence,
And neerly marks and harks the Kings Deſignes,
And warns the *Ieſſean* by ſuſpect-les ſignes)
But for the kinde Courageous *Ionathan*,
Who (but attended onely with his man)
Neer *Senean* Rocks diſcomfited, alone,
The *Philiſtines* victorious Gariſon.
About his eares a Shower of Shafts, dooth fall;
His Shield's too-narrow to receiue them all:
His ſword is duld with ſlaughter of his Foes,
Wherefore the dead he at the liuing throwes,
Head-lined helmes, heawn from their trunks he takes,
And thoſe his vollies of ſwift ſhot he makes.
The Heathen Hoaſt dares him no more affront,
Late number-les; but eaſie now to count.

Ionathan's *loue* to Dauid.

Dauid (

Dauid therefore, flying his Princes Furie,
From end to end flies all the land of *Iurie*:
But now to *Nob*; t' *Adullam* then, a non
To Desart *Zif*, to *Keilah*, *Maaor*,
Hauing for roof heav'ns arches starry-seeld,
And, for repast what wauing woods doe yeeld.
The Tyrant (so) frustrate of his intent,
Wreakes his fell rage vpon the innocent;
If any winke, as willing t' haue not seen-him,
Or if (vnweeting what 's the oddes between-him
And th' angry king) if any had but hid-him,
He dies for it (if any haue but spid him):
Yea the High-Priest, that in Gods presence stands,
Escapeth not his parricidiall hands;
Nor doth he spare, in his vnbounded rage,
Cattle, nor Curre, nor state, nor sexe, nor age.
Contrariwise, *Dauid* doth good for ill,
He hates the haters of his Soueraigne still.
And though he oft incounter *Saul* lesse strong
Than his owne side; forgetting all his wrong,
He shewes him, aye, loyall in deede and word
Vnto his Liege, th' Anointed of the Lord;
Respects and honors him, and mindes no more
The Kings vnkindnesse that had past before.
One day as *Saul* (to ease him) went aside
Into a Caue, where *Dauid* wont to hide,
Dauid (vn-seen) seeing his Foe so neer
And all alone, was strooke with suddaine feare,
As much amaz'd and musing there-vpon;
When whispering thus his Consorts egge him on:
Who sought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;
Doo'st thou not see the Tyrant in thy Trap?
Now therefore pull this Thorne out of thy foote:
Now is the Time if euer thou wilt doo't:
Now by his death establish thine estate:
Now hugge thy Fortune, yer it be too-late:
For, he (my Lord) that will not, when he may,
Perhaps he shall not, when he would (they say).

Why

Why tarriest thou? what dooſt thou trifle thus?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy ſelf and vs?
Wonne with their words, to kill him he reſolues:
But, by the way thus with himſelf revolues.
He is a Tyrant; true: But now long ſince,
And ſtill, he bears the mark of lawfull Prince:
And th' Ever-King (to whom all Kings doe bow)
On no pretext, did ever yet allow
That any Subiect ſhould his hand diſtain
In ſacred blood of his owne Soveraign.
He hunts me cauſe-les; true: but yet, Gods word
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am anointed King; but (at Gods pleaſure)
Not publikely: therfore I waite thy leaſure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardeſt Thine, and then
Reward'ſt, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.
Thus having ſayd, he ſtalkes with noiſe-les foot
Behind the King, and ſoftly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-vpper clothing;
Then quick avoydes: and, *Saul*, ſuſpecting nothing,
Comes forth anon: and *Dauid* afterward
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (vpon his humble knee)
Come neer (my Liege) com neer, and fear not me,
Fear not thy ſeruant *Dauid*. Well I knowe,
Thy Flatterers, that miſs-inform thee ſo,
With thouſand ſlanders dayly thee incenſe
Againſt thy Seruants ſpot-les innocence:
Thoſe ſmooth-ſly Aſpicks, with their poyſony ſting
Murder mine honour, me in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (againſt all reaſon)
As if Convicted of the Higheſt-Treaſon:
But, my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their viperous tongues ſhall ſtop;
And, with the ſplendor of mine actions bright,
Diſperſe the Miſts of Malice and Deſpight.
Behold, my Lord, (Trueth needeth no excuſe)
What better witneſſe can my ſoule produce

Anti-Bellarmin & His Diſciples, Authors or Fautors of our Powder-Mine.

Of faithfull Loue, and Loyall Vaſſalage,
To thee, my Liege, than this moſt certain gage:
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well haue cut thy throat?
But rather (Soueraign) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (ſpreading deadly pains)
Benum my hand, then it ſhall lift a ſword
Againſt my Liege, th'anointed of the Lord;
Or violate with any inſolence,
Gods ſacred Image, in my Soveraign Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath purſews me ſtill;
Like ſilly-Kid, I hop from hill to hill;
Like hated Wolues I and my Souldiers ſtarue:
But, iudge thy ſelf, if I thy wrath deſerue.
No (my Sonne *Dauid*) I haue don thee wrong:
Good God requight thy good: there doth belong
A great Reward vnto ſo gratious deed.
Ah, well I ſee it is aboue decreed
That thou ſhalt ſit vpon my Seat ſupream,
And on thy head ſhalt wear my Diadem:
Then, ô thou ſacred and moſt noble Head,
Remember Mee, and mine (when I am dead)
Be gratious to my Blood, and raze not fell
My Name and Iſſue out of *Iſrael*.
Thus ſayd the King; and tears out-went his words:
A pale deſpair his heavy hart ſtill-girds:
His feeble ſpirit præſaging his Miſ-fortune,
Doth every-kinde of Oracles importune;
Suſpicious, ſeeks how *Clotho*'s Clew doth ſwell;
And, caſt of Heav'n, wil needs conſult with Hell.

The Woman Witch of Endor.

In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in thoſe dayes;
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak ſex always
Hath in all Times ben taxt for *Magik* Tricks,
As proneſt Agents, for the Prince of *Styx*:
Whether, becauſe their ſoft, moiſt, ſupple brain,
Doth eaſie print of every ſeal retain:
Or, whether wanting Force and Fames deſert,
Thoſe Wyzards ween to winn it by *Black-Art*.)

This

This *Stygian* ſcum, the *Furies* fury fell,
This Shop of Poyſons, hideous Type of Hell,
This ſad *Erinnys*, *Milcom's* Fauourite,
Chamoſh his Ioye, and *Belzebubs* delight,
Delights alonely for her exerciſe
In ſecret Murders, ſoudain Tragœdies;
Her drink, the blood of Babes; her dainty Feaſt
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceaſt).
At Weddings aye (for Lamps) ſhe lights debates;
And quiet Loue much more then Death ſhe hates:
Or if ſhe reak of Love, 'tis but to trap
Som ſevere *Cato* in inceſtuous Lap:
Somtimes (they ſay) ſhe dims the Heav'nly Lamps,
She haunts the Graues, ſhe talks with Ghoſts, ſhe ſtamps
And Cals-vp Spirits, and with a wink controules
Th'infernal Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
Arts admiration, *Izraels* Ornament,
That (as a Queen) Command'ſt each Element,
And from the Toomb deceaſed Trunks canſt raiſe,
(Th'vnfaithfull King thus flatters her with prayſe)
On ſteepeſt Mountains ſtop the ſwifteſt Currents,
From drieſt Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
And fitly haſten *Amphitrites* Flood,
Or ſtay her Eb (as to thy ſelf ſeems good):
Turn day to night: hold Windes within thy hand,
Make the Sphears moue, and the Sun ſtill to ſtand:
Enforce the Moon ſo with thy Charms ſom-times,
That for a ſtound in a deep Swoun ſhe ſeems:
O thou al-knowing Spirit! daign with thy ſpell
To raiſe-vp heer renowned *Samuel*,
To ſatisfie my doubtfull ſoule, in ſum,
The iſſue of my Fortunes yet to-com.
Importun'd twice or thrice, ſhe, that before
Reſembled one of thoſe grim Ghoſts (of yore)
Which ſhe was was wont with her vn-holſom breath
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,
Growes now more gaſtly, and more Ghoſt-like grim,
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim.

The place about darker then Night ſhe darkes,
Shee yelles, ſhe roars, ſhe houles, ſhe brayes, ſhe barkes,
And, in vn-heard, horrid, Barbarian tearms,
She mutters ſtrange and execrable Charmes;
Of whoſe Hell-raking, Nature-ſhaking Spell,
Theſe odious words could ſcarce be hearkned well:
Eternall Shades, infernall Dëities,
Death, Horrors, Terrors, Silence, Obſequies,
Demons, diſpatch: If this dim ſtinking Taper
Be of mine owne Sons fat; if heer, for paper,
I write (deteſted) on the tender skins
Of time-les Infants, and abortiue Twins
(Torn from the wombe) theſe Figures figure-les:
If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgins treſs,
Dipt, at your Altar, in my kinſmans blood;
If well I ſmell of humane fleſh (my food):
Haſte, haſte, you Fiends, you ſubterranean Pow'rs:
If impiouſly (as fits theſe Rites of yours)
I haue invok't your grizly Maieſties,
Harken (O Furies) to my Blaſphemies,
Regard my Charms and mine inchanting Spell,
Reward my Sins, and ſend vp *Samuel*
From diſmall darknes of your deep Abyſſe,
To anſwer me in what my pleaſure is:
Diſpatch, I ſay, (black Princes) quick, why when?
Haue I not Art, for one, to ſend you ten?
When? ſtubborn Ghoſt! The Palfraies of the Sun
Doo fear my Spells; and, when I ſpur, they run:
The Planets bow, the Plants giue-ear to me,
The Forreſts ſtoop, and even the ſtrongeſt Tree,
At driery ſound of my ſad whiſperings,
Doth Prophecie, fore-telling future things:
Yea (maugre *Ioue*) by mine almighty Charms,
Through Heav'n I thunder with imperious Arms:
And comſt not thou? O, ſo: I ſee the Sage,
I ſee th' aſcent of ſom great man: his age,
His ſacred habite, and ſweet-graue aſpect
Som God-like raies about him round reflect:

Hee's

Hee's ready now to ſpeak, and plyant too
To cleer thy doubtings, without more adoo.
Saul flat adores; and wickedly-devout,
The fained-*Prophets* leaſt word leaues not out.
What doſt thou *Saul*? ô *Izraels* Soveraign,
Witches, of late, feard only thy diſdain:
Now th'are thy ſtay. O wretch dooſt thou not knowe
One cannot vſe th'ayde of the Powers belowe
Without ſom Pact of Counter-Seruices,
By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?
And that this Art (meer Diabolicall)
It hurteth all, but th'Author moſt of all?
And alſo, that the impious Atheiſt,
The Infidel, and damned Exorciſt,
Differ not much. Th'one, Godhead quight denies:
Th'other, for God, foul Satan magnifies:
Th'other, Satan (by Inchantment ſtrange)
Into an Angell of the Light doth change.
When as God would, his voyce thou wouldſt not hear,
Now he forbids thee, thou conſult'ſt els-where:
Whom (living Prophet) thou neglect'ſt, abhorr'ſt,
Him (dead) thou ſeek'ſt, and his dead Trunk ador'ſt:
And yet, not him, nor his; for th'ougly Fiend
Hath no ſuch power vpon a Saint t'extend,
Who fears no force of the blaſphemous Charms
Of mumbling Beldams, or Hels damned Arms:
From all the Poyſons that thoſe powers contriue,
Charm-charming Faith's a full Preſervatiue.
In Soule and Body both, He cannot come;
For, they re-ioyne not till the day of doom:
His Soule alone cannot appeer; for why,
Soules are inviſible to mortall eye:
His Body only, neither can it be;
For (duſt to duſt) that ſoon corrupts (we ſee).
Beſides all this, if 'twere true *Samuel*,
Should not (alas) thine eye-ſight ſerue as well
To ſee and knowe him, as this Sorcereſſe,
This hatefull Hag, this old Enchantereſſe,

Againſt thoſe that reſort to Witches.

Againſt th'illuſion of Sathan falſe Apparitiõs *and* Walking Spirits.

This Divell incarnate, whose drad Spell commands
The rebell-Fury of th' Infernall Bands?
Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to fain
A Body fitting for his turn and train?
Simile. And (as the rigor of long Cold congeals
To harsh hard Wooll the running Water-Rils)
Cannot he thicken thinnest parts of Air,
Commixing Vapours? glew them? hue them fair?
Simile. Even as the Rain-Bowe, by the Suns reflection
Is painted fair in manifold complection:
A Body, which we see all-ready formd,
But yet perceiue not how it is performd:
A Body, perfect in apparant showe;
But in effect and substance nothing so:
A Body, hart-les, lung-les, tongue-les too,
Where Satan lurks, not to giue life ther-to,
But to the end that from this Counter-mure,
More covertly he may discharge more sure
A hundred dangerous Engins, which he darts
Against the Bulwarks of the bravest harts:
That, in the Sugar (even) of sacred Writ,
He may em-pill vs with som Banefull bit:
And, that his counterfait and fained lips,
Laying before vs all our hainous slips,
And Gods drad Iudgements and iust Indignation,
May vnder-mine our surest Faiths Foundation.
But, let vs hear now what he saith. O *Saul*,
What frantick fury art thou moov'd with-all,
To now re-knit my broken thred of life?
To interrupt my rest? And 'mid the strife
Of struggling Mortals, in the Worlds affairs
(By power-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares?
Inquir'st thou what's to-come? O wretched Prince!
Too much, too-soon (what I fore-told long since):
Death's at thy door: to morrow Thou and Thine
Even all shal fall before the Philistine:
And great-good *Dauid* shal possesse thy Throne,
As God hath sayd, to be gain-sayd by none.

The

Th' Author of Lies (againſt his guiſe) tels true:
Not that at-once he Selfly all fore-knew,
Or had revolv'd the Leaues of deſtiny
(The Childe alonly of Eternity):
But rather through his buſie obſervation
Of circumſtance, and often iteration
Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals,
In the cloſe Book of clear Coniecturals,
With a far-ſeeing Spirit; hits often right:
Not much vnlike a skilfull *Galenite*,
Who (when the *Criſis* comes) dares even foretell
Whether the Patient ſhall doo ill or well:
Or, as the Star-wiſe ſomtimes calculates
(By an Eclipſe) the death of Potentates;
And (by the ſtern aſpects of greateſt Stars)
Prognoſticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.

How Sathan comes to tell things to-come.

As he foretold (in brief) ſo fell it out:
Braue *Ionathan* and his Two Brethren ſtout
Are ſlain in Fight; and *Saul* himſelf forlorn,
Leſt (Captiue) he be made the Pagans ſcorn,
He kils him-Self; and, of his Fortune froward
To ſeem not conquer'd, ſhewes him Self a Coward.

Saules *death.*

For, 'tis not Courage (whatſoe'r men ſay)
But Cowardize, to make ones Self away.
'Tis even to turn our back at Fears alarms:
'Tis (baſely-faint) to yeeld vp all our Arms.
O extream Rage! O barbarous Cruelty!
All at one Blowe, t' offend Gods Maieſty,
The State, the Magiſtrate, Thy Self (in fine):
Th' one, in deſtroying the deer work divine
Of his almighty Hands; the next, in reaving
Thy needfull Service, it ſhould be receiuing;
The third, in raſh vſurping his Commiſſion:
And laſt, Thy Self, in thine owne Selfs-Perdition,
When (by two Deaths) one voluntary Wound
Doth both thy body and thy ſoule confound.

Againſt Self-kil ing.

But *Iſboſheth* (his deer Son) yet retains
His Place a ſpace: and *Dauid* only Raigns

In happy *Iuda*. Yet, yer long (diſcreet)
He makes th' whole Kingdoms wracked ribs to meet:
And ſo He rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror)
His Peoples Ioy, the Pagans only Terror.
If ever, ſtanding on the ſandy ſhoar,
Compariſon. Y' haue thought to count the rowling waues that roar
Each after other on the *Britiſh* Coaſt,
When *Æolus* ſends forth his Northern Poaſt;
Waue vpon Waue, Surge vpon Surge doth fold,
Sea ſwallowes Sea, ſo thickly-quickly roul'd,
That (number-les) their number ſo doth mount,
That it confounds th' Accompter and th' Accompt:
So *Dauid*'s Vertues when I think to number,
Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber;
That Ocean ſwallowes me: and mazed ſo,
In the vaſt Foreſt where his Prayſes growe,
I knowe not what high Fir, Oak, Cheſt-nut-Tree,
(Rather) what Braſil, Cedar, Ebonie,
My *Muſe* may chuſe (*Amphion*-like) to build
With curious touch of Fingers Quauer-skild
(Durſt ſhe preſume to take ſo much vpon-her)
A Temple ſacred vnto *Dauids* honour.
Epitome of Dauids Vertues. Others ſhall ſing his mindes true Conſtancie,
In oft long exiles try'd ſo thorowly:
His Life compos'd after the life and likenes
Of ſacred Patterns: his milde gracious meeknes
**Nabal.* Towards railing *Shimei*, and the *Churliſh Gull:
His louely Eyes and Face ſo bewtifull.
Som other ſhall his Equity record,
And how the edge of his impartiall ſword
Is euer ready for the Reprobate,
To hewe them down; and help the Deſolate:
How He, no Law, but Gods drad Law enacts:
How Hee reſpects not perſons, but their Facts:
How braue a Triumph of Selfs-wrath he ſhowes,
Killing the Killers of his deadly Foes.
Som other ſhall vnto th' Empyreall Pole
The holy fervor of his Zeal extoll:

How

How for the wandring Ark he doth prouide
A certain place for euer to abide:
And how for euer euery his deſigne
Is ordered all by th' Oracle Diuine.
Vpon the wings of mine (els-tasked) Rime,
Through the cleer Welkin of our Weſtern Clime,
I'll only bear his *Muſike* and his *Mars*
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*):
Lo there the ſacred mark wherat I aim;
And yet this Theam I ſhall but mince and maim,
So many Yarnes I ſtill am fain to ſtrike
Into this Web of mine intended WEEK.
The *Twelue* ſtout *Labours* of th' *Amphitryonide* *Of his valour and victories.*
(Strongeſt of Men) are iuſtly magnifi'd:
Yet, what were They but a rude Maſſacre
Of Birds and Beaſts, and Monſters here and there?
Not Hoaſts of Men and Armies ouerthrow'n;
But idle Conqueſts; Combats One to One:
Where boiſt'rous Limbs, and Sinnews ſtrongly knit,
Did much auaile with little ayde of Wit.
Bears, Lions, Giants, foild in ſingle fight,
Are but th' Eſſayes of our redoubted Knight:
Vnder his Armes ſick *Aram* deadly droops:
Vnto his power the ſtrength of *Edom* ſtoops:
Stout *Amalek* euen trembles at his name:
Prowd *Ammons* skorn he doth return with ſhame:
Subdueth *Soba*: foyls the *Moabite*:
Wholly extirps the down-trod *Iebuſite*:
And (ſtill victorious) euery month almoſt
Combats and Conquers the *Philiſtian* Hoaſt.
So that, *Alcides* maſſie Club ſcarce raught
So many Blowes, as *Dauid* Battails fought.
Th' expert Great *Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild, **Pompey.*
Wun in ſtrange Wars; in ciuill Fights he faild:
But, *Dauid* thriues in all: and fortunate,
Triumphs no leſſe of *Sauls* inteſtine hate,
Of *Iboſheth's* and *Abſalon's* deſignes,
Then of ſtrong *Aram*, and ſtout *Philiſtines*.

Good-

Good-Fortune alwayes blowes not in the Poop
Of valiant *Cæſar*, ſhe defeats his Troop,
Slayes his Lieutenants; and (among his Friends)
Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life ſhe ends:
But *Dauid* alwayes feels Heav'ns gratious hand;
Whether in perſon He himſelf command
His royall Hoaſt: or whether (in his ſted)
By valiant *Ioab* his braue Troops be led:
And Happineſſe, cloſing his aged eye,
Even to his Toomb conſorts him conſtantly.
Fair Victory, with Him (even from the firſt)
Did pitch her Tent: his Infancy ſhe nurſt
With noble Hopes, his ſtronger years ſhe fed
With ſtately *Tropheis*, and his hoary head
She Crowns and Comforts with (her cheerful Balms)
Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palmes*.
The Mountains ſtoop to make Him eaſie way;
And *Euphrates*, before Him, dryes away;
To Him great *Iordan* a ſmall leap doth ſeem;
Without aſſault, ſtrong Cities yeeld to Him:
Th' Engine alone of His far-feard Renown
Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, & Bulwarks down:
Gads goodly Vales, in a gore Pond he drenches;
Philiſtian Fiers, with their owne Blood he quenches;
And then, in *Gob* (purſewing ſtill his Foes)
His wrath's iuſt Tempeſt on fell Giants throwes.
O ſtrong, great, *Worthies* (will ſom one-day ſay,
When your huge Bones they plough-vp in the Clay)
But, ſtronger, greater, and more WORTHIE He,
Whoſe Heav'n-lent Force and Fortune made you be
(Maugre your might, your maſſy Spears and Shields)
The fatt'ning dung-hill of thoſe fruitfull Fields.
His Enimies, ſcarcely ſo ſoon he threats
As overthrowes, and vtterly defeats.
On *Dauids* head, God doth not ſpin good-hap;
But pours it down abundant in his Lap:
And He (good Subiect) with his Kingdom, ever
T' increaſe th' Immortall Kingdom doth indevour.

His

His ſwelling Standards never ſtir abroad,
Till he haue Cald vpon th'Almighty God:
He never Conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)
He yeelds the Honor where it right belongs:
And evermore th'Eternals ſacred Prayſe
(With Harp and Voice) to the bright Stars doth raiſe.
Scarce was he born, when in his Cradle preſt *His Poeſie.*
The Nightingale to build her tender neſt:
The Bee within his ſacred mouth ſeeks room
To arch the Chambers of her Hony-comb:
And th'Heav'nly *Muſe*, vnder his roof deſcending
(As in the Summer, with a train down-bending,
We ſee ſom *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair
With twinkling rayes, glide through the cryſtal Aier,
And ſoudainly, after long-ſeeming Flight,
To ſeem amid the new-ſhav'n Fields to light)
Him ſoftly in her Iuory arms ſhe folds,
His ſmiling Face ſhe ſmylingly beholds,
She kiſſes him, and with her *Nectar* kiſſes
Into his Soule ſhe breathes a Heav'n of Bliſſes:
Then layes him in her lap, and while ſhe brings
Her Babe a-ſleep, this *Lullabie* ſhe ſings.
Liue, liue (ſweet Babe) the Miracle of Mine, *VRANIA's Lullaby.*
Liue euer Saint, and growe thou all Divine:
With this Celeſtiall Winde, where-with I fill
Thy bleſſed Booſom, all the World ful-fill:
May thy ſweet Voice, in Peace, reſound as far
And ſpeed as fair as thy drad Arm in War:
Bottom nor bank, thy Fames-Sea never bound:
With double Laurels be thy Temples Crownd.
See (Heav'n-ſprung Spirit) ſee how th'allured North,
Of thy Childs-Cry (ſhril-ſweetly warbling forth)
Al-ready taſtes the learned, dainty pleaſures.
See, ſee (yong Father of all ſacred Meaſures)
See how, to hear thy ſweet harmonious ſound,
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round)
Woods, but with ears: floods, but their fury ſtopping:
Tigres, but tame: Mountains, but alwayes hopping:

See how the Heav'ns, rapt with ſo ſweet a tongue,
To liſt to thine, leaue their owne Dance and Song.
O Idiot's ſhame, and Envy of the Learned!
O Verſe right-worthy to be ay eterned!
O richeſt Arras, artificial wrought
With liueliеſt Colours of Conceipt-full Thought!
O royal Garden of the rareſt Flowers
Sprung from an Aprill of ſpiritual Showers!
O Miracle! whoſe ſtar-bright beaming Head
When I behold, even mine owne Crown I dread.

Excellencie of the Pſalmes of Dauid.

Never els-where did plentious Eloquence,
In every part with ſuch magnificence
Set-forth her Beauties, in ſo ſundry Faſhions
Of Robes and Iewels (ſuting ſundry Paſſions)
As in thy Songs: Now, like a Queen (for Coſt)
In ſwelling Tiſſues, rarely-rich imboſt
With Pretious Stones: neat, Citty-like, anon,
Fine Cloth, or Silke, or Chamlet puts ſhe on:
Anon, more like ſom handſom Shepheardeſſe,
In courſer Cloaths ſhe doth her cleanly dreſſe:
What e're ſhe wear, Wooll, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,
Or Courſe or Fine; ſtill like her Self ſhe ſeems;
Fair, Modeſt, Cheerfull, fitting time and place,
Illuſtring all even with a Heav'n-like grace.
Like prowd lowd *Tigris* (ever ſwiftly roul'd)
Now, through the Plains thou powr'ſt a Flood of gold:
Now, like thy *Iordan*, (or *Meander*-like)
Round-wyndingnimbly with a many-Creek,
Thou runn'ſt to meet thy Self's pure ſtreams behind thee,
Mazing the Meads where thou doſt turn and winde-thee.
Anon, like *Cedron*, through a ſtraighter Quill,
Thou ſtraineſt out a little Brook or Rill;
But yet, ſo ſweet, that it ſhall ever be
Th' immortall *Nectar* to Poſterity:
So cleer, that *Poeſie* (whoſe pleaſure is
To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Myſteries)
Her chaſteſt feathers in the ſame ſhal dip,
And deaw with-all her choiceſt workmanſhip:

And

And ſo deuout that with no other Water
Deuouteſt Soules ſhal quench their Thirſt heer-after.
Of ſacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount:
Of faith-full Spirits th' Interpreter profound:
Of contrite Harts the cleer Anatomy:
Of euery Sore the Shop for Remedy:
Zeal's Tinder-box: a Learned Table, giving
To ſpirituall eyes, not painted *Chriſt*, but living.
O divine Volume, *Sion's* cleer deer Voice,
Saints rich Exchecker, full of comforts choice:
O, ſooner ſhal ſad *Boreas* take his wing
At *Nilus* head, and boiſt'rous *Auſter* ſpring
From th' icie floods of *Iceland*, than thy Fame
Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name:
Thou ſhalt ſurviue through-out all Generations,
And (plyant) learn the Language of all Nations:
Nought but Thine Aiers through Air & Seas ſhall ſound,
In high-built Temples ſhall thy Songs reſound,
Thy ſacred Verſe ſhall cleer Gods clowdy face,
And, in thy ſteps the nobleſt Wits ſhall trace.
Groſe Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely-vile,
So holy things preſume not to defile,
Touch not theſe ſacred ſtops, theſe ſilver ſtrings:
This Kingly Harp is only meet for Kings.
And ſo behold, towards the fartheſt North,
Ah ſee, I ſee vpon the banks of *FORTH*
(Whoſe force-full ſtream runs ſmoothly ſerpenting)
A valiant, learned, and religious King,
Whoſe ſacred Art reuneth excellent
This rarely-ſweet, celeſtiall Inſtrument:
And *Dauid's* Truchman, rightly doth reſound
(At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dombertans Clyde ſtands ſtill to hear his voyce.
Stone-rowling *Tay* ſeems therat to reioyce:
The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Loumond*-Lake,
After his ſound their luſty gambols ſhake:
The (Trees-brood) Bar-geeſe, mid th' *Hebridian* wave,
Vnto his Tune their far-flow'n wings doo wave:

And

And I my Self in my pyde *Pleid a-ſlope,
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp doo hop.
Thus, full of God, th'Heav'n-*Sirene* (Prophet-wiſe)
Powres-forth a Torrent of *mel*-Melodies,
In DAVIDS praiſe. But DAVIDS foule defect
Was yet vn-ſeen, vncenſur'd, vn-ſuſpect:
Oft in fair Flowers the bane-full Serpent ſleeps:
Somtimes (weſee) the braveſt Courſer trips:
And ſom-times *Dauid*'s Deaf vnto the Word
Of the Worlds Ruler, th' everlaſting Lord;
His Songs ſweet fervor ſlakes, his Soules pure Fire
Is dampt and dimm'd with ſmoak of foul deſire:
His Harp is layd a-ſide, he leaves his Layes,
And after his fair Neighbors Wife he neighs.
Fair *Berſabé*'s his Flame, even *Berſabé*,
In whoſe Chaſte boſom (to that very day)
Honor and Loue had happy dwelt together,
In quiet life, without offence of either:
But, her proud Bewty now, and her Eyes force,
Began to draw the Bill of their Diuorce:
Honor giues place to Loue: and by degrees
Fear from her hart, Shame from her forehead flies.
The Preſence-Chamber, the High ſtreet, the Temple,
Theſe Theaters are not ſufficient ample
To ſhew her Bewties, if but Silke them hide:
Shee muſt haue windowes each-where open wide
About her Garden-Baths, the while therin
She basks and bathes her ſmooth Snow-whiter skin;
And one-while ſet in a black Iet-like Chair,
Perfumes, and combes, and curls her golden hair;
Another-while vnder the Cryſtall brinks,
Her Alabaſtrine well-ſhap't Limbs ſhe ſhrinks
(Like to a Lilly ſunk into a glaſſe:
Like ſoft looſe *Venus* (as they paint the Laſſe)
Born in the Seas, when with her eyes ſweet-flames,
Tonnies and *Tritons* ſhe at-once inflames:
Or like an Iuory Image of a *Grace*,
Neatly inclos'd in a thin Cryſtall Caſe):

* *A kinde of light mantle made of a thin checkerd Cloth, worne by the Hilmen in* Scotland: *and now much vſed with vs for Saddle-clothes.*

Berſabé *bathing.*

Another

Another-while, vnto the bottom diues,
And wantonly with th' vnder-Fiſhes ſtriues:
For, in the bottom of this liquid Ice,
Made of *Muſaick* work, with quaint device
The cunning workman had contrived trim
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins ſeeming even to ſwim.
Iſhai's great ſon, too-idlely, walking hie — Dauid *gazing.*
Vpon a Tarras, this bright ſtar doth ſpy:
And ſudden dazled with the ſplendor bright,
Fares like a Priſoner, who new brought to light
From a *Cimmerian*, dark, deep dungeon, — *Simile.*
Feels his ſight ſmitten with a radiant Sun.
But too-too-ſoon re-cleer'd, he ſees (alas)
Th' admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.
Her ſparkling Eye is like the Morning Star,
Her lips two ſnips of crimſin Sattin are,
Her Teeth as white as burniſht Silver ſeem
(Or *Orient* Pearls, the rareſt in eſteem):
Her Cheeks and Chin, and all her fleſh like Snowes
Sweet intermixed with Vermillion Roſe,
And all her ſundry Treaſures ſelfly ſwel,
Prowd, ſo to ſee their naked ſelues excel.
What living Rance, what rapting Iuory
Swims in theſe ſtreams? O what new Victory
Triumphs of all my TROPHEIS? O cleer Therms,
If ſo your Waues be cold; what is it warms,
Nay, burns my hart? If hot I (pray) whence comes
This ſhivering winter that my ſoule benums,
Freezes my Senſes, and diſ-ſelfs me ſo
With drouſie Poppy, not my ſelf to knowe?
O peer-les Bewty, meerly Bewtifull;
(Vnknow'n) to me th'art moſt vn-mercifull:
Alas! I dy, I dy, (O diſmall lot)
Both for I ſee thee, and I ſee thee not,
But a-far-off, and vnder water too:
O feeble Power, and O (what ſhall I doo?)
Weak Kingly-State! ſith that a ſilly Woman
Stooping my Crown, can my ſoul's Homage ſummon.

But,

But, ô Imperiall power! Imperiall State!
Could (happy) I giue Bewties Check the Mate.
Simile. Thus ſpake the King, and like a ſparkle ſmall
That by miſchance doth into powder fall,
Hee's all a-fire; and penſiue, ſtudies nought,
But how t' accompliſh his laſciuious thought:
Which ſoon he compaſt: ſinks himſelf therin;
Forgetteth *Dauid*; addeth Sin to Sin:
Simile. And luſtfull, playes like a yong luſty Rider
(A wilfull Gallant, not a skilfull guider)
Who, proud of his Horſe pride, ſtill puts him to't:
With wand and ſpur, layes on (with hand and foot)
The too-free Beaſt; which, but too-faſt before
Ran to his Ruine, ſtumbling evermore
At every ſtone, till at the laſt he break
Againſt ſom Rock his and his Riders neck.
For, fearing, not Adulteries fact, but fame:
A iealous Husbands Fury for the ſame:
And, leſſening of a Pleaſure ſhar'd to twain:
He (treach'rous) makes her valiant Spouſe be ſlain.
The Lord is moov'd: and iuſt, begins to ſtretch
His Wraths keen dart at this diſloyal wretch:
When *Nathan* (then bright Brand of Zeal and Faith)
Comes to the King, and modeſt-boldly ſayth.
The Prophet Nothan's *Parable, reproving* Dauid. Vouchſafe my Liege (that our Chief Iuſtice art)
To liſt a-while to a moſt hainous part;
Firſt to the fault giue ear, then giue Conſent
To giue the Faulty his due Puniſhment.
Of late, a Subiect of thine owne, whoſe flocks
Powl'd all Mount *Liban's* pleaſant plentious locks;
And to whoſe Heards could hardly full ſuffice
The flowry Verge that longſt all *Iordan* lies;
Making a Feaſt vnto a ſtranger-Gueſt,
None of his owne abundant Fatlings dreſt;
But (privy Thief) from a poor Neighbour by
(His Faithfull Friend) Hee takes felonioufly
A goodly Lamb; although he had no more
But even that one; wherby he ſet ſuch ſtore,

That

That every day of his owne hand it fed,
And every night it coucht vpon his Bed,
Supt of his Cup, his pleasant morsels pickt,
And even the moisture from his lips it lickt.
Nay, more my Lord. No more (replies the King,
Deeply incenst) 'Tis more than time this thing
Were seen into, and so outrageous Crimes,
So insolent, had need be curbd betimes:
What-ever Wretch hath done this Villany
Shall Die the Death; and not alonely Die,
But let the horror of so foul a Fact
A more then common punishment exact.
O painted Toomb (then answerd sacred *Nathan*)
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan,
Thou blam'st in other thine owne Fault denounç't,
And vn-awares hast gainst thy self pronounç't
Sentence of Death. O King, no King (as than)
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:
Yea, Thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft
Hast iust *Vriah*'s only Lamb bereft:
And him, ô horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)
Him with the sword of *Ammon* hast Thou murther'd.
Bright Beauties Eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks too-much ther-on:
Thy wanton Eye, gazing vpon that Eye,
Hath given an Entrance too-too-foolishly
Vnto that Dwarf, that Divel (is it not?)
Which out of Sloath, within vs is begot:
Who entring first but Guest-wise in a room,
Doth shortly Master of the house become:
And makes a Saint (a sweet, myld-minded Man)
That 'gainst his Life's Foe would not lift his hand,
To plot the death of his deer faith-full Friend,
That for his Loue a thousand liues would spend.
Ah! shak'st thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble
(O brittle dust, vain shadow, empty bubble!)
At Gods drad wrath, which quick doth calcinize
The marble Mountains and the Ocean dries?

No, thou ſhalt know the waight of Gods right hand;
Thou, for example t'other Kings ſhalt ſtand.
Death, ſpeedy Death, of that adulterous Fruit,
Which even al-ready makes his Mother rue't,
Shall vex thy ſoule, and make thee feel (in deed)
Forbidden Pleaſure doth Repentance breed.
Ah ſhame-les beaſt! Sith thy brute Luſt (forlorn)
Hath not the Wife of thy beſt Friend forborn,
Thy Sons (diſ-natur'd) ſhall defile thy bed
Inceſtuouſly; thy fair Wiues (rauiſhed)
Shall doublely thy luſt-full ſeed receaue:
Thy Concubines (which thou behinde ſhalt leaue)
The wanton Rapes of thine owne Race ſhal be:
It ſhall befall that in thy Family,
With an vn-kinſ-mans kiſſe (vn-louing Lover)
The Brother ſhal his Siſters ſhame diſcouer:
Thou ſhalt be both Father and Father-in-law
To thine owne Blood. Thy Children (paſt all aw
Of God or Man) ſhall by their inſolence
Eyen iuſtifie thy bloody foul offence.
Thou ſinn'dſt in ſecret: but *Sol*'s bluſhing Eye
Shall be eye-witneſſe of their villany:
All *Izrael* ſhall ſee the ſame: and then,
The Heav'n-ſunk Cities in *Aſphaltis* Fen,
Out of the ſtinking Lake their heads ſhall ſhowe,
Glad, by thy Sons, to be out-ſinned ſo.
Thou, thou (inhumane) didſt the Death conſpire
Of good *Uriah* (worthy better Hire):
Thou cruell didſt it: therfore, Homicide,
Cowardly treaſon, curſed Paricide,
Vn-kinde Rebellion, ever ſhall remain
Thy houſe-hold Gueſts, thy Houſe with blood to ſtain.
Thine owne againſt thine owne ſhal thril their darts:
Thy Son from thee ſhal ſteal thy peoples harts:
Againſt thy Self he ſhal thy Subiects arm,
And giue thine age many a fierce Alarm:
Till hanged by the hair 'twixt Earth and ſky,
(His Gallow's pride, ſhame of the Worlds bright Eye)

Thine

Thine owne Lieutenant, at a crimſin ſpout,
His guilty Soule ſhall with his Lance let-out.
And (if I fail not) O what Tempeſt ſel
Beats on the Head of harm-les *Izrael*!
Alas! how many a guilt-les *Abramide*
Dies in Three dayes, through thy too-curious Pride? *The Plague of Peſtilence.*
In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and ſloathful) breeds
No ſlowe Diſeaſe; both yong and old it ſpeeds;
All are indifferent: For through all the Land
It ſpreads, almoſt in turning of a hand:
To the ſo-ſick, hard ſeems the ſofteſt plumes;
Flames from his eys, from's mouth come lakes-like fumes:
His head, his neck; his bulk, his legs doth tire;
Outward, all water; inward, all a-fire:
With a deep Cough his ſpungy Lungs he waſtes,
Black Blood and Choler both at-once he caſts:
His voices paſſage is with Biles be-layd,
His Soul's Interpreter, rough, foul, and flayd:
Thought of the Grief it's rigor oft augments:
'Twixt Hope and fear it hath no long ſuſpence:
With the Diſeaſe Death ioyntly traverſeth:
Th' Infections ſtroak is even the ſtroak of Death.
Art yeelds to th' anguiſh, Reaſon ſtoops to rage:
Phyſicians skill, himſelf doth ill engage.
The ſtreets too ſtill; the Town all out of Town:
All Dead, or Fled: vnto the hallowed ground
The howling Widow (though ſhe lov'd him deer)
Yet dares not follow her dead husbands Beer.
Each mourns his Loſſe, each his owne Caſe complains,
Pel-mel the liuing with the dead remains.
As a good-natur'd and wel-nurtur'd Chyld, *Simile.*
Found in a fault (by's Maſter ſharply myld)
Bluſhing and bleaking, betwixt ſhame and fear,
With down-caſt eyes laden with many a tear,
More with ſad geſture, than with words, doth craue
An humble Pardon, of his Cenſor graue:
So *David*, hearing th' holy Prophets Threat, *Davids Repentance.*
He apprehends Gods Iudgements dradly-great,

And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his ſole defence
To pearly Teares, Mournings and ſad Lamentes:
Off-goes his Gold; his Glory treads he down,
His Sword, his Scepter, and his pretious Crown:
He faſts, he prayes, he weeps, he grieues, he grones,
His hainous Sins he bitterly be-mones:
And, in a Caue hard-by, he roareth out
A ſigh-full Song, ſo dolefully devout,
That even the Stone doth groan, and pear ç't withall,
Lets it's ſalt teares with his ſad teares to fall.

Pſal. 51. Ay-gracious Lord (thus Sings he night and day)
Waſh, waſh, my Soule in thy deep Mercies ſea:
O Mercy, Mercy Lord, alowd he Cries;
(And Mercy, Mercy, ſtill the Rock replyes).

Application to France. O God, my God, ſith for our grievous Sin,
(Which will-full we ſo long haue weltred in)
Thou pour'ſt the Torrents of thy Vengeance down
On th' *azure* Field with *Golden Lillies* ſow'n:
Sith every moment thy iuſt Anger drad
Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head:
Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloody hand)
Doo all at once make havock of this Land:
Make vs make vſe of all theſe Rods aright;
That we may quench with our Teares-water quight
Thine Ire-full Fier: our former Vices ſpurn:
And, true-reform'd, Iuſtice to Mercy turn.

The like to England, now for many yeares, together grieuouſly afflicted with the Plague. *And ſo, O* Father, (*fountain of all* Good,
Ocean of Iuſtice, Mercie's *bound-leſs* Flood)
Since, for Our Sins, *exceeding all the reſt,*
At moſt ingrate-ful, though moſt rarely bleſt
(*After ſo long* Long-Sufferance *of* Thine:
So-many Warnings *of thy* Word *diuine:*
So-many Threatnings *of thy dread-full* Hand:
So-many Dangers *ſcap't by* Sea *and* Land:
So-many Bleſsings *in ſo good a* King:
So-many Bloſſoms *of that fruit-ful* Spring:
So-many Foes *abroad*, *and* Falſe *at home:*
So-many Reskues *from the rage of* Rome:

Se-

So-many Shields *against ſo many Shot:*
So-many Mercies *in that* Powder-Plot
(*So light regarded and ſo ſoon forgot*).
Since, for Our Sins, *ſo many and ſo great,*
So little mov'd with Promiſe *or with* Threat,
Thou, now at laſt (*as a iuſt ielouze* God)
Strik'ſt vs thy Self with thine immediate Rod,
Thy Rod *of* PESTILENCE: *whoſe rage-full ſmart,*
With deadly pangs pearcing the ſtrongeſt hart,
Tokens *of* Terror *leaues vs where it lights:*
And ſo infects (*or ſo at leaſt affrights*)
That Neighbour Neighbour, Brother Brother *ſhuns;*
The tendreſt Mother *dares not ſee her* Sons;
The neereſt Friend *his deereſt* Friend *doth flye;*
Yea, ſcarce the Wife *dares cloſe her* Husbands *eye.*
For, through th' Example *of our* Vicious *life,*
As Sin *breeds* Sin; *and* Husband *marr's the* Wife, *Simile.*
Siſter *prowdes* Siſter, Brother *hardens* Brother,
And one Companion *doth corrupt another:*
So, through Contagion *of this dire* Diſeaſe,
It (*iuſtly*) *doth thy heav'nly* Iuſtice *pleaſe,*
To cauſe vs thus each other to infect:
Though This we flye, and That too-nigh affect.
Since, for our Sins, *which hang ſo faſt vpon-vs;*
So dreadfully thy Fury *frowneth on-vs;*
Sith ſtill thou Strikeſt, *and ſtill Threat'neſt more*
More grieuous Wounds then we haue felt before:
O gratious Father, giue vs grace (*in fine*)
To make our Profit *of theſe* Rods *of thine:*
*That, true-*Converted *by thy milde* Correction,
We may abandon euery foule Affection:
That Humblenes *may flaring* Pride *diſ-plume:*
That Temperance *may* Surfaiting *conſume:*
That Chaſtity *may chaſe our wanton* Luſt:
That Diligence *may wear-off* Slothfull *ruſt:*
That Loue *may line, in* Wrath *and* Envies *place:*
That Bounties *hand may* Auarice *deface:*

That Truth *may put* Lying *and* Fraud *to flight:*
That Faith *and* Zeal *may keep thy* Sabbaths *right:*
That Reverence *of thy dread* Name *may baniſh*
Blaſphemous Oaths: *and all* Profaneneſſe *vaniſh.*
Since, for our Sins (aſwell in Court as Cottage)
Of all Degrees, all Sexes, Youth and Dotage,
Of Clarks and Clownes; Rich, Poore; and Great and Small,
Thy fear-ful Vengeance, *hangeth ouer all;*
O Touch vs all with Horror of our Crimes:
O Teach vs all to turn to thee be-times:
O Turn vs (Lord) and we ſhall turned be:
Giue what thou bidſt, and bid what pleaſeth thee:
Giue vs REPENTANCE; *that thou mayſt* repent
Our preſent PLAGVE, *and future* Puniſhment.

FINIS.

THE MAGNIFICENCE.

THE SECOND BOOK OF *the fourth Day of the ſecond* Week, of BARTAS.

THE ARGVMENT.

Death-ſummon'd DAVID, *in his ſacred Throne*
Inſtals (*inſtructs*) *his yong Son* SALOMON:
His (*pleaſ-God*) *choice of* WISEDOM, *wins him* Honor
And Health *and* Wealth (*at-once*) *to wait vpon her:*
His wondrous Doom, *quick* Babe's *Claim to decide:*
Miſ-Matches *taxt, in His with* PHARAONIDE:
Their pompous Nuptials: *Seav'n Heav'n-*Maſquers *there.*
The glorious TEMPLE, Builded *richly-rare.*
Salem's *Renown draws* Saba *to his Court:*
King IAMES, *to His, brings* BARTAS, *in like ſort.*

HAppy are You (ô You delicious Wits)
That ſtint your Studies, as your *Fury* fits:
That, in long Labours (full of pleaſing pain)
Exhauſt not wholly all your learned brain:
That, changing Note, now light, and grave anon,
Handle the Theam that firſt you light vpon:
That, here in *Sonnets*, there in *Epigrams*,
Euaporate your ſweet Soule-boyling Flames.

But, my deer Honor, and my ſacred Vows,
And Heav'ns decree (made in that Higher-Houſe)
Hold me faſt fetter'd (like a Gally-ſlaue)
To this hard Task. No other Care I haue,
Nought elſe I dream of; neither (night nor day)
Aim at ought elſe, or look I other-way:
Simile. But (alwayes buſie) like a Mil-ſtone ſeem
Still turned round with the ſame rapid ſtream.
Thence is't that oft (maugrè *Apollos* grace)
I hum me ſo harſh; and in my Works in chaſe
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,
Which (more or leſſe) the whirling *Poles* inſpire:
And alſo mingle (Linſie-woolſie-wiſe)
This gold-ground Tiſſue with too-mean ſupplies.
You, all the year long, doo not ſpend your wing:
But, during only your delightfull Spring,
(Like Nightingales) from buſh to buſh you play,
From Tune to Tune, from Myrtle ſpray to ſpray:
But, I too-bold, and like the Swallow right,
Not finding where to reſt me, at one flight
A bound-les ground-les Sea of Times I paſſe,
With *Auſter* now, anon with *Boreas*.
Your quick Career is pleaſant, ſhort, and eath;
At each Lands-end you ſit you down and breathe
On ſom green bank; or, to refreſh you, finde
Som Roſie-arbour, from the Sun and winde:
But, end-les is my Courſe: for, now I glyde
On Ice; then (dazled) head-long down I ſlyde:
Now vp I climbe: then through the Woods I craul,
I ſtray, I ſtumble, ſomtimes down I fall.
Simile. And, as baſe Morter ſerveth to vnite
Red, white, gray Marble, Iaſper, Galactite:
So, to con-nex my queint Diſcourſe, ſomtimes
I mix looſe, limping, and ill-poliſht Rimes.
Yet wil I not this Work of mine giue o're.
The Labour's great, my Courage yet is more;
My hart's not yet all voyd of ſacred heat:
Ther's nothing Glorious but is hard to get.

Hil

Hils were not ſeen but for the Vales betwixt:
The deep indentings artificiall mixt
Amid *Muſaiks* (for more ornament)
Haue prizes, ſizes, and dyes different.
And O, God grant, the greateſt ſpot you ſpie
In all my Frame, may be but as the Fly,
Which on her Ruff (whiter than whiteſt ſnowes)
To whiten white, the faireſt Virgin ſowes:
(*Or like the Velvet on her brow: or, like*
The dunker Mole on Venus *dainty Cheek:*)
And, that a few faults may but luſtre bring
To my high furies where I ſweeteſt ſing.
DAVID waxt old and cold; and's vitall Lamp,
Lacking it's oyl of Natiue moiſt, grew damp
(But by degrees); when with a dying voice
(But liuely vigor of Diſcretion choiſe)
He thus inſtructs his yong Son SALOMON,
And (as Heav'n cals) inſtals him in his Throne.
Whom, with-out Force, Vproar, or Ryualing,
Nature, and Law, and Fortune make a King;
Euen He (my Son) muſt be both *Iuſt* and *Wiſe*,
If long He look to *Rule* and *Royalize*:
But he, whom onely Fortunes Fauours rears
Vnto a Kingdom, by ſome new-found ſtairs;
He muſt appear more than a man; and caſt
By rareſt Worth to make his Crown ſit faſt.
My SALOMON, thou know'ſt thou art my Yongeſt:
Thou know'ſt, beſides, out of what Bed thou ſprungeſt:
Thou ſeeſt what loue all *Izrael* bears thy Brother:
To honour Thee, what wrong I doo to other;
Yea euen to Nature and our Natiue Law:
'Tis thy part therefore, in all points to draw
To full Perfection; and with rare effect
Of Nobleſt Vertues hide thy Births defect.
Thou, *Izraels* King, ſerue the great King of All,
And only on his Conducts pedeſtall
Found thine Affaires: vpon his *Sacred Lore*
Thine eyes and minde be fixed euermore:

Dauids inſtruc-tions to his Son Salomon.

A king (firſt of all) ought to be Religious.

The

The barking rage of bold Blaſphemers hate:
Thy Soueraign's Manners (Vice-Roy) imitate.
Nor think, the thicknes of thy Palace Wals,
Thine iron Gates, and high gold-ſeeled Halls,
Can let his Eye to ſpie (in euery part)
The darkeſt Cloſets of thy Mazie Hart.
If birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince
Valorous. Of *Idumeans* or of *Philiſtins*,
If *Pharaoh's* Title had be-fall'n to thee,
If the *Medes* Myter bowed at thy knee,
Wert thou a *Sophy*; yet with Vertues luſtre
Thou oughtſt (at leaſt) thy Greatnes to illuſtre:
But to Command the Seed of *Abraham*,
The *Holy Nation* to Controul and tame,
To bear a *Ioſuahs* or a *Samſons* load,
To be Gods Vice-Roy, needs a *Demi-God*.
Before old Seruants giue not new the ſtart
Impartial in beſtowing Preferments. (Kings-Art conſiſts in Action more then Art.)
Old Wine excelleth new: Nor (giddily)
Will a good Husband grub a goodly Tree
In his faire Orchards midſt, whoſe fruitfull ſtore
Simile. Hath graç't his Table twenty years and more;
To plant a Graft, yer e'r he taſte the ſame,
Saue with the teeth of a (perhaps) falſe Fame.
Theſe Paraſites are euen the Pearls and Rings
(Pearls, ſaid I? Perils) in the eares of Kings:
Impatient of Paraſites & Flatterers. For O, what Miſchief but their Wiles can work?
Sith euen within vs (to their aid) doth lurk
A ſmoother Soother, euen our owne *Selfs-loue*
(A malady that nothing can remoue)
Which, with theſe ſtrangers, ſecredly Combin'd
In League offenſiue (to the firmeſt Minde)
Perſwades the Coward, he is *wiſely*-meek:
The drunkard, *Stout*: the Periure, *Politick*:
The cruel Tyrant, a *iuſt* Prince they call;
Sober, the Sot; the Lauiſh, *Liberall*;
And, quick-nos'd Beagles, ſenting right his lore
(Tranſ-form'd into him) euen his Faults adore.

Fly

Fly then those Monsters: and giue no accesse
To men infamous for their wickednesse:
Endure no Atheist, brook no Sorcerer
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:
Least the contagion of their banefull breath
Poyson the publike fountain, and to death
Infect Thy manners (more of force then Law)
The spring, whence Subiects good or bad will draw.

To banish Atheists and all notoriously wicked persons from his presence.

Rule thine Affects, thy fury, and thy fear:
Hee's no true King, who no self's-sway doth bear:
Not what thou could'st, but what thou should'st, effect:
And to thy Lawes, first thine owne-self subiect.
For ay the Subiect will (fear set a-side)
Through thick and thin, hauing his King for guide.

To over-Rule his owne Passiõs & Affections.

Shew thy Self gracious, affable and meek;
And be not (proud) to those gay godlings like,
But once a year from their gilt Boxes tane,
To impetrate the Heav'ns long wisht-for raine.

To be milde and gratious.

To fail his Word, a King doth ill beseem:
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,
Deceipt's deceiu'd: Iniustice meets vniust:
Disloyall Prince armes subiects with distrust;
And neighbour States will in their Leagues commend
A Lion, rather then a Foxe, for Friend.

To be faithful of his promise.

Be prodigall of Vertues iust reward:
Of punishments be sparing (with regard).
Arm thou thy brest with rarest Fortitude;
Things Eminent are euer most pursu'd:
On higest Places, most disgraces threat:
The roughest windes on widest gates do beat.

To be readier to Reward then Punish.

Toil not the World with Wars ambitious spite:
But, if thine Honour must maintain thy Right,
Then shew thee DAVID's Son; and wisely-bold
Follow't as hot, as thou beginst it cold:
Watch, Work, Deuise, and with vn-weary limb,
Wade thorough Foords, and ouer Chanels swim.

Not to be Quarellous yet quick and courageous in a iust Cause.

Let tufted Planes for pleasant shades suffice,
In heat; in Cold, thy Fier be Exercise:

His exercises in Warre.

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His exercises in Warre.

A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed:
Let not thy Mouth be ouer-dainty fed;
Let Labour be thy ſauce, thy Cask thy Cup;
Whence, for thy *Nectar* ſome ditch-water ſup:
Let Drums, and Trumpets, and ſhril Fifes and Flutes
Serue thee for Citterns, Virginals and Lutes:
Trot vp a Hill; Run a whole Feeld for Race;
Leap a large Dike; Toſſe a long Pike, a ſpace:
Perfume thy head with duſt and ſweat: appeer
Captain and Soldier. Soldiers are on fire,
Hauing their King (before them Marching forth)
Fellow in Fortune, witnes of their Worth.

In Peace not to be over-ſtudious: yet, to vnderſtand the Principals of all Prince-fit Sciences.

I ſhould inflame thy hart with Learnings loue;
Saue that, I know what diuine habits moue
Thy profound Spirit: only, let th'ornament
Of Letters wayt on th'Art of *Regiment:*
And take good heed, leaſt as exceſſe of humor
In Plants, becomes their Flowring Lifes conſumer;
So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,
Quench the quick vigour of thy Spiritual parts,
Make thee too-penſiue, ouer-dull thy Senſes,
And draw thy Minde from Publike cares of Princes.
With a ſwift-winged ſoule, the Courſe ſuruay
Of Nights dim Taper and the Torch of Day:
Sound round the Cels of th'Ocean dreadly-deep:
Meaſure the Mountains ſnowie tops and ſteep:
Ferret all Corners of this nether Ball;
But, to admire the Makers Art in all,
His Power and Prudence: and, reſemble not
Some ſimple Courtier, or the ſilly Sot
That in the baſe-Court all his time hath ſpent,
In gazing on the goodly Battlement,
The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and antique Boſſes,
Medals, Aſcents, Statues, and ſtrange Coloſſes;
Amaz'd and muſing vpon euery piece
Of th'vniforme, fair, ſtately Frontiſpice;
Too-too-ſelf-rapt (through too-ſelf-humoring)
Loſing him-ſelf, while others finde the King.

Simile.

Hold-

Hold euen the Balance, with clean hands, clos'd eyes:
Reuenge seuerely Publike Iniuries;
Remit thine Owne. Heare the Cries, see the Tears
Of all distressed poor Petitioners.
Sit (oft) thy Self in Open Audience:
Who would not be a Iudge, should be no Prince.
For, *Iustice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword
Ought neuer seuer, by the Sacred Word.
Spare not the Great; neither despise the Small:
Let not thy Lawes be like the Spiders Caul,
Where little Flyes are caught and kild; but great
Passe at their pleasure, and pull-down the Net.
Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface:
Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place,
Such as fear God, such as will iudge vprightly:
Men by the seruants iudge the Master lightly.
Giue to the Vertuous; but thy Crown-Demain
Diminish not: giue still to giue again:
For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigality;
And to dry-vp the Springs of Liberality.
But aboue all (for Gods sake) Son, beware,
Be not intrapt in Womens wylie snare.
I fear, alas (good Lord, supreamly sage,
Auert from Mine th'effect of this Prasage)
Alas! I fear that this sweet Poyson wil
My House here-after with all Idols fil.
But, if that neither Vertu's sacred loue,
Nor Feare of Shame thy wanton Minde can moue
To watch in Arms against the Charms of Those;
At least, be warned by thy Fathers Woes.
Fare-wel my Son: th'Almightie cals me hence:
I passe, by Death, to Lifes most excellence:
And, to go Raign in Heav'n (from World-cares free)
The Crown of *Israel* I resigne to thee.
O thou that often (for a Princes Sin)
Transport'st the Scepter, euen from Kin to Kin,
From Land to Land; Let it remaine with Mine:
And, of my Sons Sons (in successiue Ligne)

The principal & peculiar office of a King.

Simile.

Hic labor, hoc Opus.

Let

Let that All-Peiwer full ideer-drad Prince descend,
Whose glorious Kingdom neuer shal haue end;
Whose iron Rod shall Satans Rulevn-doo:
Whom *Iacob* trusts in; Whom I thirst for too.

Initium Regni SALOMON.

DAVID deceast: His Son (him tracking right)
With heart and voice worslips the God of Might;
Enters his Kingdom by the Gate of Pietie;
Makes Hymns and Psalms in Laud of the true Deitie;
Offers in *Gabeon*; where, in Spirit he sees

His Vision.

(While his Sense sleepes) the God of Maiesties,
The Lord of Hosts; who, Crownd with radiant flames,
Offers him choise of these foure louely Dames.

Description of Glory.

First, *Glory*, shaking in her hand a Pike
(Not Maid-like Marching, but braue Souldier-like)
Among the Stars her stately head she beares,
A siluer Trumpet shrill a-slope she wears,
Whose Winde is Praise, and whose *Stentorian* sound
Doth far and wide o'r all the world redound.
Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price,
All Story-wrought with bloody Victories,
Tryumphs and Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings;
And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings.

Of Riches.

Not far from her, coms *Wealth*, all rich-bedight
In *Rhéa*'s, *Thetis*, *Pluto*'s Treasures bright:
The glittering stuff which doth about her fold
Is rough with Rubies, stiff with beaten Gold.
With either hand from hollow steans she powrs
Pactolian surges and *Argolian* showrs.
Fortune, and Thrift, and Wakefulnes and Care,
And Diligence, her dayly Seruants are.

Of Health.

Then cheerfull *Health*: whose brow no wrinkle bears,
Whose cheek no paleneSe, in whose eye no tears;
But like a Childe shee's pleasant, quick, and plump,
Shee seems to fly, to skip, to daunce, and iump:
And Life's bright Brand in her white hand doth shine:
Th' *Arabian* Birds-eare plumage (planted fine)
Serues her for Sun-coat: and her seemly train,
Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain.

Last,

Last, *Wisedom* comes, with sober countenance: *Of Wisedom.*
To th'euer-Bowrs her oft a-loft aduance,
The light Mamuques wing-les wings she has:
Her gesture cool, as comly-graue her pase:
Where e'r she go, she neuer goes with-out
Compasse and Rule, Measure and Waighes about:
And by her side (at a rich Belt of hers)
The Glasse of Nature and her-Self she wears.

Hauing beheld their Bewties bright, the Prince
Seems rapt all-ready euen to Heauen from hence;
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him shine:
And, 'mid so many Benefits Diuine,
Doubts which to chuse. At length he thus begun:
O Lord (sayth he) what hath thy Seruant don,
That so great Blessings I should take or touch,
Or thou shouldst daign to honour me so much?
Thou doost preuent my Merit: or (deer Father)
Delight'st to Conquer euen my Malice rather.

Fair *Victorie's* a noble Gift: and neught
Is more desired, or is sweeter thought,
Than euen to quench our Furie's thirst with blood,
In iust Reuenge on those that wrong our Good:
But oft (alas) foul *Insolence* comes after;
And, the long Custome of inhumane Slaughter,
Transforms in time the myldest Conquerors
To Tigers, Panthers, Lions, Bears, and Boars.

Happy seems He, whose count-les Herds for Pasture
Dis-robe (alone) Mount *Carmels* moatly Vesture:
For whom alone a whole rich Countrey, torn
With timely Tools, brings forth both Wine and Corn:
That hath soft *Sereans* yellow Spoils, the Gems
And precious stones of the *Arabian* streams,
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Entidorian* Fruits,
The *Saban* Odours, and the *Tyrian* Sutes.
But yet we see, where Plenty chiefly sways,
There Pride increases, Industry decays:
Rich-men ador e their Gold: whoso aspires
To lift to Heav'n his sight and Soules Desires,

He

He must be Poor (at least-wise like the Poor).
Riches and Fear are fellows euer-more.
I would liue long, and I would gladly see
My Nephews Nephews, and their Progeny:
But the long Cares I fear, and Cumbers rife,
Which commonly accompany Long-Life.
Who well liues, long liues: for, this age of ours
Should not be numbred by yeers, dayes, and howrs:
But by our braue Exploits: and, this Mortality
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.
But, in respect of Lady *Wisedomes* grace,
(Euen at their best) the rest are all but base.
Salomons choise. *Honour* is but a puffe; *Life* but a vapour;
Wealth but a wish; *Health* but a sconce of paper:
A glistering *Scepter* but a Maple twig;
Gold, Drosse; *Pearls*, Dust, how-euer bright and big.
Shee's Gods owne Mirror, shee's a Light, whose glance
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance:
Shee's mildest Heav'ns most sacred influence:
Neuer decays her Bewties excellence;
Aye like her-Self: and shee doth alwayes trace
Not only the same path, but the same pase.
Without her, *Honour*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would proue
Three Poisons to me. *Wisedom* (from aboue)
Is th' only *Moderatrix*, spring, and guide,
Organ and honour of all Gifts beside.
Her, her I like, her only (Lord) I craue,
Her Company for-euer let me haue:
Let me for-euer from her sacred lip,
Th' *Ambrosial* Nard, and rosial *Nectar* sip:
In euery Cause, let me consult with her:
And, when I Iudge, be Shee my Counsailer.
Let, with her Staffe, my yet-Youth gouern wel
In Pastures fair the Flock of *Israel*,
A compt-les Flock, a Flock so great (indeed)
As of a Shepherd sent from Heav'n had need.
Lord, giue her me: alas! I pine, I die;
* Pyrausta. Or if I liue, I liue her * *Flame-bred-Flie:*

And

And (new *Farfalla*) in her radiant ſhine,
Too-bold, I burne theſe tender wings of mine.
Hold, take her to thee, ſaid the Lord: and ſith
No Bewty elſe thy ſoule enamoreth;
For ready hand-maids to attend vpon her,
I'll giue thee alſo *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honor*;
(For 'tis not meet, ſo High-deſcended Queen,
So great a Lady, ſhould alone be ſeen)
The rather, that my Bounty may inuite
Thee, ſeruing Her, to ſerue Me day and night.
King SALOMON, awaked, plainly knew
That this Diuine ſtrange *Viſion* neuer grew
From the ſweet Temper of his ſound Complexion;
But that it was ſome Peece of more Perfection,
Some ſacred Picture admirably draw'n
With Heav'nly pencil, by an Angels hand.
For (happy) He had (without Art) the Arts,
And learning (without learning) in all parts:
A more then humane Knowledge bewtifies
His princely actions: vp to Heav'n he flies,
He dyues to Hell, he ſounds the Deeps, he enters
To th'inmoſt Cels of the Worlds loweſt Centers.
The ſecret Riddles of the ſacred Writ
Are plain to him: and his deep-pearcing Wit,
Vpon few Words of the Heav'n-prompted ſtile,
In a few Dayes, large Volumes can compile.
He (learned) ſees the Sun's Eclipſe, ſans terror:
He knowes the Planets neuer erring Error;
And, whether Nature, or ſome Angel moue
Their Sphears, at once with triple Dance aboue:
Whether the Sun ſelf-ſhine; his Siſter, not:
Whether, Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,
Be the Suns Sons: what kinde of mounting Vapor
Kindles the Comet and the long-taild Taper:
What boyſtrous Lungs the roaring Whirlers blow'n:
What burning Wings the Lightning rides vpon:
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:
What power Night's-Princeſſe powrs vpon the Deep.

His excellent Wiſedome and vnderſtanding in all things.

Whether the Heav'ns ſweet-ſweating Kiſſe appear
To be Pearls parent, and the Oyſter's pheer;
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall;
Cleer, breeds the cleer; and ſtormy brings the pale.
Whether, from Sea the Amber-greece be ſent;
Or be ſome Fiſhes pleaſant excrement.
He knowes, why th'Earth's immoueable and round,
The lees of Nature, Center of the Mound:
He knowes her meaſure. And he knowes beſide,
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)
With-in the darknes of the Conduit-Pipes,
Amid the windings of our in-ward Tripes,
Can ſo diſcreetly the *White humor* take;
Rheubarb, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:
And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,
By drawing 't to them; or by driuing 't out.
In brief, from th'Hyſop to the Cedar-Tree,
He knowes the Vertues of all Plants that be.
He knowes the Reaſon why the Woolfs fell tooth
Giues a Horſe ſwiftnes; and his footing, ſloath:
Why thy Sex-changing, fierce *Hyæna*'s eye
Puts curſteſt Curres to ſilence ſuddenly:
Why th' irefull Elephant becommeth tame
At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:
Why th'eye-bold Eagle neuer fears the flaſh
Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-claſh:
Why the wilde Fen-Gooſe (which keeps warm her egs
With her broad feet vnder her heatfull legs,
And, tongue-les, cries) as wing-lym'd, cannot flie,
Except ſhe (glad) Seas brynie glaſſe deſcrie.
He knoweth alſo, whether that our Stone
Be baked Earth, or Exhalation:
Whether the Metals (that we dayly ſee)
Be made of Sulphur and of Mercurie;
Or, of ſome Liquor by long Cold condens't,
And by the Heat well purified and cleans'd;
Or, of a certain ſharp and cindrous humor:
Or, whether He that made the Wauing Tumor,

The

The motly Earth; and th'Heav'nly Sphears refin'd,
All-mighty, made them such as now we finde.
He comprehends from whence it is proceeding,
That spotted *Iasper*-stones can staunch our bleeding:
Saphires, cure eyes: the *Topaz* to resist
The rage of Lust; of drink the *Amethist*:
And also, why the cleerest *Diamant*
(*Ielous*) impugns the thefts of th'*Adamant*.
Tunes, Measures, Numbers, and Proportions
Of Bodies with their Shadowes, als' he kons;
And (fild with *Nectar*-Deaws, which Heav'n drips)
The Bees haue made Honie within his lips.
But he imbraceth much more earnestly
The gain-full Practice, than cold Theorie:
Nor reaks he so of a Sophistick pride
Of prattling Knowledge (too-self-magnifi'd)
As of that goodly Art to gouern well
The sacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,
And happily to entertain in either,
A harmony of Great and Small together.
Especially Hee's a good *Iusticer*,
And to the Lawes dooth Life and strength confer.
And, as the highest of *Bigaurian* Hils *Simile.*
Ay bears his head vp-right, and neuer yeelds
To either side, scorns Winde and Rain and Snowe,
Abides all weathers, with a cheerfull brow;
Laughs at a Storme, and brauely tramples vnder
His steddy Knees, the prowd, lowd, rowling Thunder:
So, Hee's a Iudge inflexibly-vpright.
No Loue, nor Hatred, of the Guilty wight
(What e'r he wear for Calling, small or great)
His Venging blade can either blunt or whet;
He spurneth Fauors, and he scorneth Fears,
And vnder foot he treadeth priuate Tears:
Gold's radiant Lustre neuer blears his Eye:
Nor is he led through Ignorance a-wry.
His Voice is held an Oracle of all:
The soule of Lawes he wisely can exbale:

In doubtfull Caſes he can ſubtilize,
And wyleſt pleaders harts anatomize.
Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (ſince his Birth)
With her gilt Treſſes glorifi'd the Earth;
When he decides by happy Wiſedoms means,
The famous Quarrel of Two crafty Queans.

The Controuerſie between the 2. Harlots for the liue Child.

Is't poſſible, O Earth, (thus cries the firſt)
But that (alas) thou ſhould'ſt for anger burſt,
And ſwallow quick this execreable Quean!
Is't poſſible (O gracious Soueraign)
That comming new from dooing ſuch a deed
So horrible, ſhe ſhame-les dares proceed
T'approach thy ſight, thy ſacred Throne t'abuſe,
Not begging Pardon, but euen bent t'accuſe?
Laſt night, with ſurfet and with ſleep ſur-cloyd,
This care-les ſtep-dam her own Child o'r-layd:
And ſoftly then (finding it cold and dead)
Layes it by me, and takes mine in the ſtead.
Here, old, bold ſtrumpet, take thy baſtard brat,
Hence with thy Carion, and reſtore me that,
Reſtore me mine, my louely liuing Boy,
My hope, my hap, my Loue, my life my Ioy.
O cruell Chance! O ſacrilegious!
Shall thy foul lips my little Angell buſſe?
At thy fond prattling, ſhall he pret'ly ſmile?
And tug, and touze thy greaſie locks the-while?
And all his Child-hood fill thy ſoule with glee?
And, grow'n a man, ſuſtaine thine age and thee?
While wretched I, haue only for my ſhare,
His Births hard Trauail, and my burthen's Care,
His reſt-les rocking, wyping, waſhing, wringing;
And to appeaſe his wayward Cries with ſinging.
O moſt vnhappy of all Woman-kinde!
O Childe-les mother! O! why is my Minde
More paſſion-ſtirred, than my hand is ſtrong?
But, rather, than I'll pocket vp this wrong,
To be reueng'd, I'll venter two for one,
I'll haue thy Life, although it coſt mine owne.

O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (sayes th'other tho)
O! who would think, that Wine could mad one so?
O impudent! though God thou fear'st not, fear
The Kings cleer iudgement, who Gods place doth bear.
Art not content t'haue call'd (or rather cry'd)
Me Whore, and Thief, Drunkard and Paricide:
But thou wilt also haue my Childe, my deer,
(Whom with so strong a knot Loue links so neer)
My Babe, my Blisse? Yea marry (Minks) and shall:
Who takes my Childe, shall take my life with-all.
Iust *Dauids* iust Son; for thy Father's sake,
For his deer loue, for all that he did make
Of thee a Childe, when he (re-childing) sought
With childish sport to still thy cryes, and taught
(Or'gan to teach) with language soft and weak,
Thy tender tongue some easie tearm to speak:
Or, when (all bloody, breath-les, hot) he came
Laden with spoils of Kings he ouercame,
He ran t'imbrace thee, rockt thee in his Targe,
And when thou Cry'dst, vpon his shoulder large
Did set thee vp, while thou his beard didst tug,
Play'dst with his nose, about his neck didst hug,
Gap'st on his glittering Helm, and smil'dst to see
Another SALOMON there smile on thee:
And vnderneath his dancing Plume didst play
Like Bird in bush, sporting from spray to spray;
I doe adiure thee to attend my Plea:
By the sweet name of thy deer *Bersabe*,
Who in the night, shiuering for cold, so oft
Hath bow'd her self ouer thy Cradle soft;
Who both the Bottles of her *Nectar* white
Hath spent vpon thee, hundred times a night;
Who on thy head hath set hir pearly Crown,
And in Thy life liv'd more than in her Owne:
I doo adiure thee (O great King) by all
That in the World we sacred count or call,
To doo me Right: and if, too-mylde, alas,
Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence passe

Of iuſt reuenge for my receiued wrong;
Yet, reaue me not what doth to me belong,
What liberall Nature hath beſtow'd on me,
What I am ſeis'd-of (without thank to thee):
For pitty doo not my heart blood depriue,
Make me not Childe-les, hauing Childe a-liue.
While both, at once, thus to the King they Crie,
Tis mine, Tis mine: thou ly'ſt; and thou dooſt lie:
The partial People diuers Verdict ſpend;
Some fauour th'one, others the other friend:
Simile. As, when two Gameſters hazard (in a trice)
Fields, Vine-yards, Caſtles, on the Chance of Dice,
The ſtanders-by, diuerſly ſtird with-in,
Wiſh, ſome that This, and ſome that That maie win;
Wauer twixt Hope and Fear: and euery-one's
Moou'd, with the mooving of the guile-ful Bones.
Only, the King demurres: his prudent ears
Finde like, both reaſons, both Complaints, both tears:
The Infants face could not diſcipher whether
Of both ſhould be the very Mother: neither
Could calculation of their ages, cleer
The Iudges doubt; nor any proof appear.
Then, thus He waighs (but as in dreaming wiſe);
Th'induſtrious Iudge, when all proofs fail him, flies
Vnto Coniectures, drawn (the probableſt)
Out of the book of Natures learned breſt;
Or to the Rack: Now, Mothers loue (thinks he)
Is Natures owne vnchangeable Decree:
And there's no Torture that exceeds the pains
Which a kinde Mother in her Childe ſuſtains.
The Doubt admirably decided. Then (as awake) Come, come, no more a-doo,
Diſpatch (ſaith he) Cleaue the quick Child in two,
Look that the Sword be ſharp; in ſuch a caſe,
Needs muſt our Pittie giue our Iuſtice place:
Iuſtice (yee ſee) can iudge him whole to neither:
Diuide him therefore, and giue half to either.
O difficult! but thus the King deſcries
Their harts deep ſecrets: all diſcouered lyes,

The

The vizor's off; their Tongues, ſincerely preſt
With true inſtinct, their very Thoughts expreſt:
Bee't (ſaid the ſtepdam) ſo, ſith 't muſt be ſo:
Diuide him iuſtly from the top to toe.
No (ſaid the other) rather, I renounce
My Right in him, take thou him all at once,
Enioy him all; I'll rather haue him Thine
A-liue, and whole, than dead and mangled Mine.
Thine (quoth the King) hee's Thine by Birth (I ſee)
Thine by thy Loue, and thine by my Decree.
Now, as with Gold growes in the ſelf-ſame Mine
Much *Chryſocolle*, and alſo Siluer fine:
So, ſupream *Honour*, and *Wealth* (matcht by none)
Second the *Wiſedom* of great SALOMON.
He far and neer commands by Land and Seas;
A hundred Crowns doo homage vnto His:
His neereſt Bounds *Nile's* Sea and *Sidon* ſeem,
And *Euphrates* bows his moyſt horns to him:
Peru, they ſay (ſuppoſing *Ophir* ſo)
By yeerly Fleets into his *Fish* dooth flowe:
In *Sion* Gold's as common as the Sand,
As Pebbles, Pearls: Through-out all *Iury*-Land,
There ſeems an Ocean of all happineſſe
To ouer-flowe; and all doo all poſſeſſe:
Each vnder his owne Vine and his owne Tree,
His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.
Thus he abounds in Bliſſe; not ſo to change-ill
Man into Beaſt, but make of Man an Angel,
To praiſe th'Immortall, who to him hath giuen
Euen here a Taſte of the delights of Heauen.
This great, wiſe, wealthy, and wel-ſpoken King
His ſweet renown o'r all the World doth ring:
The *Tyrian*, for Confederate deſires him:
Pharao for Son: th'Alien no leſſe admires-him
Than his owne Subiect: and his eyes ſweet flames,
As far as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.
O SALOMON, ſee'ſt thou not (O miſſ-hap!)
This Marriage is no Marriage, but a Trap?

Simile.

The wonderfull Proſperitie of Salomon *and his People.*

Miſſe-Matches iuſtly taxed.

That ſuch a mongrel Match of differing Creed,
Of mortall quarels is th'immortall ſeed?
That Oxe and Aſſe can neuer well be broak
To drawe one Plough together in one yoak?
Who-euer weds a Miſcreant, forth-with
Diuorceth God: our Faith ſtill wauereth;
It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh,
Not th'inſtrument of th'old Deceiuer ſlie,
Not deadly Poyſon in our Couch to couch,
Sleep in our boſome, and our breaſt to touch,
And breathe into vs (in a kind of kiſſing)
An Ir-religion, of the Serpents hiſſing.
Shee that from *Ægypt* comes (O King) is none
Fleſh of thy Fleſh, nor yet Bone of thy Bone:
But a ſtrange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece
Impoyſoned all with *Memphian* Leproſies.
But, thou wilt ſay, thy Loue hath ſtript yer-while
Her ſpotted ſuite of Idol-ſeruing *Nile:*
And clad her all, in Innocence, in White;
Becom'n by Faith a true-born *Abramite.*
It might be ſo: and to that ſide I take,
The rather, for that *ſacred Beauties* ſake,
Where-of ſhe is a figure. Yet, I feare
Her Train will ſtain thy Kingdom euery-where,
Corrupt thy Court: and God will be offended,
To haue his People with ſtrange People blended;
The mighty Lord, who hath preciſely ſaid,
You ſhall not Theirs, nor they your daughters wed.

A pleaſant Deſcription of Loue's fruitfull Groue.

Vnder the gentle *Equinoctiall Line*,
Faire amorous Nature waters freſhly-fine
A little *Groue* clad in eternall green,
Where all the yeer long luſty *May* is ſeen,
Suiting the Lawnes in all her pomp and pride
Of liuely Colours, louely varyfied:
There ſmiles the ground, the ſtarry-Flowers each one
There mount the more, the more th'are trod-vpon:
There, all growes toil-les; or, if till'd it were,
Sweet *Zephyrus* is th'only Husband there.

There

There *Auſter* neuer roars, nor Hail diſ-leaues
Th'immortall Groue, nor any Branch bereaues.
There the ſtraight Palm-Tree ſtoopeth in the Calm
To kiſſe his Spouſe, his loyall Female Palm:
There with ſoft whiſpers whiſtling all the year
The Broad-leau'd Plane-Tree Courts the Plane his Pheer,
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, and the Vine
About the Elme her ſlender arms doth twine:
Th'Iuie about the Oak: there all doth proue,
That there, all ſprings, all growes, all liues in *Loue*.
Opinion's Porter, and the Gate ſhe bars
Gainſt *Couetize*, cold *Age*, and ſullen *Cares*,
Except they leaue-off and lay-down before
Their troublous load of *Reaſon* at the doore;
But opens wide, to let-in Baſhful-Boldnes,
Dumb-ſpeaking Signes, Chill-Heat, and Kindled-Coldnes,
Smooth ſoothing Vows, deep Sorrows ſoon appeas'd,
Tears ſudden dry'd, fel Angers quickly pleas'd,
Smiles, Wyly-Guiles, queint wittie-pretty Toyes,
Soft *Idlenes*, and ground-les, bound-les Ioyes,
Sweet *Pleaſure* plunged ouer head and eares
In ſugred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears,
Hoarſe Waaks, late Walks, Pain-pleaſing kindly cruell,
Aſpiring *Hope* (*Deſire*'s immortall fuell)
Licentious Looſneſſe, Prodigall Expence
Inchanting Songs, deep Sighs, and ſweet Laments.
These frollike *Louelings* fraighted Neſts doo make
The balmy Trees o'r-laden Boughs to crack;
Beuty layes, *Fancie* ſits, th'inflamed heat
Of *Loue* dooth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:
Some are but kindled yet, ſome quick appear,
Some on their backs carry their Cradles deer.
Some downie-clad, ſome (fledger) take a twig
To pearch-vpon, ſome hop, from ſprig to ſprig:
One, in the freſh ſhade of an Apple-Tree
Lets hang its Quiuer, while ſoft-pantingly
T'exhales hot Vapour: one, againſt a Sparrow
Tries his ſtiff Bowe and Giant-ſtooping Arrow:

Another

Another fly ſets lime-twigs for the Wren,
Finch, Linot, Tit-mouſe, Wag-Tail (Cock and Hen):
See, ſee how ſome their idle wings forſake,
And (turn'd, of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
A Thruſh, another on a Parrot rides,
This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan beſtrides,
That manageth a Phaiſant: this doth make
The Ring-Doue turn, that brings the Culuer back:
See how a number of this wanton Fry
Doo fondly chaſe the gawdie Butter-Fly,
Some with their flowerie Hat, ſome with their hands,
Some with ſweet Roſe-boughs, ſom with Myrtle wands:
But, th'horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles
And ſcapes the ſnares of all theſe Loues a-whiles.
Leaue, Wags (Cryes *Venus*) leaue this wanton Play:
For ſo, in ſteed of Butter-Flyes, you may,
You may (my Chicks) a Child of *Venus* ſtrike:
For, ſome of mine haue Horns and all alike.
This ſaid: eft ſoons two twins whoſe gold-head darts
Are neuer ſteeped but in Royal hearts;
Come, Brother deer (ſaid either) come let's to't,
Let's each a ſhaft at yon two boſoms ſhoot.
Their winged words th'effect enſues as wight,
Two or three ſteps they make to take their flight,
And quick-thick ſhaking on their ſinnewie ſide
There long ſtrong ſarcels, richly triple-died
Gold-Azure-Crimſin; th'one aloft doth ſoar
To *Paleſtine*, th'other to *Nilus* ſhoar.

PHARONIDA.

Pharao's faire daughter (wonder of her Time)
Then in the blooming of her Beauties Prime,
Was queintly dreſsing of her Treſſ-full head
Which round about her to the ground did ſpred:
And, in a rich gold-ſeeled Cabinet,
Three Noble Mayds attend her in the feat;
One with a peece of double dented Box
Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:
Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price:
Th'other with bodkin or with fingers nice,

Frizles

Frizles and Furls in Curls and Rings a part;
The reſt, looſe dangling without ſeeming Art,
Waue to and fro, with cunning negligence
Gracing the more her Beauties excellence:
When, armd with Arrows burning, brightly keen,
Swift Swallow-like, one of theſe Twins comes in;
And, with his left wing hiding ſtill his Bowe,
Into her boſome ſhot (I woat not how).
O, my ſide! oh! my hart (the Royal Maid Cries out) *Loues firſt Feauer.*
O! I am ſlaine: but, ſearching all about,
When ſhe perceiu'd no blood, nor bruiſe; alas,
It is no wound; but ſleeping in the graſſe,
Some Snake (ſaith ſhe) hath crept into me quick,
It gnawes my hart: ah, help me, I am ſick,
Haue me to bed: ay me, a freezing-Frying,
A burning-cold torments me liuing-dying.
O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle gal
Thy baenfull ſhaft mingles my Mel withall!
The Royal Maide, which with her Mates was wont
Smile, Skip, and dance on Fields in ammeld front,
Loues ſolenneſſe, ſadnes, and Self-priuacie;
Sighes, ſobs, and throbs, and yet ſhe knowes not why:
The ſumptuous pride of maſsie *Piramides*
Preſents her eyes with Towers of *Iebuſides*;
In *Niles* cleer Cryſtall ſhe doth *Iordan* ſee;
In *Memphis*, *Salém*; and vn-warily
Her hand (vn-bidden) in her Sampler ſets
The King of *Iuda*'s Name and Counterfets:
Who, mediting the Sacred TEMPLE's Plot,
By th'other Twin at the ſame time is ſhot:
The ſhaft ſticks faſt, the wound's within his veines:
Sleep cannot bring a-ſleep his pleaſing pains;
PHARONIDA's his hart, PHARONIDA
Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day:
With-in his ſoule a ciuill War he feeds:
Th'all-ſeeing Sun, now early backs his Steeds,
Now mounts his Mid-day, and then Setteth ſoon:
But ſtill his Loue ſtands at the hot high Noon.

He Rides not his braue Coursers (as he wont),
Nor Reads, nor Wrights, nor in his Throne doth mount,
To hear the Widdow's Cause: neglects his Court,
Neglects his Rule; Loue rules him in such sort.
You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,
Of Rings and Tablets you may spare the Cariage:
For, wittie Loue hath with his louely shaft
In eithers hart grav'n others liuely Draught:
Each Liues in other, and they haue (O strange!)
Made of their burning harts a happy Change.
Better abroad, then home, their harts delight;
Yet long their bodies to their hoasts t'vnite.
Which soon ensues: the Virgin's shortly had
From Mothers armes imbracing gladly-sad:
And th'aged Father, weeping as he spake,
Bids thus adieu when she her leaue doth take.
Sweet Daughter deer, *Osiris* be thy guide,
And Louing *Isis* blesse thee and thy Bride,
With golden Fruit; and dayly with-out cease
Your mutuall Loues may as your yeers increase.
Wiues, Maides, and Children, yong & old, each-where,
With looks and vowes from Turrets follow her:
Calme *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'n,
Her Ships haue merrie windes, the Seas haue none:
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-fresh:
Her sight re-flowres th'*Arabian* Wildernes:
Iurie reioyces, and in all the way
Nothing but trumpets, Fifes, and Timbrels play:
The Flower-crownd People, swarming on the Green,
Cry still, *God saue, God saue, God saue* the *Queen:*
May she be like a scion, pale and sick
Through th'ouer-shading of a Sire two thick:
Which being Transplanted, free, sweet ayre doth sup,
To th'sweating Clouds her grouie top sends vp,
And prospers so in the strange soil, that tild,
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.
No streets are seen in rich IERVSALEM.
For, vnder-foot fine Skarlet paueth them,

Silks

Silks hang the ſides, and ouer-head they hold
Archt Canapeis of gliſtering Cloth of gold:
They throng, they thruſt, an ebbing-flowing Tide,
A Sea of Folk follows th'adored Bride:
The ioyfull Ladies from their windows ſhed
Sweet ſhowres of flowres vpon her radiant head;
Yet ielous, leaſt (dy'd in their natiue grain)
Her Roſie Cheeks ſhould Natures Roſes ſtain.
But lo, at laſt, th'honor of Maieſtie,
Glory of Kings, King SALOMON drawes nigh:
Lo now both Louers, enter-glauncing ſweet
(Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they meet
In the mid-month) with amorous rayes reflection
Send mutuall Welcoms from their deep affection:
Both a-like yong, like beautifull, like braue,
Both grac't a-like; ſo like, that whoſo haue
Not neer obſerv'd their heads vnlikeneſſes,
Think them two *Adons* or two *Venuſſes*.
Theſe nouice Louers at their firſt arriue
Are baſhfull both; their paſsions ſtrangely ſtriue:
Their ſoules ſweet Fier his ruddy flames doth fluſh
Into their Faces in a modeſt bluſh:
Their tongues are tyed, their ſtar-bright eyes ſeem vail'd
With ſhame-faç't Cipres; all their ſenſes faild.
But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?
Am not I (heathen) vnder th'happie Vault
Where all the Gods, with glorious mirth *Inhaunſt*,
At *Thetis* Nuptials eat, and drank, and daunç't?
Heer, th' *Idumeans* mighty *Ioue* treads vnder
His tripping feet, his bright-light burning Thunder;
A-while, he laies his Maieſtie a-ſide,
To Court, and ſport, and reuel with his Bride;
King, playes the Courtier; Soueraign, Sutor comes;
And ſeems but equal with his Chamber-Groomes:
But yet, what e'r he doo, or can deuiſe,
Diſguiſed Glorie ſhineth in his eyes.
Heer, many a *Phœbus*, and heer many a *Muſe*
On heav'nly Layes ſo rarely-ſweet doo vſe

Salomons Nuptialls.

Their

Their golden bowes, that with the rapting ſound
Th'Arches and Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.
Heer, many a *Iuno*, many a *Pallas* heer,
Heer many a *Venus*, and *Diana* cleer,
Catch many a gallant Lord, according as
Wealth, Bewtie, Honour, their affection drawes.
Heer, many an *Hebé* fair, heer more then one
Quick-ſeruing *Choiron* neatly waits vpon
The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about
The boules of *Nectar* quickly turned out;
And th'ouer-burthned Tables bend with waight
Of their *Ambroſial* ouer-filled fraight.
Heer, many a *Mars* vn-bloody Combats fights,
Heer, many a *Hermes* finds out new delights,
Heer, many a horned *Satyre*, many a *Pan*,
Heer, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs*, many a *Faerie Faune*
With luſtie friſks and liuely bounds bring-in
Th' Antike, *Moriſko*, and the *Mattachine*.
For euen Gods Seruants (God knowes how) haue ſupt
The ſugred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.
But, with ſo many liuely Types, at will
His rich rare Arras ſhall ſom other fill:
Of all the Sports, I'll only chuſe one *Meaſure*,
One ſtately *Mask* compos'd of ſage-ſweet pleaſure;
A *Dance* ſo chaſte, ſo ſacred, and ſo graue
(And yet ſo gracefull, and ſo lofty-braue)
As may beſeem (except I me abuſe)
Great SALOMON, and my celeſtiall *Muſe*.
The Tables voyded of their various Cates,
They riſe at once; and ſuiting their Eſtates,
Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come
Into a ſtately, rich, round-arched Room,
So large and light-ſome that it (right) they call
The Vniuerſall, or *The Worlds great Hall*.
O what delight, to ſee ſo rich a Showe
Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a rowe
All in a Round, reaching ſo far and wide
O'rall the Hall to foot-it ſide by ſide!

Their

Their eyes ſweet ſplendor ſeems a *Phares* bright,
With clinquant Rayes their Body's clothed light:
'Tis not a Dance, but rather a ſmooth ſlyding,
All moue a-like, after the Muſicks guiding:
Their Tune-skill'd feet in ſo true Time doo fall,
That one would ſwear one Spirit doth bear them all:
They poſte vn-moouing; and though ſwift they paſſe
'Tis not perceiv'd: of hundred thouſand paſe,
One ſingle back they: Round on Round they dance;
And, as they trauerſe, caſt a fruitfull glance.

The MASK *of Planets.*

Iuſt in the middle of the Hall, *a-ſloap*
(Euen from the floor vnto the very top)
A broad rich *Baldrik* there extendeth round,
In-laid with gold vpon an azure ground,
Where (couer'd all with Flames) with wondrous Art
Fiue *Lords*, two *Ladies* dance; but each a-part.

Saturn.

Heer trips an old-man in a Mantle dy'd
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd
With a Snake-girdle byting off her tayl.
With-in his Robe's ſtuff (in a winding trayl)
Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue, and Hellebore;
With liuely figures of the Bear and Boar,
Cammel, and Aſſe (about to bray wel-nigh):
There the *Strimonian* Foul ſeems euen to crie,
The Peacock euen to prank. For Tablet fine,
About his neck hangs a great Cornaline,
Where ſome rare Artiſt (curiouſing vpon't)
Hath deeply cut Times triple-formed Front:
His paſe is heauy, and his face ſeuere;
His Body heer; but yet his minde els-where.

Iupiter.

There the Lord *Zedec* him more ſprightly bears,
Milde, fair, and pleaſant; on his back he wears
Tin-colour'd Tiſſue, figur'd all with Oaks,
Eares, Violets, Lillies, Oliues, Apricocks;
Bordred with Phaiſants, Egles winged-black,
And Elephants, with Turrets on their back,
Pointed with Dimonds, powdered and imboſt
With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Coſt.

The

Mars. The third leads quicker on the ſelf ſame Arch
His *Pyrrhik* Galiard, like a War-like March:
His Face is fierie: Many an Amethiſt,
And many a Iaſpire of the perfecteſt
Doth brightly gliſter in the double gilt
Of the rich Pommel and the pretious Hilt
Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel:
His boiſtrous body ſhines in burniſht Steel:
His Shield flames bright with gold, imboſſed high
With Wolues and Horſe ſeem-running ſwiftly by,
And freng'd about with ſprigs of Scammonie,
And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.

Venus. But O fair Faerie, who art thou, whoſe eyes
Inflame the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth and Skies?
Tell vs, what art thou, O thou faireſt fair,
That trimm'ſt the Trammels of thy golden hair,
With Myrtle, Thyme, and Roſes; and thy Breſt
*A Spouſe-belt. Gird'ſt with a rich and odoriferous * *Ceſt*,
Where all the wanton brood of ſweeteſt Loues
Doo neſtle cloſe; on whom the Turtle-Doues,
Pigeons, and Sparrowes day and night attend,
Cooing and wooing, wherſo'er thou wend:
Whoſe Robe's imbrodered with Pomgranet boughs,
Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryl rowes:
Whoſe capering foot, about the ſtarrie floor,
The Dance-guide Prince, now followes, now's before?
Art thou not Shee, that with a chaſte-ſweet flame
Didſt both our Brides harts into one hart frame?

Mercurie And, was not He, that with ſo curious ſteps,
Next after thee, ſo nimble turns and leaps,
Say, was not He the wittie Meſſenger,
Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?
How ſtrange a ſuit! His medly Mantle ſeems
Scarlet, Waue-laced with Quick-ſiluer ſtreams,
And th'end of euery Lace, for tuft hath on
A pretious Porphyre, or an Agate ſtone:
A Cry of Hownds haue heer a Deer in Chaſe,
There a falſe Foxe, heer a ſwift Kid they trace:

There

There Larks, and Linots-and ſweet Nightingals
(Fain'd vpon fayned Trees) with wings and taile
Looſe hanging, ſeem to ſwell their little throats,
And with their warblings, ſhame the Cornets notes.
Light Fumitorie, Parſly, Burnets blade
And winding leaf his criſpie Locks beſhade.
Hee's light and liuely, al in Turns and Tricks;
In his great Round, hee many ſmall doth mixe:
His giddy courſe ſeems wandring in diſorder,
And yet there's found in this diſorder, order.
Auoid baſe Vulgar, back Profane, ſtand-by;
Theſe ſacred Reuels are not for your eye:
Come, gentle Gentiles, Noble Spirits draw neer,
Preace through the Preace, come take your places heer,
To ſee at full the Bride-groom and the Bride,
A louely paire, exactly bewtifi'd
With rare perfections, paſſing all the reſt,
Sole-happy Cauſes of this ſumptuous Feaſt.
Lo where they come: O what a ſplendor bright!
Mine eyes doo dazle. O thou primer Light!
Sun of the Sun, thy Rayes keen point rebate,
Thy dread-ſpread Fire a little temperate:
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouſe a-ſpace
Thine eyes pure light, the luſtre of thy Face:
For I no longer can endure it, I
Am burnt to aſhes: ô I faint, I dye.
But (bleſſed Couple) ſith (alas) I may-not
Behold you both vnmasked, nor I can-not;
Yet in theſe Verſes let me tell (I pray)
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich Aray.
The Queen's adorn'd down to her very heels *Lena.*
In her fair hair (whence ſtill ſweet deaw diſtils)
Halfe-hanging down; the reſt in rings and curls,
Platted with ſtrings of great, round, orient Pearls:
Her gown is Damask of a Siluer-ground,
With Siluer Seas all deeply-frenged round;
With Gourds and Moon-wort branched richly-fair,
Flouriſht with Beaſts that only eat the Aier.

But why (my *Muse*) with Pencil ſo preciſe
Seek'ſt thou to paint all her rich Rarities?
Of all the Bewties, Graces, Honors, Richeſſe
Where-with rich Hev'n theſe Maskers all inriches,
Shee's even the Mother: and then, as a Glaſſe,
On the Beholders their effects ſhe caſts.

Sol. A Garland braided with the Flowry folds
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-golds,
Beſet with Bal'nites, Rubies, Chryſolites,
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:
His ſaffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
With burning Carbuncles, and every ſet
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n vpon)
Of Laurel, Cedar, Balm, and Cinamon:
On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan ſo white
Seems to his honour ſom new Song t'indight,
The Phœnix there builds both her neſt and toomb,
The Crocodile out of the Waues doth come,
Th'amazed Reaper down his Sickle flings
And ſoudain Fear grafts to his Ankles wings:
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eyes,
His mouth and noſthrils fierie-Flames let-flyes,
Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet,
And, wrath-full ramping, ready even to fet
Vpon a Heard of fragrant Leopards:
When lo, the Cock (that light his rage reguards)
A purple Plume tymbers his ſtately Creſt,
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Breſt
A rich Coat-Armour (*Or* and *Azure*) ſhines,
A frenge of raveld gold about his Loins:
In lieu of baſes. Beard as red as blood;
A ſhort Beak bending like the Egles brood:
Green-yellow eyes, where Terrors Tent is pight:
A martiall gaite, and ſpurred as a Knight:
Into two arches his prowd Train diuides,
With painted wings he claps his cheerfull ſides,
Sounds his ſhrill Trumpet, and ſeems with his ſight
The Lions courage to haue danted quight.

Theſe happy Lovers, with a practiz'd paſe
For-ward and back-ward and a-ſide do trace;
They ſeem to dance the *Spaniſh Pauane* right:
And yet their Dance, ſo quick and liuely-light,
Doth never paſſe the Baldricks bounds (at all)
Which grav'n with Star-Beaſts ouer-thwarts the Hall.
When the braue Bride-groom towards Mount *Silo* traces,
A thouſand Flowers ſpring in his ſpright-full paſes:
When towards Mount *Oliuet* he ſlides, there growes
Vnder his Feet a thouſand Froſty Snowes:
For, the Floor, beaten with his Meaſures ever,
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.
This louely Couple, now kiſſe, now recoil,
Now with a lowring eye, now with a ſmile:
Now Face to Face they Dance, now ſide by ſide,
With Courſe vn-equall: and the tender Bride
Receiues ſtrange Changes in her Countenance,
After her Lovers divers-ſeeming glance.
If vnawares ſom Enuious come between
Her and her Loue, then is ſhe ſad be-ſeen,
She ſhuts her eye, ſhe ſeems even to depart:
Such force hath true Loue in a noble hart.
But all that's nothing to their muſicke choice:
Tuning the warbles of their Angel-Voice
To Foot and Viole, and Care-charming Lute,
In amorous Ditty they doo thus diſpute.

The Epithalamy

" O bright-ey'd Virgin! ô how fair thou art!
" O how I loue thee, My Snowe-winged Doue!
" O how I loue thee! Thou haſt rapt my hart:
" For thee I Die: For thee I liue, my Loue.

" How fair art thou my Deer! How dear to me!
" Deer Soule (awake) I faint, I ſink, I ſownd,
" At thy deer Sight: and when I ſleep; for Thee,
" Within my breſt ſtill wakes my ſharp-ſweet Wound.

" My Loue, what Odours thy ſweet Treſſe it yeelds!
" What Amber-greece, what Incenſe breath'ſt thou out
" From purple fillets! and what Myrrhe diſtils
" Still from thy Fingers, ring'd with Gold about!

" Sweet-Hart, how ſweet is th' Odour of thy Prayſe!
" O what ſweet aiers doth thy ſweet air deliuer
" Vnto my burning Soule! What hony Layes
" Flowe from thy throat, thy throat a golden River.

" Among the Flowers, my Flower 's a Roſe, a Lilly;
" A Roſe, a Lilly; this a Bud, that blow'n:
" This fragrant Flower firſt of all gather wil-I,
" Smell to it, kiſſe it, wear it as mine owne.

" Among the Trees, my Loue's an Apple-Tree,
" Thy fruit-full Stem bears Flower and Fruit together:
" I'll ſmell thy Flower, thy Fruit ſhall nouriſh me,
" And in thy Shadow will I reſt for ever.

While *Heſperus*, in azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers ouer all the Vault,
Theſe gorgeous Reuels to ſweet Reſt giue place,
And the Earths *Venus* doth Heav'ns *Venus* trace.
These Spouſals paſt: the King doth nothing minde
But *the Lords Houſe*; there is his Care confin'd:
His Checker's open, he no Coſt reſpects)
But ſets a-work the wittieſt Architects.

The building of the TEMPLE.

Millions of hands be buſie labouring;
Through all the Woods, wedges and beetles ring:
The Tufted Tops of ſacred *Libanon*,
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the ſtream are gon:
Foreſts are ſaw'd in Tranſomes, Beams, and Somers:
Great Rocks made little, what with Sawes and Hammers:
The ſturdy Quar-man with ſteel-headed Cones
And maſſie Sledges ſlenteth out the Stones,
Digs through the bowels of th' earth baked ſtiff,
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff

Of

Of ruddy Porphire, or white Alabaſter,
And maſters Marble, which no Time can Maſter.
One melts the White-ſtone with the force of Fire:
Another, leveld by the *Lesbian* Squire,
Deep vnder ground (for the Foundation) ioynes
Wel-poliſht Marble, in long maſſie Coines;
Such both for ſtuff, and for rare artifice,
As mought beſeem ſom royall Frontiſpice.
This heaws a Chapter; that a Frize doth frame;
This Carues a Cornich; that prepares a Iambe,
This formes a Plynth; that fits an Architraue;
This planes a Plank; and that the ſame doth graue,
Giues life to Cedars dea d, and cunningly
Makes Wood to moue, to ſigh and ſpeak wel-nigh:
And others, rearing high the ſacred Wal,
By their bold Labours Heav'n it ſelf appall:
Cheerly they work, and ply it in ſuch ſort
As if they thought long Summer-dayes too-ſhort.
As in Grape-Harveſt, with vnweary pains, *Simile.*
A willing Troup of merry-ſinging Swains,
With crooked hooks the ſtrouting Cluſters cut,
In Frails and Flaskets them as quickly put,
Run bow'd with burthens to the fragrant Fat,
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat,
Vp to the Waſte; and dauncing in the Muſt
To th'vnder-Tub a flowry Shower do thruſt:
They work a-vie, to th'eye their Work doth growe,
Who ſaw't i'th' Morning, ſcarce at Night can knowe
It for the ſame: and God himſelf doth ſeem
T'haue ta'en to Taske this Work, and work for them,
While in the Night ſweet Sleep reſtores with reſt
The weary limbs of Work-men ouer-preſt.
Great King, whence came this Courage (*Titan-like*)
So many Hils to heap vpon a rick?
What mighty Rowlers, and what maſſie Cars
Could bring ſo far ſo many monſtrous Quars?
And, what huge ſtrength of hanging Vaults embow'd
Bears ſuch a waight aboue the winged Clowde?

If on the out-side I doo cast mine eye,
The Stones are ioyn'd so artificially,
That if the Maçon had not checkerd fine,
*Syrian. *Syre's Alabaster with hard Serpentine,
And hundred Marbles no lesse fair than firm;
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly tearm.
If I look In, then scorn I all with-out:
Surpassing Riches shineth all about:
Floore, Sides, and Seeling, couerd triple-fold,
Stone lyn'd with Cedar, cedar limn'd with Gold:
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.
I over-passe the sacred Implements,
In worth far passing all these Ornaments:
Th' Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th' vse.
O! perfect Artist, thou for Mould didst chuse
The Worlds *Idea*: For, as first the same
Was sever'd in a Three-fold divers Frame,
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowrs and Fruits, and Beasts, and Birds the other:
And playd the Painter, when he did so gild
The turning Globes, blew'd Seas, and green'd the field,
Gaue precious Stones so many-coloured lustre,
Enameld Flowers, made Metals beam and glister:
The Caruer, when he cut in leaues and stems
Of Plants, such veins, such figures, files and hems:
The Founder, when he cast so many Forms
Of winged Fouls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms:
Thou doost divide this *Sacred House* in Three;
Th' HOLY OF HOLIES, wher-in none may bee
But God, the Cherubims, and (once a yeer)
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection deer,
Of Gods eternall Son (Sins sin-les check)
The ever-lasting true MELCHISEDEC:
The fair *mid*-TEMPLE, which is ope alone
To Sun-bright *Leuites*, who on *Israel* shone

With

With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well
On the *Lawes* Hony, seem in Heav'n to dwell:
And th' vtter PORCH, the Peoples residence,
The Vulgars Ile, the World of Elements:
And various Artist honour'st all the Parts
With *Myron's*, *Phydias*, and *Apelles* Arts.
This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th' hast fram'd by it,
Th' eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:
Thy pithy Book of *Prouerbs* richly-graue,
Vnto the PORCH may rich relation haue:
For that it giues vs Oeconomike Lawes,
Rules Politike, and Priuate civill Sawes;
And for (the most) those Lessons general
At Humane matters aim the most of all.
Ecclesiastes the *Mid*-TEMPLE seems:
It treadeth down what ever Flesh esteems
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good, or great;
Drawes vs from earth, and vs in Heav'n doth seat;
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,
Mans happinesse in Gods true Fear maintains.
SANCTVM-SANCTORVM, is thy *Song of Songs*,
Where, in *Mysterious* Verse (as meet belongs)
Thou Marriest *Iacob* to Heav'ns glorious King:
Where, thou (devoted) doost divinely sing
CHRIST'S and his CHVRCHES *Epithalamie*:
Where (sweetly rapt in sacred Extasie)
The faith-full Soule talks with her God immense,
Hears his sweet Voice, her self doth quintessence
In the pure flames of his sweet-pearcing eyes
(The Cabinets where Grace and Glory lies)
Enioyes her Ioy, in her chaste bed doth kisse
His holy lips (the Loue of Loues) her Blisse.
When he had finisht and had furnisht full
The *House of God*, so rich, so bewtifull:
O God (sayd *Salomon*) great *Only-Trine*!
Which of this *Mystike* sacred House of Thine
Hast made me Builder; build Mee in the same
A living Stone. For thy deer DAVIDS name,

Dedication of the Temple.

On DAVIDS branches DAVIDS bliſſe reviue;
That on his Throne his Iſſue ſtill may thriue.
O All-compriſing, None-compriſed Prince,
Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,
In Hell by Iuſtice, each-where by thy Powers:
Dwell here (deer Father) by thy Grace (to Ours).
If, in a doubtfull Caſe, one needs muſt ſwear,
Looſe thou the Knot, and puniſh thou ſevere
Th'audacious Periure; that hence-forth none chance
Taxe thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.
If our diſ-flowred Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,
Our empty Ears, our light and blaſted Corn,
Preſage vs Famine; if with ten-fold chain,
Thy hand hath lockt thy Water-gates of Rain;
And, towards this Houſe we humbled caſt our eye,
Hear vs (O Lord) hear our complaint and cry.
If Captiues we in a ſtrange Land bewayl,
If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fail;
And, towards this Houſe we humbled caſt our eye,
Hear vs (O Lord) hear our complaint and cry.
If Strangers, moov'd with rumor of thy Miracles,
Com heer to Offer, to conſule thine Oracles,
And in this Houſe to kneel religiouſly,
Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and cry:
Hear them from Heav'n; and by thy Favors preſt,
Draw to Thy TEMPLE, North, South, Eaſt, and Weſt.
The paſſe-Man *Wiſedom* of th' *Iſacian* Prince,
A Light ſo bright, ſet in ſuch eminence
(Vn-hideable by envious Arrogance,
Vnder the Buſhell of black Ignorance)
Shines every where, illuſtres every place;
Among the reſt it Lightens in the Face
Of the fair Princeſſe, that with prudent hand
The ſoft *Arabian* Scepter doth command,
The Queene of Saba. The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring
Red Cinamom, Incenſe, and Myrrhe doth bring;
Where private men doo Prince-like Treaſures hold,
Where Pots be Silver, Bedſteds beaten Gold,

Where

Where Walsare rough-caſt with the richeſt Stones
Caſt in Deuiſes, Emblems, Scutchions.
Yet, leaving all this Greatneſſe of her owne,
She comes to view the State of SALOMON,
To hear his Wiſedom, and to ſee his Citty,
Refuge of Vertues, School of Faith and Pitty.
You, that doo ſhut your eyes againſt the rayes
Of glorious Light, which ſhineth in our dayes;
Whoſe ſpirits ſelf-obſtin'd in old muſty Error,
Repulſe the *Truth* (*Th' Almightyes ſacred Mirror*)
Which day and nighe at your deaf Doors doth knock;
Whoſe ſtubbornneſſe will not at all vn-lock
The ſacred *Bible*, nor ſo much as look,
To talke with God, into his holy Book:
O, fear you not that this great Princeſſe ſhall
Of thank-les Sloath one-day condemn you all?
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)
Eaſe, Pleaſures, Treaſures, doth deſpiſe and ſcorn;
To paſſe with great pains, and with great expence,
Long weary Iourneys full of diffidence:
And nobly trauels to another Land
To hear the words but of a (mortall) Man?
Her Time's not loſt: there (rape) ſhe doth contemple
The ſumptuous bewties of a ſtately TEMPLE,
The lofty Towers of hundred Towns in one,
A pompous Palace, and a peer-les Throne,
Wals rich with-out; furniſht in richer ſort:
Number of Servants doth adorn the Court,
But more their Order; there, no noiſe is heard,
Each his owne Office only doth reguard:
And, (in one inſtant) as the quaverings
Of a quick Thumb, moues all the divers ſtrings
Of a ſweet Guittern; and, its skill to grace,
Cauſeth a Trebble ſound, a Mean, a Baſe:
So SALOMON, diſcreetly with a beck,
A wink, a word, doth all the Troop direct:
Each of his Servants hath his proper Leſſon,
And (after his Degree) each hath his faſhion.

A iuſt Reproofe of all obſtinate Recuſants.

This

This Queen, yer parting from her fragrant Iles,
Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wyles,
T'appose the King; and shee resolues she wil
With curious Questions sift and sound his Skill.
But lo what *Oedipus*! The Law-learn'd Sage,
Which at the Bar hath almost spent his age,
Cannot so soon a common Doubt decide,
Where Statutes, Customs, and Book-Cases guide,
As he dissolues her *Gordian*-knots, and sees
Through all her nights, and even at pleasure frees
Such Doubts, as doubt-les might haue taskt, t'vntwist,
The *Brachman*, *Druide*, and *Gymnosophist*:
And knowing, Good becomes more Good, the more
It is en-common'd, he applies there-fore
T'instruct her in the Faith; and (enuious-idle)
His brains rich Talent buries not in Idle.

Alas, I pity you: alas (quoth He)
Poore Soules bescotted in Idolatry,
Who worship Gold and Silver, Stocks and Stones,
Mens workmanship, and Fiends Illusions;
And, who (by your sage *Mages* Lore mist-led)
So-many Godlings haue imagined:
Madame, there is but one sole God, most-High,
Th'Eternall King, nay, self-Eternity,
Infinite, All in all, yet out of all,
Of Ends the End, of Firsts Originall,
Of Lights the Light, Essence sur-passing Essence,
Of Powers pure Act, of Acts the very Puissance,
Cause of all Causes, Ocean of all Good,
The Life of Life, and of all Beuty Flood:
None-seen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,
The Vni-forme, which giues all Formes their Beeing.
God, and One, is all One; whoso the Vnitie
Denies, he (Atheist) dissannuls Diuinity:
Th'Vnity dwels in God, ith'Fiend the Twine:
The greater World hath but one Sun to shine,
The lesser but one Soule, both but one God,
In Essence One, in Person *Trinely*-odde.

Of

Of this great Frame, the Parts ſo due-deviſ'd,
This Body, tun'd ſo, meaſur'd, ſympathiz'd,
This TEMPLE, where ſuch Wealth and Order meet,
This Art in every part, cannot proceed
But from one Pattern; and that but from one
Author of all, who all preſerues alone.
Elſe ſhould we ſee in ſet Batalions
A hundred thouſand furious Partizans,
The World would nource civill inteſtine Wars,
And wrack it ſelf in it ſelfs factious Iars.
Beſides, God is an Infinite Divinity:
And who can think of more than one Infinity?
Seeing the one reſtrains the others might,
Or rather reaues its name and being quight.
Therfore (O Pagans) why doo you confine
The Infinite in narrow Walls of lime?
Why ſhut you Him in a baſe Trunk or Tree?
Why paint you Whom no mortall eye can ſee?
Why offer you your carnall ſeruices
Vnto the Lord, who a meer Spirit is?
Why then doo you (ſayd ſhe) by our example,
Incloſe th' Immortall in this Earthly TEMPLE?
Lock him within an *Arke*? and, worſe than we
Feed him with Fumes, and bloody Butcherie?
This *Sacred Houſe* ſo fair (reply'd he then)
Is not to contain God, but godly men
Which worſhip him: and, we doo not ſuppoſe
That He, whoſe Arms doo Heav'n and Earth incloſe,
Is cloſed in a *Cheſt*; but th' ancient Pact,
The ſolemne Couenant, and the ſure Contract,
Which leagues vs with our God, and each with other,
And (holy Bond) holds Heav'n and Earth together.
As for our *Incenſe, Waſhings, Sacrifices*,
They are not (as is thought) Our vain Devices;
But, God's their Aurthor, and himſelf Ordains
Theſe Elements, wherby he entertains
And feeds our vnderſtanding in the hope
Of his deer Son (of all theſe Things the Scope);

Setting

Setting before vs th' Only Sacrifice,
Which in CHRIST's Blood shall wash-out all our vice.
Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finisher,
Great King, great Prophet, great Selfs-Offerer:
Come, come, thou thrice-Great Refuge of our State,
Come, thou our Rançome, Iudge, and Advocate:
Milde Lambe, Salue-Serpent, Lion generous,
Vn-challeng'd Vmpire betwixt Heav'n and Vs,
Come thou, the Trueth, the Substance and the End
Of all our Offrings, (whither, all doo tend):
Come ô MESSIAS, and doo now begin
To Raign in *Sion*, to triumph of Sinne;
And, worshipped in Spirit and Truth, restore
Vpon the Earth the Golden Age of yore:
Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes
The deer First-Fruits: take on thee our Offences,
That, stript of *Adam's* Sinfull sute, in fine
With sacred Angels we in Heav'n may shine.

The Queen, nigh sunk in an Amaze-full Swoun,
Bespake him thus: My Lord, prattling Renown
Is wont in flying to increase so far,
That she proclaims things greater than they are:
Simile. And, rarest Spirits resemble Pictures right,
Wherof the rarest seem more exquisite,
Far-off, then neer: but, so far as thy Fame
Ezcels all Kings, thy Vertues passe the same:
Thy peer-les Prayse stoops to thy Learned tongue,
And envious bruit hath done thy Wisedom wrong.

Application to the Kings Maiestie. So may I say, even so (ô SCOTISH King)
Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,
From th' edge of *Spain* hath made me venturously
To crosse the Seas thy *Britain's* end to see:
Where (Lord!) what saw I? nay, what saw I not?
O King (Heav'n-chosen, for som special Plot)
Worlds Miracle, ô Oracle of Princes?
I saw so much, my Soule mistrusts my Senses.
A gray-beards Wisedom in an amber-bush,
A *Mars*-like Courage in a Maid-like blush,

A ſettled Iudgement with a ſupple Wit,
A quick Diſcourſe, profound and pleaſing yet;
Virgil and *Tully*, in one ſpirit infus'd,
And all Heav'ns Gifts into one Head diffus'd.
Perſiſt, O King, glory on glory mount;
And as thy Vertues thine owne Fame ſurmount,
So let thy future paſſe thy former more,
And go-before thoſe that haue gone-before:
Excell thy Self: and braue, graue, godly Prince,
Confirme my Songs eternall Euidence.

FINIS.

THE SCHISME.
THE III. BOOK OF THE
IIII. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Reiecting Olde, Yong-Counſail'd raſh ROBOAM
Loſeth Ten Tribes; *which fall to* IEROBOAM.
He, Godding Calves, *makes* Izrael *to Sin:*
His Scepter therefore ſhortly fails his Kin.
BAAZ, ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB *(worſt of all)*
With IEZABEL. Elias *conquers* Baal;
Commands the Clouds; rapt-vp *to Heav'n, aliue.*
Eliſha's Works: his bones *the dead reuiue.*
SAMARIA'S *tragik* Siege. *A Storm at Sea,*
For Ionas *ſake: repentant* NINIVE.

The miſerie of a State diſtracted by factions into Ciuil Wars.

HEer ſing I ISAAC's ciuill Brauls and Broils;
Iacobs Revolt; their Cities ſack, their Spoils:
Their curſed Wrack, their *Godded Calues:* the *rent*
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* from th' *Iſheans* Regiment.
Ah! ſee we not, ſom ſeek the like in *France?*
With rage-full ſwords of civill Variance,
To ſhare the ſacred *Gaulian* Diadem?
Application. To ſtrip the *Lillies* from their natiue ſtem?
And (as it were) to *Cantonize* the State
Whoſe Law did aw Imperial *Rhine* (of late)
Tiber and *Iber* too; and vnder whom
Even ſilver *Iordan's* captiue floods did foam.
Apprecation. But, let not vs, good Lord, O let not vs
Serue ſervilely a hundred Kinglings thus,

In

In ſtead of one great Monarch: never let
The lawfull Heir from his owne Throne be beat;
This Scepter yearly to be new poſſeſt;
Nor every Town to be a Tyrants neſt:
Keep all intire, re-ſtabliſh prudent Raign,
Reſtore the Sword to *Iuſtice* hand again;
That, bleſt with Peace, thy bleſſed Prayſe (O Lord)
My thankfull Layes may more and more record.

A Parliament, or Aſſembly of the Eſtates of Iſrael.

THE GENERAL *States* of *Iſrael*, gathered all,
By thouſands now, within ſtrong *Sichem*'s Wall;
All iointly name ROBOAM for their King,
But (ſtrictly-ſtout) his Powr thus limiting:

The People capitulate with their new King.

Command (ſay they) and Rule in *Abram*'s Fold,
Not as a Wolf, but as a Shepheard ſhould:
Slacken the reans of our late Servitude:
Lighten our gall'd backs of thoſe Burthens rude,
Thoſe heavy Impoſts of thy Father (fierce):
Repreſs the rapin of thine Officers:
So, we will ſerue thee, life and goods at-once:
If other-wiſe; thy Service we renounce.

The Counſaile of the ancient Nobles.

Heer-with amaz'd, the moody Prince, in poſt
Sends for thoſe Ancients which had ſwayed moſt
His Fathers Counſails: and he *ſeems* to crave
Their ſage Adviſes, in a caſe ſo graue.
God hath not made, ſay they (iumping together)
Subiects for Kings, but Kings for Subiects rather:
Then, let not thine (already in diſtreſs)
Be gnaw'n by others; by thy Self much leſs.
What boots a Head, with-out the hand and foot?
What is a Scepter, and no Subiects to't?
The greater Milt, the Body pines the more:
The Checker's fatting makes the People poor:
A Princes Wealth in Subiects Wealth is ſet;
The Bank of Thrift, where gold doth gold beget:
Where the good Prince coms never but at need:
For, he is prais'd for a good Heard (indeed)
Whoſe Flock is fat and fair, with frolik bounds
Friſking and skipping vp and down the Douns.

Among

Among the Beasts fullest of furious gall,
The Vulgar's fiercest, wildest, worst of all:
Hydra with thousand heads, and thousand stings,
Yet soon agreed to war against their Kings.
If then you wish, their barking rage to cease,
Cast them a bone; by an Abatement, ease
Their wringing Yoak: thy Pity let them proue,
And ground thy Greatness on thy Peoples loue.
Or, if thou (fell) wilt needs feed on their ice,
Yet vse no threats, nor giue them flat Denies:
But, to establish thy yet-new Estate,
Give them som hope, and let them feed on that:
And (wisely) minde thy Fathers *Saying* sage,
That *A soft answer* (soon) *appeaseth rage.*

Roboam, *leauing their sound aduice leaneth rather to the young fury of his Minions & Flatteries.*

ROBOAM, scorning these olde Senators,
Leans to his Yonglings, Minions, Flatterers
(Birds of a feather) that with one accord
Cry-out, importune, and perswade their Lord,
Not sillily to be by such disturb'd,
Nor let him-self so simply to be curb'd;
But, to repress, press, and oppress the more
These Mal-contents, but too-well vs'd before:
With iron teeth to bruise their idle bones,
To suck their Marrow out; and (for the nonce)
Their rebell Pride to fetter (as it were)
And lock their Furie in the stocks of Fear:
And, to shake-off (on th' other side) and shun
Those Gray-beards olde and colde direction,
Their sawcie censures, snibbing his Minority;
Where-by (too-proud) they trip at his Authority,
Vsurp his place; and (too-too-malapert)
Would teach a wiser then them-selues his part:
To knowe that he's a King; and that he took
Even in the womb, as th' outward limbs and look,
So th' inward graces, the Discretion
And deep Fore-sight of prudent SALOMON;
And, in the Shop of Nature, learn'd (long since)
The Art of *State*, the Office of a Prince.

Wisedom

Wiſedom (fond King) her ſacred Seat erects
In hoarie brains: and Day the Day directs:
Th'old-man-fore-ſees a-far; by *paſt* events
He (prudent) ponders *future* accidents:
The Young-man knowes not (new-com, as it were)
This wily World, but as a paſſenger;
And, more with courage then with Counſail's guide,
Barely beholds things on the outer ſide.
Yet, to the laſt thou lean'ſt; and, frowning fel,
Check'ſt thus the Son's of noble *Iſrael*:
Ah! rebel Slaues! you, you will Rule your King: *The King's reſolues threatning rigour.*
You'll be his Carvers: you will clip his wing:
You'll hold the ſacred helm, controule the Crown:
You'll rate his State, and turn all vp-ſide-down.
But, know you (varlets) whom you dally-with?
My little finger over-balanceth
My Father's loigns: he did but rub you light,
I'll flay your backs; he bow'd, I'll break yee quight;
He threatned Rods (or gentle Whips of cord)
But I will haue your carrion ſhoulders goar'd
With ſcourges tangd with rowels: and my Name
Shall make you quake, if you but hear the ſame.
As rapid ſtreams, incountring in their way *Simili.*
With cloſe-driv'n piles of ſom new bank or bay,
Or ſteady pillers of a Bridge built new,
Which laſt-paſt Sommer never ſaw, nor knew;
Swell, roar, and rage far fiercer then they wont,
And with their foam defile the Welkins front:
So yerſt griev'd *Iſaac*, now growen deſperate,
With loud proud tearms doth thus expoſtulate:
Why? what haue we to do (what part? what place?)
With *Böozian Iſhay's* avaricious race? *The Result of the 10. Tribes.*
Go, Raign (proud *Iuda*) where thou wilt; for we
Nill bear the burthen of thy Tyranny:
Go vſe els-where thy cruell threats and braues;
We are thy Brethren, we, and not thy Slaues.
Thus cry the People, and th'ill-counſal'd *King*
Vn-kingly yeelds to their rude Mutining:

And flies eft-soons with scorn fro *Beniamites*,
The zealous *Levites*, and the *Iudaites*:
The rest revolt, and chuse for Soveraign
A shame-les, faith-les, bold and busie-brain,
Ieroboam. An *Ephraimite*, who (double-false) doth fall
Both from his King and from his God withall.
For, before-sees that if th' *Isacians* still
(As Law inioyn'd) should mount on *Sion* Hill,
To sacrifice; with beauty of that *Temple*,
Their Princes sight, the Doctrine and Exemple
Of sacred *Levites*, they would soon be taken,
And drawn aboord the Bark they had forsaken.
To rent the Church therfore he doth deuise,
And God's true Spouse doth Harlot-like disguise:
Will haue them hence-forth Worship God the Lord
Vnder the Form of Hay-fed *Calues* (abhorr'd)
In *Dan* and *Bethel*: brings-up Service new;
Profane, vsurping sacred *Aron's* Dew.
But, how (ingrate) requit'st thou God, in this?
He, of a Servant, made thee King of His:
Thou, of a God, mak'st him a horned Steer;
Sett'st Altar against Altar; and, the deer,
Cleer Star of *Truth* beclouding with the vail
Of thine Ambition, mak'st all *Israel* fail,
And fall with-all into the Gulf of Death,
So deep (alas!) that from thence-forth, vn-eath
Could th'operation of so many Miracles,
In their hard hearts re-print the *Sacred Oracles*.
One-day, the while this Priest-King sacrifiz'd
To's clov'n-foot God in *Bethel* (self-deviz'd)
A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came,
Who boldly thus his brutish rage doth blame:
O odious House, O execrable Cell,
O Satans Forge, O impious Shop of Hell;
Accursed Altar, that so beaves and boasts
Against the Altar of the Lord of Hoasts;
Behold, from *Dauid* shall a King return
That on thy stones thine owne Priests bones shall burn,

Thus

Thus ſayth the Lord: and this ſhall be the Sign
(Prodigiouſly to ſeal his Word, in mine)
Thou now in th'inſtant ſhalt in ſunder ſhatter,
And in the Air ſhall thy vile cinders ſcatter.
Take, take the Sot, ſayd then th'vngodly Prince,
And (as he ſpake in rage-full vehemence)
Reacht-out his arm: but, inſtantly the ſame
So ſtrangely withered and ſo num became,
And God ſo ruſtied euery ioynt, that there
(But as the Body ſtird) it could not ſtir:
Th'vnſacred Altar ſodain ſlent in twain;
And th'aſhes, flying through th'vn-hallowed Fane,
Blinde the blinde Prieſts; as in the Sommer (oft) *Simile.*
The light, white Duſt (driv'n by the Winde aloft)
Whirling about, offends the tendreſt eye,
And makes the Shepheards (with-out cauſe) to cry.
O holy Prophet (prayes the Tyrant then)
Deer man of God, reſtore my hand again:
His hand is heal'd. But (obſtinate in ill)
In His Calf-ſervice He perſevers ſtill,
Still runs his Race, ſtill every day impairs,
And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs.
The King of *Iuda* little better proves,
His Fathers by-paths ſo *Abiam* loves;
The People, pliant to their Princes guiſe,
Forget their God, and his drad Law deſpiſe.
God, notwithſtanding (of his ſpeciall grace)
Entails the *Scepter* to the ſacred race
Of his deer *Dauid*: and he bindes with boughs
Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows;
And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave)
Som form of Church in *Sion* will he haue.
Aza, *Abiam*'s Son; *Ieboſaphat*
The ſon of *Aza* (rightly zealous) hate
All Idol-gods: and, warring with ſucceſs,
Dung *Iſaak*'s Fields with forrain carcaſes.
In *Aza*'s ayd fights th'arm armi-potent *Aza.*
(Which ſhakes the Heav'ns, rakes Hils, & Rocks doth rent)

Against black *Zerah's* ouer-daring boast,
That with drad deluge of a Million Hoast
O'r-flow'd all *Iudea*, and, all sacking (fell)
Transported *Afrik* into *Israel*:
He fights for His; who, seeing th' *Ammonite*,
The *Idumaan*, and proud *Moabine*,
In Battail ray, caus'd all his Hoast to sing
This Song aloud, them thus encouraging:
Sa, sa, (my hearts) let's cheerly to the charge;
Having for Captain, for Defence, and Targe,
That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea
Hath heertofore, in forming pride, giv'n way:
Who, with a sigh (or with a whistle, rather)
Can call the North, South, East, and West together:
Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands
Millions of millions of bright-winged Bands:
Who, with a breath, brings (in an instant) vnder
The proudest Powrs: whose arrows are the Thunder.

Description of Discord.

While yet they sang, fell *Discord* reaching-far,
Hies to the *Heathen* that encamped are:
Clean through her mantle (tattered all in flakes),
Appears her brest all-over gnaw'n with Snakes,
Her skin is scarr'd, her teeth (for rage) do gnash,
The Basilisk with-in her eyes doth flash;
And, one by one, she plucks-off (in despight)
Her hairs (no hairs, but hissing Serpents right)
And, one by one, she severally bestowes-'em
Through all the Camp, in every Captains bosom,
Blowes every vein full of her furious mood,
Burns every Souldier with the thirst of bloud:
And, with the same blade that she died once
In valiant *Gedeon's* (Brother-slaughtered) Sons,
She sets the Brother to assail the Brother,
The Son the Sier, and deerest Friends each-other.

Miraculous slaughter of the Heathen by their mutual swords, divided among themselves.

The swords new draw'n against their Enemies,
Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies:
And *Mars* so mads them in their mutuall Iar,
That strange, turns civill; civill, houshold War:

Proud

Proud *Edom* heaws *Moab* and th' *Ammonite*;
Amon hunts *Edom* and the *Moabite*;
Moab assaults *Amon* and *Edom* too;
And each of them wars first with th' other two,
Then with themselues: then *Amon Amon* thrills,
Moab wounds *Moab*, *Edom Edom* kills.
From Hoast to Hoast, blinde-fold Despair, in each,
Disports her self; those that are one in speach,
Vnder one colours, of one very coat,
Combat each other, cut each others throat.
Rage-full confusion every-where commands,
Against his Captain the Lieutenant stands,
The Corporal vpon his Seriant flies,
And baseſt Boyes against their Masters rise.
Nay, drad *Bellona* passeth fiercely further,
Th' owne Vnkle doth his owne deer Nephew murther,
The Nephew th' Vnkle with the like repayes,
Cosen thrils Cosen, Kinſ-man Kinſ-man slayes:
Yea, even the Father kills his Son most cruell,
And from one Belly springs a bloudy Duell;
Twins fiercely fight: and while each woundeth other,
And drawes the life-blood of his half-self Brother,
Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place
Both fall; as like in fury as in face:
But, strength at length (not stomach) fails in either;
And, as together born, they die together.
The faithfull Hoast drawes neer, and gladly goes
Viewing the bodies of their breath-les Foes.
Men, Camels, Horse (som saddled, som with-out)
Pikes, Quivers, Darts, lie mingled all about
The bloudy Field; and from the Mountains nigh
The Rav'ns begin with their pork-porking cry:
Heer seems an Arm, a Giant late did owe,
As if it would to a Dwarf's shoulder growe:
A Princes hand there (knowen by pretious signes)
Vnto the arm of a base Porter ioyns;
An olde-Man's head heer to a Stripling's neck;
And there, lean buttocks to a brawny back:

The Confusion of such a Camp so together by the eares.

Heer, of a Body iustly cloven in two,
The bloudy tripes are trailing to and fro;
There, fiue red fingers of a Hand cut-off
Gripe still the truncheon of a steeled staff;
And, there, (at-once, all broached on one Lance)
Lie three braue Horse-men in a deadly Trance.
Chariots, vnfurnisht and vnharnest stood,
Ouer the spoaks, vp to the naues in blood:
Th' *Engaddian* Snowes melt in vermilion streams,
And (now no marvell) *Iaruel* warmly steams,
Stopt with dead bodies; so, that never-more
It should haue seen the Ocean (as before)
Nor payd the Tribute that his Duty craues,
Saue that the crimsin holp the crystall waues.
Praysed be God (sayd *Iuda*) praysed be
The Lord of Hoasts, the King of Maiesty,
That moawes his Foes; that doth his owne protect,
That holds so deer the blood of his elect:
That fights for vs, and teacheth vs to fight,
Conquer, and triumph of the *Pagan*'s might:
And (finally) doth punish Tyrants fel,
With their owne swords, to saue his *Israel*.

Wicked generatiõ of the wicked.

But, notwithstanding *Ieroboam*'s Plot,
His third Successor yet succeeds him not;
A barbarous Fury raigneth in his Race,
His bloudy Scepter shifteth hands apace:
Nadab his son, and all his seed beside,
Feels cursed *Baasha*'s cruell Paricide;
And *Baasha*'s issue is by *Zimri* slain,
Zimri by *Zimri*; then doth *Omri* raign,
Omri, accursed for his owne transgression,
But more accursed for the foule succession
Of such a Sõn as *Achab* (sold to Sin)
That boldly brings *Sidonian* Idols in,
Builds vnto *Baal*; and, of all Kings the worst,
Weds *Iezabel*, adds Drunkennes to Thirst.

a Similit.

Blinde Superstition 's like a drop of Oyl,
Still spreading, till it all a Garment spoyl:

Or,

Or, like a ſpark, fall'n in a floor of Mat,
Which ſoon inflameth all the Chamber; that,
Fiers the whole Houſe; the Houſe, the Town about;
Conſuming all, and never going-out,
Till Goods, and Bodies, Towrs, and Temples high,
All in a Toomb of their owne aſhes lye:
When one begins (how little be't) to ſtray
From the diuine Law's little-beaten way,
We curſed fall into the black Abyſſe
Of all foul Errors: every Sin that is
Donns ſacred Mask; and, monſters moſt abhord,
Killing the Saints we think to pleaſe the Lord,
As *Achab* did; who vanquiſht with the ſpel,
Speach, grace, and face of painted *Iezabel*,
Preſumes to lay his ſacrilegious hand
On th'oyled Prieſts that in Gods preſence ſtand,
Of honeſt Men his Towns depopulates,
Leſſens the Number of his Noble States,
T'augment his Lands; and, with the bloud of His,
Wrights th' Inſtruments of his new Purchaſes.
But ſlain (at laſt) by th' Hoaſt of *Benhadad*,
His Son * ſucceeds him (and almoſt as bad) * *Ahaziah.*
He breaks his neck, and leaues his fatall place,
To 's brother *Ioram*, laſt of *Achab*'s race;
An odious race, th'alliance of whoſe blood
Corrupts the Heirs of *Ioſaphat* the good,
Cauſing his Son (charm'd with *Athalia*'s wile)
In 's Brother's bloud his armed arms to file,
And *Ahaziah*'s giddy brain t'infect
With the damn'd Error of *Samarian* Sect.
But, though theſe Kings did openly oppugn
And ſtubbornly the King of Heav'n impugn;
Though *Abrah'ms* iſſue (now degenerate)
Did but too-neer their Princes imitate;
Though over all, a *Chaos* of confuſion,
A Hell of Horror, Murder, and Deluſion,
A Sea of Sins (contempt of God and Good)
Cover'd theſe Kingdoms (as another Flood);

God left not yet that Age without his Oracles:
A hundred Prophets, ſtrong in word and miracles,
Reſiſt their rage and from ſad drowning keep
The wracked planks on th'Idol-Ocean deep.
Simile. Cleer Sommer Noons need not a candle-light;
Nor ſound, Phyſician; but clean oppoſite:
So, in our Soules, the more Sin's Floods do flowe,
The more God makes his Mercie's Gulf to growe.
Eliyah the Prophet. For his Embaſſage in ſad *Achab*'s dayes,
Thesbite Eliyah did th'Almighty rayſe;
Who, burning-bold in ſpirit and ſpeach, cries-out,
In *Achab*'s ears and all his Court about:
O impious *Achab*, fear'ſt thou not (quoth he)
The ſulphury flames and Thunder-bolts that be
Already roaring in the dreadfull fiſt
Of God the Lord, that doth the proud reſiſt,
Revengeth wrongs, th'outrageous *Heathen*'s Hammer,
Terror of Terrors, and all Tyrants Tamer?
Dooſt thou not knowe, He threats to *Iſrael*
A Heav'n of Braſs, if they his grace repel,
Reiect his loue, and get them other Loues,
Whoring about with forrain Gods, in Groves?
God cannot lie: His dreadfull Threatnings ever
Draw dreadfull Iudgements (if our Sin perſever):
As the Lord lives, this thirſty yawning Plain
In ſeav'n ſix Month's drinks not a drop of Rain.
Deſcription of the extreame Drought in Iſrael for three years and a half. No ſooner ſpoken, but in preſent view,
The Heav'ns begin to change their wonted hew;
Th'Aire deadly thick, doth quickly vaniſh quight;
To a ſad Day ſucceeds a ſadder Night:
A bloudy vapour and a burning cloud,
By day, begirt the Sun (all coaly-browd);
By night, the Moon denies to fading Flowrs
Her ſilver ſweat, and pearly-purled ſhowrs:
The Welkin's ſtudded with new Blazing-Stars,
Flame-darting Lances, fiery crowns and Cars,
Kids, Lions, Bears, wrapt in prodigious Beams,
Dreadfull to ſee: and *Phœbus* (as it ſeems)

Weary

Weary of travail in ſo hote a time,
Reſts all the while in boyling *Cancer's* clime.
Hills, lately hid with ſnowe, now burn amain:
May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain:
Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter's* Star
Have like effect as the *Canicular:*
Zephyre is mute, and not a breath is felt,
But hectik *Auſter's*, which doth all things ſwelt,
And (panting-ſhort) puffs every-where vpon
The withered Plains of wicked *Shomeron*,
Th' vnſavorie breath of Serpents crawling o're
The *Lybians* peſt-full and vn-bleſt-full ſhoar.
Now Herbs to fail, and Flowrs to fall began;
Mirtles and Bayes for want of moiſt grew wan: *The miſerable effects therof.*
With open mouth the Earth the aid doth crave
Of black-blew Clouds: cleer *Kiſhon's* rapid wave
Wars now no more with Bridges arched round;
Sorek, for ſhame, now hides him vnder ground:
Mokmur, whoſe murmur troubled with the noiſe
The ſleeping Shepheards, hath nor ſtream, nor voice,
Cedron's not *Cedron*, but (late) *Cedron's* bed,
And *Iordan's* Current is as dry, as dead.
The beam-brow'd Stag, and ſtrong-neckt Bull do ly
On palc-faç't banks of *Arnon* (alſo dry)
But, neither ſup, nor ſee the Cryſtal Wave,
Ouer the which ſo often ſwom they have:
The luſty Courſer that late ſcorn'd the ground,
Now lank and lean, with creſt and courage downd,
With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,
With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,
Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,
Would ſweat for faintnes, but he wanteth humour:
The Towr-backt Camel, that beſt brooketh Thirſt,
And on his bunch could have tranſported yerſt
Neer a whole Houſhold, now is able ſcant
To bear him ſelf, he is ſo feebly-faint.
Both yong and olde, both of the baſe and beſt,
Feel a fel *Ætna* in their thirſtie breſt:

To

To temper which, they breath, but to their wo:
For, for pure air, they ſup into them, ſo,
A putride, thick, and peſtilentiall fume,
Which ſtuffs their Lights and doth their lives conſume.
Ther's not a Puddle (though it ſtrangely ſtink)
But dry they draw't, Sea-Water's dainty Drink:
And fuſty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea (South)
Bring *Nile* to *Somer*, for the Kings owne mouth.
For, though the Lord th'whole Land of *Syria* ſmights,
Th' heat of his Angeron *Samaria* lights
With greateſt force; whoſe furious Prince implies,
The Prophet Cauſe of all theſe miſeries.
Therefore, he fearing *Achab's* ragefull hate,
Down to Brook *Cherith's* hollow banks he gate;
Where, for his Cooks, Caters, and Wayters, tho
From the foure windes the winged people go.

The Widow of Sarepta.

Thence, to *Sareptha*; where he craves the aid
Of a poor Widow, who thus mildely ſaid,
Alas! fain would I, but (God wot) my ſtore
Is but of bread for one meal (and no more):
Yet, give me (ſaith he) giue me ſom (I pray);
Who ſoweth ſparing, ſparing reapeth ay:
Sure a good turn ſhall never guerdon want;
A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent:
T's a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run:
A fruitfull Field which thouſand yeelds for one.

The fruits of Charity.

While thus he ſaid, and ſtaid; the Widow glad,
Gives to him frankly all the bread ſhe had:
She loſt not by't: for, all the *Famin*-while,
That rag'd in *Tyre*, her little Flowr and Oyl
Decreaſed not, yet had ſhe plenty ſtill,
For her and hers to feed in time their fill.
At length befell fel Death to take-away
Her onely Son, and with her Son her Ioy:
She prayes her Gueſt, and he implores his God,
And ſtretching him vpon the breath-les Lad,
Thus cries aloud: Vouchſafe me, Lord, this boon,
Reſtore this child's ſoule, which (it ſeems) to-ſoon

Thou

Thou haſt bereft: O! let it not be ſaid,
That heer for nought I haue ſo ought been fed:
Let not my preſence be each-where abhorr'd;
Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.
As a ſmall ſeedling of that fruitfull Worm,
Which (of it ſelf) fine ſhining Sleaves doth form,
By the warm comfort of a Virgin breſt,
Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the reſt)
Re-ſpins a-freſh, and, in her witty loom,
Makes of her corps her corps a pretious Toomb:
This Childe (no Man, but Man's pale Module now)
With death in hoſom, horror on the brow,
The bait of Worms, the Booty of the Beer,
At ſacred words begins his ey to rear;
Swimming in Death, his powrs do re-aſſemble,
His ſpirits (rewarm'd) with-in his artirs tremble;
He fetcht a ſigh, then lively ryſing too,
Talks, walks, and eats, as he was woont to doo.
Fain would the Mother haue beſought the Seer
T'haue paſt the reſt of his colde Olde-age heer:
But th'holy ſpirit him ſodain hence doth bring
Vnto *Samaria* to th'incenſed King;
Who rates him thus: O Baſilisk! O Bane!
Art not thou He that ſow'ſt th'*Iſaacian* Plain
With Trouble-Tares? Seditious, haſt not thou
Profan'd the Laws of our Fore-fathers now?
Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd
Of th'holy Gods, Protectors of our Land?
Since thy fond Preaching did heer firſt begin,
More and more heavie hath Heav'ns anger bin
Vpon vs all; and *Baal*, blaſphem'd by thee,
Hath ſince that ſeaſon never left vs free:
From grievous Plagues: it is a Hell we feel,
Our Heav'n is Braſs, our Earth is all of Steel.
No, no, O King (if I the Truth ſhall tell)
Thou, thou art he that troubleſt *Iſraell*.
Thou (give me leave) thou and thy Grand-ſires, mad,
After ſtrange Gods in every Grove to gad,

Simile.

The like Imputations, in our dayes, the blind Popelings and prophane worldlings haue layd vpon the Goſpell and the Preachers thereof.

Haue

Have left the true, wise, wondrous (all-abroad)
Omnipotent, victorious, glorious God:
Such shall you proue him, if you dare oppone
All your *Baal*-Prophets against me, but one.
Content, quoth *Achab*: then to *Carmel*'s top
The Schismik Priests were quickly called vp:
Vnto their *Baal* an Altar build they there;
To God, the Prophet doth another rear:
Both have their Beasts; and by their prayer must prove
Whose God is GOD, by Fier from Heav'n above.
The People's eyes, and eares, and mindes are bent
Vpon these Maruails, to obserue th'euent
(Maruails, which might well cleer the difference
That had so long depended in suspence
'Twixt *Israel* and *Iuda*; and direct
Th'Earth how to serue Heav'ns sacred Architect)
Simile. As when two Buls, inflamed fiercely-fell,
Met front to front, their forked arms do mell,
The feeble Heards of Heifers in a maze
Twixt hope and fear, vnfeeding, stand at gaze,
To see the Fight, and censure which do prove
The valianter, that he may be their Loue.
Baal's baalling Priests call and cry out for life,
Baals Priests. They gash their flesh, with Launcet and with knife,
They cruell make their blood to spin about
(As Claret wine from a pearç't Peece doth spout)
And, madly shaking heads, leggs, sides and arms,
They howling chant these *Dithyrambik* charms;
Help, help, O *Baal*, O *Baal* attend our cryes,
Baal, hear vs *Baal*, O *Baal*, bow down thine eyes:
O *Stratian*, *Clarian*, *Eleutherian* Powrs,
Panomphean God, approve vs thine, thee ours:
O *Epicarpian*! O *Epistatirian*,
Phyxian, *Feretrian*, O *Exacestirian*,
Xenian, *Messapian*, O *Lebradean* BAAL,
O *Assabine*, BAAL-SAMEN, hear our Call.
Eliah, that their bloody Rites abhord,
And knowes aright the seruice of the Lord,

T:

T'appeaſe his wrath he doth not ſcarre his skin;
Nor with ſelf-wounds preſume his grace to win,
Nor makes himſelf vnfitting for his function,
By ſelfly ſtripes (as cauſing more compunction)
Nor, thrild with bodkins, raves in frantik-wiſe,
And in a furie ſeems to prophetize:
But offers God his heart, in ſtead of blood;
His ſpeech is ſober, and as milde his mood.
Cry loud, quoth he: your God is yet perchance *Ironia.*
In a deep ſleep, or doth in Arms advance
Againſt his Foes (th'*Egyptian* Deities)
Or is conſulting how to keep the Flies
From off his Altar. But, O *Iſrael*!
Alas! why yoak'ſt thou God with *Baal* (or *Bel*)?
Alas! how long thus wilt thou halt twixt either,
And fondly mix Darnel and Wheat together
In thy Faith's Field? If *Baal* be God indeed,
Then boldly ſerue him, ſeek him ſole at need:
But, if blew Sea, and winged Firmament,
Th'all-bearing Earth, and Storm-breed Element,
Be but the leaſt Works of th'Almighty hand
Of *Iacob*'s God: If Heav'n, Aire, Sea, and Land,
And all in all, and all in euery one,
By his owne finger be ſuſtain'd alone:
If he have caſt thoſe curſed Nations out,
Which yerſt defil'd this fair, fat Land about;
To give it thee, to plant thee in their place,
Why him alone dooſt thou not ay imbrace,
And ſerue him onely in thy Soule and Heart,
Who in his Love brooks none to ſhare a part?
The cord vn-twiſted weakens: and who ſerves
Two Lords at-once, to loſe them both deſerves.
Baal dead (thou ſeeſt) hears not his Servants call,
Much leſs can grant them their Deſires at all:
But, *Iaacob*'s God, IEHOVA, ELOHIM,
Never deceives their hope that truſt in him.
Hear me therefore, O Lord, and from above
With Sacred Fire (thy Soverain powr to prove)

Conſume:

Conſume this Bullock, and ſhewe by the ſame
That thou art GOD, and I thy Servant am:
And to thy Fold (thy *Churches* Lap) repeal
Thy wandring Flock, thy choſen *Iſrael*.
As falls a Meteor in a Sommer Even,
Simile. A ſodain Flaſh coms flaming down from Heav'n,
Licks dry the Dikes, and inſtantly, at-once,
Burns all to Aſhes, both the Altar-ſtones,
And th' Offered Bullock: and the People fall
In zealous fury on the Prieſts of *Baal*;
And, by *Elijah*'s prayer, ſoon obtain
Rain, which ſo often they had askt in vain.
For, what is it *Elijah* cannot do?
If he be hungry, Fouls, and Angels too,
Becom his Stewards. Fears he th'armed Bands
Of a fel Tyrant? from their bloody hands
To reſcue him, Heav'n (his confederate)
Conſumes with Fire them and their fierie hate.
Or, would he paſs a Brook that brooks no bay,
Nor Bridge, nor Bank? The Water giues him way.
Or, irks him Earth? To Heav'n alive he hies,
And (ſauing *Henoch*) onely He not-dies.
Elijah *taken vp alive into Heaven.* This Man of God, diſcourſing with his heir
Of th' vpper Kingdom and of Gods Affair,
A ſodain whirl-winde, with a whiffing Fire,
And flaming Chariot rapts him vp intire,
Burns not, but fines; and doth (in faſhion ſtrange)
By death-les Death, mortall immortall change.
A long-tail'd ſquib, a flaming ridge, for rut
Seems ſeen a while, where the bright Coach hath cut.
This ſacred Rape, nigh rapt *Eliſha* too;
Who, taking vp his Tutors Mantle, tho,
Follows as far as well he could with ey
The fire-ſnort Palfreys, through the ſparkling Sky;
Crying, My father, father mine fare-well,
The Chariots and the Horſe of *Iſrael*.
The *Thisbian* Prophet hangs not in the Air,
Amid the Meteors to be toſſed there,

As

As Mists and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,
And other Fierie many-formed Fumes:
Amid the Air tumultuous Satan roules;
And not the Saints, the happy, heav'nly Soules.
Nor is he nailed to some shining Wheel,
Ixion-like continually to reel;
For CHRIST his flesh transfigur'd, and divine,
Mounted aboue the Arches *Cryst alline*:
And where CHRIST is, from pain and passion free,
There (after death) shall all his Chosen bee.
Elijah therefore climbs th' *Empyreal Pole*,
Where, ever-blest in body and in soule,
Contemns this World, becoms an Angel bright,
And doth him finn to the TRINE-ONE vnite.
But how, or why should He this vantage haue
Yer CHRIST (right call'd the *first-fruits* of the Grave)?
O happy passage! O sweet, sacred Flight!
O blessed Rape! thou rapt'st so my spright
In this Dispute, and mak'st my weaker wit
So many wayes to cast-about for it;
That (I confess) the more I do contend,
I more admire, and less I comprehend.
For lack of wings, then biding heer belowe
With his Successor, I proceed to showe,
How, soon as he took-vp his Cloak (to bear-it)
Within *Elisha* shin'd *Elijah's* Spirit;
By powr whereof, immediatly he cleaves
An vn-couth way through *Iordan's* rapid waves:
Past hope he gives to the *Sunamian* Wife
A Son; and soon restores him dead to life:
With sodain blindnes smightes the *Syrian* Troup
The which in *Dothan* did him round incoup:
Increaseth bread, and of a pound of Oyl
Fills all the Vessels in a Town that while:
His hoary head (in *Bethel*) laught to scorn,
Is veng'd by Bears, on forty children tom:
Naaman's cleans'd; and, for foul *Simonie*,
Gehazi's punisht with his Leprosie:

Elizeus or Elisha.

Mends

Mends bitter Broath, he maketh Iron ſwim,
As porie Cork, vpon the Water's brim.
Rich *Iericho's* (ſometimes) *ſal*-peetry ſoil,
Through brinie ſprings that did about it boil,
Brought forth no fruit, and her vn-holſom Brooks
Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks:
The Towns-men, therefore, thus beſought the Seer;
Thou ſeeſt our Citie's ſituation heer
Is paſſing pleaſant; but the ground is naught,
The Water worſe: we pray thee mend the fault,
Sweeten our Rivers, make them pleaſanter,
Our Hills more green, our Plains more fertiler.
The Prophet calls but for a Cruſe of Salt
(*O* ſtrangeſt cure!) to cure the brynie fault
Of all their Floods; and, caſting that in one
Foul ſtinking Spring, heals all their ſtreams anon:
Not, for an houre, or for a day, or twain,
But to this Day they ſweet and ſound remain.
Their Valley, walled with bald Hills before,
But even a horror to behold, of-yore;
Is now an *Eden*, and th' All-circling Sun,
For fruitfull beauty, ſees no Paragon.
There (labour-les) mounts the victorious Palm,
There (and but there) growes the all-healing Balm,
There ripes the rare cheer-cheek Myrobalan,
Minde-gladding Fruit, that can vn-olde a Man.
O skilfull Husbands, giue your fatteſt Plains
Five or ſix earths; ſpare neither coſt nor pains,
To water them; rid them of weeds and ſtones,
With Muck and Marle batten and baſte their bones;
Vnles God bleſs your Labour and your Land,
You plough the Sea, and ſowe vpon the ſand.
This, *Iurie* knowes; a Soil ſomtimes (at leaſt)
Sole Paradiſe of all the proudeſt Eaſt:
But now the bruteſt and moſt barren place,
The curſe of God, and all the Worlds diſgrace:
And alſo *Greece*, on whom Heav'ns (yerſt ſo good)
Rain nothing now but their drad Furie's Flood.

The

The grace of God is a moſt ſure Revenue,
A Sea of Wealth, that ever ſhall continew,
A never-failing Field, which needs not ay
The cool of Night, nor comfort of the Day.
What ſhall I ſay? This ſacred Perſonage
Not only profits to his proper Age;
But, after life, life in his bones hee leaves,
And dead, the dead he raiſeth from their graves.
Nor is *Eliſha* famous more for Miracles,
Than for the Truth of his ſo often Oracles:
He ſhowes the Palms and Foils of *Iſraell*,
Benhadad's death, the Raign of *Hazael*:
Beyond all hope, and paſſing all appearance,
Deiected *Ioram*'s neer relief he warrants.
For, now the *Syrian*, with inſulting Powrs,
So ſtreict beſiegeth the *Samarian* Towrs,
That even al-ready in each nook agriſing,
Fell, wall-break (all-break) *Famin*, ill-adviſing
Howls hideouſly: even the bare bones are ſeen
(As ſharp as kniues) thorough the emptie skin
Of the beſt bred: and each-man ſeems (almoſt)
No Man indeed, but a pale ghaſtly Ghoſt.
Som ſnatch the bread from their owne Babes, that pine;
Som eat the Draff that was ordain'd for Swine,
Som doo defile them with forbidden fleſh,
Som bite the graſs their hunger to refreſh;
Som, gold for Birds-dung (waight for waight) exchange;
Som, of their Boots make them a Banquet ſtrange,
Som fry the Hay-duſt, and it ſavorie finde;
Som, Almond-ſhels and Nut-ſhels gladly grinde,
Som mince their Fathers Wills, in parchment writ,
And ſo devoure their Birth-right at a bit.
The King, when wearie he would reſt awhile,
Dreams of the Dainties he hath had yer-while,
Smacks, ſwallows, grindes both with his teeth and iaws;
But, only winde his beguil'd bellie draws:
And, then awaking, of his owne ſpare Diet
Robbs his owne breſt, to keep his Captains quiet.

The ſiege and Famine of Samaria.

He is importun'd heer and there, about:
Aboue the reſt, a Woman ſkricketh out
In moornfull manner, with diſheueled haire;
Her face deſpight, her faſhion ſhowes deſpaire.
O! ſtay my Liege, heat, hear a grieuous thing;
Mothers eat their owne Children. Iuſtice, great *Ioram*, Iuſtice, gentle King.
O, no, not Iuſtice: (did I Iuſtice craue?)
Fondling, in Iuſtice, thou canſt nothing haue
But a iuſt death; nay, but a Torture fell,
Nay, but a Torment, like the pains of Hell.
Yet, even this Plea is worſe then death to me:
Then grant me Iuſtice, Iuſtice let it be.
For (O!) what horror can reſtrain deſire
Of iuſt Revenge, when it is once afire?
My Lord, I bargain'd, and (to bind the Pact)
By ſolemn Oath I ſealed the Contract;
Contract, indeed cruell, yet could not be
Infring'd, or broken, without Crueltie.
(Tell it O Tongue, why ſtay'ſt thou ſo vpon-it?
Dar'ſt thou not ſay-it, hauing dar'd and don-it?
Not having fear'd Heav'ns King, how canſt thou fear
An earthly King?) Then, thus (my Liege) while-yer
I, and my Neighbour deſperately agreed,
Iointly to eate, ſucceſſiuely, our ſeed;
Our owne deer Children: and (O luck-les Lot!)
Mine firſt of all, is deſtin'd to the Pot:
Forth-with I catch-him and I ſnatch him to-me
Vp in mine armes: he ſtraight begins to woo-me,
Stroaks, colls, and huggs me, with his arms and thighes:
And, ſmiling ſweet, Mam-mam, mam-mam, he cryes,
Then kiſſes me; and, with a thouſand toyes,
Thinks to delight me with his wonted ioyes.
I looke away, and with my hand addreſt,
Bury my knife within his tender breſt:
And, as a Tigreſſe, or the Dam of Bears,
A Fawn or Kid in hundred gobbets tears,
I tear him quick, dreſs him, and on our Table
I ſet him: oh! ('tis now no time to fable)

I taſte him firſt, I firſt the feaſt begin,
His blood (my blood) runs round about my Chin,
My Childe returns, re-breeding in my Womb;
And of my Fleſh my Fleſh is ſhamefull Tomb:
Soon cloyd (alas!) but little could I eat,
And vp again that little ſtriues to get.
But ſhe, ſhe layes it in, ſhe greedy plyes-it,
And all night long ſhe ſits to gourmandize-it:
Not for her fill ſo much, of ſuch (think I)
As to prolong the more my miſery:
O God, ſayd ſhe (and ſmiles in eating it)
What a ſweet morſell! what a dainty bit!
Bleſt be the breſt that nurs't ſuch meat for me;
But more the Womb that bare it, ſo to be.
So (to be brief) my Son is eat: But hers
Alive and luſtie in her arms ſhe bears.
Why ſhould her Pittie, rather her deſpight,
Doo both her Faith, Me, and my Son, vn-right?
Ah! for her belly, rather then her Boy,
She playd this prank (and robd me of my Ioy).
She did it not, of tender hart to ſave him;
But, greedy-gut, that ſhe alone might haue him.
Therfore, O King, doo Iuſtice in this caſe:
Nor craue I pardon of thy princely grace
For mine Offence; (ſuch an Offence, I knowe,
As yet grim *Minos* never iudg'd below)
For if I ſhould, how ſhould I doo, for meat;
Not having now another Childe to eat?
No: this is all I crave before I die,
That I may taſte but of Her ſonns ſweet thigh:
Or, that (at leaſt) mine eye, more iuſt then cruell,
May ſee him ſlain by her, my Horrors Fuell.
But, if you waigh not mine vnfained teares
(Indeed vn-worthy): yet vouchſafe your eares
To the loud Plaints of my lamenting Son;
Who, with ſtrange murmurs rumbling vp and down,
Seems in my bowels as reviv'd to groan,
And to your Highnes, thus to make his moan,

Sir, will you ſuffer, without all revenge,
Mens curſed malice boldly to infringe
Law, Faith, and Iuſtice, Vows, and Oaths, and all;
As buzzing Flies tear Cob-webs on a wall?
Ah! ſhall I then deſcend alone belowe?
Dy vn-reveng'd? foſter my cruel Foe?
And then-caſt-forth in fouleſt Excrement,
Infect the Aier, offend the Element;
The while her Darling, on his Hobby-horſe
About the Hall ſhall ride, and prance, and courſe;
And imitate Mens actions (as an Ape),
Build paper-Towrs, make Puppets, ſit in Lap?
No: let him die, let him (as I) be cut,
Let him (as I) be in two Bellies put:
Full-fill the Pact; that ſo our wretched Mothers
Their Guilt and Grief, may either's match with others.
The King, leſs mov'd with pitty than with horror,
Thunders theſe words, raging in threat-full terror;
Vengeance and miſchief on mine owne head light,
If curſt *Eliſha* keep his head this night:
And, as he ſpake, forth in a rage he flings,
To execute his bloody Threatenings.
Sir, ſaid the Prophet, you have ſeen the skathe
Devouring Famin heer performed hath:
But, by to-morrow this time (God hath ſaid)
Samaria's Gates ſhall even abound with Bread.
Tuſh (ſayd a Minion of the Court, hard by,
Of ſurly ſpeech, proud gait, and lofty ey)
Though God ſhould open all Heav'ns windows wide,
It cannot be: Yes, Infidell (reply'd
The zealous Prophet) Thou thy Self (in ſum)
Shalt ſee it then: but ſhalt not taſte a Crum.
Thus ſaid *Eliſha*, and th'Almightie Powr
Perform'd his Sayings in the very howr.
Her ſcarlet Robe *Aurora* had not donn'd,
Nor had ſhe yet limn'd the *Euphratean* ſtrond
With trembling ſhine, neither was *Phœbus* yet
Willing to wake out of a drouzie Fit,

When

When pallid FEAR, flyes to the *Pagan* Hoaſt, *Deſcription and effects of Fear.*
Wilde-ſtaring Hag, ſhiv'ring, and wavering moſt;
She, that her voice and viſage ſhifts ſo oft:
She that in Counſails ſtrives to lift aloft
Irreſolution, to be Preſident
(Canker of Honor, curſe of Government):
She that even trembles in her ſureſt Arms,
Starts at a leaf, ſwouns at report of harms:
Beleeves all, ſees all; and ſo ſwayeth all,
That, if ſhe ſay, the Firmament doth fall:
There be three Suns: This, or that Mountain ſinks:
Paul's *Church doth reel, or the foundation ſhrinks*:
It is beleev'd, 'tis ſeen: and, ſeis'd by Her,
The other Senſes are as apt to err.
Claſhing of Arms, Rattling of iron Cars,
Murmur of Men (a World of Soldiars)
Neighing of Horſe, noiſe of a thouſand Drums
With dreadfull ſound from the next Vale ther coms.
The *Syrian* Camp, conceiuing that the Troups
Of *Nabathits*, *Hethits*, and *Ethyops*,
Hyr'd by th' *Iſaacians*, came from every ſide,
To raiſe their Siege, and to repell their pride;
Fly for their lives, diſordered and diſperſt
(Amid the Mountains) ſo well-ordered yerſt.
One, in his Cap-caſe leaves-behinde his Treaſure:
To bridle's horſe another hath not leaſure;
Another, hungry on the graſs hath ſet
His Break-faſt out, but dares not ſtay to eat.
One thinks him far, that yet hath little gon;
Another weens him in plain ground, anon
He breaks his neck into a Pit: another
Hearing the Boughs that bruſh againſt each other,
And doubting it to be the Conquerer,
He wretched dies of th' only wound of FEAR.
As, after tedious and continuall rain, *Simile.*
The honey-Flies haſte from their Hiues again,
Suck heer and there, and bear into their bowr
The ſweeteſt ſap of euery fragrant flowr:

So from beſieg'd *Samaria* each man hies,
Vnto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies;
Wherein, ſuch ſtore of corn and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungry Town they fill:
And in the Gate, the Croud that iſſueth,
Treads th'vnbeleeuing Courtier down to death;
So that (at once) even both effects agree
Iuſt with *Eliſha*'s holy prophecie.
From this School comes the Prophet *Amethite*,
The twice-born Preacher to the *Niniuite*.

The ſhip-Wrack of IONAS.

Ionas, be gon: hie, hie thee (ſaid th'Almightie)
To *Niniue*, that great and wanton Citie:
Cry day and night, cry out vnto them all;
Yet forty daies, and Niniue *ſhall fall*.
But, 'gainſt th'Eternall, *Ionas* ſhuts his eare,
And ſhips himſelf to ſail another-where:
Wherfore, the Lord (incenſed) ſtretcht his arm,
To wrack the wretch in ſuddain fearfull Storm.

A lively Deſcription of a ſtorm at Sea.

Now, *Nereus* foams, and now the furious waues
All topſie-turned by th'*Æolian* ſlaues,
Do mount and roule: Heav'ns war againſt the Waters,
And angrie *Thetis* Earth's green bulwarks batters:
A ſable ayr ſo muffles-vp the Sky,
That the ſad Saylers can no light deſcry:
Or, if ſom beam break through their pitchy night,
'Tis but drad flaſhing of the Lightning's light.
Strike, ſtrike our ſaile (the Maſter cries) amain,
Vail miſne and ſprit-ſail: but he cries in vain;
For in his face the blaſts ſo bluſter ay,
That his Sea-gibberiſh is ſtraight born away.
Confuſed Cries of men diſmay'd in minde,
Seas angry noiſe, lowd bellowing of the winde,
Heav'ns Thunder-claps, the tackles whiſteling
(As ſtrange Muſicians) dreadfull deſcant ſing.
The Eaſtern winde driues on the roaring train
Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again
With freſh Seas croſſe the Sea, and ſhe doth ſend
(In counter-change) a rain with ſalt y-blend.

Hea-

Heav'ns (headlong) ſeem in *Thetis* lap to fall,
Seas ſcale the skies, and God to arm this All
Againſt one ſhip, that skips from ſtars to ground,
From waue to waue (like *Balloons* windie bound);
While the ſad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,
Thinks from the Pole to ſee Hells pit profound;
And, then, caſt down vnto the ſandie ſhole,
Seems from lowe Hell to ſee the lofty Pole:
And, feeling foes within and eek without,
As many waues, ſo many deaths doth doubt.
The Billows, beating round about the ſhip,
Vncauk her keel, and all her ſeams vnrip;
Whereby the waters, entring vncontroul'd,
Ebbing abroad, yet flowe apace in hold:
For euery Tun the plied Pump doth rid,
A floud breaks in; the Maſter maſtered
With dread and danger (threatning euery-way)
Doubts where to turn him, what to doo, or ſay,
Which waue to meet, or which ſalt ſurge to flie;
So yeelds his charge in Sea to liue or die.
As, many Cannons, 'gainſt a Caſtle bent, *Simile.*
Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,
And ſhake the wall, but yet the lateſt ſhock
Of fire-wingd bullets batters down the Rock:
So, many mounts that muſter 'gainſt this Sail,
With roaring rage doo this poor ſhip aſſail;
But yet the laſt (with foaming fury ſwoln,
With boiſtrous blaſts of angry tempeſts boln)
Springs the main-maſt: the maſt with boyſtrous fall
Breaks down the deck, and ſore affrights them all.
Pale Idol-like, one ſtands with armsa-croſs:
One moans himſelf: one mourns his childrens loſs:
One, more than Death, this form of Death affrights:
Another calls on Heav'ns vn-viewed Lights:
One, 'fore his eys his Ladies looks beholds:
Another, thus his deadly fear vnfolds:
Curſt thirſt of gold! O how thou cauſeſt care!
My bed of Doun I change for hatches bare:

Rather than reſt, this ſtormie war I choſe:
T'enlarge my fields, both land and life I loſe:
Like peizleſs plume, born-vp by *Boreas* breath,
With all theſe wings I ſoar, to ſeek my death,
To Heav'n and Hell, by angry *Neptune* led,
Where leaſt I ſcape it, all theſe ſails I ſpread.
Then thus another: Sure no winde (quoth he)
Could raiſe this Storm; ſom rarer Prodigy
Hath caus'd this *Chaos* (cauſe of all our grief)
Some *Atheiſt* dog, ſom Altar-ſpoyling theef
Lurks in this ſhip: com (Mates) by lot let's trie
(To ſaue the reſt) the man that ought to die.
'T is I (quoth *Ionas*) I indeed am cauſe
Of this black night, and all the fearfull flaws
Of this rough Winter; I muſt ſole appeaſe
(By my iuſt death) theſe wrath-full wrackfull Seas.
Then vp they heave him ſtraight, and from the waſte
Him ſuddainly into the Sea they caſt.
The King of Windes calls home his churliſh train,
And *Amphitrité* ſmooths her front again:
Th'Air's cloudy Robe returns to cryſtal cleer,
And ſmiling Heav'ns bright Torches re-appeer,
So ſoon as *Ionas* (to them all appeaſe)
O're head and eares was ſouſed in the Seas.
Thrice coms he vp, and thrice again goes down
Vnder the waves (yer he do wholly drown):
But then he ſinks, and (wretched) roul'd along
The ſands, and Oaſe, and rocks, and mud among;
Thus, thus he cries with lips of zealous faith:
Mercy (my God) ſhew mercy Lord (he ſaith).
Then God (who ever heares his childrens wiſh)
Provided ſtraight a great and mighty Fiſh,
That ſwilling ſwallow'd *Ionas* in her womb,
A living Corps laid in a living Toomb.

Simile.

Like as a Roach, or Ruff, or Gudgeon, born
By ſom ſwift ſtream into a weer (forlorn)
Friſks to and fro, aloft and vnder dyves,
Fed with falſe hope to free their captive lyves:

The

The Prophet ſo (amazed) walks about
This wondrous Fiſh to finde an iſſue out,
This mighty Fiſh, of Whale-like hugineſs,
Or bigger-bellied, though in body leſs.
Where am I, Lord? (alas!) within what vaults?
In what new Hell dooſt thou correct my faults?
Strange puniſhment! my body thou bereav'ſt,
Of mother earth, which to the dead thou leav'ſt:
Whither thy wrath drives me, I do not knowe.
I am depriv'd of air, yet breathe and blowe:
My ſight is good, yet can I ſee no skie:
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-ſhore am I:
Reſting, I run; for moving is my Cave:
And, quick, I couch within a living Grave.
While thus he plain'd; the third day, on the ſand
The friendly Fiſh did caſt him ſafe a-land.
And then, as if his weary limbs had been
So long refreſht, and reſted at an Inn,
He ſeems to flie; and, com'n to *Ninive*,
Your ſins have reached vp to Heav'n (quoth he)
Wo and alas, wo, wo vnto you all:
Yet forty dayes and Ninive *ſhall fall!*
Thus *Ionas* preacht: But, ſoon the Citizens,
Sincerely toucht with ſenſe of their foul ſins,
Diſpatch (in haſte) to Heaven, *Repentance* ſad,
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Faſting* hairy-clad.
Repentance makes two Torrents of her eyes,
Her humble brow dares ſcant behold the skies:
Her ſobbing breſt is beaten blew and black:
Her tender fleſh is rent with rugged ſack:
Her head (all hoar'd with harty ſorrows paſt)
With duſt and aſhes is all over-caſt.
Prayer's head, and ſides, and feet are ſet about
With gawdy wings (like *Ioves Arcadian* Scout):
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes
Nard, *Incenſe*, *Mummy*, and all rich Perfumes.
Faſting (though faint) her face with ioie ſhe cheers,
Strong in her weakneſs, young in aged yeers;

Quick

Quick health's preſerver, curbing *Cupid's* fire,
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining-wits.
Then *Faith* (Grand Vſher of th'Empyreal Court)
Vſhers theſe Legats by a golden Port
Into the *Preſence*, and them face to face
Before th'All-Monarch's glorious Throne doth place;
Where (zealous) proſtrate on her humble knee,
Thus *Prayer* ſpeaks in name of all the Three:
God, ſlow to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!
Lord, ſheath again thy vengeance ſword a ſpace.
If at thy beam of Iuſtice thou wilt waigh
The works of men that wander every day:
If thou their metall by that touch-ſtone try,
Which fearfull-ſounding from thy mouth doth flie:
If thou ſhalt ſumm their Sins (which paſs the ſand)
Before thee (Lord) who ſhall indure to ſtand?
Not *Ninive* alone ſhall periſh then;
But all this All be burnt to aſhes clean:
And even this day ſhall thy iuſt wrath prevent
The dreadfull Day of thy laſt Dooms event.
This world to *Chaos* ſhall again return;
And on thine Altars none ſhall incenſe burn.
O therfore ſpare (Lord) ſpare the *Ninivites*,
Forgiue their Sins; and, in their humbled ſprights,
From this time forth thy ſacred Laws ingrave:
Deſtroy them not; but daign them Lord to ſave:
Look not (alas!) what they have been before;
But vs regard, or thine owne mercy more.
Then, God reacht out his hand, vnfolds his frowns,
Diſ-arms his arm of Thunder bruſing-Crowns,
Bows graciouſly his glorious flaming Creſt,
And mildely grants (in th'inſtant) their requeſt.

FINIS.

THE DECAY.

THE IIII. BOOK OF THE IIII. DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

Ambition's bitter fruit, fel Achab's *Stock,*
With his proud Queen (a painted Beauty-mock)
Extirpt by IEHV, IEHV's *ligne likewiſe*
Shallum *ſupplants. King-killing Treacheries*
Succeed a-rowe, with Wrack of ISRAEL.
Time-ſuiting Batts. Athaliah *Tigreſs fel.*
IOASH *well-nurtur'd, natur'd-ill, doth run*
After his kinde: he kills his Tutor's Son.
ZENACHERIB: *life-lengthned* EZECHIAH:
NABVCHADNEZAR: *Captive* ZEDECHIAH.

Ambition pourtrayed to the life.

HVff-pufft AMBITION, Tinder-box of WAR,
Down-fall of Angels, *Adam's* murderer,
Parent of Treaſons, Reaſon's Contradiction,
Earth's Enemie, and the Heav'ns Malediction,
O! how much Blood hath thy reſpect-leſs rage
Shed in the World! ſhowred on every Age!
O! Scepter's, Throne's, and Crown's inſatiat Thirſt,
How-many Treaſons haſt thou hatched yerſt!
For, O! what is it that he dares not do,
Who th' helm of Empire doth aſpire vnto?
He (to beguile the ſimple) makes no bone
To ſwear by God (for he beleeues ther's none);
His Sword's his Title; and who ſcapes the ſame,
Shall haue a Piſtol, or a Poyſonie dram:

He,

Hee, fear'd of all, fears all: he breaks at once
The chains of Nature and of Nations:
Sick of the Father, his kinde hart is woe,
The good Old-man travails to Heav'n, so slowe:
His owne deer Babes (yet Cradled, yet in Clouts)
Haste but too-fast; are at his heels, hee doubts:
He passeth to his promis'd Happiness,
Vpon a Bridge of his Friends Carcases;
And Mounts (in fine) the golden Throne, by stayrs
Built of the Sculs of his owne Country's heirs.
Yet, thou permitt'st it, Lord; nay, with thy wings,
Covere'st such Tyrants (even the shame of Kings).
But, not for nothing doo'st thou them forbear;
Their cruell scalps a cruell end shall tear:
And, when the Measure of their Sin is full,
Thy Hands are iron, though thy Feet be woll.
The Throne of Tyrants totters to and fro:
The blood-gaind Scepter lasts not long (we knowe):
Nail driveth Nail: by tragik death device,
Ambitious harts doo play at *leuel sice;
Prov'd but too plain, in both the Houses Royall
Of *Iacobs issue*, but too-too dis-loyall:
As, if thou further with thy grace divine
My Verse and Vows, shall heer appear (in time).

GOD NOVV no longer could support th' excess
Of *Achab's* House, whose cursed wickedness
Was now top-full: and, Doggs already stood
Fawning and yawning for their promis'd blood.
Heav'ns haste their Work. Now, in tumultuous wise,
'Gainst *Achab's* Son doo his owne Soldiars rise;
Iehu's their Captain: who fore-sees, afar,
How-much, dispatch advantageth in War;
And, politik, doubles his Armie's speed,
To get before, yea, before *Fame*, indeed.
Ioram, surpris'd in feeble Bull-warks then
Vnfurnished of Victualls and of Men)
And, chiefly, wanting royall fortitude,
Vn-kingly yeelds vnto the Multitude.

Bold

* *A kinde of Christmas play: wherein each hunteth other from his Seat. The name seemes derived from the French leuez sus, in English, arise vp.*

Iehù.

Bold *Nimshi*'s Son, Sir *Iehu*, what's this Thing?
What mean theſe Troups? what would you of the King?
Where ſhall the bolt of this black Thunder fall?
Say, bring'ſt thou Peace? or bring'ſt thou War, withall?
Sayd *Ioram*, lowd: but, *Iehu* lowder ſaith,
No (wretch) no Peace, but bloody Wars and death.
Then fled the King: and (as a Ship at Sea, Simile.
Hearing the Heav'ns to threaten every way,
And Winter Storms with abſent Stars compact,
With th' angrie Waters to conſpire her wrack,
Strives not to ride it out, or ſhift abroad,
But plyes her Oares, and flyes into the Road)
He ierks his Iades, and makes them ſcour amain,
Through thick and thin, both over Hill and Plain.
Which, *Iehu* ſpying, and well eying too,
As quick reſolved what he hath to doo;
Cryes, Boy, my Bowe: then nocks an Arrow right,
His left hand meets the head, his breſt the right;
As bends his Bowe, he bends; lets go the ſtring:
Through the thin air, the winged ſhaft doth ſing
King *Ioram*'s *Dirgé*; and, to ſpeed the more,
Pearces behinde him, and peeps-out before.
The Prince, now hurt (that had before no hart)
Fall's preſent dead, and with his Courtly-Cart
Bruis'd in the Fall (as had the *Thisbite* ſayd)
The Field of *Naboth* with his blood berayd:
And *Salem*'s King had alſo there his dew,
For ioyning hands with ſo profane a Crew.
Then, the proud Victor leads his loyall Troops
Towards the Court (that all in ſilence droops);
And, more for Self's loue, than for God's pure zeale,
Means to diſpatch th' Earth's burthen *Iezabel*.
The Queen had inkling: inſtantly ſhe ſped Iezabel.
To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head:
Th' Onyx, the Saphyr, Garnet, Diamand,
In various forms, cut by a curious hand;
Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as ſpangles:
Or as the freſh red-yellow Apple dangles.

(In

(In Autumn) on the Tree, when to and fro
The Boughs are waved with the windes that blowe.
Her Pride. The vpper garment of the ſtately Queen,
Is rich gold Tiſſu, on a ground of green;
Where th'art-ful ſhuttle rarely did encheck
*Changeable. The *cangeant colour of a Mallards neck:
Tis figur'd o're with ſundrie Flowrs and Fruits,
Birds, Beaſts, and Inſects, creeping Worms, and Nuts,
Of Gold-Smith's Work: a fringe of Gold about,
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare ſet-out,
Borders her Robe: and euery part deſcries
Cunning and Coſt, contending for the prize.
Her neat, fit, ſtartups of green velvet bee,
Flouriſht with ſilver, and beneath the knee,
Moon-like, indented; butt'ned down the ſide
With *Orient* Pearls, as big as Filberd's pride.
Her Painting But, beſides all her ſumptuous equipage
(Much fitter for her State, then for her age)
Cloſe in her Cloſet, with her beſt Complexions,
She mends her Face's wrinkle-full defections,
Her Cheek ſhe cherries, and her Ey ſhe cheers,
And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen yeers;
Whether ſhe thought to ſnare the Dukes affection:
Or dazle, with her pompous Prides reflection,
His daring eyes (as Fowlers, with a Glaſs,
Make mounting Larks com down to death apace):
Or, were it, that in death ſhe would beſeen
(As 'twere) intern'd in *Tyrian* Pomp, a Queen.
Chaſte Lady-Mayds, heer muſt I ſpeak to you,
A juſt Invective againſt thoſe 2. (Predominant) Court-Qualities. That with vile *Paynting* ſpoyl your natiue hue
(Not to inflame yonglings with wanton Thirſt;
But to keep faſhion with theſe Times accurſt)
When one new taen, in your ſeem-Beauties ſnare,
That day and night to *Hymen* makes his Prayer,
At length eſpies (as who is it but ſpyes?)
Your painted breſts, your painted cheeks, and eyes,
His Cake is dough; God dild you, he will none;
He leaues his Suit, and thus he ſaith anon:

What

What ſhould I doo with ſuch a wanton Wife,
Which night and day would eruciate my life
With Ieloux pangs? ſith every-way ſhe ſets
Her borrow'd ſnares (not her owne hairs) for Nets
To catch her Cuckows; with looſe, light Attires,
Opens the door vnto all lewd Deſires?
And, with vile Druggs, adultering her Face,
Cloſely allures th'Adulterer's Imbrace.
But, Iudge the beſt: ſuppoſe (ſaith he) I finde
My Lady Chaſte, in body and in minde
(As ſure I think): yet, will ſhe Me reſpect,
That dares diſgrace th'eternall Architect?
That (in her pride) preſumes his Work to tax
Of imperfection; to amend his tracts,
To help the Colours which his hand hath laid,
With her frail fingers with foul durt befayd?
Shall I take her, that will ſpend all I have,
And all her time, in pranking proudly-braue?
How did I doat! The Gold vpon her head,
The Lillies of her breſts, the Roſie red
In either Cheek, and all her other Riches,
Where-with ſhe bleareth ſight, and ſenſe bewitches;
Is none of hers: it is but borrow'd ſtuff,
Or ſtoln, or bought, plain Counterfeit in proof:
My glorious Idol I did ſo adore,
Is but a Viſard, newly varniſht ore
With ſpauling Rheums, hot fumes, and Ceruſes:
Fo, fy; ſuch Poyſons one would loath to kiſs:
I wed (atleaſt, I ween I wed) a Laſs
Yong, freſh, and fair: but, in a year (alas!)
Or two, at moſt; my lovely lively Bride
Is turn'd a Hagg, a Fury by my ſide;
With hollow, yellow teeth (or none perhaps)
With ſtinking breath, ſwart-cheeks, and hanging chaps;
With wrinkled neck; and ſtooping as ſhe goes,
With driveling mouth, and with a ſniveling noſe.
The Queen, thus pranked, proudly gets her vp
(But ſadly though) to her gilt Palace top;

And,

And, ſpying *Iehu*, from the window cry'd:
Art thou there, *Zimri*, curſed Paricide,
Fell Maiſter-killer, canſt thou chuſe but fear
For like Offence, like puniſhment ſevere?
Bitch, cryes the *Duke*, art Thou there barking ſtill?
Thou, Strumpet, Thou art Cauſe of all this Ill:
Thou, brought'ſt *Samaria* to Thine Idol-Sin:
Painting and Poyſning, firſt thou broughteſt in
To Court and Country, with a thouſand mo
Looſe *Syrian* Vices, which I ſhame to ſhowe.
Thou brought'ſt in Wrong, with rapine and Oppreſſion,
By Periurie ſupplanting Mens Poſſeſſion
And Life with-all: yea, Thou haſt been the Baen
Of Peers and Seers (at thy proud pleaſure ſlain):
Thou, life of Strife, thou Horſe-leach ſent from Hell,
Thou Drouth, Thou Dearth, Thou Plague of *Iſrael*,
Now ſhalt thou dye: Groomes (is their none for me?)
Quick, caſt her down, down with her inſtantly.
O tickle Faith! O fickle Truſt of Court!
The perfection of Court-ſlesp.
Theſe Palace-mice, this buſie-idle ſort
Of fawning Minions, full of ſooths and ſmiles,
Theſe Carpet-Knights had vow'd and ſworn yer-whiles,
Promis'd, proteſted vnto *Iezabel*,
Rav'd, Brav'd, and band (like *Rodomont* in Hell)
That in her cauſe they every Man would die,
And all the World, and Hell and Heav'n defie;
Now, Icy Fear (ſhivering in all their bones)
Makes them with Fortune turn their backs at-once.
They take their Queen between their traytorous hands,
And hurl her headlong, as the Duke Commands;
Whoſe Courſer, ſnorting, ſtamps (in ſtately skorn)
Vpon the Corps that whilom Kings had born:
And, to fulfill from point to point the Word
Elijah ſpake (as Legat of the Lord)
The doggs about doo greedy feed vpon
The rich-perfumed, royall Carrion:
And Folk by thouſands iſſuing at the Gate,
To ſee the ſight, cry thus (as glad ther-at)

Ses,

Ses, ſes, heer Doggs, heer Bitches, doo not ſpare
This Bitch that gnaw'd her ſubiects bones ſo bare;
This cruell Cur, that made you oft becom
Saints Torturers, and many a Prophets Tomb:
This Whore of *Baal*, tear her ſo ſmall, that well
No man may ſay, Heer lyeth *Iezabel*.
Iehu's drad Vengeance doth yet farther flowe;
Curſt *Achab*'s iſſue he doth wholly mowe:
He ſlayes (more-over) two and forty men
Of *Ahaziah*'s hap-les Bretheren:
Baal's idoll Clergy he doth bring to nought,
And his proud Temple turns into a Draught:
Good proofs of Zeal. But yet, a Diadem,
Deſire of Raign, keeps from *Ieruſalem*
His ſervice due; content (at home) by halves
To worſhip God, vnder the form of Calves.
His Son and Nephews, track too-neer his trace;
And therefore *Shallum* doth vn-horſe his race:
The murderer *Shallum* (after one Months Raign)
By *Manahem*, as murdrouſly is ſlain:
The traytor *Manahem*'s wicked-walking Son,
By trayterous *Pekah* vnto death is don:
And ſo, on *Pekah*, for *Pekaiah*'s death,
Hoſheah's treaſon, treaſon quittanceth;
A proud, ingrate, perfidious troublous King,
That to Confuſion did *Samaria* bring.
Their Towns tranſ-villag'd, the *Ten Tribes*, tranſported
To a far Clime (whence never they reverted)
Soiourn in forein ſoyl, where *Chobar*'s ſtreams
Serve them for *Iordan*; *Baſan*, *Chiſon* ſeems:
While *Aſſur*'s ſcorn, and ſcum of *Euphrates*
Dance vp and down th' *Iſaacian* Palaces,
Drink their beſt *Nectars*, anchor in their Ports,
And lodge profanely in their ſtrongeſt Forts.
But, changing air, theſe change not minde (in *Iewry*).
For, though fierce Lions homicidial fury
Make them retire vnder th' Almightie's ſwing,
Their Country Gods with the true God they ming:

They mix his Service, plough with Aſs and Ox;
Diſguiſe his Church in ſuits of Flax and Flocks,
Caſt (in one wedge) Iron and Gold together:
Iew-Gentiles, both at-once: but, both is neither.

Tale of the Batt.

There is a Tale, that once the Hoaſt of Birds,
And all the Legions of Groue-haunting Heards,
Before the Earth ambitiouſly did ſtriue,
And counter-plead, for the Prerogatiue:
Now, while the Iudge was giving audience,
And either ſide in their ſeem-Rights defence
Was hot and earneſt at the noyſe-full Bar,
The neuter *Bat* ſtood fluttering ſtill afar:
But ſhe no ſooner hears the ſentence paſt
On the Beaſts ſide, but ſhuffling her in haſte
Into their Troop, ſhe them accompanieth,
Showes her large forhead, her long ears, and teeth.
The Cauſe was (after) by Appeal remov'd
To *Nature's* Court; who by her Doom approv'd
The others Plea: then flyes the ſhame-les Bat
Among the Birds, and with her Chit-chit-chat
Shee ſeems to ſing; and proud of wings, ſhe playes
With nimble turns, and flyes a thouſand wayes.
Hence, beak-les Bird, hence, winged-Beaſt (they cryed)
Hence, plume-les wings (thus ſcorn her, either ſide)
Hence, harlot, hence; this ever be thy Dole;
Be ſtill Day's Priſoner in thy ſhamefull hole:
May never Sun (vile Monſter) ſhine on thee:
But th'hate of all, for ever, may'ſt thou be.

Application.

Such is this People: for, in plentious ſhowrs
When God his Bleſſings vpon *Iſaak* powrs,
Then are they *Iſaak's* Sons: but, if with thunder
He wrath-full tear the *Hebrue* Tree in ſunder,
Theſe Traytors rake the boughs, and take the Fruit;
And (*Pagans* then) the *Iews* they perſecute.

And ſuch are thoſe, whoſe wily, wax en minde
Takes euery Seal, and ſails with euery Winde;
Not out of Conſcience, but of Carnall motion,
Of Fear, or Fauour, Profit, or Promotion:

Thoſe

Thoſe that to eaſe their Purſe, or pleaſe their Prince,
Pern *their Profeſſion, their Religion mince;*
Prince-Proteſtants, *Prince*-Catholikes; Preciſe,
With Such *a Prince; with other, otherwiſe:*
Yea, oldeſt Gangræns *of blinde-burning Zeal*
(*As the* Kings Evill) *a new* KING *can heal.*
And thoſe Scœne-ſervers *that ſo loud haue cri'd*
Gainſt Prelats *ſweeping in their ſilken* Pride,
Their wilfull Dumbneſs, *forcing others dumb*
(*To* Sion's *grieuous Loſs and Gain of* Rome)
Their Courting, Sporting, *and* Non-reſidence,
Their Avarice, *their* Sloath, *and* Negligence:
Till ſom fat Morſels in their mouths do fall;
And then, as choakt, *and ſodain* chang'd *with-all,*
Them-ſelues exceed *in all of theſe, much more*
Than the Right Reverend *whom they taxt before.*
And thoſe Chamæleons *that con-ſort their* Crew;
In Turky, *Turks; among the* Iewes, *a Iew;*
In Spain, *as Spain: as* Luther, *on the* Rhine:
With Calvin *heer: and there, with* Bellarmine:
Looſe, with the Lewd: *among the gracious, graue:*
With Saints, a Saint: and among Knaues a Knaue.
But all ſuch Neuters, *neither hot nor cold,*
Such double Halters *between* GOD *and* GOLD,
Such Luke-warm *Lovers will the* Bride-groom *ſpue*
Out of his mouth: his mouth hath ſpoke it true.
O ISRAEL, I pity much thy caſe:
This Sea of Miſchiefs, which in every place
So over-flowes thee, and ſo domineres;
It drowns my ſoule in griefs, mine eyes in tears:
My heart's through-thrilled with your miſeries
Already paſt; your Fathers Tragedies.
But (O!) I die; when in the ſacred ſtem
Of royall IVDA, in *Ieruſalem*,
I ſee fell Diſcord, from her loathſom Cage,
To blowe her poyſon with ambitious rage:
Sion to ſwim in bloud: and *Achab*'s Daughter
Make *David*'s Houſe the Shambles of her Slaughter.

Athaliah. Curſed *Athâliah* (ſhe was called ſo)
Knowing her Son, by *Mimſhi*'s Son, his ſo
(For *Ioram*'s ſake) to be diſpatcht; diſloyal,
On th' holy Mount vſurps the Sceptre Royall:
And, fearing, leſt the Princes of the Bloud
Would one-day rank her where of right ſhe ſhould,
She cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, deſtroyes them all,
Not ſparing any, either great or ſmall;
No, not the infant in the Cradle, lying
Help-les (alas!) and lamentably crying
(As if bewailing of his wrongs vn-knowen);
No (O extream!) ſhe ſpareth not her owne.

Simile. Like as a Lion, that hath tatterd heer
A goodly Heifer, there a luſty Steer,
There a ſtrong Bull (too-weak for him by half)
There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf;
Strouts in his rage, and wallows in his Prey,
And proudly doth his Victory ſuruay;
The graſs all goary, and the Heard-groom vp
Shivering for fear vpon a Pine-Trees top:
So ſwelleth ſhe: ſo growes her proud Deſpight;
Nor Aw, nor Law, nor Faith ſhe reaks, nor right.
Her Cities are ſo many Groues of Thieves:
Her Court a Stews, where not a chaſte-one lives:
Her greateſt Lords (given all, to all exceſs)
In ſtead of Prophets, in their Palaces
Haue Lectures read of Luſt, and Surfaiting,
Of Murder, Magik, and Impoyſoning.
While thus ſhe builds her tottering Throne vpon
Her childrens bones, *Iehoſheba* ſaves one
One Royall Imp, yong *Ioaſh*, from the pile
Simile. (As, when a Fier hath fiercely rag'd awhile
In ſom fair Houſe, the avaricious Dame
Saues ſom choiſe Caſquet from the furious flame)
Iehoiada *preſerueth* Ioaſh. Hides him, prouides him: and, when as the Sun
Six times about his larger Ring hath run,
Iehoiada (her husband) brings him forth
To the chief Captains and the Men of worth;

Saying:

Saying: Behold, O Chiefs of *Iuda*, see
See heer your Prince, great *Dauids* Progeny,
Your rightfull King: if me you credit light,
Beleeue this Face, his Fathers Picture right;
Beleeue these Priests, which saw him from the first,
Brought to my House, there bred, and fed, and nurç't.
In so iust Quarrel, holy Men-at-arms,
Imploy (I pray) your anger and your Arms:
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall bud:
Venge *Obed*'s bloud on Strangers guilty bloud:
Shake-off, with shouts, with Fier, and Sword together,
This Womans Yoak, this Furie's Bondage, rather.
Then shout the People, with a common cry,
Long liue King Ioash; *long, and happily:* *Ioash.*
God saue the King: God saue the noble seed
Of our true Kings; and ay may They succeed.
This news now bruited in the wanton Court,
Quickly the Queen coms in a braving sort,
Towards the Troop; and spying there anon
The sweet yong *Prince*, set on a royall Throne,
With Peers attending him on either hand,
And strongly guarded by a gallant Band;
Ah! Treason, Treason, then she cries aloud:
False *Ioyada*, disloyall Priest, and proud,
Thou shalt abie it: O thou House profane!
I'll lay thee levell with the ground again:
And thou, yong Princox, Puppet as thou art,
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kingling's Part
Vpon so rich a stage: but, quickly stript,
With wyery Rods thou shalt to death be whipt;
And so, go see thy Brethren, which in Hell
Will welcom thee, that bad'st not them farwell.
But, sodainly the Guard layes hold on her
And drags her forth, as 'twere a furious Cur,
Out of the sacred Temple; and with scorn,
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd, and torn.
Th'High-Priest, inspired with a holy zeal,
In a new League authentikly doth seal

Th' obedient People to their bountious Prince;
And both, to God; by ioint Obedience.

Simile. Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam,
Is in a while made gentle, meek, and tame
By witty vſage; but, if once it hap
He get ſom Grove, or thorny Mountains top,
Then playes he *Rex*; tears, kills, and all conſumes,
And ſoon again his ſavage kinde aſſumes:
So *Ioaſh*, while good *Ioyada* ſurvives,
For Piety, with holy *David* ſtrives;
But he once dead, walking his Father's wayes,
(Ingrately-falſe) his Tutor's *ſon he ſlayes. *Zacharish.
Him therfore ſhortly his owne Servants ſlay:
His Son, ſoon after, doth Them like re-pay:
His People, him again: then, *Amaziah*
Uzziah follows, *Ioatham Vzziah*.

Simile. As one ſame ground indifferently doth breed
Both food-fit Wheat and dizzie Darnell ſeed;
*Artemiſia. Baen-baening *Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock too;
The fragrant Roſe and the ſtrong-ſenting Rue:
So, from the Nobleſt Howſes oft ther ſprings
Som monſtrous Princes, and ſom vertuous Kings;
And all-fore-ſeeing God, in the ſame Ligne
Doth oft the god-les with the godly twine,
The more to grace his Saints, and to diſgrace
Tyrants the more, by their owne proper Race.
Ahaz, betwixt his Son and *Ioatham*
(He bad, they good) ſeems a ſwart *Mauritan*
Betwixt two *Adons*: *Ezekiah*, plac't
Between his Father and his Son, is grac't
(He good, they bad) as twixt two Thorns, a Roſe;
Wher-by, his Vertue the more vertuous ſhowes.

Ezekiah. For, in this Prince, great DAVID, the divine,
Devout, iuſt, valiant, ſeems again to ſhine.
And, as we ſee from out the ſeverall Seat

Simile. Of th' ASIAN Princes ſelf-ſurnamed *Great*
(As the *great Cham*, *grea't Turk*, *great Ruſſian*,
And if leſs *Great*, more glorious *Perſian*)

Araxis,

Araxis, Chesel, Volga, and many moe
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and Floods, do flowe,
Falling at once into the *Caspian* Lake,
With all their streams his streams so proud to make:
So, all the Vertues of the most and best
Of Patriarchs, meet in this Princes brest:
Pure in Religion, Wise in Counsailing,
Stout in Exployting, Iust in Governing;
Vn-puft in Sun-shine, vn-appall'd in Storms
(Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Harms)
And therefore brauely he repels the rage
Of proudest Tyrants (living in his Age)
And (ay vn-daunted) in his God's behalf
Hazards at once his Scepter and himself.

The true pattern of an excellent Prince.

For, though (for Neighbours) round about him raign
Idolaters (that would him gladly gain):
Though Godlings, heer of wood, and there of stone,
A Brazen heer, and there a Golden one,
With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,
On every side would draw his minde astray:
Though *Assur's* Prince had with his Legions fell
Forrag'd *Samaria*, and in *Israel*
Quencht the small Faith that was; and vtterly
Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,
So far, that even the tallest Cedar-Tree
In *Libanon* they never since could see:
Yet, EZECHIAH serues not Time; nor Fears
The Tyrants fury: neither roars with Bears,
Nor howls with Wolues, nor ever turns away:
But, godly-wise, well-knowing, that Delay
Giues leave to Ill; and Danger still doth wait
On lingering, in Matters of such waight;
He first of all sets-vp th' Almightie's Throne,
And vnder that, then he erects his owne.
Th' establishing of Gods pure *Law* again,
Is as the Preface of his happy Raign:
The *Temple* purg'd, th' High-places down he passes,
Fells th' hallowed Groves, burns th' Idol-Gods to ashes.

His Constancy in the seruice of God, and zealous Reformation of all Abuses in the same.

Which his owne Father serv'd; and, *Zeal*-full, brake
The *Brazen Serpent*, *Moses* yerst did make.
For, though it were a very Type of CHRIST,
Though first it were by th' *Holy-Ghost* devis'd,
And not by Man (whose bold-blinde Fancie's pride
Deforms God's Service, strayes on either side,
Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,
Presumes to school the *Sacred Spirit* again,
Controules the Word, and (in a word) is hot
In his owne fashion to serue God, or not);
Though the Prescript of *Ancient vse* defend it,
Though *Multitude*, though *Miracles* commend it
(True Miracles, approved in conclusion,
Without all guile of Mens or Fiends illusion)
The King yet spares not to destroy the same,
When to occasion of Offence it came;
But, for th' Abuse of a fond Peoples will,
Takes that away which was not selfly ill:
Much less permits he (thorough all his Land)
One rag, one relique, or one signe to stand
Of *Idolism*, or idle superstition
Blindely brought in, without the *Words Commission*.
This zealous Hate of all Abhomination,
This royall Work of thorough *Reformation*,
This worthy Action, wants not Recompence:
God, who his grace by measure doth dispence,
Who honors them that truly honour him,
To EZECHIAH not so much doth seem
His sure Defence, as his Confederate:
His Quarrel 's His, He hates whom him do hate,
His Fame He bears about (both far and nigh)
On the wide wings of Immortalitie:
To *Gath* He guideth his victorious Troup,
He makes proud *Gaza* to his Standards stoup,
Strong *Ascalon* he razeth to the ground:
And punishing a People wholly drownd
In Idolism, and all rebellious Sins,
Adds to his Land the Land of *Philistins*.

Yet,

Yea, further more, 'tis He that him with-draws
From out the bloudy and ambitious paws
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past end;
Whose swarms of Arms, insulting every-where,
Made All to quake (even at his name) for fear.
Already were the *Cœlo-Syrian* Towrs
All sackt, and seiz'd by the *Assyrian* Powrs:
And, of all Cities where th' *Isaacians* raign'd,
Only the great *Ierusalem* remain'd;
When *Rabsaketh*, with railing insolence,
Thus braues the *Hebrues* and vpbraids their Prince)
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full Threats to snib);
Thus saith th' almighty, great *Zenacherib*,
O *Salem's* Kingling, wherfore art thou shut
In these weak Walls? Is thine affiance put
In th' Ayd of *Egypt*? O deceitfull prop!
O feble stay! O hollow-grounded hope!
Egypt's a staff of Reed, which broken soon,
Runs through the hand of him that leans ther-on.
Perhaps thou trusteſt in the Lord, thy God:
What! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,
Whom to his face thou dayly hast defi'd,
Depriv'd of Altars, robd on every side
Of his High Places, hallowed Groves, and all
(Where yerst thy Fathers wont on him to call):
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite
From every place, and with profane despight
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)
Keepst him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark:
Will He (can He) take *Sion's* part and Thine;
And with his Foes will He vniustly ioyn?
No (wretched) knowe, I haue His Warrant too
(Expres Commission) what I haue to doo:
I am the Scourge of God, 'tis vain to stand
Against the powr of my victorious hand:
I execute the counsails of the Lord:
I prosecute his Vengeance on th' abhorr'd

Reyling Rabsaketh (*in the name of his Master* Zenacherib) brauing and blaspheming against God and good king *Ezekiah*.

Profaners

Profaners of his Temples: and, if He
Have any Powr, 'tis all conferr'd to me.
Yield therfore, *Ezechia*, yield; and waigh
Who I am; who Thou art: and by delay
Blowe not the Fier which shall consume thee quite,
And vtterly confound the *Israelite*.
Alas! poor People, I lament your hap:
This lewd Impostor doth but puff you vp
With addle hope, and idle Confidence
(In a delusion) of your God's Defence.
Which of the Gods, against my Powr could stand,
Or save their Citties from my mightier hand?
Where's *Hamath*'s God? Where's *Arpad*'s God becom?
Where *Sepharvaim*'s God? and where (in summ)
Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Ivah* too?
Haue I not Conquer'd all? So will I doo
You and your God; and I will lead you all
Into *Assyria*, in perpetuall Thrall:
I'll haue your *Manna*, and your *Aron*'s *Rod*,
I'll haue the *Ark* of your Almighty God,
All richly furnisht, and new furbisht o'r,
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more:
And your great God shall in the Roule be read
Among the Gods that I haue Conquered:
I'll haue it so, it must, it shall be thus,
And worse then so, except you yeeld to vs.
Scarce had he don, when *Ezechias*, gor'd
With blasphemies so spewd against the Lord,
Hies to the Temple, tears his purple weed,
And fals to Prayer, as sure hold at need.

Prayer, The Refuge of the Godly.

O King of All, but Ours, especially;
Ah! sleep'st thou Lord? What boots it, that thine ey
Perceth to Hell, and even from Heav'n beholds
The dumbest Thoughts in our hearts in-most folds;
If thou perceiv'st not this proud Chalenger,
Nor hear the Barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur?
Not against vs so much his Threats are meant,
As against Thee: his Blasphemies are bent

Against

Againſt Thy Greatnes; whom he(proudly-rude)
Yoaks with the Godlings which he hath ſubdew'd.
Tis true indeed, hee is a mighty Prince,
Whoſe numbrous Arms, with furious inſolence,
Haue over-born as many as with-ſtood,
Made many a Province even to ſwim in blood,
Burnt many a Temple; and(inſatiate ſtill)
Of neighbour Gods haue wholly had their will.
But, O! What Gods are thoſe? Gods void of Being
(Saue, by their hands that ſerue them) Gods vn-ſeeing,
New, vp-ſtart Gods, of yerſter-dayes deviſe;
To Men indebted, for their Deities:
Gods made with hands, Gods without life, or breath;
Gods, which the Ruſt, Fier, Hammer conquereth.
But, thou art Lord, th' invincible alone,
Th' All-ſeeing GOD, the Everlaſting ONE:
And, whoſo dares him gainſt thy Powr oppoſe,
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blowes,
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,
Or Clowds-prop *Athos* from his maſſie Root:
Who but miſ-ſpeaks of thee, heſpets at Heav'n,
And his owne ſpettle in his face is driven.
Lord, ſhew thee ſuch: take on thee the Defence
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence:
Cleer thine owne name, of blame: let him not thus
Tryumph of Thee, in tryumphing of vs:
But, let ther (Lord) vnto thy Church appear
Iuſt Cauſe of Ioy, and to thy Foes of fear.
God hears his Cry, and (from th' Empyreal Round) *Miraculous ſlaughter of the Aſſirians.*
He wrathfull ſends a winged Champion down;
Who, richly arm'd in more than humane Arms,
Mowes in one night of Heathen men at Arms
Thrice-three-ſcore thouſand, and five thouſand more,
Feld round about; beſide, behinde, before.
Heer, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn, *Simile.*
Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn:
Not much vnlike vnto a fier in ſtubble,
Which, ſodain ſpreading, ſtill the flame doth double,

And

And with quick ſuccour of ſom Southren blaſts
Crick-crackling quickly all the Country waſtes.
Heer the ſtiff Storm, that from his mouth he blowes,
Thouſands of Souldiers each on other throwes:
Simile. Even as a Winde, a Rock, a ſodain Flood
Bears down the Trees in a ſide-hanging Wood;
Th'Yew overturns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,
The Elm the Oak, th'Oak doth the Aſh ore-whelm;
And from the top, down to the Vale belowe,
The Mount's diſ-mantled, and even ſhamed ſo.
Heer, with a Sword (ſuch as that ſacred blade
For the bright Guard of *Eden*'s entry made)
He hacks, he hews; and ſomtimes with one blowe
A Regiment hee all at once doth mowe:
Simile. And, as a Cannon's thundrie roaring Ball,
Battering one Turret, ſhakes the next withall,
And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde)
Kils oldeſt Souldiers with his very winde:
The whiffing Flaſhes of this Sword ſo quick,
Strikes dead a many, which it did not ſtrike.
Heer, with his hands he ſtrangles all at-once
Legions of Foes. O Arm that Kings diſ-throans!
O Army-ſhaving Sword! Rock-razing Hands!
World-toſſing Tempeſt! All-conſuming Brands!
O, let ſom other (with more ſacred fier,
Than I, inflam'd) into my Muſe inſpire
The wondrous manner of this Overthrowe,
The which (alas!) God knowes, I little knowe:
I but admire it, in confuſed ſort;
Conceiue I cannot; and, much leſs, report.
Com-on *Zenacherib*: where's now thine Hoaſt?
Where are thy Champions? Thou did'ſt lately boaſt,
Th'had'ſt in thy Camp as many Soldiers,
As Sea hath Fiſhes, or the Heav'ns haue Stars:
Now, th'art alone: and yet, not all alone;
Fear, and Deſpair, and Fury wait vpon
Thy ſhame-full Flight: but, bloody Butcher, ſtay;
Stay, no ſom Plague, fly not ſo faſt away,

Fear

Fear not Heav'ns Fauchin; that foul breſt of thine
Shall not be honor'd with ſuch wounds divine:
Nor ſhalt thou yet, in timely bed deceaſe;
No: Tyrants vſe not to Depart in Peace:
As bloud they thirſted, they are drown'd in blood;
Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good.
For (O iuſt Iudgement!) lo, thy Sons (yer-long) — Zenacherib ſlain by his owne ſonnes.
At *Niſroch's* Shrine revenge the *Hebrews* wrong:
Yea, thine owne Sons (foul eggs of fouler Bird)
Kill their owne Father, ſheath their either ſword
In thine owne throat; and, heirs of all thy vices,
Mix thine owne bloud among thy Sacrifices.
This Miracle is ſhortly ſeconded
By one as famous and as ſtrange, indeed.
It pleas'd the Lord with heavy hand to ſmight
King *Ezechiah*; who in dolefull plight — Ezekiah's ſickneſſe.
Vpon his bed lies vexed grieuouſly,
Sick of an Vlcer paſt all remedy.
Art fails the Leach, and iſſue faileth Art,
Each of the Courtiers ſadly wayles a-part
His loſſe and Lord: Death, in a mourn-ful ſort,
Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court:
And, in the City, ſeems in every Hall
T'haue light a Taper for his Funerall.
Then *Amos* *Son, his bed approaching, pours — *The Prophet Iſaiah.
From plentious lips theſe ſweet and golden ſhowrs;
But that I knowe, you knowe the Lawes Divine,
But that your Faith ſo every-where doth ſhine,
But that your Courage ſo confirm'd I ſee;
I ſhould, my Liege, I ſhould not ſpeak ſo free: — A comfortable Viſitation of the ſicke.
I would not tell you, that incontinent
You muſt prepare to make your Teſtament:
That your Diſeaſe ſhall haue the vpper hand:
And Death already at your Door doth ſtand.
What? fears my Lord? Knowe you not heer beneath
We alwayes ſayl towards the Port of Death;
Where, who firſt anch'reth, firſt is glorified?
That 't is Decreed, confirm'd, and ratified,

That

That (of neceſſity) the fatall Cup,
Once, all of vs muſt (in our turn) drink vp?
That Death's no pain, but of all pains the end,
The Gate of Heav'n, and Ladder to aſcend?
That Death's the death of all our ſtorms and ſtrife,
And ſweet beginning of immortall Life?
For, by one death a thouſands death's we ſlay:
Thear-by, we riſe from Body-Toomb of Clay.
Thear-by, our Soules feaſt with celeſtiall food,
Thear-by, we com to th' heav'nly Brother-hood,
Thear-by, w'are chang'd to Angels of the Light,
And, face to face, behold Gods beuties bright.
The Prophet ceaſt: and ſoon th' *Iſaacian* Prince,
Deep apprehending Death's drad form and ſenſe,
Vnto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes;
And, ſorrow-torn, thus (to himſelf) he cries:

A Prayer for a ſick perſon, mutatis mutandis.

Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe)
From thy iuſt *Iuſtice* to thy *Mercy* milde:
Why will thy ſtrength deſtroy a ſilly-one,
Weakned and waſted even to skin and bone;
One that adores thee with ſincere affection,
The wrack of Idols, and the Saints protection?
O! ſhall the Good thy ſervant had begun
For *Sion*, reſt now by his death vndon?
O! ſhall a Pagan After-king reſtore
The Groues and Idols I haue raz'd before?
Shall I dye Childe-les? Shall thine Heritage
In vain exſpect that glorious golden Age
Vnder thy CHRIST? O! mercy, mercy, Lord:
O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord
Som ſpace of life: O! let not, Lord, the voice
Of Infidels at my poor death reioyce.

The King's praier heard, and his life prolonged 15 yeares.

Then ſaid the Seer; Be of good cheer, my Liege:
Thy ſighes and tears and prayers ſo beſiege
The throne of Pitty, that, as pierçt with-all,
Thy ſmyling Health God yieldeth to re-call,
Wills, to his Temple (three dayes hence) thou mount,
Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count:

Makes

Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeers: as lo,
This *Dial's* ſhadow ſhal heer back-ward go.
His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull Effect:
For, lo, the *Dial*, which doth houres direct
(Life's-guider, Daye's-divider, Sun's-Conſorter,
Shadow's dull ſhifter, and Time's dumb Reporter)
Puts-vp-again his paſſed Houres (perforce)
And, back-ward goes againſt his wonted courſe.
'Tis Noon at Mid-night; and a triple Morn
Seems that long Day to brandiſh and adorn:
Sol goes, and coms; and, yer that in the Deep
Of *Atlas* ſhade he lay him down to ſleep,
His bright, Light-winged, Gold-ſhod wheels do cut
Three times together in the ſelf-ſame rut.
Lord! what are we! or, what is our deſerving!
That, to confirm our Faith (ſo prone to ſwarving)
Thou daign'ſt to ſhake Heav'n ſolid Orbs ſo bright;
Th' Order of Nature to diſ-order quight;
To make the Sun's Teem with a ſwift-ſlowe paſe,
Back, back to trot; and not their wonted Race?
That, to diſpell the Night ſo blindely-black,
Which ſiels our Soules, thou mak'ſt the ſhade go back
On *Ahaz Dial*? And, as Self-vn-ſtable,
Seem'ſt to revoke thine *Acts* irrevocable,
Raze thine owne Dooms (toſt in vn-ſteddy ſtorm)
And, to reform vs, thine owne ſpeech reform;
To giue thy Self the Ly: and (in a Word)
As Self-blam'd, ſoftly to put-vp thy Sword?
Thrice-glorious God! thrice-great! thrice-gracious!
Heer-in (O Lord) thou ſeem'ſt to deal with vs,
As a wiſe Father, who with tender hand
Severely ſhaking the correcting Wand,
With voice and geſture ſeems his Son to threat:
Whom yet indeed he doth not mean to beat;
But, by this curb of fained Rigor, aims
To aw his Son; and ſo him oft reclaims.
This Prince no ſooner home to Heav'n returns,
But *Iſraël* back to his vomit turns;

The Sunne goes backe.

Simile.

Him

Him re-bemires: and, like a head-ſtrong Colt,
Runs headlong down into a ſtrange Revolt.
And, though *Ioſias*, Heav'n-deer Prince (who yong
Coms wiſely-olde, to liue the older long)
Had re-aduanç't the ſacred Lawes divine,
Propt *Sion's* Wall (all ready to decline)
With his owne back; and, in his happy Raign,
The Truth re-flowr'd, as in her Prime again:
Yet *Iacob's* Heirs ſtriue to reſemble ſtill
Simile. A ſtiff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill,
Meets in the way ſom ſtub, for rub, that ſtops
The ſpeed a ſpace; but inſtantly it hops,
It ouer-iumps; and ſtayes not, though it ſtumble,
Till to the bottom vp-ſide-down it tumble.
With puiſſant Hoaſt proud *Nebuchadnezzar*
Now threatned *Iuda* with the worſt of War:
Nabuchadnezzar *beſiegeth Ieruſalem.* His Camp coms marching to *Ieruſalem*,
And her olde Walls in a new Wall doth hem.
The buſie Builders of this newer Fold,
In one hand, Swords, in th'other Trowels hold,
Nor ſelder ſtrike with blades than hammers there;
With firmer foot the Sieged's ſhock to bear,
Who ſeem a ſwarm of Hornets buzzing out
Among thir Foes, and humming round about
To ſpet their ſpight againſt their Enemies,
With poyſonie Darts, in noſes, brows and eyes.
Cold *Capricorn* hath pav'd all *Iuda* twice
With brittle plates of cryſtal-cruſted Ice,
Twice glaſed *Iordan*; and the Sappy-blood
Of Trees hath twice re-perriwigd the Wood,
Since the firſt Siege: What? ſayd the yonger ſort,
Shall we growe olde, about a feeble Fort?
Shall we (not Martial, but more Maçon-skild)
Shall we not batter Towrs, but rather build?
And while the *Hebrue* in his ſumptuous Chamber
Diſports himſelf, perfum'd with Nard and Amber,
Shall We, ſwelting for Heat, ſhivering for Cold,
Heer, far from home, lie in a ſtinking Hold?

Shall

Shall time deſtroy vs? ſhall our proper ſloath
Annoy vs more than th'*Hebrues* valour doth?
No, no, my Lord: let not our Fervour fault,
Through length of Siege; but let vs to th' Aſſault.
Let's win't and wear it: tut (Sir) nothing is
Impoſſible to *Chaldean* courages.
Contented, ſayd the King: braue Bloods away,
Goe ſeek Renown, 'mid wounds and death, to-day.
Now, in their breaſts, braue *Honor's* Thirſt began: *Nebuzaradan.*
Me thinks, I ſee ſtout *Nabuzaradan*
Already trooping the moſt reſolute
Of every Band, this plot to proſecute.
Each hath his Ladder; and, the Town to take,
Bears to the Wall his Way vpon his back:
But, the braue Prince cleaues quicker then the reſt
His ſlender Firr-poles, as more prowes-full preſt.
Alike they mount, affronting Death together; *A Scalado.*
But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither:
This Ladder, ſlippery plaç't, doth ſlide from vnder:
That, over-ſloap, ſnaps in the midſt aſunder,
And ſouldiers falling, one another kill
(As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill, *Simile.*
Torn with ſom Torrent, or Tempeſtuous winder,
Shivers it ſelf on ſtones it vnder-grindes):
Som, raſhly climb'd (not wont to climb ſo high)
With giddy brains, ſwim headlong down the Sky:
Som, over-whelmd vnder a Mill-ſtone-ſtorm,
Loſe, with their life, their living bodies form.
Yet mounts the Captain, and his ſpacious Targe
Bears-off a Mountain and a Foreſt large
Of Stoans and Darts, that fly about his ears;
His teeth do gnaſh, he threats, he ſweats, and ſwears:
As ſteady thear as on the ground he goes;
And thear, though weary, he affronts his Foes,
Alone, and half-fly-hanging in the ayr,
Againſt whole Squadrons ſtanding firmly fair:
Vpright he rears him and his Helmet braue
(Whear, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)

Reflecting bright, above the Paripet,
Affrights th' whole Citty with the ſhade of it.
Then as half Victor, and about to venter
Over the Wall, and ready even to enter;
With his bright Gantlet's ſcaly fingers bent
Graſping the coping of the battlement,
His hold doth fail, the ſtones, vn-faſtned, fall
Down in the ditch, and (headlong) he with-all:
Yet, he eſcapes, and getts again to ſhoar;
Thanks to his ſtrength: but, to his courage more.

Nergal. Now, heer (me thinks) I hear proud *Nergal* raue,
In War (quoth he) Maſter or Match to haue,
By *Mars* I ſkorn; yea, *Mars* himſelf in Arms;
And all the Gods, with all their braving Storms.
O wrathfull Heav'ns, roar, lighten, thunder, threat;
Gods, do your worſt; with all your batteries beat:
If I begin, in ſpight of all your powrs,
I 'll skale your Walls, I 'll take your Cryſtall Towrs.
Thus ſpewd the Curr; and (as he ſpake) withal
Climbs-vp the ſteepeſt of a dreadfull Wall,
With his bare-feet on rougheſt places ſprawling,
With hook-crookt hands vpon the ſmootheſt crawling.

Simile. As a fell Serpent, which ſom Shepheard-lad
On a ſteep Rock incounters gladly-ſad,
Turning and winding nimbly to and fro,
With wriggling paſe doth ſtill approach his Foe,
And with a Hiſs, a Friſk, and flaſhing ey,
Makes ſoudainly his faint Aſſailer fly:
Even ſo the Duke, with his fierce countenance,
His thundring-voice, his helms bright radiance,
Drives *Paſhur* from the Walls and *Iucal* too
(A iolly Prater but a Iade to doo;
Brauer in Counſail then in Combat, far)
With *Sephatiah*, tinder of this War;
And *Malchy*, he that doth in Priſon keep
Vnder the ground (a hundred cubits deep)
Good *Ieremie*, an inſtrument, alone
Inſpir'd with breath of th' ever-living ONE.

Let's

Let's fly, cries *Paſhur*: fly this Infidell,
Rather this Fiend, the which no waight can fell.
What force can front, or who incounter can
An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man?
While *Nergal* ſpeeds his Victory too-faſt,
His hooks diſ-pointed diſappoint his haſte;
Prevent him, not of praiſe, but of the Prize
Which (out of doubt) he did his owne ſurmize.
He ſwears and tears: (what ſhould? what could he more)?
He cannot vp, nor will he down, therefore.
Vnfortunate! and vainly-valiant!
He's fain to ſtand like the *Funambulant* *Simile.*
Who ſeems to tread the air, and fall he muſt,
Save his Self's waight him counter-poyſeth iuſt;
And ſaue the Lead, that in each hand he bears,
Doth make him light: the gaping Vulgar fears,
Amaz'd to ſee him; weening nothing ſtranger
Than Art to maſter Nature, lucre danger.
At laſt, though loath (full of deſpight and rage)
He ſlideth down into a horrid hedge,
Curſing and banning all the Gods; more mad
For the diſgrace, than for the hurt he had.
Els-where the while (as imitating right
The Kinde-blinde Beaſt, in ruſſet Velvet dight) Mines & Coũ-termines.
Covertly marching in the Dark by day,
Samgarnebo ſeeks vnder ground his way.
But *Ebedmelech*, warn'd of his Deſignes,
With-in the Town againſt him counter-mines
Courageouſly, and ſtill proceedeth on,
Till (reſolute) he bring both Works to one;
Till one ſtrict Berrie, till one winding Cave
Becom the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.
As the ſelf-ſwelling Badgerd, at the bay *Simile.*
With boldeſt Hounds (inured to that Fray)
Firſt at the entry of his Burrow fights,
Then in his Earth; and either other bites:
The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cryes,
The angry Beaſt to his beſt chamber flies,

And (angled there) sits grimly inter-gerning;
And all the Earth rings with the Terryers yearning:
So fare these Miners; whom I pitty must,
That their bright Valour should so darkly iouſt.
While hotly thus they skirmish in the Vault,
Quick *Ebedmelech* closely thither brought
A Dry-Fat sheath'd in latton plates with-out,
With-in with Feathers fill'd, and round about
Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of brass)
Save at one end, where nothing out should pass;
Which (having first his *Iewish* Troops retir'd)
Iust in the mouth of th'enter-Mine he fir'd:
The smoak wherof with odious stink doth make
The *Pagans* soon their hollow Fort forsake:
Simile. As from the Berries in the Winter's night
The Keeper draws his Ferret (flesht to bite).
Now *Rabshakeh* (as busie) other-where
A rowling Towr against the Town doth rear,
And on the top (or highest stage) of it
A flying Bridge, to reach the Courtin fit,
With pullies, poles; and planked Battlements
On every story, for his Men's defence.
On th'other side, the Towns-menar: not slowe
With counter-plots to counter-push their Foe:
Now, at the woodden side, then at the front;
Then at the Engins of the *Persian* Mount,
* *Instruments of Warr wherein wild fire is put.* With Brakes and Slings, and * *Phalarikes* they play,
To fier their Fortress and their Men to slay:
But yet, a Cord-Mat (stifly stretcht about)
Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempests out.
While thus they deal; *Sephtiah*, desperat,
Him secretly out of the Citty gat,
And with a Pole of rozen-weeping Fir,
So furiously he doth himself bestir,
That with the same the walking Fort he fiers:
The cruel flame so to the top aspires,
That (maugre Blood, shed from aboue in slaughter,
And, from belowe, continuall spouting Water)

It parts the Fray: ſtage after ſtage it catches,
And th'half-broyld Souldiers headlong down it fetches.
The King (ſtill conſtant againſt all extreams)
To preſs them neerer yet; with mightie beams
Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the Wall,
And covers it, with three-fold ſhelter, all;
The Timber (firſt) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,
The Hides with Woll-ſacks (which all Shot derides).
As th'Aier exhaled by the fiery breath *Simile.*
Of th'Heav'nly Lion, on an open Heath,
Or on the treſſes of a tufted Plain,
Pours-down at-once both Fier and Hail and Rain:
So all at-once th'*Iſaacian* Souldiers threw
Floods, Flames, and Mountains on theſe Engines new;
But th'hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels,
The Mounts the Wooll; the drowning Floods, the Fels.
Thear-vnder (ſafe) the Ram with iron horn,
The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,
The boiſtrous Trepane, and ſteel Pick-ax play
Their parts apace, not idle night nor day.
Heer, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall
On reeling props hangs, ready ev'n to fall:
There, a vaſt-Engine thundreth vp-ſide-down
The feeble Courtin of the ſacred Town.
If you haue been, where you haue ſeen ſom-whiles, *Simile.*
How with the Ram they driue-in mighty Piles
In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay
The Sand-caſt Current of the raging Sea;
Swift-ebbing ſtreams bear to the Sea the ſownd,
Eccho aſſiſteth, and with ſhrill rebound
Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)
The Coaſt about trembles for fear and wonder:
Then haue you heard and ſeen the Engins beating
On *Sion*'s Walls, and her foundations threating.
In fine, the *Chaldeis* take *Ieruſalem*,
And reave for ever *Iuries* Diadem.
The ſmoaky burning of her Turrets ſteep
Seems even to make the Sunn's bright eye to weep:

And wretched *Salem*, buried (as it were)
Vnder a heap of her owne Children dear,
For lack of Friends to keep her Obſequies,
Conſtraineth ſighs (even) from her Enemies.
Her maſſie Ruins and her Cinders ſhowe
Her Wealth and Greatnes, yer her overthrowe.
A ſodain horror ſeizeth every eye
That views the ſame: and every Paſſer-by
(Yea, were he *Gete*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)
Muſt needs, for pitty of ſo ſad a Sight,
Beſtowe ſom tears, ſom ſwelling ſighs, or grones
Vpon theſe batter'd ſculs, theſe ſcatter'd ſtones.
In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich)
Sweet Lutes were heard, now luck-les *Oules* doo ſcreech:
The ſacred TEMPLE, held (of late) alone
Wonder of Wonders, now a heap of ſtone:
The Houſe of God (*the Holyeſt-Holy-Place*)
Is now the Houſe of Vermin vile and baſe:
The Veſſels, deſtin'd vnto ſacred vſe,
Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuſe:
None ſcapeth wounds, if any ſcape with life:
The Father's reft of Son, the Man of Wife:
Iacob's exil'd, *Iuda's* no more in *Iury*,
But (wretched) ſighes vnder the *Chaldean* fury.

Hoſhea. Their King in chains, with ſhame and ſorrow thrill'd,
Before his face ſees all the faireſt pill'd;
Yea, his owne Daughters, and his Wives (alas!)
(Rich Vines and Olives of his lawfull Race)
Whoſe loue and beauty did his age delight,
Shar'd to the Souldiers, raviſht in his ſight.
O, Father, Father, thus the Daughters cry
(About his neck ſtill hanging tenderly)
Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they vs?
O, muſt we ſerue their baſe and beaſtly Luſts?
Shall they diſſolue our Virgin-zones? ſhall they
(Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Mayden-May*,
Our ſpot-les Flowr, ſo carefully preſerv'd
For ſom great Prince, that mought haue vs deſerv'd?

O

O Hony-dropping Hills we yerſt frequented,
O Milk-full Vales, with hundred Brooks indented,
Delicious Gardens of deer *Iſrael*;
Hills, Gardens, Vales, we bid you all fare-well:
We (will-we-nill-we) hurried hence, as ſlaues,
Muſt now, for *Cedron*, ſip of *Tygris* waues;
And (weaned from our natiue Earth and Air)
For Hackney-Iades be ſold in every Fayr.
And (O hearts-horror!) ſee the ſhame-les Foe,
Forcing our Honors, triumph in our woe.
All-ſundring Sword! and (O!) all-cindring Fire!
Which (mercy-les) do SION's Wrack conſpire,
Why ſpare you vs, more cruell (cri'd the Wives)
In leaving ours, then reaving other's lives?
Your Pitie's pity-les, your Pardon Torture:
For, quick diſpatch had made our Sorrows ſhorter;
But your ſeem-Favour, that prolongs our breaths,
Makes vs, aliue, to die a thouſand Deaths.
For, O deer Husband, deereſt Lord, can wee,
Can we ſurvive, abſented quight from Thee,
And ſlaues to thoſe whoſe Talk is nothing els
But thy Diſgrace, thy Gyves, and *Iſraels*?
Can we (alas!) exchange thy Royall bed
(With cunning-coſt rare-richly furniſhed)
For th'vgly Cabbin and the louzie Couch
Of ſom baſe Buffon, or ſom beaſtly Slouch?
Can we, alas! can wretched we (I ſay)
We, whoſe Commands whole Kingdoms did obay,
We, at whoſe beck even Princes knees did bend,
We, on whoſe Train ther dayly did attend
Hundreds of Eunuchs, and of *Maids of Honour*
(Kneeling about vs in the humbleſt manner)
To dreſs vs neat, and duly every Morn
In Silk and Gold our Bodies to adorn;
Dreſs others now? work, on diſgrace-full frame
(Weeping the while) our SION's wo-full flame?
Dragging like Moyls? drudge in their Mills? and hold
Brooms in our hands, for Sceptre-Rods of gold?

Com, Parrots, com, y' haue prated, now enough
(The Pagans cry in their insulting ruff)
On Chalde shoars you shal go sigh your fill,
You must with vs to *Babel:* there at will
You may bewail: there, this shal be your plight,
Our Mayds by day, our Bed-fellows by night.
And, as they spake, the shame-les lust-full crew
With furious force the tender Ladies drew
Even from between th' arms of the woe-full King,
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying;
And little lackt the act of most despight,
Ev'n in their Father's and their Husbands sight,
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vain accuse,
In v. in he raves, in vain he roars and rews:
Even as a Lion, prisoned in his grate,
Whose ready dinner is bereft of late,
Roars hideously; but his fell Fury-storm
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.
The proud fell *Pagans* doo yet farther pass:
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face
(The more to gore: what Marble but would bleed?)
They massacre his miserable seed.
O! sayd the Prince, can you les pitious be
To these Self-yielders (prostrate at your knee)
Than sternly-valiant to the stubborn-stout
That 'gainst your rage courageously stood-out?
Alas! what haue they don? what could they doo
To vrge revenge and kindle wrath in you?
Poor silly Babes vnder the Nources wing,
Haue they conspir'd against the Chaldean King?
Haue these sweet Infants that yet cannot speak,
Broak faith with you? Haue these, so yong and weak,
Yet in their Cradle, in their Clouts, bewayling
Their Woesto-come (to all Man-kinde, vnfayling)
Dis-ray'd your Ranks? Haue these that yet doo craul
Vpon all fowre, and cannot stand, at all,
With-stood your Fury, and repulst your Powrs,
Frustred your Rams, fered your flying Towrs?

And,

And, bravely ſallying in your face (almoſt)
He w'n-out their paſſage thorough all your Hoaſt?
O I no, *Chaldeans*, only I did all:
I did complot the King of *Babels* fall:
I foyld your Troups: I filld your ſacred Flood
With *Chaldean* bodies, dy'd it with your blood.
Turn therfore, turn your bloody Blades on-me;
O! let theſe harm-leſs Little-ones go free;
And ſtain not with the blood of Innocents
Th'immortall *Trophees* of your high Attents.
So, ever may the *Riphean* Mountains quake
Vnder your feet: ſo ever may you make
South, Eaſt, and Weſt your owne: on every Coaſt
So, ay victorious march your glorious Hoaſt:
So, to your Wiues be you thrice welcom home,
And ſo God bleſs your lawfull-loved womb
With Self-like Babes, your ſubſtance with increaſe,
Your ſelues (at home) with hoary haires in Peace.
But, as a Rock, gainſt which the Heav'ns do thunder, *Simile.*
Th'Air roars about, the Ocean rageth vnder,
Yields not a iot: no more this ſavage Crew;
But rather, muſe to finde-out Tortures new.
Heer, in (his ſight) theſe cruell *Leſtrigons*
Between them take the eldeſt of his Sons,
With keeneſt ſwords his trembling fleſh they heaw,
One gobbet heer, another thear they ſtreaw.
And from the veins of dead-lyve limbs (alas!)
The ſpirit-full blood ſpins in his Father's face.
Thear, by the heels his ſecond Son they take,
And daſh his head againſt a Chimnies back:
The skull is paſht to peeces, like a Crock,
Or earthen Stean, againſt a ſtony Rock:
The ſcatterd batterd Brains, about beſmeard,
Som hang (O horror!) in the Fathers beard.
Laſt, on himſelf their ſavage fury flyes,
And with ſharp bodkins bore they out his eyes:
The Sun he loſes, and an end-les night
Beclowds for eues his twin-balled ſight:

He ſees no more, but feels the woes he bears;
And now for cry (tall, weeps he crimſin tears.
For, ſo God would (and iuſtly too, no doubt)
That he which had in *Iuda* clean put-out
Th'immortall Lamp of all religious light,
Should have his eyes put-out, ſhould loſe his ſight;
And that his body ſhould be outward blinde,
As inwardly (in holy things) his minde.
O Butchers (ſayd he) ſatiat your Thirſt,
Swill, ſwill your fill of Blood, vntill you burſt:
O! broach it not with bodkin, but with knife;
O! reaue me not my bodie's light, but life:
Give me the ſight not of the Earth, but Skies:
Pull-out my heart: O! poach not out mine eyes.
Why did you not this barbarous deed diſpatch,
Yer I had ſeen me an vn-ſceptred Wretch,
My Cities ſackt, my wealthy ſubiects pilld,
My Daughters raviſht, and my Sonns all killd?
Or elſe, why ſtayd you not till I had ſeen
Your (Beaſt-like) Maſter grazing on the Green:
The *Medes* conſpiring to ſupplant your Throne:
And *Babel*'s glory vtter ouerthrowne?
Then had my ſoule with Fellow-Falls bin eas'd,
And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.
O ragefull Tyrants! moody Monſters, ſee,
See heer my Caſe; and ſee your ſelues in me.
Beware Contempt: tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,
Who thunder-down the high-aſpiring Towrs;
But mildely pardon, and permit ſecure
Poor Cottages that lie belowe obſcure:
Who Pride abhor; who lift vs vp ſo high,
To let vs fall with greater infamy.
Th'Almighty ſports him with our Crowns and vs;
Our glorie ſtands ſo fickle-founded thus
On ſlippery wheels, alreadie rowling down:
He gives vs not, but only ſhewes the Crown:
Our Wealth, our Pleaſure, and our Honour too
(Wherat the Vulgar make ſo much a-doo)

Our

Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be ſpoken,
Seems as a glaſs, bright-ſhining, but ſoon broken.
Thrice-happy He, whom with his ſacred arm,
Th'Eternall props againſt all Haps of harm:
Who hangs vpon his prouidence alone,
And more preferrs GOD's Kingdom than his owne.
So happy be great BRITTANNE *Kings* (*I pray*)
Our Soveraigne IAMES, *and all his Seed, for ay*;
Our hope-full HENRY, *and a hundredmo*
Good, faithfull STVARTS (*in ſucceſſiue rowe*)
Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wiſe,
Sincere to Vertue, *and ſeuere to* Vice;
That not alone Theſe dayes *of Ours may ſhine*
In Zeal-*full* Knowledge *of the* TRVTH divine
And We (*illightned with her ſacred rayes*)
May walk directly in the Saving wayes
Of faith-full Seruice to the ONE *true Deitie,*
And mutuall Practiſe of all Chriſtian Pietie;
But, that our Nephews, and their Nephews (*till*
Time be no more) *may be* conducted *ſtill*
By the ſame Cloud *by day, and* Fier *by night*
(*Through this vaſt* Deſart *of the World's deſpight*)
Towards their Home, *the heav'nly* CANAAN,
Prepared *for vs yer the World began:*
That they with vs, and we (complete) *with them,*
May meet triumphant *in* IERVSALEM;
With-in whoſe Pearly Gates and Iaſper Walls
(*Whear, th'* Holy LAMB *keeps his high* Nuptialls,
Whear needs no ſhining of the Sun, or Moon;
For, God's owne face makes there perpetuall Noon:
Whear ſhall no more be Waylings, Woes, nor Cryes;
For, God ſhall wipe all tears from weeping eyes)
Shall enter nothing filthy or vnclean;
No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomit obſcœne,
No Witch, no Wanton, no Idolater,
No Thief, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,
No Wicked-liuer, neither wilfull Lyer:
Theſe are without, *in* Tophet's *end-leſs Fier.*

Yea,

Yet, ſuch as theſe (or ſom of theſe, at leaſt)
We all haue been in ſom-what all haue miſt
(*And, had we broken but* one Precept *ſole,*
The Law *reputes vs guiltie of the whole*):
But, we are waſhed, *in the* Sacred-Flood;
But, we are purged, *with the* Sprinkled-Blood;
But, by the Spirit, *we now are* ſanctify'd;
And through the Faith *in* IESVS, iuſtify'd.
Therfore no more let vs our ſelues defile,
No more returne vnto our Vomit vile,
No more profane vs with Concupiſcence,
Nor ſpot the garment of our Innocence:
But, conſtant in our Hope, *feruent in* Love
(*As euen al-ready* conuerſant Above)
Proceed we cheerely in our Pilgrimage
Towards our happy promis'd Hæritage,
Towards That Cittie *of heart-bound-les* Bliſs
Which CHRIST *hath purchaſt with his Blood, for His:*
To Whom, with FATHER, *and the* SPIRIT, *therfore*
Bee Glory, Prayſe, and Thanks, for-evermore.

Amen Amen

Amen.

FINIS.

PIBRAC. *Quad. 5.*

Say not, My hand This Work to END hath brought:
Nor, This my Vertue hath attayned to:
Say rather thus; This, GOD by me hath wrought:
GOD's Author of the little Good I doo.

D.O.M.S.
GVLIELMO SALVSTIO
POETARVM FACILE PRINCIPI,
SCRIPTORI MIRABILI, PIO
MIRABILIVM ASSERTORI,
PRÆCONI VIRTVTIS DVLCI
DOCTOQ.
CVIVS MONVMENTA DOCVMENTA
POSTERIS FVTVRA SVNT:
QVI MVSAS ERIPTAS PROFANÆ
LASCIVIÆ SACRIS MONTIBVS
REDDIDIT, SACRIS FONTIBVS
ASPERSIT, SACRIS CANTIBVS
IMBVIT,
VIRO VERE NOBILI, MORTALI-
BVS EXVVIIS SPOLIATO,
IMMORTALITATIS
COMPOTI,

A. MM. PP.

His, fateor, nemo exuuijs inſcribere honorem,
Aut pater Aonij debuit ipſe chori:
Gratia ſed quoniam taciti propè nulla doloris,
Neu videar mœſtas non maduiſſe genas;
Audiat ecce gemens etiam me turba gementem:
Ecce, meus vano munere peccet amor.
Et titulus ſaltem eſto, BONA SVPER AETHERA FAMA
NOTVS, EGET NVLLO, QVI IACET HIC, TITVLO.

Iac. Lectius.

TO MY EVER-MOST-honoured Mistresse, Mris *Essex*, wife to the right worthie *William Essex* of *Lamborn*, Esquier; and eldest Daughter of the *right valiant, and Nobly-descended*, Sir Walter Harecourt *of* Stanton-Harecourt *Knight, Baron of* Ellen-Hall.

WIt's, Beautie's, Vertue's *perfect Quaintessence*
(*Yet grac't in* soule *with more Diuine* perfection)
Grace, with a glance of your milde Eye's reflection,
This humble Pledge of Zeal *and* Reuerence:
Which (*as the* Stork, *for gratefull recompence,*
Where she hath bred, one of her Birds bestoweth)
My thankfull Muse (*who you like* Duty *oweth*)
Heer consecrates *to your deere excellence.*
Deer ESSEX *heer* (*to make your* Faith *apparant*
Vnto the Faithfull, and confirm the same)
Embrace (*I pray*) *the* Faith *of* ABRAHAM
Offering his Isaac (*on th' Almighties warrant*):
So shal th' Imputer *of his* Righteousnes
Impute you yours; and your young Isaacs *bless.*

Your Vertue's

euer-vowed Seruant,

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

TO VERTVES PATterne, and Beauties Paragon, Mris *Jone Eſſex*: now wife to the right worthie *William Anderſon Eſquier* (ſecond Son of the *late Lord* Anderſon) *and onely Siſter of the Honorably-deſcended* William Eſſex *of* Lamborn, Eſquier.

VRANIA (*nobleſt of the learned* NINE)
Coming from Heav'n, to cal my Muſe from Earth,
From Loves looſe Sonnets, and laſciuious Mirth;
In ſacred WEEKS *to ſing the Works diuine:*
Of all the Nimphs extract from mortall Ligne,
For ſweet Companion picks you onely forth
(*As beſt reſembling her ſelf's grace and worth*)
Deer Beauties beſt, Wits wonder, Vertue's ſhrine.
Sweet, heav'nly temper of a humane ſoule
(*Whoſe louely ſmiles ſet coldeſt hearts a-fire;*
But, inſtantly, with modeſt brows controule
Th'aſpiring hope of any bold deſire)
Daign t'entertain in your milde gracefull manner
This Heav'nly Mayd, *the mirrour of your Honour.*

Your Vertue's

humble Votarie,

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

VRANIA.
OR
The Heauenly Muſe.

1

SCarce had I th' *April* of mine Age begun,
When brave deſire t'immortallize my Name,
Did make me (oft) Reſt and repaſt to ſhun,
In curious proiect of ſome learned *Frame*.

2

But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light
Vpon a croſſe-way, ſtops in ſodaine doubt;
And, 'mid the ſundry Lanes to finde the right,
More with his Wit than with his feet doth ſcout:

3

Among the many flowrie paths that lead
Vp to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) *Apollo*
Crowns happy Numbers with immortall meed,
I ſtood confus'd, and doubtfull which to follow.

4

One while I ſought, the *Greekiſh-Scene* to dreſs
In *French* Diſguiſe: in loftier *Stile* anon
T'mbrew our Stage, with Tyrants bloody Geſts,
Of *Thebes*, *Mycena*, and proud *Ilion*.

5

Anon, I ſacred to th' *Aönian* Band
My Countries Story; and, condemning much
The common error, rather tooke in hand
To make the *Mein*, *French*, than the *Stein* be *Dutch*.

6

Anon, I meant with fawning pen to prayſe
Vn-worthy Prince; and with gold and glory,
T'inrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raiſe,
Baſely to make my *Muſe* a Mercenarie.

7 Then

7

Then (gladly) thought I, the Wagg-Son to ſing
Of wanton *Venus*; and the bitter-ſweet,
That *Too-much Loue* to the beſt wits doth bring:
Theam, for my nature and mine age, too-meet.

8

While to and fro thus (toſſed by *Ambition*)
Yet vn-reſolued of my Courſe, I rove;
Lo, ſuddainly a ſacred Apparition;
Som Daughter (think I) of ſupernall *Ioue*.

9

Angelicall her geſture and her gait;
Divinely-ſweet her ſpeech and countenance;
Her *Nine*-fold Voice did choicely imitate
Th' *Harmonious* Muſik of *Heauens* nimble Dance.

10

Vpon her Head, a glorious *Diadem*,
Seaven-double-folded, moving diverſly;
And on each fold ſparkled a pretious Gem,
Obliquely turning o're our heads on high:

11

The firſt of *Lead*, the ſecond *Tin* (me thought)
Third *Steel*, the fourth of yellow *Gold* was caſt,
The fift of pale *Electrum* ſeemed wrought;
Sixt *Mercury*; of *Siluer* was the laſt.

12

An *azure Mantle* on her back ſhe wore,
With art-les Art, in orderly diſorder;
Flouriſht, and fill'd with thouſand *Lamps* and more,
Her ſacred Beautie to ſet-forth and further:

13

Heer flames the *Harp*, there ſhine the tender *Twinns*,
Heer *Charles his Wayn*, there twinkling *Pleiades*,
Heer the bright *Balance*, there the ſiluer *Finns*,
And thouſand *Starrs* more then I can expreſs.

14

I am VRANIA (then a-loud ſaid ſhe)
Who humane-kinde aboue the *Poles* tranſport,
Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to ſee
All th'enter-courſe of the *Celeſtiall Court*.

15

I quint-eſſence the Soule, and make the *Poet*
(Paſſing himſelf) in a Diuine Diſcourſe
To draw the deafeſt, by the ears vnto-it,
To quicken ſtones, and ſtop the Oceans courſe.

16

I grant, my learned Siſters warble fine,
And raviſh millions with their *Madrigalls*:
Yet all, no leſs inferiour vnto mine,
Than Pies to *Syrens*, Geeſe to Nightingalls.

17

Then take Me (BARTAS) to conduct thy Pen;
Soar-vp to Heav'n; Sing-me th'Almightie's prayſe,
And tuning now the *Ieſſean* Harp again,
Gayn thee the *Garland* of eternall *Bayes*.

18

I cannot (grief-leſs) ſee my Siſters wrongs
Made Bawds to *Louers*, in deceitfull faynings,
In forged ſighes, falſe teares, and filthy Songs,
Laſcivious ſhewes and counterfait complaynings.

19

Alas! I cannot, with dry eyes behold
Our holy Songs ſolde and profaned thus
To grace the grace-leſs; praiſing (too-too bold)
Caligula, *Nero*, and *Commodus*.

20

But, moſt I mourn to ſee raee *Verſe* apply'd
Againſt the Author of ſweet *Compoſition*:
I cannot brook to ſee Heav'ns King defy'd
By his own Souldiers, with his own Munition.

21 Man's

21

Man's eyes are ſield-vp with *Cimmerian* miſt:
And, if ought pretious in his Life he reach,
Through ſundry hands, by the Heav'ns bounty is't:
But God, himſelf, the *Delphian* Songs doth teach.

22

Each *Art* is learn'd by *Art*: but POESIE
Is a meer *Heavenly gift*; and none can taſte
The Deaws we drop from *Pindus* plentiouſly,
If *ſacred Fire* have not his breſt imbraç't.

23

Thence is't, that many great *Philoſophers*,
Deep-learned *Clarks* (in *Proſe* moſt eloquent)
Labour in vain to make a grace-full *Verſe*,
Which many a Novice frames moſt excellent.

24

Thence is't, that yerſt, the poor *Meonian* Bard,
Though, Maſter, means, and his owne eyes he miſſes,
Of Olde and New is for his Verſe preferd,
In's ſtout *Achilles*, and his wiſe *Vlyſſes*.

25

Thence is't, that *Ovid* cannot ſpeak in *Proſe*:
Thence is't, that *David* (Sheapheard, turned *Poet*)
So ſoon doth learn my *Songs*: and Youths compoſe
After our *Art*, before (indeed) they knowe-it.

26

Dive day and night in the *Caſtalian* Fount,
Dwell vpon *Homer* and the *Mantuan Muſe*,
Climb night and day the double-topped Mount,
Where the *Pierian* learned *Maydens* vſe:

27

Read while thou wilt, read ouer every Book
In *Pergamus*, and in the famous Citie
That her great name, of *Alexander* took;
Still ply thy Pen, practiſe thy language (wittie):

28

Take time inough, chooſe ſeat and ſeaſon fit,
To make good *Verſe* at beſt aduantage place thee:
Yet worthy fruit thou ſhalt not reap of it,
For all thy toil, vnleſs *Minerua* grace thee.

29

For, out of Man, Man muſt him all advance,
That time-proof *Poëms* ever hopes to vtter;
And, extaſed (as in a *holy Trance*)
Into our hands his *Senſine part* muſt put-her.

30

For, as a humane Fury makes a man
Leſs than a man: ſo *Diuine-Fury* makes-him
More than himſelf; and ſacred *Phrenzie* than
Above the Heav'ns bright-flaming Arches takes-him.

31

Thence, thence it is that Divine *Poets* bring
So ſweet, ſo learned, and ſo laſting *Numbers*,
Where Heav'ns and Nature's ſecret works they ſing,
Free from the powr of *Fates* eternall ſlumbers.

32

True *Poets*, right are like winde-Inſtruments,
Which full, do ſound; emptie, their noiſe ſurceaſes:
For, with their *Fury* laſts their Excellence;
Their *Muſe* is ſilent, when their *Fury* ceaſes.

33

Sith therfore *Verſes* have from Heav'n their ſpring,
O rareſt ſpirits! how dare you (damned ſcorners)
Profanely wreſt againſt Heaven's glorious King,
Theſe ſacred gifts given for your lives adorners?

34

Shall your ingratefull Penns be alwayes waiting,
As Seruants to the *Fleſh*, and ſlaues to *Sin*?
Wil you your *Volumes* evermore be fraighting
With *Dreams* and *Fables*, idle *Fame* to win?

35

Still will you fill the World with *Loue-sick* groans?
Still will you fawn on Fools, and flatter Euill?
Still will you parbreak loathsom passions?
Still will you make an Angell of a Diuell?

36

Still will you comment on this common Storie?
And (Spider-like) weaue idle Webs of folly?
O! shall we neuer hear you sing the glory
Of God, the great, the good, the iust, the holy?

37

Is't not enough, that in Your soules, yee feel
Your *Paphian Fire*? but every Brothel-Lover,
T'inchaunt the wanton with his wanton stile,
Must (Strumpet-like) his lustfull flame discover?

38

Is't not enough that you your selues do wallow
In foul delights? but that you must intice
Your heed-less *Readers* your loose Race to follow;
And so, for *Vertue*, make them fall to *Vice*?

39

Tunes, *Notes*, and *Numbers* (whence we do transfer
Th'harmonious powr that makes our *Verse* so pleasing)
The sterne*st Catoes* are of force to stir,
Mans noblest spirits with gentle *Fury* seazing.

40

And, as a Seal printeth in wax (almost)
Another Seal; A learned *Poet* graveth
So deep his passions in his Readers ghost,
That oft the Reader, th'Authors form receiveth.

41

For, *Verse*'s vertue, slyding secretly
(By secret pipes) through th'*intellectuall Notions*,
Of all that's pourtraid artificially
Imprinteth there both good and evill motions.

42

Therfore did *Plato*, from his *None-Such* baniſh
Baſe *Poëtaſters*, that with vicious verſe
Corrupted manners, making vertue vaniſh,
The wicked, worſe; and even the good perverſe.

43

Not thoſe, that car'd to match their gracefull Phrazes
To grave-ſweet matters: ſinging now the praiſe
Of iuſteſt *Ioue*; anon from errors mazes
Keeping th'vn-ſteady, calling-back the ſtrayes.

44

O prophane Wrighters! your laſcivious Rime
Makes our beſt *Poëts* to be baſely deemed,
As Iugglers, Ieſters, and the ſcum of Time;
Yea, with the Vulgar leſs than theſe eſteemed.

45

You make chaſte *Clio*, a light wanton Minion;
Mount *Helicon*, a Stews: your ribaldrie
Makes prudent Parents (ſtrict in their opinion)
To bar their Children reading *Poëtry*:

46

But, if you would (yet at the laſt) inure-yee
Your *Gnidian Idols* in the duſt to trample,
And rouze the *Genius* of your *ſacred-Furie*,
To ſhewe the World ſom holy *Works* example;

47

All would admire your Rimes, and doo you honour,
As *Secretaries* of the Heav'nly Court;
And *Maieſty* would make you waite vpon-her,
To manage Cauſes of the moſt import.

48

The chain of *Verſe* was at the firſt inuented
To handle onely ſacred myſteries
With more reſpect: and nothing elſe was chanted
For long time after in ſuch *Poëſies*.

46

So did my *Dauid* on the trembling ſtrings
Of his divine *Harp* onely ſound his *God*:
So milde-ſoul'd *Moſes*, to *Iehouah* ſings
Iacobs deliverance from th'*Egyptian's* Rod.

50

So *Debora* and *Iudith*, in the Camp;
So *Iob* and *Ieremy*, in cares oppreſſed;
In tune-ful *Verſes* of a various ſtamp,
Their ioys and ſighs, divinely-ſweet expreſſed.

51

And therfore *Satan* (who transforms him ſlily
T'an Angel of the Light, the more t'abuſe)
In's Oracles and Idols ſpeaking wily,
Not common Proſe, but curious *Verſe* did vſe.

52

So the fond *Maid-Prieſts* of *Apollo* ſung
His *Oracles* in ſweet *Hexameters*,
With doubtfull Riddles from a double tongue,
To hap-leſs-hopefull, conquered-Conquerers.

53

So th'ancient voice in *Dodon* worſhipped,
So *Æſculapius*, *Hamon*, and the fair
And famous *Sibyls* ſpake and prophecied
In *Verſe*: in *Verſe* the Prieſt did make his prayer.

54

So *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Heſiodus*
(Wherof the firſt charm'd ſtocks, and ſtones, they ſay)
In ſacred *Numbers* dar'd (to profit vs)
Their divine ſecrets of deep skill conuaigh.

55

O! you that long ſo, for the *Laurel Crown*,
Where's poſſible a richer Theam to take,
Than his high praiſe, who makes the Heav'ns go round,
The Mountains tremble, and dark Hel to quake?

56

This *subiect*, is a deep, broad, bound-les Ocean,
Th'aboundant *Horn* of *Plentifull* diſcourſe;
The Magazin of wealth for Wits quick motion;
Of diuine Eloquence th'immortall ſource.

57

Baſe Argument, a baſe ſtile euer yields:
But (of it ſelf) a lofty *ſubiect* raiſes
Graue-ſtately words, and (of it ſelf) it gilds
It ſelf; and crowns the Author's Pen with praiſes.

58

If then you would ſurmize your ſelues ſo gladly,
Follow not him, who burnt (to purchaſe fame)
DIANA's Temple: neither him that madly
To get renoun, a *Braſen Bull* did frame.

59

Imploy no more th'*Eliuir* of your ſpirit
On *Cytherea* and her winged Son.
How better neuer to be named were it,
Then named (blamed) for a miſchief donn?

60

We, *Thrice-three Siſters of Parnaſſus Hill*,
Be *Virgins* all: your *Pallas* ſelf is ſo,
So is that ſacred *Tree-turn'd Ladie* ſtill,
From whoſe pure Locks your ſtil-green *Laurels* growe.

61

Then, conſecrate-me (rather) your Wits miracles,
To ſacred Stories: ſpend your Eloquence
In ſinging loud thoſe holy heav'nly *Oracles*,
Pour there your Soules pure pretious quint-eſſence.

62

Let CHRIST (as *Man-God*) be your *double Mount*
Whereon to *Muſe*, and, for the winged hoove
Of *Pegaſus*, to dig th'Immortall Fount,
Take th'*Holy-Ghoſt*, typ't in a *Siluer Doue*.

Excelling

63

Excelling Works, preſerue the Memorie
Of thoſe that make them: The *Mauſolean* Toomb
Makes *Artemiſia*, *Scopas*, *Timothy*,
Liue to this day, and ſtill in time to com.

64

Name-les had *Hiram* been, but for his ayd
Towards God's *Temple*, built in *Iſrael*:
And, but for God's *Ark*, in dark ſilence layd
Long ſince had been th' *Hebrew Bezaleel*.

65

Then, ſith theſe great and goodly *Monuments*
Can make their makers, *after death abide*;
Although themſelues have *Vaniſhed* long ſince,
By Age, and Rage, Fier, Arms and Storms deſtroy'd:

66

O think (I pray) how-much-much greater glorie
Shall you attain, when your Diviner quality,
In ſacred ſtrains ſhall ſing th' *Almightie's Storie*,
Sith from immortall things ſprings Immortalitie.

67

I knowe, you'l anſwer, that the *Ancient Fictions*
Are (even) your *Song's* ſoule: and that every *Fable*
Aye breeſing other, makes by their commixtions,
(To Vulgar ears) your *Verſe* more admirable.

68

But, what may be more admirable found,
Then *Faith's Effects*? or what doth more controule
Witt's curious pride? or with more force confound
The reach and reaſon of a humane ſoule?

69

I'ld rather ſing *the Towr of Babylon*,
Than thoſe *three Mountains*, that in frantik mood
The *Giants* pyl'd to pull *Iove* from his Throne:
And *Noah's* rather than *Deucalion's* Flood.

I'ld

70

I'ld rather ſing the ſodain *ſhape-depriving*
Of *Aſſur's* Monarch, than th' *Arcadian* King:
And the *Bethanian Lazarus* reviving,
Than valiant *Theſeus* Sonn's re-ſodering.

71

Th'one, only doth delight their ears, that hear it;
The other tends to profit in ſom meaſure:
But, only *He the Laurel Crown doth merit,*
Who wiſely mingles profit with his Pleaſure.

72

As ſweeteſt walks are by the waters ſide,
And ſafeſt ſwimming neer the flowry ſhoar:
So, prudent writers never do diuide
Knowledge from Mirth, Mirth from inſtruction's lore.

73

Such ſhall you be, if ſuch a taske you take;
For, teaching others, you your ſelues ſhall learn-all
Rules of good life: and happy ſo ſhall make,
As is your ſubiect, your owne Songs eternall.

74

Abandon then thoſe *Olde-wiues-Tales* and Toyes;
Leave the *Blinde Lad*, who but the blinde abuſes;
And only, addle, idle hearts annoyes.
Hence-forth no more profane the *Sacred Muſes.*

75

But (O!) in vain, in vain (alas!) I plain-me;
Som (ſubtle Aſpiks) to eſchew my Charming,
Stop their dull ears; ſom (*Epicures*) diſdain-me
And my aduice; and ſcoff my zealous warning.

76

Som, for a ſeaſon liſten to my Laws,
But ſoon *Relapſe*, through the Worlds ſorceries;
And this diſcourſe (which but the Vertuous draws)
Enters at one ear, and at th'other flies.

77 Alas!

77

Alas! I see scarce one (nay, none at all)
That courts not *Venus*; or corrupts not more
His golden *Honie*, with profaner *Gall*:
Although this Age of happy Wits have store.

78

But thou (my Darling) whom before thy birth,
The *Sacred Nine* that lip th'immortall spring
Of *Pegasus*, predestin'd to set forth
Th'Almightie's glory, and his prayse to sing:

79

Although their Subiect seem a barren soyl,
Which finest Wits have left for fallow fields;
Yet, do thou never from this task recoil:
For, *what is rarest, greatest glory yields.*

80

Faint not (my *Salust*) though fell *Envy* bark
At the bright *Rising* of thy fair *Renown*;
Fear not her malice; for, thy living *Work*
(In spight of spight) shall not be troden down.

81

That *Fames*-foe Monster, is much like a Curr,
That fiercely barks at every new-com Guest;
But, once-acquainted, after doth not sturr,
Saving at strangers; fawning on the rest.

82

Or like a thick, dark, pitchie Clowd of smoak,
That round-about, a kindling Fier suppresses
With waving smother, the new Flame to choak:
But, as the *Flame* augments, the *Fume* decreases.

83

Wherefore (my deer) that *sacred Path* pursue,
Where none but Heav'n-blest happy spirits can pase:
And heer I swear, that shortly for thy due,
Among best Wits thou shalt have worthy place.

84 With

84

With theſe ſweet accents (grac'd in vtterance)
VRANIA, holding in her Maiden-hand
A glorious Crown, rapt-vp (in *ſacred Trance*)
My proſtrate ſoule, preſt to her high Command.

85

Since when, alone *that Loue* my heart hath fired;
Since when, alone that Winde my ſayls hath ſpread:
O happy! might I touch that *Crown* (deſired)
But with my hand, not put it on my head.

86

Now out of zeal *to your deer* Name *and* You
(*Deer* noble Name, *that I muſt aye affect*:
And whoſe Diſaſters, *I muſt euer rue*)
This MONVMENT of Honour *I erect*
To you (*ſweet* ESSEX) *as your* Vertues *due*,
For an eternall token *of Reſpect*:
Where, your great worth, *and my* good-will *ſhall ſtand*
Inrowld for ever, with VRANIA's *hand*.

FINIS.

of
FAITH,
formerly
DEDICATED,
and now again,
for euer
Conſecrated to the
grate-ful Memorie *of*
the firſt kinde Foſterer of
our tender Muſes, my neuer-
ſufficiently-Honored deer Vncle
W. PLVMB, *Eſq.*

For whoſe deer Bones we would a Toomb aduance
Of Golde, and Silver, and CORINTHIAN Braſſe,
VVith Ivorie Pillars mixt with Iette and Rance,
Rarer and richer than th'olde CARIAN's was;



His Vertues ſhining bright: *And round-about it wright* *With Stories of his Fame:* *And ſtately deck the ſame*

But, ſith the moſt of our poore Meanes (alas!)
Not the leaſt part of that Rich Pride affoords;
For want of Wealth, we build a Toomb of Words:

* * *Which (though it coſt leſs) ſhall out-laſt* * *
* * *The proud cloud-threatning Battlements,* * *
* * *Th'aſpiring Spires by* NILVS *plac't,* * *
* * *And Hell-deep-fownded Monuments.* * *

For greedy waſte of Houres, that al things els deuours,
Spares the ſweet Maydes of ſacred HELICON:
And thoſe fayre Ladyes, to their Friendes alone,
This pretious Gift doo give, Still (after Death) to Live.

THE TRIVMPH OF FAITH.

To Guy de Faur, *Lord of* Pibrac: W. Saluſtius du BARTAS.

I Hate theſe Satyres, that the beſt ſtill bite:
I hate the ſhameleſſe Penns that ſooth the vitious:
For, theſe be flatterers, and thoſe malitious:
But, wiſe is he can hit the Mean aright.
I pinch not oft, nor doo I often praiſe:
Yet, muſt I needs praiſe the praiſe-worthie ſtill:
I cannot hold my free and forward quill
From thoſe whom Heauen adorns with ſpeciall rayes.
Now, all that God doth by retail beſtowe
On perfect'ſt men, to thee in groſſe he gines:
Therefore my Muſe thy praiſe ſo often drines,
For duties ſake, but not to flatter ſo.
Our Age's wonder! when thy tongue (refin'd
By vſe and Art) in our King's name dilates
With Counſails, Germain or furr'd Poliſh States,
The ſweet-tongu'd Cyneas thou doſt make vs minde.
In Priuy counſell, when our miſeries
Thou dooſt be-moan, moſt Neſtor-like thou art:
And when, in Paris Parlament, thy part
Of Lawes thou plead'ſt, thou ſeem'ſt to Sczuolize.
Thy Latine Proſe dooth match ſmooth Saluſts ſtile:
And when thy Pen diſtils the Nectar ſweet
Of Helicon (where all the Muſes meet)
Me thinks I read ſweet Virgill all the while.
In honour of theſe gifts, this gift I bring,
Small for my pains, great for the Argument:
But if the Heav'ns had richer treaſure lent,
Thy New-yeeres-gift ſhould be ſom better thing.

THE TRIVMPH OF FAITH.



THE TRIVMPH OF FAITH.

Canto I.

1

NEer th'hour that *Erycin' Aurora* calls,
And ſhe the Sun, ſad *Morpheus* entring in
Through's hornie gate, to ſhew me did begin
A ſacred Virgin's ſtately TRIVMPHALS.

2

Then *Faith* (for ſo ſhe hight) bids, with celeritie,
Of Pen and Paper that I make proviſion
To wright the ſumm of this celeſtiall Viſion,
To be recorded vnto all Poſterity.

3

I knowe my taske to be impoſſible:
I knowe, in this, mans eyes are beetle-blinde:
His eares quite deaf: clean voide of ſenſe his minde:
But, hardeſt things *Faith* makes moſt poſſible.

4

Eternall Sun, O ſcatter with thy Light
All miſtie clouds, that make me not to ſee
Thy health-full face; and giue true *Faith* to mee,
Since Faith (ſans *Faith*) cannot be knowen aright.

5

FAITH ſits triumphant on a Carr of gold,
Of *Tubals* making, where blew Saphires ſhine,
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought els the world more coſtly hold.

6

Her glorious Charret's rowling wheels are like
The holy wheels the great *Ezekiel* ſaw;
For, one ſelf ſpirit, ſelf winde, and will doth draw,
Their reſtleſs courſes, equall, both a-like.

7 The

7

The Bird that led the *Roman* Standards out:
The Bird that fixtly can oppoſe his eyes
Againſt the greateſt light in all the skies;
High through the ayr, drawes this rich Coach about.

8

Faith flaunts it not in ſilver, ſilk, nor gold,
Nor pretious ſcarlet of the *Tyrian* Die,
Nor paints her face to hide deformity;
But, as ſhe is, ſhe doth her ſelf vnfold.

9

Her body (that all bodies doth diſgrace)
Like *Iuno*'s Bird, is full of watchfull eyes
Whoſe holy glaunces pearce the lofty skies,
Pearce Air, and Heav'n, and ſee God face to face.

10

Sh'hath many ſweet and flowing tongues to prayſe
The Lord of Hoaſts: ſh'hath ſtrong and mighty wings
(Paſſing the ſwiftnes of all earthly things)
That in a moment vp to Heav'n her rayſe.

11

Her glorious head is compaſt with a Crown,
Not made of Olive, Pine, or Lawrell bough,
Nor Parſly Wreath, which *Grecians* did allow
Th' *Olympian* games, for ſignals of renown:

12

But, of freſh Roſes pluckt from Honours Tree,
That never ſhrink for Winters chilling froſt,
Nor wither not, when *Titan* patcheth moſt:
For, by the Lord they ever watred be.

13

Now, ſtain-les *Truth* for Standards doth diſplay
Two Teſtaments: next, *Courage* marſhals right
Th'vndaunted Troops that are prepar'd to fight
Vnder her Colours, into battail-ray.

14

Then, *Conſtancy* bears a two-edged Blade,
And *Patience* an impenetrable Shield,
Whoſe brightnes hath inforç't more Monſters yield,
Then that which of grim *Gorgon's* head was made.

15

Next, *Charity*, that kindely doth prefer
Her neighbours good before her owne vtility:
Repentance, *Hope*, and hearty-milde *Humility*,
Doo flank the wings of *Faith's* triumphant Carr.

16

For, *Faith* (indeed) without her Maids were vain.
But, as the Sun can never lack his light,
Nor fire want heat: ſo (if we mark-aright)
Faith cannot want theſe Hand-mayds in her train.

17

Before this Coach, there is a Beldam gon,
That ſeems (at firſt) fairer then *Hellen* was:
But, neerer view'd, ſhe is more foul (alas!)
Then fell *Megera*, *Alecto* & *Teſiphon*.

18

She never goes (like *Faith*) with open face;
But ſeeks for masks, vizards, and garments gay,
For cloke on cloke, to keep the light away,
Of her loath'd limbs to hide the foul diſgrace.

19

Sh'hath tongues (like *Faith*) with which ſhe boldly chats,
Blaſpheming Heav'n with filthy vanities;
Sh'hath eyes, like *Faith*: but yet (alas!) thoſe eyes
See clear by night, by day are blinde as Bats.

20

Sh'hath wings (like *Faith*) with which ſhe ſoars on hie,
Like *Icarus*, ſhe proudly mounts aloft;
Forgetting that her feathers are ſo ſoft,
Till *Phœbus* force her waxen wings do frie.

She

21

She (whom, *ſans* reaſon, men haue *Reaſon* hight)
Since firſt, in Fire, the Lord the Air inclos'd;
In Air the Sea, in Sea the Earth diſpos'd;
Hath with milde *Faith* maintain'd continuall fight;

22

Now, arming Kings, and putting in their brains,
That nothing leſs beſeems their Royall State,
Than vnder *Faith* their Scepters to abate:
Then to indure her gentle-ruling reans.

23

Another-while, ſhe puffs with poyſony pride
(Whom their Diſciples onely Doctors deem)
Such as (I grant) haue ſpent much oyl, and time,
To draw mens ſoules from the true way, too-wide.

24

Yet ſtill, the Lord (who ſtill vpholds the iuſt)
Hath ſtill the cauſe of holy *Faith* maintain'd:
Hath ſtill, ſo well her holy ſide ſuſtayn'd,
That ſtill her Foes lie groveling in the duſt.

25

A thouſand Princes, bound in fetters faſt,
Before her march, that her milde Yoak diſdeign'd:
That all the Earth with blood of Saints diſteyn'd,
And Chriſt his Church with Fire and Sword did waſte.

26

He that (the firſt) in this worlds Pupillage,
Brain'd his owne brother, leads this bloudy crew: *Cain.*
Then th'hardned Tyrant that did dare purſue
Through the Red-Sea Gods choſen Heritage. *Pharaoh.*

27

Then ſaw I him, that *Zachary* did ſtone, *Ioaſh.*
Athalia, *Ahab*, wicked *Abian*,
Occozias, *Amon*, *Abaz*, and *Ioram*:
Then all that ſate on the *Samarian* Throne.

28

Nebuchadnezzar I saw *Senacherib*, and Him whose Grace
Was turn'd to grass, proud *Hammon* and with-all
Braue *Holophernes*, and who on the Wall
Baltsazar. Read how his Kingdom to the *Medes* should passe.

29

Annas and *Caiaphas*, and he that set
His hatefull Idoll in the holy Place,
Antiochus illustris. Which five *Iew*-brethren bravely did deface:
These all, too-late, in sad repentance fret.

30

Herod. The Tyrant too, that (at our Saviours birth)
In Cradles kill'd so many Innocents:
Pilat. And that vile Iudge, whose feared conscience
Condemn'd the guilt-les Iudge of all the earth.

31

Nero. That viperous Monster (of Man-kinde the shame)
Who, Mother, Wives, Brethren, and Sisters slue,
Then from a lofty Tour did laugh to view
Rome's glittering Spires all on a burning flame,

32

With *Seuenth Seuerus* came accompanied:
Iule, *Maximin*, with fell *Maximian*,
Cruell *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*,
That (God-les) would like God be honoured.

33

Then saw I him, that served *Sapores*
Valerian. For foot-stoole base: I saw *Aurelian*,
Decius, *Lycinus*, and *Hostilian*;
And fell *Maxentius*, marching next to these.

34

I saw great *Traian*, learn'd *Aurelius*,
And learned *Diocletian*: all which three
Among wise *Cæsars* might well praysed be,
Had they not been 'gainst Christians barbarous.

35 *Iustin*

35

Iuſtin, *Theodorus*, *Conſtantinus* Sonne,
Heraclius, *Valence*, *Conſtance*, *Manuel*, *Anaſtaſius.*
And that *Bizantian* Prince, that did miſ-tell
A foure-fold Eſſence in the onely ONE. *Comnens.*

36

Then (*Goaths* and *Vandals*) *Genſ'ric*, *Traſimond*)
Honorius, *Theodorus*, *Totilas*,
Alaricus, and *Rhoteris* (alas!)
Who *Rome*, and *Afrik* with S^n^ blood haue drown'd,

37

But who is this that laden ſo with chains,
By thouſand hang-men racked with deſpight,
By thouſand furies tot tur'd day and night,
For God-les deeds receiues ſo righteous pains?

38

'Tis *Mahomet*, who more by *Mauors* Art,
Than's *Alcaron* (Bird of a Friers neſt) Sergius a Neſtorian *Monk help* Mahomet *to make his Alcoran.*
Hath all ſubdu'd the wealthy golden Eaſt,
And won with-all the triple world's beſt part.

39

I ſee Prince *Saladine*, of match-les force,
But th' *Alcaron* too-deeply favouring:
Haly th' *Caliphe*, and the wanton King
That did our Maids on *Edeſſ* Altars force.

40

With wrath and woe, old *Ottoman* oppreſt,
Too-late repentance in his face preſents;
And *Mahomet*, the ſecond, much laments
That he the *Greekiſh* Emperie ſuppreſt.

41

So the proud ſcorn of (ſcourge-Turk) *Tamberlain*, *Baiazeth.*
That in an iron Cage was cooped ſtraight;
And he that firſt preſum'd to paſſe the Streight,
Which *Europ*'s bounds divides from th' *Aſian*.

42

Then he that quittance did with *Scythia* cry,
Mahomet 3 And over Sea his Scepter rais'd again;
And *Amurath*, that did repell amain
Vincenslaus, that first had made him fly.

43

Orcan (the *Phrigian*'s fear) and *Calipine*,
Who foil'd *Sigismond*'s hoast, his Father fear'd;
And *Bauazeth*, that, being haughty rear'd
By *Germain Trophees*, did their peace repine.

44

Selim 1 He that his Sire and Brother put to death,
Is with a Cable kill'd; his Son, that quail'd
Solyman. Th' *Hungarian* King, and *Rhodes*, and *Bud* assail'd,
With trembling fear now quakes like Aspen leaf.

45

And neer this *Solyman* ther doth remain
Selim. An empty room for him that yet survives,
Who (by our Kings strange iars) so richly thrives,
That (proud) he threats both *Germany* and *Spain*.

46

O wretched Christians! while your civill rage
Gainst your owne hearts doth arme your proper hands,
O see you not the *Turks* invade your Lands,
And safely spoyl the Lords choise heritage?

47

The discord growen 'twixt the *Bulgarian* King,
And th' Eastern *Cæsar*, even the Bridge it was
For hate-Christ Turks the *Hellespont* to pass,
And so in *Greece* a *Pagan* Scepter bring.

48

The discord of two brethren *Morea* lost,
And (O!) I fear lest Christians home-bred frayes
(Dejecting quite Christs name, and all his prayse)
Bring Turks to land in farthest Western coast.

49 For-

49

Forget then (Christians) your vn-christian iarrs
(Your civill strife for wagging of a straw)
Ioyn harts & hands, and all ioynt weapons draw
In *Faith*'s defence to fight *Iehova*'s warrs.

50

In *Asia* and *Egypt* make your Forces knowen:
Recover *Gaza*, *Antioch*, *Ascalon*,
Tyre, *Sidon*, *Ioppa*, and King *Davids* Throne,
And *Famagosta* lost a yeer agon.

Canto II.

1

THough bloody Tyrants had in every age,
Busiris Altars, Bulls of *Phalaris*,
Gemonid Ladders, making Land and Seas,
And fire, and air, racks of their beastly rage:

2

Yet could they neuer wound the Church so much,
As haue the Writings of the worldly Wise,
Which on mens soules doo felly tyrannize;
The tortures, only did the bodies touch.

3

These *Sages*, puft with self-conceited pride,
Dare to controule th' Almightie's match-less work,
Where mystik Secrets from our senses lurk,
The search wherof the Lord hath vs deni'd.

4

And, though the spred of our too-feeble wings,
Scant rayse vs from the ground, they mount aloft
Even vp to Heav'n, where they do measure oft
(By their Wits compass) God's eternall things.

5

Their knowledge is but meerly ignorance,
They lose the truth in seeking it too much:
For, Truth doth still conceal her self from such,
And to the humble doth her self advance.

6

Truth alwayes dwels within the holy Tables
Of God's liue Word; not in our wanton brain,
Which dayly coyning som strange Error vain,
For Gold takes Lead, for Truth electeth Fables.

7

Long time their reasons were with Reason rife,
To wrack the Church, and *Faith* to ruinate:
But, now I see they doo deteſt too late,
Their former errors and their former life.

8

1 *The ancient Sages of the world*

In formoſt rank, march all *Gymno-ſophiſts*
Follow'd by all the cunning *Perſian Mages*,
Th' old *French Druids*, learned *Calde-Sages*,
And flower of all the *Brachmane-ſophiſts*.

9

2 *Philoſophers, Greeks & Latins*

Pathagoras, *Zeno*, *Xenophanes*,
Parmenides, merrie *Democritus*,
Empedocles, and ſad *Heraclitus*,
Archytas, *Naucides*, *Nauſiphanes*.

10

Brief, all the Doctors of the *Latin* Sect
Tearing their Treſſes, melting into teares,
Beating their breaſts, deteſt thoſe Dreams of theirs:
And ſo the greateſt of the *Greeks* Elect.

11

Anaximander, *Anaximenes*,
Myleſian *Thales*, *Anaxagoras*,
Gnawen with continuall care, cry out (alas)
On their owne Errors, and ſo *Socrates*.

12 *Clean-*

12

Cleanthes, and *Chrysippus* next to these,
With *Zeno* (*Stoike*) that haue oft seen stray'd:
And next the *Cynikes* (all as ill-appay'd)
Diogenes, *Crates*, *Antisthenes*.

13

There, the grand Patrons of each *Academ*,
Plato, *Speusippus*, and *Zenocrates*,
Clytomachus, *Crantor*, *Carneades*;
And he that labours to conciliate them.

14

There mourns in vain *Pyrrhon* (Son of *Plistarchus*)
That (fond) believes not what his ears do hear,
Eyes see, nose smells, tongue tastes, and hands do bear:
Then *Timon*, *Hecate*, and *Anaxarchus*.

15

There, the *Stagirian* (that with learned vain, *Aristotle.*
In's Works includes the *Encyclopedy*)
Sorrie t'haue led so many soules awry,
With *Strato* and *Theophrastus* doth complain.

16

There carnall *Epicurus* wayls with tears,
And *Metodorus*, next to whom there came
Both *Aristippi*, *Aretas*, and that same
Vile wretch that coyn'd a worser sect than theirs:

17

I mean that Monster *Theodorus* hight,
Who shame-less sayes, There is no God at all:
And that the Wise may (when occasions fall)
Be Lyer, Traytor, Theef, and Sodomite.

18

Alas! how true the Proverb proves too plain,
Saying, *Bad weeds grow every-where a-pace:*
But, wholsom hearbs scant spring in any place
Without great labour, and continuall pain.

19 O *Gracians* Baen, thy mortifying mores
To growe in *Rome* the swelling Seas haue croſt;
From *Rome* too ſoon over the *Alps* have paſt
As far as *France*, and all her neighbour ſhoars.

20 Thy deadly Plant now buds on Iuſtice Throne,
In Chriſtian Camps, and Courts of Chriſtian Kings,
In Church and Chair, and every-where ſo ſprings,
That with thy thiſtles all is over-growen.

21 But, now return we to our task again:
All theſe Wiſe-men, of *God* have falſe defin'd,
Of *Cheefeſt-good*, *Soules*, or wrong place aſſign'd,
Where (dead) we feel, or end-les peace or pain.

3. Deceipfull Sophiſts and Apoſtataes, opē Enemies of Chriſt.

22 Thoſe that ſince Chriſt (true Son of righteouſneſs)
On our *Horizon* brought the dayes broad light,
Haue led men's ſoules in dark eternall night,
Feel torments worthy of their wickedneſs.

23

Next *Symmachus*, *Porphirius* marches firſt,
Lucian, and *Celſus* then, whoſe hardned heart
The Goſpell (knowen) did labour to ſubvert,
And *Iulian* alſo, of all *Cæſars* worſt:

24

Who, knowing well that tortures were but vain
To force the Saints from the right Faith to ſtraie;
(By ſugred ſtile) ſtudies another way,
Turns truth to lies, and lies to truth again.

25

4. Cabaliſts, and Talmudiſts, Rabbies.

Next, I perceive the Circumciſed Crew
Of *Cabaliſts*, and burly *Talmudiſts*,
Troubling the Church with their myſterious Miſts,
Who wel-nigh dead 'gainſt CHRIST do ſpet and ſpew:

26

Much like to Snakes, that wagg their ſting-les ſting,
When as (their heads and bodies being ſlain)
They threat their Foes with force-les fury vain,
And to their Graues their Thirſt of vengeance bring.

27 Now

27

Now com the Doctors of the *Alcaron*,
Who mingling poyſon, by their ſubtill gloſe,
The World's blinde eyes with darker Clouds incloſe;
They ſhew their ſorrow by their ſaddeſt mone.

5. Turkiſh Doctors.

28

But, who are theſe that wear *Faith*'s Livery,
And bear the badge of *Faith*'s beſt Souldiars;
And yet are laden with ſuch bolts and bars;
And ſo deſpiſed of *Faith*'s company?

6. Heretiks old and new.

29

Theſe (if I err not) are the *Heretiks*,
Who (puſht by proud and curious ſpirits) do blend
Both Heav'n and Earth, and buſily contend,
To lead the World in crooked paths and Creeks.

30

Now, as ſoft windes, with ſtraight conſtrayned breath
(Through chinks and crannies ſtealing privily)
Hurt more our health, than boiſtrous blaſts that fly
And roule (abroad) the ſtones vpon a heath:

31

And, as the Foe that ſhakes the Citie's walls
With thundring ſhot, is not ſo dangerous,
As a lewd Burgeſs falſe and mutinous,
That in the Town ſtirs-vp domeſtik brauls:

32

So, *Pagans*, *Turks*, *Iews*, doo not dammifie
The Faith, like theſe: their open violence
May be avoyded: but falſe fair-pretence
Is hardly ſcaped with much ieopardie.

33

They make (like vs) a fair religious ſhowe:
They haue (like vs) one Church, one FAITH, one Lord:
They read (like vs) one Bible, and one Word:
So ſly they are, Gods Church to over-throwe.

34 In

34

In foremoſt rank, heer go the *Sadduces*,
That to deny Angels, and Reſurrection;
Both Spirits of grace, and of reiection:
Then th' *Eſſeans* foul, and Formal *Phariſes*.

35

Simon Magus. Nicolaus, *Author of the Sect of the* Nicolaites.

Next, that deceiver, that deviſed firſt
Church-chaffering: and after him inſues
That mariage-Foe, who brutiſhly renews
Pluto's (not *Plato's*) *Common*-law accurſt.

36

Cerinthus next, all bruis'd, and bleeding freſh,
Of Beam-paſht wounds that brain'd him ſuddainly,
When in the Baths (profane) he did denie
Chriſts holy God-head, hidden in our fleſh.

37

For having likewiſe warr'd againſt the ſame
God-head of th' onely *Man-God*; *Ebion*,
Paul, *Samyan*, *Photin*, *Carp'crate*, *Artemon*,
Shewe by their looks their ſorrow and their ſhame.

38

There mourns that *Manés*, who did fondly fain
Two divers Gods, Authors of Good and Ill;
There *Valentin* the air with cries doth fill,
Who did deny that bodies Riſe again.

39

Cerdon (great Patron of the Stoicall)
Marcion, *Menander* pitious Moan do make:
There ſighes *Apelles*, ſaying Chriſt did take
Not (ſimply) fleſh, but fleſh fantaſticall.

40

There goes *Baſilides*, who canoniz'd
Cyrenean Simon, in our SAVIOVRS ſteed;
Montanus there (a frantik head indeed)
Who guiltleſs Children kill'd and ſacrifiz'd.

41 There,

41

There, *Tatians*, *Encratits*, *Severians*,
Sabellians too, which (seeking th'vnity,
In Gods great Essence) lost the Trinity;
Abhor too-late their fond conclusions.

42

There, th' *Alexandrian* Priest, that yerst did voyd *Arrius.*
His entrails at the stool, whose Heresie
(Witching wel-neer th'Earths Vniversity)
With Sword and Schism the World so much annoy'd,

43

Sadly beholds sad-marching *Macedonius*
And *Eunomius*, who at the first had sowen
His poysonie seeds; but after, of their owne
They gathered two other Sects erronious.

44

Bizantian Nestor, and (*our owne*) *Pelagius*,
Libian Donatus, *Luciferians*,
*Eutichean*s fond, and fond *Priscillians*,
All frown and fret, for inward grief outrageous.

45

Shall I conceal *Servetus*, and the train
Of those *Deists* that in *Sarmatia* swarms:
And (Kingling) *Muncer*, that with frantik arms,
Founds hundred sorts of Anabaptists vain?

46

Both *Syrtes* sands I might as eas'ly number,
As number those, whose sweet inchanting Writs
With Error's dregs have drenched wanton Wits,
Chiefly 'n this Age, which all corruptions cumber.

47

For, Satan now him so insinuates
In faithless hearts, that ween themselves be wise,
That so foul Error can he not devise,
But shall be backt by strong associates.

48

I see the Beast, that bears the purple Whore
7. *Antichrist & the Schismatiks.* (Great Anti-christ vsurping powr divine)
Set on Seaven Hills; who with her whordom's wine
Makes drunk the Princes that her Seat adore.

49

And (last of all) I see the *Schismatiks*,
Which (renting Christ's vnseamed coat in twain)
Trouble the Church-peace with contentions vain;
Following too neer the steps of *Heretiks*.

Canto III.

1

GReat Sire's great Son! O liue, God's liuely face,
Wisedom conceiued of the onely Wise:
To vs given Giver: First and Last: born twise;
Once, in full Time; once, out of all Times space.

2

Beam of that Sun which fills the world with Light:
Life of our life, our death's death, Stinger's sting:
Our perfect, wise, iust, holy, valiant King,
Word, that no word can full expres aright:

3

O Lord, draw, draw me, draw me from this throng,
Whose feet and hands are bold to war with thee;
For, with dry eyes I can them never see,
Nor without grief recite them in my Song.

4

Ah! I am out; now (my deer God) I goe
From *Babel* to *Ierusalem*, the Land
Of Life, Saints house, and holy Ark, to stand
Against all Seas, and all rough storms that blowe.

5 Lo

5

Lo heer theſe Champions that haue (brauely-bold)
Withſtood proud Tyrants, ſtoutly conſacring
Their liues and ſoules to God, in ſuffering:
Whoſe names are all in Life's fair Book in-roll'd.

6

All-hail, Saint-Souldiers, let vs once imbrace:
O valiant Knights! let me your hands and brows
Adorn with Palms, and with *Apollo's* boughs:
Let preſent honours former ſhames deface.

7

Com, ſacred Kings; O holy Princes com:
Com to this Triumph, Lords, whoſe valiant hands
Haue Satan's kingdom ſought to bring in bands,
And in your Crowns giv'n *Faith* the chiefeſt room.

8

He, that (the firſt) *Iſaac* infranchized, *Moſes.*
Leads by the hand that Duke, whoſe faithfull word *Ioſua.*
Stopt *Phœbus* Courſers, and whoſe conquering Sword
Subdu'd the *Land* the Lord had *Promiſed.*

9

He that, but armed with an Aſſes bone, *Samſon.*
Slew thouſand Foes, *Sangar*, *Othoniel*,
Ahod, and *Ieptha*, *Barac*, *Samuel*,
And (th' Heathen's ſcourge) triumphant *Gedeon.*

10

That great King-Prophet, Poet, Conqueror, *David.*
Sweet Pſalmograph: *Aſa*, that Idols brake:
He that made all the Idol-altars quake; *Ioſias.*
And (after) did the Paſchal Lamb reſtore.

11

Ioſaphat, *Ioathan*, *Azarias*;
And he, whoſe life the Lord did diſ-abbridge,
Whom Heav'nly arms, from *Aſſur* did vnſledge,
The moſt religious, match-leſs *Ezechias.*

12 Wiſe

12

Wise *Mardochey*; and the five *Maccabees*;
All, the right heirs of heart and zeal paternall,
Receiue their guerdon from the great Eternall,
And vp again their stooping standards raise.

13

Before these Warriours, and the Royall band,
March holy Fathers, that with vertue rare,
And holy Doctrine, did the Diuell dare;
Foyling the force of his infernall hand.

14

Enos, by whom this World's great Archi-tect
Was call'd vpon, leadeth (religious)
Henoch. That holy Father God took vp from vs:
Noah. And him whose ship did saue the world Elect.

15

Then *Sem* and *Iapheth*, and great *Abraham*,
Isaak. The Faithfull's Father; and his faithfull Son,
And then his Nephew that saw Angels run
Iacob. Both vp & down frō Heav'n to th'earthly frame.

16

Aron, *Eleazar*, *Phinees* full of zeal,
Good *Ioyada*, and hundred Priests select,
That were by Heav'n, by zeal, and Church elect,
To keep the law, the Lord did once reveal.

17

Zacharias. His Father, who was sent to sweep the way
Ioseph. Of sweet *Messias*; then, the man suppos'd
To be His Sire, then He that him inclos'd
Simeon. In's ioyfull arms, and sung a Swan-like Lay.

18

Then *Barnabas*, *Titus*, and *Timothy*,
(*Paul*'s famous Frends, Sins fierce and deadly Foes)
And he that did, by Sol's Eclipse, suppose
Som greater Sun to be Eclips't than he.

19 Then

19

Then (this brave *Triumph* to adorn the more)
All on a rowe a hundred Prophets com,
Which haue so sure fore-told the things to-com,
As if (indeed) they had been don before.

20

There first com's he, that in the Coach of fire — *Elias.*
By Gods strong Spirit was rapt above the Air:
And then his Seruant, that was made his heir — *Elizeus.*
Of cloak and knowledge, as he did desire.

21

He that reproov'd old *Ishay's* Sceptred Son, — *Nathan.*
For double fault; *Amos, Ezechiel,*
Ioel, Semyah, Abdiah, Daniel,
And he that three dayes in the Sea did won. — *Ionas.*

22

With these, I see the Sonn of *Barachie,* — *Zachariah.*
Both *Michais, Baruc, Iehu, Ieremias,*
Agg', Abacuc, Nahum, and *Sophonias.*
Abias, Hose, Esdras, Malachie.

23

The glorious troop, that march before this troop,
Are Martyrs all, who (full of constant zeal)
Their faith in fract with their owne blouds did seal,
And never did to any Tyrant stoop.

24

Their blessed bloud is like the morning dewe,
To make more fertil all the Churches field:
These are the weapons that in force to yield
The furious foe (examples not a fewe).

25

For, as a fruit-Tree lopped in *December,*
For one old Trunk, many new twigs returns,
Which Nature kindely with sweet fruit adorns:
So, one sole Martyr many doth ingender.

26

First *Abel* goes, then *Ioyad*'s zealous Son
That neer the Altar (constant) yielded breath;
Esay. *Iohn Baptist.* The next goes he *Manasses* put to death;
Then he whose head th'incestuous Dancer won.

27

Next *Salone* and her Sons, who rather chose
To cross the King than God, strengthning each other
Even in their death; Sons worthy such a Mother,
And Mother worthy of such Sons as those.

28

That *Proto-Martyr*, the yong faithfull *Steven*,
Whom th'hatefull *Iews* with hellish rage did stone;
Who, dying, saw Christ Iesus on his Throne,
Leads those that for like cause their lives have given.

29

Som, smear'd with honey, for the Flies were feasts:
Som, men did eat, som were on Griditons broyl'd:
Som, nayl'd on Crosses, som in Caldrons boyl'd.
And som were throwen to most devouring beasts.

30

After the Champions of this humble Troop,
I see fair *Sara*, *Rebecca*, *Rachel*:
Then *Debora*, stout *Iudeth*, and *Iahel*,
Who (Faiths Viragoes) their proud Foes did stoop.

31

Hester. Then she that (rais'd to Royall state and stile)
Preserv'd her people, in a rank she goes
With *Naomi*, *Ruth*, and the Dame that chose
Susanna. Rather to die, than Nuptiall bed defile.

32

From these, mine eie no sooner trauerseth,
But I discern three Ladies zealous-led,
That sought their living Lord among the dead:
Then *Anna*, *Martha*, and *Elizabeth*.

33 But

33

But, my weak eyes cannot indure to gaze
On beaming beauties of that *Mother-Maid*,
Who Sier-leſs bore her Sire, yet ever-maid;
Of Faith and Loue th'inimitable maze.

The Virgin Mary.

34

This, this (my *Muſe*) this is th' *Aurora* cleer
Which brought the Sun to light the world vnkinde,
A Virgin pure in body and in minde,
Chriſt's Mother, Siſter, Spouſe, and Daughter deer.

35

God's holy Temple, and the happy ſtair,
Wher-by the Heav'ns came down to dwell with Earth,
Rich-fraighted Ship, Veſſell of rareſt worth,
Where *Phœbus* hid his beams moſt bright and fair.

Canto IIII.

1

I Thought to haue been now at my Races end,
T'haue (though vnworthy) born away the priſe:
But I fall ſhort, my task doth longer riſe;
For, half the *Trophè* is yet hardly penn'd.

2

Before *Faith's* Coach, born in convenient heighe,
Are curious Tables draw'n by cunning hand,
Where (after guiſe of warlik Romans) ſtand
The Victories of never-conquer'd *Faith*.

3

Heer, *Iericho's* cloud-kiſſing Towrs doo fall,
Batter'd alone by *Faith's* great Ordinance:
A coumpt-leſs hoaſt of craking Idolants,
By *Eſaie's* Faith, is heer confounded all.

Ioſua. 6. 20.

2. King. 18, 33
2. Chron. 32, 20

4 By *Eſa. 37, 21*

4

By Faith, meek *Moſes* with a zeal-full ire
Exod. 7, 8, 9 Arms ſmalleſt Worms, th'*Egyptian* King to vex;
Dan. 6. 22 *Daniel*, by Faith, fierce Lyons fury checks,
And quenches Dragons hot impoyſoning fire.

5

Act. 28, 5 Heer, *Paul*, by Faith, fears not (in *Mitylene*)
The deadly ſting of th'vgly Viper-worm:
Ionas 2. 2 Heer, myching *Ionas* (ſunk in ſuddain Storm)
Of his Deliverance finds a fiſh the mean.

6

Then, in another Table, that was fram'd
By Art, exceeding Art; I did eſpie
Pale Death, blithe Health, and frail Infirmity,
That had by Faith a thouſand times been tam'd.

7

Num. 12, 10 *Moſes*, by Faith doth *Myriam* leperize:
2. King. 6, 14, 17 By Faith, *Eliſha* (curing *Naaman*
The *Syrian* Prince) ſtrikes inſtantly his man
With his Diſeaſe, for Bribing Covetize.

8

1. King. 13, 4, 6 A man of God, by Faith, firſt ſtrangely dri'd,
Then heal'd again that King's vnholy hand,
Who made ten Tribes of God's (then) choſen Land
From God, and from their lawfull Prince to ſlide.

9

Act. 13, 11 By Faith, Saint *Paul* ſtark-blinded *Elymas*:
By Faith, Saint *Peter* (full of iuſt diſdaign)
With ſuddain death did ſmite thoſe periur'd twain
Act. 5, 5, 16 That durſt diſſemble with the Spirit of Grace.

10

Tob. 11, 12 By Faith, young *Toby* kindely doth reſtore
Act. 3, 6, & 14, 10. His Father's ſight; by ſacred Faith likewiſe
Two crooked Cripples are made ſtraight to riſe;
In *Liſtra* th'one, th'other at Temple dore.

11

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did a rich *Maltois* cure
Of grievous Flix, that him afflicted ſore: *Act.* 21,8
By Faith, Saint *Peter* likewiſe did reſtore
A Palſie-ſick that eight yeers did indure. *Act.* 9.34

12

By Faith, Saint *Paul* did *Eutichus* re-lyue: *Act.* 20, 10
By Faith, *Elias* rais'd the *Sareptite*; 1. *King.* 17,21
Eliſha rayſed the young *Sunamite*: 2. *King.* 4,33
At *Ioppa*, *Peter Dorcas* did revive. *Act.* 9,40

13

Then in another Picture I did view The foure Elements.
The foure firſt bodies of this maſſie Globe;
Green-gowned *Tellus*, *Vulcan* Scarlet-robe,
Py'd mantled *Iuno*, *Neptune* clad in blew.

14

Eliſha's Faith brought, from the lofty Skies, 2. *King.* 6.17
Bright fiery Charrets 'gainſt the *Syrian* hoaſt;
Elias Faith (ſcorning the *Baal*-Prieſts boaſt) 1. *King.* 18,38
Fier'd without fire his moated Sacrifice.

15

By Faith, three *Hebrues*, caſt in ſeaven-fold flame
By a proud Prince, eſcape the raging Fire *Dan.* 3,27
(Their very garments ſent-leſs and entire)
While their Tormentors periſh in the ſame.

16

Moſes, by Faith, makes fire from Heav'n to fall *Leuit.* 10,11
In th' *Hebrue* hoaſt, thoſe wretches to conſume, *Num.* 16,35
Whoſe profane hands with profane Fire and Fume,
God's holy Altar had polluted all.

17

Moſes by Faith (heard by the God of powr)
Compels the Mountain's burly ſides to ſhake;
Commands the Earth to rent, and yawn, and quake, *Num.* 16,30
To ſwallow Rebels, and them quick devour.

18

Moſes by Faith divides the Sea in twain,
Exod.14,21 When *Iſraël* came out of *Egypt* Land:
Then, in the Deſert's dry and barren ſand,
Exod. 17,9 From flinty Rocks doth plentious Rivers ſtrain.

19

Exod.7,20 *Moſes*, by faith converts to foul black blood
The Cryſtall Current of the ſeaven-fold *Nile*:
Exod.15,25 By Faith again, he makes (another while)
Thoſe ſtinking waters, holſom, ſweet, and good.

20

Thrice, ſilver *Iordan* did it ſelf divide,
To giue ſafe paſſage to God's deer-belov'd;
Ioſua.3,16 Once by the Faith of valiant *Ioſuah* proov'd:
2.King.2,8,14 *Elias* once: once by *Eliſha* tri'd.

21

The zealous *Thisbit* did by Faith ſeal-vp
The Heav'ns wide windows, that ther fell no Rain
1.King.18,41 In ſeaven-ſix months; and then by Faith again
(To drench the dry Earth) ſet them all wide-ope.

22

Likewiſe by Faith the nimble-winged train,
That cleave the Air, are to our ſervice ſet,
1.King.16,6 The Ravens are made to bring *Elias* meat,
Gen 8,11 The Dove ſerves *Noah*, Quails for *Moſes* rain:
Exod.16,13

23

O! who is able Faith to countermand?
If Faith doo force all-taming yron yield,
If Faith make yron flote on *Neptunes* field,
2.King.6.6 If that *Eliſha's* Faith ſtrong ſteel command.

24

Faith hath not onely powr on things terrene,
Both high and lowe; but oftentimes doth force,
Gods iuſtice too, and ſomtimes ſeems (perforce)
God's purpoſes to change and alter clean.

25 The

25

The *Niniuits*, by Faith (repenting) shun
Their over-throwe, that *Ionas* threatned neer: *Ionas.3,10*
And *Ahaz* Son by Faith adds fifteen yeer
To his short life, that seem'd already don. *2.King.20.10*

26

Now, if the giver of this Faith (we see)
Seem to incline and bow vnto her still,
As bound and ready to obey her will;
What marvell is't if Angels be not free?

27

The Angels serue in *Ezechias* pay; *2.King.19,35*
By Faith, they bring the *Thisbit* needfull Cates: *1.King.19*
By Faith, they ope for *Peter* prison gates: *Acts 12.7*
By Faith, to *Iacob* they direct the way. *Gen.32,1.*

28

About twelue paces past these former Pomps,
Full many sacred Minstrels sound, on hie,
Triumphant Faith's great name and dignity,
Tuning aloft their Clarions, Flutes, and Tromps.

29

Mark, *Matthew*, *Luke*, & (the Lords deerest) *Iohn*,
Christs Secretaries, winde with such a brest,
Their warbling Cornets, that from East to West
Through all the World their sacred sound is gon.

30

Both *Iameses*, one the Son of *Zebedeus*,
Th' other *Alphæus*, *Thomas*, *Simon*, *Andrew*,
Peter, *Mathias*, *Philip*, *Bartholomew*,
Paul (Gentile's Doctor) with-the good *Thaddeus*,

31

Sound with so sweet accord their Sagbuts long,
And their shril Fifes (heard from the North to *Nile*)
As if one spirit did fill them all the while,
And one same hand had set their holy Song.

32

While thus my ſpirit this ſtrange diſcourſe did cumber,
Rare-builder *Progne*, earlier then the reſt,
Beginning th'out-moſt of her curious neſt,
Brake, with her prattling, my deep pleaſing ſlumber.

33

Sorry to be ſo ſuddain wak't; I would
I were a Dor-Mouſe for a hundred yeer,
That I might ſleep full twenty Luſtres heer,
To ſhun the woes that waking I behold.

34

For now (alas!) waking (with grief) I ſee
Babel tryumphing over *Sion* ſtill:
And on the Good th'Vngodly work their will:
The Wicked prais'd, the Righteous ſcorned be.

35

I ſee (alas!) in theſe lamented Times,
Mens greateſt zeal in bloudy murther ſtands:
Profane our hearts, and ſo profane our hands:
Bare Chriſtian Name ſerves but to cloak our crimes.

36

Inceſt's a ſport, and Murther Man-hood thought:
Diſloyalty a ſpeciall Vertue deem'd:
And Periury ſound Policy eſteem'd:
Medea's Arts, and *Sodomie* are taught.

37

Maydens be bold, and Wives be impudent,
Princes are Tyrants, people full of rage:
This Age is ſink of every former Age,
Receiving each Sinn's vglieſt excrement.

38

But, my ſwolne breſt, ſhut-vp thy ſighe's ſad gate:
Stop, Stop, mine eyes, the paſſage of your tears;
Caſt-off, my heart, thy deep deſpairing fears;
That which moſt grieues me, moſt doth conſolate.

39 No,

39

No, no: my Dream is true; ſoon ſhall we ſee
Faith's glory ſhine; Satan (perceiuing nie
His prides Eclipſe) his greateſt force doth trie,
To ſtop great *Faith*'s triumphant victorie.

40

Sure if my Card and Compaſſe doo not fail,
W'are neer the Port, where (danger being paſt)
We need not fear the billow, nor the blaſt
Of bluſtring windes, nor Seas that can aſſail.

41

Our beaſtly manners, like *Gomorrha*'s guiſe:
The troubled Seaſons: Warrs domeſticall:
The threats of Heauen: are the fore-runners all
Of CHRIST that coms to hold his laſt Aſſiſe.

42

That drad-deſired Day ſhall ſoon appeer,
Chriſt coms the Rav'ns from Swans to ſet a-ſide:
The Tares from wheat: and Goats from Lambs diuide:
And this braue *Triumph* (that I ſing) is neer.

43

O Father! while this *Triumph* I expect,
Waiting to ſee the Wicked's vtter Fall,
And thy iuſt Scepter Ruling ouer all;
Let liuely *Faith* my *Reaſon* ſtill direct.

FINIS.

TETRASTICHA.

OR

The Quadrains of

Guy de Faur, Lord of *Pibrac*.

Translated,
By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.



Acceptam referro.



TO

The right excellent,

and moſt hopefull young Prince, *Henry.*

AFter ſo many golden Rules of State,
Religious *Leſſons*, Morall *Precepts graue*,
As in your Fathers ROYAL-GIFT *you haue*;
Theſe ſeeme ſuperfluous, or to come too-late:
Yet, 'tis no Error tore-iterate
The Voice of Wiſedome *to the tender Eare*
Of Princes (*chiefly*) *ſuch as* You, *that beare*
The Hope *and* Hap *of* Europe *in your* Fate:
And, though You *want not theſe weake helpes of ours,*
To conſummate Your *Selfe in* Excellence:
Yet may thoſe Subiects, *which ſhall once be* Yours,
Draw vertuous Wiſedome, and all Dutie hence:
If You *but daigne with your deer Name to grace it,*
Which (*Load-ſtone-like*) *ſhal draw them to embrace-it.*

ΒΑΣΙΛΙ-
ΚΟΝ ΔΩ-
ΡΟΝ.

Ioſuah Sylueſter.

2

The Quadrains of Pibrac.

1

DIEV tout premier, puis Pere & Mere honore.
Sois iuſte & droict : & en toute ſaiſon
De l'innocent pren en main la raiſon :
Car Dieu te doit la-haut iuger encore.

Firſt honour God, and then thy Parents deere;
Be true and Iuſt : and ſee thou neuer grudge
The Innocents oppreſſed cauſe to cleere;
For one-day God ſhall alſo be thy Iudge.

2

Si en iugeant la faueur te commande,
Si corrompu par or ou par preſens,
Tu fais iuſtice au grè des Courtiſans,
Ne doute point que Dieu ne te le rende.

If gold and bribes corrupt thy conſcience,
If feare or fauour in thy Iudgement ſway thee,
If thou reſpect the Perſons difference;
Be ſure that God will in the end re-pay-thee.

3

Auec le iour commence ta iournèe,
De l'Eternel le ſainct nom beniſſant :
Le ſoir auſſi ton labeur finiſſant,
Loue-le encor', & paſſe ainſi l'annèe.

Begin

Begin thy Dayes-work when the Day begins,
First blessing Gods thrice-blessed Name (deuout)
And then, at Euening when thy labour ends
Praise him againe: so bring the yeere about.

4

Adore assis (comme le Grec ordonne)
Dieu en courant ne veut estre honorè:
D'vn fer me cueur il veut estre adorè,
Mais ce cueur là il fault qu'il nous le donne.

Adore thou, sitting (as the Greek *doth bid)*
For running Prayer is preposterous:
With stedfast Heart God will be worshipped,
But such a heart himselfe must giue to vs.

5

Ne va disant, ma main a faict ceſt œuure,
Ou ma vertu ce bel œuure a parfaict:
Mais dis ainsi, Dieu par moy l'œuure a faict:
Dieu eſt l'autheur du peu de bien que i'œuure.

Say not; My hand this Work to end hath brought:
Nor, This my Vertue hath attayned to:
Say rather thus; This, God by me hath wrought:
God's Author of the little Good I doo.

6

Tout l'Vniuers n'eſt qu'vne citè ronde:
Chacun a droict de ſ'en dire bourgeois,
Le Scythe & More autant que le Gregeois,
Le plus petit que le plus grand du monde.

The World is all but a round Citie like,
Where each may right be said a Citizen:
As well the rude Barbarian *as the* Greeke,
As well the meaneſt as the mightieſt men.

Dans

7

Dans le pourpris de ceſte cité belle
Dieu a logé l'homme comme en lieu ſainct,
Comme en vn Temple, ou luy meſmes ſ'eſt peinct
En mil endroicts de couleur immortelle.

In this faire Citie's goodly Walls God planted,
And placed man as in a Sanctuarie,
Where He, himſelfe in thouſand parts hath painted
With lively coulours that do neuer varie.

8

Il n'y a coing ſi petit dans ce temple,
Ou la grandeur n'apparoiſſe de Dieu:
L'homme eſt planté iuſtement au milieu,
A fin que mieux par tout il la contemple.

There's not a nooke ſo ſmall in all this Temple,
Wherein God's Greatnes doth not plaine appeare:
Which that we might the better all contemple,
He placed man iuſt in the middle heere.

9

Il ne ſcauroit ailleurs mieux la cognoiſtre
Que dedans ſoy, où, comme en vn miroir,
La terre il peut & le ciel meſme voir:
Car tout le monde eſt compris en ſon eſtre.

Yet can he no-where better knowe the ſame
Then in himſelfe, where-in he may behold
(As in a Glaſſe) Earth, Water, Aire, and Flame:
For, All the World, his Eſſence doth in-fold.

10

Qui a de ſoy parfaicte cognoiſſance,
N'ignore rien de ce qu'il fault ſcauoir.
Mais le moyen aſſeuré de l'auoir,
Eſt ſe mirer dedans la ſapience.

Who of Himselfe hath perfect Knowledge gain'd,
Ignoreth nothing that he ought to know:
But the best meanes whereby it is attain'd,
Is often-times to Wisedomes Glasse to goe.

11

Ce que tu vois de l'homme n'eſt pas l'homme,
C'eſt la priſon où il eſt enſerrè,
C'eſt le tombeau où il eſt enterrè,
Le lict branlant où il dort vn court ſomme.

That which thou seest of Man, it is not Man:
'Tis but a Priſon that him Captiue keepes:
'Tis but a Toombe where Hee's interred (wan):
'Tis but the Cradle where awhile he ſleepes.

12

Ce corps mortel, où l'œil rauy contemple
Muſcles & nerfs, la chair, le ſang, la peau,
Ce n'eſt pas l'homme, il eſt beaucoup plus beau,
Auſſi Dieu l'a reſeruè pour ſon temple.

This mortall Body, where the rauiſht ſenſe
Sees ſinnewes, fleſh, bones, muſcles, blood, and skinne,
It is not Man: Man's of more excellence,
As the fair Temple *that God dwelleth-in.*

13

A bien parler, ce que l'homme on appelle,
C'eſt vn rayon de la diuinitè:
C'eſt vn atome eſclos de l'vnitè:
C'eſt vn degout de la ſource eternelle.

Rightly to ſpeake: what Man we call, and count,
It is a beamling of Diuinitie:
It is a dropling of th' Eternall Foune:
It is a moatling hatcht of th' Vnitie.

Re-

14

Recognoy donc (homme) ton origine:
Et braue & haut dedaigne ces bas lieux,
Puis que fleurir tu dois la hault ès cieux,
Et que tu es vne plante diuine.

Then knowe (O Man) thine owne Originall:
And braue-ambitious, scorne base Cells of Earth,
Sith thou shalt flourish in Heav'ns glist'ring Hall,
And art indeede a Diuine Plant by Birth.

15

Il t'eſt permis t'orgueillir de la race,
Non de ta mere, ou ton pere mortel,
Mais bien de Dieu ton vray pere immortel,
Qui t'a moulé au moule de ſa face.

Wel maiſt thou vaunt thee of thy glorious Race,
Not from thy mortall Parents either Ligne:
But from thy true Immortall Father's Grace,
Who, *by the Modell of his Face, made thine.*

16

Au ciel n'y à nombre infiny d'Idées,
Platon l'eſt trop en cela meſconté
De noſtre Dieu la pure volonté
Eſt le ſeul moule à toutes choſes nées.

There's not in Heav'n, a number infinite
Of bright Idéas (Plato *did miſtake*):
God's only Will (*the only Rule of Right*)
Was th'only mould of all that he did make.

17

Il veut, c'eſt faict: ſans trauail & ſans peine
Tous animaux, juſqu'au moindre qui vit,
Il a creé, les ſouſtient, les nourrit,
Et les deffaict du vent de ſon aleine.

He Will'd, and it was done: He (without paine)
All kinde of Creatures (to the least that is)
Created, feedeth, and doth still sustaine:
And re-dissolues them with that breath of his.

18

Haulſe tes yeux: la voute ſuſpendue,
Ce beau lambris de la couleur des eaux,
Ce rond parfaict de deux globes iumeaux,
Ce firmament eſloignè de la veue:

Lift vp thine eyes: The hanging Vault *aboue,*
The goodly Seeling *of a* Waterie *hew,*
The perfect Orbes *of* Twinnes *that euer moue,*
The ſpangled Firmament ſo farre from view:

19

Brief, ce quieſt, qui fut, & qui peut eſtre,
En terre, en mer, au plus cachè das cieux,
Si toſt que Dieu l'a voulu pour le mieux,
Tout auſſi toſt il a receu ſon eſtre.

All (to be brief) paſt, preſent, and to come,
In Earth and Sea, and Aire (beyond your ſeeing):
So ſoone as God thought good, each in their roome,
Immediately receiued all their Being.

20

Ne va ſuiuant le troupeau d'Epicure,
Troupeau vilain, qui blaſpheme en tout lieu,
Et meſcroyant ne cognoit autre Dieu,
Que le fatal ordre de la nature.

Shunne Epicures *profane and filthy Sect*
(Bold miſ-creants, blaſpheming euery way)
The which no God acknowledge nor reſpect,
Saue only Nature *and her* fatall *Sway.*

Et

21

Et ce pendant il ſe veautre & patrouille
Dans vn bourbier puant de tous coſtez:
Et du limon des ſales voluptez
Il ſe repaiſt, comme vne orde grenouille.

And in the meane-while (like the grunting Hogg)
Lie alwayes wallowing in the ſtinking Mire:
And feede on filth (like to the loathſome Frogg)
Voluptuous filth, of euerie fleſh deſire.

22

Heureux qui met en Dieu ſon eſperance,
Et qui l'inuoque en ſa proſperité,
Autant ou plus qu en ſon aduerſité:
Et ne ſe fie en humaine aſſeurance.

Happy whoſe hope on God alone reliest;
And who on him in either Fortune call;
As well in calmes as in calamities:
And put no Truſt in humane helps at all.

23

Voudrois tu bien mettre eſperance ſeure
En ce qui eſt imbecille & mortel?
Le plus grand Roy du monde n'eſt que tel,
Et a beſoing plus que toy qu'on l'aſſeure.

Canſt thou aſſure thy hope on worldlie things,
Fraile mortall things (I pry-thee tell me how)
Such are the greateſt of all earthly Kings,
And haue more neede to be ſecur'd then Thou?

24

De l'homme droict Dieu eſt la ſauuegarde,
Lors que de tous il eſt abandonné,
C'eſt lors que moins il ſe trouue eſtonné,
Car il ſcait bien que Dieu lors plus le garde.

God is the iuſt-man's Anchor and his Ayde,
His ſure Defence, when all the World forſakes-him;
And therefore, then is he the leaſt diſmayde,
Knowing that God then moſt to ſafe-gard takes-him.

25

Les biens du corps, & ceux de la Fortune,
Ne ſont pas biens, à parler proprement:
Ils ſont ſubiects au moindre changement,
Mais la vertu demeure touſiours vne.

The Goods of Fortune *and the* Body (*call'd*)
They are not Goods, if we them rightly name;
For, to leaſt changes they are euer thrall'd:
"*But* Onely Vertue ſtill perſiſts the ſame.

26

Vertu qui giſt entre les deux extrèmes,
Entre le plus & le moins qu'il ne fault;
N'excede en rien, & rien ne luy default:
D'autruy n'emprunte, & ſuffit à ſoy-meſmes.

Vertue, *betweene the Two extreames that haunts,*
Betweene too-mickle and too-little ſizes;
Exceedes in nothing, and in nothing wants:
Borrowes of none: but to it-ſelfe ſuffizes.

27

Qui te pourroit, Vertu, voir toute nue,
O qu'ardemment de toy ſeroit eſpris?
Puis qu'en tout temps, les plus rares eſprits
T'ont faict l'amour au trauers d'vne nue.

O Vertue! *could we ſee thy naked face,*
How would thy ſacred Beauties ſweetly madd-vs?
Sith rareſt Wits (*rapt with a* Seeming Grace)
Haue in all Ages courted (*euen*) *thy Shadowes.*

28

Le ſage fils eſt du pere la ioye:
Or, ſi tu veux ce ſage fils auoir,
Dreſſe le ieune au chemin du deuoir:
Mais ton exemple eſt la plus courte voye.

The Parent's comfort is a prudent Sonne:
Now, ſuch a Sonne if thou deſireſt aye,
Direct him young in Duties race to runne:
But, Thine Example is the neereſt way.

29

Si tu es nè, enfant d'vn ſage pere,
Que ne ſuis tu le chemin ja battu?
S'il n'eſt pas tel, que ne t'efforces tu,
En bien faiſant, couurir ce vitupere?

If thou be borne Sonne of a prudent Sire,
Why tread'ſt thou not in his faire beaten Trace?
If otherwiſe: why dooſt not thou deſire
(By vertuous Deeds) to couer this Diſgrace?

30

Ce n'eſt pas peu, (naiſſant d'vn tige illuſtre)
Eſtre eſclairé par ſes anteceſſeurs:
Mais c'eſt bien plus luire à ſes ſucceſſeurs,
Que des ayeux ſeulement prendre luſtre.

'Tis no ſmall Honour, from illuſtrious Ligne
To be deſcended by our Predeceſſours:
But 'tis much more, then by their Light to ſhine,
Our ſelues to ſhine vnto our owne Succeſſours.

31

Iuſqu' au cercueil (mon fils) vueilles apprendre,
Et tien perdu le iour qui s'eſt paſſé,
Si tu n'y as quelque choſe amaſſé,
Pour plus ſcauant & plus ſage te rendre.

Ceaſe not to learne vntill thou ceaſe to liue:
Thinke that Day loſt, wherein thou draw'ſt no Letter,
Nor gain'ſt no Leſſon, that new grace may giue,
To make thy Selfe Learneder, Wiſer, Better.

32

Le voyageur qui hors du chemin erre,
Et eſgarè ſe perd dedans les bois,
Au droict chemin remettre tu le doibs:
Et s'il eſt cheu, le releuer de terre.

If any Stranger in his Iourney ſtray
Through doubtfull Paths (as happens now and then)
Direct him rightly in his readie waie;
And if Hee fall, ſoone helpe him vp againe.

33

Ayme l'honneur plus que ta propre vie:
I'entens l'honneur, qui conſiſte au deuoir
Que rendre on doit (ſelon l'humain pouuoir)
A DIEV, au Roy, aux Loix, à ſa Patrie.

Thine Honour, more then thine owne Life reſpect,
Th'honour (I meane) which each mans dutie drawes
(To th'vttermoſt w' are able to effect)
To GOD, our King, our Country, and our Lawes.

34

Ce que tu peux maintenant, ne differe
Au lendemain, comme les pareſſeux:
Et garde auſſi que tu ne ſois de ceux
Qui par autruy font' ce qu'ils pourroient faire.

What Now thou canſt, deferre not till to-morrow,
Like ſelfe-lame Sloath (*of foulеſt Sinnes the Mother*):
Nor be like thoſe who others hands doo borrow,
And what themſelues might doo will doo by other.

Hante

35

Hante les bons, des meſchans net'accointe,
Et meſmement en la ieune ſaiſon,
Que l'appetit pour forcer la raiſon
Arme nos ſens d'vne brutale poincte.

Frequent the good, flie from vngodly folke,
Eſpecially in thy Youths tender ſeaſon,
The while outrageous appetites prouoke,
And arme thy Senſe againſt the ſway of Reaſon.

36

Quand au chemin fourchu de ces deux Dames
Tu te verras comme Alcide ſemond,
Suy celle-la qui par vn aſpre mont
Te guide au ciel, loing des plaiſirs infames.

When to the double Way of thoſe two Dames
(Alcides-*like*) *thou ſhalt be ſummoned,*
Follow thou her who farre from glorious ſhames,
Ouer ſteepe Mountaines vp to Heav'n doth lead.

37

Ne mets ton pied au trauers de la voye
Du pauure aueugle: & d'vn piquant propos:
De l'homme mort ne trouble le repos:
Et du malheur d'autruy ne fay ta ioye.

Set not thy foote to make the blinde to fall:
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker Brother.
Nor wound the Dead with thy Tongues bitter gall:
Neither reioice thou in the fall of other.

38

En ton parler ſois touſiours veritable,
Soit qu'il te faille en teſmoignage ouyr,
Soit que par fois tu veuilles reſiouir
D'vn gay propos tes hoſtes à la table.

Lat-

Let thy Diſcourſe be True in euery Word,
Whether as publike Witnes thou be preſt
To cleere a Queſtion: whether, at thy Boord
With pleaſant chat thou cheere thy welcome Gueſt.

39

La Verité d'vn Cube droict ſe forme,
Cube contraire au leger mouuement:
Son plan quarré iamais ne ſe dement,
Et en tout ſens à touſiours meſme forme.

The Truth *reſembles right the* right Cubes *Figure*
(*The* Cube, *contrarie to light inſtabilitie*)
Whoſe quadrat flatnes neuer doth diſ-figure;
Whoſe ſolide Forme admits no mutabilitie.

40

L'oyſeleur caut ſe ſert du doulx ramage
Des oyſillons, & contrefaict leur chant
Auſſi, pour mieux deceuoir, le meſchant
Des gens de bien imite le language.

The crafty Fowler, to beguile the Birds,
Deceiptfully their owne ſweet Notes doth faine:
So ſubtle Mates doo counterfet the words,
And ſimple guiſe of honeſt men and plaine.

41

Ce qu'en ſecret lon t'à dit ne reuele:
Des faicts d'autruy ne ſois trop enquerant.
Le curieux volontiers touſiours ment:
L'autre merite eſtre dict infidele.

Reueale not what in ſecret hath been told;
Nor buſily of Others things require.
Th'inquiſitiue can hardly Counſell hold:
The carrie-Tale is commonly a Lyer.

42

Fay pois egal,& loyale meſure,
Quand tu deurois de nul eſtre apperceu:
Mais le plaiſir que tu auras receu,
Ren le touſiours auecques quelque vſure.

Make alwayes equall waight and lawfull meaſure,
Though none could ſpie, thy dealing to diſcouer:
But where thou haſt receiued any Pleaſure,
Reſtore it ſtill with ſome aduantage ouer.

43

Garde,ſoigneux, le depoſt à toute heure:
Et quand on veult de toy le recouurer
Ne va ſubtil des moyens controuuer
Dans vn palais,à fin qu'il te demeure.

Keepe carefully what thou haſt tane in charge:
And when the Owner ſhall demand-againe-it,
Denie it not; neither with Conſcience large
By ſubtle Law-tricks ſtriue thou to detaine-it.

44

L'homme de ſang te ſoit touſiours en haine:
Hue ſur luy, comme fait le berger
Numidien ſur le Tygre leger,
Qu'il voit de loing enſanglanter la plaine.

Hate euermore the bloody Homicide;
Hunt him with hue and crie: as Shepheards hunt
The Lybian *Tigre which they haue eſpide*
Spoyling his Prey, and rioting vpon't.

45

Ce n'eſt pas tout ne faire à nul outrage:
Il faut de plus ſ'oppoſer à l'effort
Du malheureux, qui pourchaſſe la mort,
Ou du prochain la honte & le dommage.

'Tis not enough, that thou do no man wrong:
Thou euen in others muſt ſuppreſſe the ſame;
Righting the Weake, againſt th'vnrighteous Strong,
Whether it touch his Life, his Goods, or Name.

46

Qui a deſir d'exploiter ſa proueſſe,
Dompte ſon ire, & ſon ventre, & ce feu,
Qui dans nos cueurs ſ'allume peu à peu,
Souffle du vent d'erreur & de pareſſe.

Whoſo the Fame of Valour doth deſire,
Muſt Tame his Anger and his Belly both,
And that heart-ſwelting, Marrow-melting Fire,
Blowne by the winde of Error and of Sloath.

47

Vaincre ſoy meſme eſt la grande victoire:
Chacun chez ſoy loge ſes ennemis,
Qui par l'effort de la raiſon ſoubmis,
Ouurent le pas à l'eternelle gloire.

Our-owne-Selfes Conqueſt is the moſt victorious:
For in our Selues ambuſh our greateſt Foes;
And th'only way to make vs euer glorious,
Is by ſtout Reaſon ſtill to vanquiſh thoſe.

48

Si ton amy a commis quelque offenſe,
Ne va ſoudain contre luy t'irriter:
Ains doucement, pour ne le deſpiter,
Fay luy ta plainte, & recoy ſa defenſe.

If ſo thy Friend haue done thee ſome Offence,
Fall not out flat, nor vrge him with abuſe;
But milde and meekely, without inſolence,
Make thy complaint, and take thou his excuſe.

49

L'homme eſt fautif: nul viuant ne peut dire
N'auoir failly: ès hommes plus parfaicts,
Examinant & leurs dicts & leurs faicts,
Tu trouueras, ſi tu veux, à redire.

All men are faultie: none a-liue can ſay,
I haue not Erred; euen the Perfecteſt,
If thou his Life in word and deed ſurueigh,
Thou ſhalt perceiue he hath Perfection miſt.

50

Voy l'hypocrite auec ſa triſte mine,
Tu le prendrois pour l'aiſné des Catons,
Et ce pendant toute nuict à taſtons
Il court, il va pour tromper ſa voyſine.

See th' Hypocrites ſeuere and Saint-like guiſe,
Whom th' elder Cato *thou would'ſt thinke for life;*
Yet in th' darke he groaping hunts and hies
T'entice and trap his honeſt Neighbours wife.

51

Cacher ſon vice eſt vne peine extrême,
Et peine en vain: fay ce que tu voudras,
A toy au moins cacher ne te pourras:
Car nul ne peult ſe cacher à ſoy meſme.

'Tis a moſt buſie, yet a boot-leſs paine,
To hide ones fault: for doo the beſt thou can
Thou canſt not hide it from thy Selfe (though faine)
For who can hide him from himſelfe (O Man)!

52

Aye de toy plus que des autres honte,
Nul plus que toy par toy n'eſt offenſé,
Tu dois premier, ſi bien y as penſé
Rendre de toy-meſme le compte.

More

More of thy Selfe, then others be asham'd;
Thy Selfe art most wrong'd by thine owne offence,
And of thy Selfe, thy Selfe first (Selfly-blam'd)
Must giue account to thy Selfes Conscience.

53

Point ne te chaille estre bon d'apparence,
Mais bien de l'estre à preuue & par effect:
Contre vn faulx bruit que le vulgaire faict,
Il n'est rempart tel que la conscience.

Care not so much, to seeme in outward showe,
As to be good (in deede and in the proofe)
For, from false Rumours which the Vulgar blowe,
A selfe-cleere Conscience is Defence enough.

54

A l'indigent monstre toy secourable,
Luy faisant part de tes biens à foison:
Car Dieu benit & accroit la maison
Qui a pitie du pauure miserable.

Releeue the Needie, after thine abilitie,
And in their wants participate thy store.
For, God doth Blesse with Plenty and Tranquillity
The House that pitties the distressed Poore.

55

Las! que te sert tant d'or dedans la bourse,
Au cabinet maint riche vestement,
Dans tes greniers tant d'orge ou de froment,
Et de bon vin en ta cau evne source?

What boot thy bagges to be so cramm'd with Coyne?
Thy Ward-Robe stuffed with such store of change?
Thy Cellars filled with such choise of Wine?
And of all Graines such plenty in thy Grange?

56

Si ce pendant le pauure nud frissonne
Deuant ton huys: & languissant de faim,
Pour tout en fin n'a qu'vn morceau de pain,
Ou s'en reuà sans que rien on luy donne?

If all the while the naked Poore (halfe dead
With cold and hunger) shiuer at thy Gate;
And at the length gets but a peece of bread,
And manie times (perhaps) but hardly that?

57

As tu, cruel, le cueur de telle sorte,
De mespriser le pauure infortuné,
Qui, comme toy, sb en ce monde né,
Et, comme toy, de Dieu l'image porte?

Hast thou a heart so cruell, as to scorne
Th'vnhappy Poore, that at thy beck doth bow,
Who like thy Selfe into this World is borne,
And beares Gods Image euen as well as Thou?

58

Le malheur est commun à tous les hommes,
Et mesmement aux Princes & aux Roys:
Le sage seul est exempt de ces loix:
Mais où est-il, las, au siecle où nous sommes?

Misfortune is a common lot to all;
Yea, euen to Princes, Kings, and Emperours:
Only the Wise are freed from her thrall,
But O, where are they, in this Age of ours?

59

Le sage est libre enserré de cent chaines,
Il est seul riche, & iamais estranger:
Seul asseuré au milieu du danger,
Et le vray Roy des fortunes humaines.

The

The Wiſe man's free, among a thouſand chaines;
He's only Rich (content with his eſtate)
Only ſecure in Dangers, eas'd in Paines;
Only true King of Fortune and of Fate.

60

Le menaſſer du Tyrann ne l'eſtonne:
Plus ſe roidit quand plus eſt agitè:
Il cognoiſt ſeul ce qu'il a meritè,
Et ne l'attend hors de ſoy de perſonne.

He is not daunted with a Tirants threat,
But by his Trouble growes more ſtrong and hard:
Knowes his owne merit, lookes not from the Great
For Recompence; Vertue's her owne Reward.

61

Vertu ès mœurs ne ſ'acquiert par ſ'eſtude,
Ne par argent, ne par faueur des Roys,
Ne par vn acte, ou par deux, ou par trois,
Ains par conſtante & pas longue habitude.

True Morall Vertue cannot purchaſt be
By Studie, Treaſure, or the Grace of Kings:
Nor by one action, nor by two, nor three:
But long-long practice her perfection brings.

62

Qui lit beaucoup, & iamais ne medite,
Semble à celuy qui mange auidement,
Et de tous mets ſurcharge tellement
Son eſtomach, que rien ne luy profite.

Who Readeth much and neuer Meditates,
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food,
Who ſo ſur-cloyes his ſtomach with his Cates,
That Commonly they doo him little good.

Maint

63

Maint vn pouuoit par temps deuenir ſage,
S'il n'euſt cuidè l'eſtre ja tout à faict.
Quel artiſan fut onc maiſtre parfaict,
Du premier iour de ſon apprentiſſage?

How many might (in time) haue wiſe been made;
Before their time, had they not thought them ſo?
What Artiſt e're was Maiſter of his Trade,
Yer he began his Prentiſhip to knowe?

64

Petite ſource ont les groſſes Riuieres:
Qui bruit ſi hault à ſon commencement,
N'a pas long cours, non plus que le torrent
Qui perd ſon nom ès prochaines fondrieres.

From ſmalleſt ſprings, the greateſt Riuers riſe:
But thoſe that roar ſo loud and proud at firſt,
Runne ſeldom farre, but ſoon their glory dies
In ſom neer Bogg, by their ſelfi-furie burſt.

65

Maudit celuy qui fraude la ſemence,
Ou qui retient le ſalaire promis
Au mercenaire: ou qui de ſes amis
Ne ſe ſouuiẽt ſi non en leur preſence.

Curſed is he that doth defraud the ſeed:
Or who detains the Hirelings promis'd right:
Or who (ingratefull for the kindeſt deed)
Thinks neuer of his Friends but in their ſight.

66

Ne te pariure en aucune maniere,
Et ſi tu es contrainct fair ſerment,
Le ciel ne iure, ou l'homme, ou l'element,
Ains pas le nom de la cauſe premiere:

Forſweare

Forſweare thee not,what euer cauſe be giuen:
And if for ought thou needs an Oath muſt take,
Swear not by Man,nor by the Earth,nor Heav'n,
But by his ſacred Name who all did make.

67

Car Dieu qui hait le pariure execrable,
Et le punit comme il a merité,
Ne veult que lon teſmoigne verité,
Par ce qui eſt menſonger ou muable.

For God,who doth all Periury deteſt,
And iuſtly plagues it as moſt execrable:
Would not we ſhould the conſtant Truth conteſt
By any thing that's falſe or alterable.

68

Vn art ſans plus,en luy ſeul t'exercite:
Et du meſtier d'autruy ne t'empeſchant,
Va dans le tien le parfaict recherchant:
Car exceller n'eſt pas gloire petite.

To ſom one Art apply thy whole affection,
And in the Craft of others ſeldom mell:
But in thine owne ſtriue to attain perfection.
For 'tis no little honour,to excell:

69

Plus n'embraſſer que lon ne peut eſtraindre:
Aux grands honneurs conuoiteux n'aſpirer:
Vſer des biens,& ne les deſirer:
Ne ſouhaiter la mort,& ne la craindre.

T'embrace no more then one can manege fit,
Not to the top of Greatnes to aſpire:
To vſe the World,and yet not coueting it:
Neither to dread Death,neither death deſire.

Il ne

70

Il ne fault pas aux plaiſirs de la couche,
De chaſte cè reſtreindre le beau don:
Et ce pendant liurer à l'abandon
Ses yeulx, ſes mains, ſon oreille & ſa bouche.

We muſt not Chaſtities fa'r Gift reſtrain,
Only to th' actuall Pleaſure of the Night:
And in the mean while not a whit refrain
Our hart, our hand, our tongue, our ear, our ſight.

71

Hà le dur coup qu'eſt celuy de l'oreille!
On en deuient quelque fois forcené:
Meſmes alors qu'il nous eſt aſſené
D'vn beau parler plein de doulce merueille.

O what a hard blowe is a box on th' Eare!
Som-time it driues men euen beſides their Wit,
Eſpecially when (ſtunned as it were)
With the ſweet wonder of ſmooth words, 'tis ſmit.

72

Mieulx nous vaudroit des aureillettes prendre,
Pour nous ſauuer de ces coups dangereux:
Par là ſ'armoient les Pugils valeureux,
Quand ſur l'arène il leur falloit deſcendre.

'Tis therefore beſt our tender Ears to arme,
To ſtunne the danger of thoſe deadly blowes:
Warie Vliſſes *ſo eſchew'd the Charm*
Of thoſe ſoule-rapting Impes of Acheloes.

73

Ce qui en nous par l'oreille penetre,
Dans le cerueau coule ſoudainement,
Et ne ſcaurions y pouruoir autrement,
Que tenant cloſe au mal ceſte feneſtre.

What e're it be that enters by the Eare,
Immediatly vnto the Brain doth creep;
And th' only mean to ſhunne the miſchief there,
Is the Ears Caſements euer cloſe to keep.

74

Parler beaucoup on ne peut ſans menſonge,
Ou pour le moins ſans quelque vanité:
Le parler brief conuient à verité,
Et l' autre eſt propre à la fable & au ſonge.

Much talke is ſeldom without Lies among,
Or at the leaſt without ſom idle bables:
Vnto the Truth, brief Language doth belong:
And many words are fit for Dreams and Fables.

75

Du Memphien la graue contenance,
Lors que ſa bouche il ſerre auec le doigt,
Mieulx que Platon enſeigne comme on doit
Reuerемment honnorer le ſilence.

Th' Egyptians graue aſpect and ſober brow,
When his fore-finger ſeales his lips ſo ſure;
Better then Plato, *doth inſtruct vs how*
To honour Silence, *with deuotion pure.*

76

Comme lon voit, à l' ouurir de la porte
D'vn cabinet Royal, maint beau tableau,
Mainte antiquaille, & tout ce que de beau
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte:

As at the Opening of the Cabinet
Of ſom great Prince, many rare Things we ſee,
Rich Monuments, and all that fair and neat,
From either Inde, Portingals *bring, or wee:*

Ainſi

77

Ainſi deſlors que l'homme qui medite,
Et eſt ſcauant, commence de ſ'ouurir,
Vn grand threſor vient à ſe deſcouurir,
Threſor caché au puis de Democrite.

So when the Wiſe and Learned doth begin
T'open the Organs of his plentious Wit,
A wondrous Treaſure ſuddainly is ſeen,
A Treaſure hidden in th' Abderians Pit:

78

On dict ſoudain, voila qui fut de Grece,
Cecy de Rome, & cela d'vn tel lieu,
Et le dernier eſt tiré de l'Hebrien,
Mais tout en ſomme eſt remply de ſageſſe.

And Standers by, ſay by and by, This came
From Greece, *from* Rome *That That from ſuch a Place,*
And (laſtly) That from th' Hebrue: *and the ſame,*
And all the reſt moſt full of Prudent grace.

79

Noſtre heur, pour grand qu'il ſoit, nous ſemble moindre:
Les ceps d'autruy portent plus de raiſins:
Mais quant aux maulx que ſouffrent nos voyſins,
C'eſt moins que rien, ils ont tort de ſ'en plaindre.

Our Goods (how euer great) the leaſt doo ſeem,
Our Neighbours Fields ſtill bear the better Grain:
But Others harmes we alwaies light eſteem;
Tuſh they are Nothing: why ſhould they complain?

80

A l'enuieux nul tourment ie n'ordonne,
Il eſt de ſoy le iuge & le bourreau:
Et ne fut onc de DENYS le Toreau
Supplice tel, que celüy qu'il ſe donne.

To th' Ennious-man no Torment I aſſigne;
For, Iudge and Hang-man to himſelf he is:
And there's no Denis *Bull, nor Rack (in fine)*
So fell a Torture as that Heart of his.

81

Pour bien au vif peindre la Calomnie,
Il la faudroit peindre quand on la ſent:
Qui par bon heur d'elle ne ſe reſſent,
Croire ne peult quelle eſt ceſte Furie.

To pourtray Slaunder, *to the life, behooues*
To doo't in th' inſtant while one feeleth her:
For who ſo happy that her neuer prooues,
Can ſcarce imagine what ſhe is, or where.

82

Elle ne faict en l'air ſa reſidence,
Ny ſoubs les eaux, ny au profond des bois:
Sa maiſon eſt aux oreilles des Roys,
D'ou elle braue & fleſtrit l'innocence.

Neither in th' Aire hath Shee her reſidences,
Nor in the wilde Woods, nor beneath the Waues:
But ſhe inhabits in the eares of Princes,
Where th' Innocent and Honeſt ſhe depraues.

83

Quand vne fois ce monſtre nous attache,
Il ſcait ſi fort ſes cordillons nouèr,
Que bien qu' on puiſſe en fin les deſnouèr,
Reſtent touſiours les marques de l'attache.

And when this Monſter hath once chaunc't to trap-vs,
Her ſpightfull Cords ſhe can ſo cloſely knit:
That though at laſt we happen to vn-wrap-vs;
The print thereof ſtill in our Fames will ſit.

Iuge

84

Iuge ne donne en ta cauſe ſentence:
Chacun ſe trompe en ſon faict aizément:
Noſtre intereſt force le iugement,
Et d'vn coſté faict pancher la balance.

Neuer giue Sentence in thy proper cauſe:
In our owne caſe, we all Erre eaſily:
Our intereſt our partiall Iudgement drawes;
And euer makes the Ballance hang a-wry.

85

Deſſus la loy tes iugemens arreſte,
Et non ſur l'homme: eſt ſans affection.
L'homme au contraire eſt plein de paſſion:
L'vn tient de Dieu, l'autre tient de la beſte.

Vpon the Law thy Iudgements alwayes ground,
And not on Man: For that's affection-les;
But Man in Paſſions ſtrangely doth abound:
Th'one all like God, th'other too-like to Beaſts.

86

Le nombre ſainct ſe iuge par ſa preuue,
Touſiours egal, entier ou departy:
Le droict auſſi en Atomes party,
Semblable à ſoy touſiours egal ſe treuue.

The ſacred Number proueth alwayes euen,
Whether diuided or intire it be:
So Iuſtice (*ſhar'd in Atomies*) *is giuen*
Still like it ſelf, in iuſt equalitie.

87

Nouueau Vlyſſe appren du long voyage
A gouuerner Ithaque en equité:
Maint-vn a Scylle & Charybde euité,
Qui heurte au port, & chez ſoy faict naufrage.

Learn by long Trauail (as Vlysses *conned)*
To gouern right thy Native Ithaca:
Many haue Scylla *and* Charybdis *shunned,*
That haue at home been after cast-away.

88

Songe long temps auant que de promettre:
Mais si tu as quelque chose promis,
Quoy que ce soit, & fust-ce aux ennemis,
De l'accomplir en deuoir te fault mettre.

Before thou Promise, ponder what and why:
But hauing Promis'd, what-so-euer 'twere,
Yea, were it to thy greatest Enemy,
Thou must perform, thy Tongue hath ty'd thee there.

89

La loy soubs qui l'estat sa force a prise,
Garde la bien, pour gosse qu' elle soit:
Le bon heur vient d' où lon ne s' appercoit,
Et bien souuent de ce que lon mespriſe.

Maintain those Lawes (how euer rude and plain)
Whereby (before) thy Common-wealth hath thriv'd:
Good Fortune oft comes by the meanest mean,
How or from whence sometimes is scarce perceiv'd.

90

Fuy ieune & vieil de Circe le bruuage:
N' escoute aussi des Sirenes les chants,
Car enchantè tu courrois par les champs,
Plus abruty qu'vne beste sauuage.

In youth and age shunne Circes *banefull Boule,*
Lend not thine Eare to Sirens *wanton Notes:*
Least thou (inchanted in thy sense and Soule)
Become more brute then Hoggs, and Doggs, and Goats.

Vouloir

91

Vouloir ne fault choſe que lon ne puiſſe,
Et ne pouuoir que cela que lon doit,
Meſurant l'vn & l'autre par le droit,
Sur l'eternel moule de la Iuſtice.

We muſt our Will ſtill limit with our Power,
And bound our Power within the Liſts of Law;
Meaſuring both, and what ſo els is our,
By the Right *line th'eternall* Iuſt *did draw.*

92

Changer à coup de loy & d'ordonnance,
En faict d'eſtat eſt vn poinct dangereux:
Et ſi Lycurgue en ce poinct fut heureux,
Il ne fault pas en faire conſequence.

A ſuddain Change *in any mightie* State,
Is full of Danger vnto each Degree:
And though Lycurgus *found it fortunate,*
No conſequent can that Example be.

93

Ie hay ces mots, De puiſſance abſoluë,
De plein pouuoir, de propre mouuement:
Aux ſaincts Decrets ils ont premierement,
Puis à nos loix, la puiſſance tolue.

I hate theſe phraſes: Of Power abſolute:
Of full Authority: Of proper motion.
The Diuine Lawes they haue trod vnder foot,
And Humane-too; for priuate Mens promotion.

94

Croire leger, & ſoudain ſe reſoudre,
Ne diſcerner les amis des flateurs:
Ieune conſeil, & nouueaux ſeruiteurs,
Ont mis ſouuent les haults eſtats en pouldre.

Not

Not right-diſcerning Friends from Flatterers,
Light-crediting, and ſuddain Reſolution,
Young giddie Counſell, and new Seruiters,
Haue often caus'd the higheſt States confuſion.

95

Diſſimuler eſt vn vice ſeruile,
Vice ſuiuy de la deſloyautè:
D'où ſourd ès cueurs des grands la cruautè,
Qui aboutit à la guerre ciuile.

Diſſimulation is a ſeruile Vice,
A vice ſtill followed by Diſloyalty,
Whence in Great hearts doth Crueltie ariſe,
Which alwayes ends in ciuill Mutiny.

96

Donner beaucoup ſied bien à vn grand Prince,
Pourueu qu'il donne à qui l'à merité,
Et par proportion, non par equalitè,
Et que ce ſoit ſans fouler ſa Prouince.

Nought more beſeems a Prince then Liberality,
So it be giuen to thoſe that Merit well,
By due proportion, not by iuſt equalitie,
And without Burthen to the Common-weal.

97

Plus que Sylla c'eſt ignorer les lettres,
D'auoir induit les peuples à ſ'armer:
On trouuera les voulant deſarmer
Que de ſubiects ils ſont deuenus maiſtres.

'Tis to be more then Sylla *Letter-leſſe,*
To hurrie Armes into the Vulgars hand:
For, when again you think them to ſuppreſſe,
In ſteed of Subiects, they will All command.

98

Ry ſi tu veux vn ris de Democrite,
Puis que le monde eſt pure vanitè:
Mais quelque fois touchè d'humanitè,
Pleure noz maux des larmes d'Heraclite.

Sith all the World is nought but meerly vanitie,
Laugh if thou liſt like blythe Democritus:
Yet ſomtimes toucht with tender-ſoul'd humanitie,
Weep for our Woes with ſad Heraclitus.

99

A l'eſtranger ſois humain & propice,
Et ſ'il ſe plainct incline à ſa raiſon:
Mais luy donner les biens de la maiſon,
C'eſt faire aux tiens & honte & iniuſtice.

Be kinde to Strangers and propitious,
And to their cauſe thy willing ear encline:
But to beſtowe thy Goods out of thy Houſe,
Is ſhame and wrong vnto thy ſelf and thine.

100

Ie t'apprendray, ſi tu veux, en peu d'heure,
Le beau ſecret du breuuage amoureux:
Ayme les tiens, tu ſeras aymè d'eux:
Il n'y a point de recepte meilleure.

I'le teach you heer (if any liſt to proue)
A paſſing Loue-drink, any hart to get:
Loue vertuouſly, and be aſſur'd of Loue:
And this (beleeue-it) is the beſt Receipt.

101

Crainte qui vient d'amour & reuerence,
Eſt vn appuy ferme de Royautè:
Mais qui ſe faict craindre par cruautè,
Luy-meſme craint, & vit en deffiance.

The

The Feare that ſprings from Loue and Reuerence,
A firme ſupport to Royall Greatnes giues:
But he that makes him fear'd for Violence,
Himſelf feares moſt, and in diſtruſt ſtill liues.

102

Qui ſcauroit bien que c'eſt qu'vn Diadème,
Il choiſiroit auſſi toſt le tombeau,
Que d'affeubler ſon chef de ce bandeau:
Car auſſi bien il meurt lors à ſoy meſme.

He that knewe right what were a Diadem,
As ſoon would ſeek in a colde Toombe to lie,
As girt his Temples with that glorious Gem:
For, then begins he to himſelf to die.

103

De iour, de nuict faire la ſentinelle,
Pour le ſalut d'autruy touſiours veiller,
Pour le public ſans nul gré trauailler,
C'eſt en vn mot ce qu'Empire i'appelle.

For, day and night to ſtand as Sentinel;
For Publike good, ingratefull toyle to take;
Inceſſantly to watch for others weal:
This is, to Raigne, *if we it rightly take.*

104

Ie ne veis onc prudence auec ieuneſſe,
Bien commander ſans auoir obey,
Eſtre fort craint, & n'eſtre point hay,
Eſtre Tyran, & mourir de vieilleſſe.

I neuer ſaw Wiſedome and Youth, but two:
Nor him Commandwell, that had not Obay'd:
Nor any fear'd, that was not hated too:
Nor Tirant, aged in his Toombe be-lay'd.

Ne

105

Ne voiſe au bal qui n'aymerà la danſe,
Ny au banquet qui ne voudrà manger,
Ny ſur la mer qui craindrà le dangèr,
Ny à la Cour qui dirà ce qu'il penſe.

Come not at Reuells, who delights not Daunce:
Nor on the Sea, who fears rough waues and winde:
Nor at a Feaſt, who a good ſtomack wants:
Nor at the Court, *who means to ſpeak his minde.*

106

Du meſdiſant la langue venimeuſe,
Et du flateur les propos emmielez,
Et du moqueur les brocards enfielez,
Et du maling la pourſuite animeuſe:

The ſoothing hony of ſmooth Paraſites:
The poyſ'nie Tongues of ſlanderous Sycophants:
The ieering Buffon, that the beſt ſtill bites:
The brazen-face of begging Cormorants.

107

Hayr le vray, ſe feindre en toutes choſes,
Sonder le ſimple à fin de l'attraper,
Brauer le foible, & ſur l'abſent draper,
Sont de la Cour les œillets & les roſes.

To gull the Simple; and the Weak to braue:
To hate the Truth; to halt in euery-thing:
To vnder-mine: The Abſent to depraue:
Theſe are the Flowers that in the Court *doo ſpring.*

108

Aduerſité, des faueur, & querelle,
Sont trois eſſais pour ſonder ſon amy:
Tel a ce nom qui ne l'eſt qu'à demy,
Et ne ſcauroit endurer la coupelle.

An

An Enemy, Misfortune, and Disgrace,
Are three Essayes to proue if Friends be loyall:
For many haue the Name, and bear the face;
That are not so, if they be put to triall.

109

Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre:
S'il est royal, ayme la Royauté:
S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'aussi, quand Dieu t'y à faict naistre.

Commend the State where-vnder born you are:
If it be Royall, loue the Royaltie:
If, of the Best, *or meerly* Popular;
Allowe of either, where thy Lot shall be.

110

Il est permis souhaiter vn bon Prince,
Mais tel qu'il est, il le conuient porter:
Car il vault mieux vn tyran supporter,
Que de troubler la paix de sa prouince.

'Tis lawfull (where they want) to wish good Princes:
But men the while must beare them as they are,
'Tis better beare a Tyrants insolences,
Then to disturbe the Common-weal with Warre.

111

A ton Seigneur & ton Roy ne te ioue:
Et s'il t'en prie, il t'en faut excuser:
Qui des faueurs des Roys cuide abuser,
Bien tost, froissé, choit au bas de la roue.

Sport not too-boldly with thy Lord and King;
And though he bid thee (if thou canst) refuse:
From highest Fortunes suddain down they ding,
Who doo presume a Princes grace t'abuse.

Qui

112

Qui de bas lieu (miracle de fortune)
En vn matin t'es haulsé si auant,
Pensés tu point que ce n'est que du vent,
Qui calmerà, peut estre, sur la brune?

Thou (Fortunes wonder) that from lowest place
Doo'st in a morning to the top attain:
Suppose it but a winde that blew a-space
Which yet yer night (perhaps) will calme again.

113

L'estat moyen est l'estat plus durable:
On voit des eaux le plat pays noyé,
Et les haults monts ont le chef foudroyé:
Vn petit tertre est seur & agreeable.

The mean Estate is the most permanent;
We see the Vales with euery shower are drown'd;
And Mountain tops with euery Thunder rent:
But Little Hills *are pleasant, safe, and sound.*

114

De peu de biens nature se contente,
Et peu suffit pour viure honestement:
L'homme ennemy de son contentement,
Plus à, & plus pour auoir se tourmente.

Nature's with little pleas'd: enough's a Feast:
A sober life, but a small charge requires:
But Man, the Author of his owne vn-rest,
The more he hath, the more he still desires.

115

Quand tu verras que Dieu au ciel retire
A coup à coup les hommes vertueux,
Dy hardiment, l'orage impetueux
Viendra bien tost es branler ceste Empire.

When

When thou ſhalt ſee th' Almighty take from hence,
By one and one the Vertuous of the Land,
Say boldly thus; Theſe are the Arguments
Of ſom dread Tempeſt of his Wrath at hand.

116

Les gens de bien ce ſont comme gros termes,
Ou forts pilliers, qui ſeruent d'arcs-boutans,
Pour appuyer contre l'effort du temps
Les haults eſtats, & les maintenir fermes.

For Vertuous Men are euen the Buttreſſes,
The mighty Columnes and the Arches ſtrong,
Which againſt all Times felleſt outrages
Support a State and doo maintain it long.

117

L'homme ſe plaint de ſa trop courte vie,
Et ce pendant n'employe où il deuroit
Le temps qu'il à, qui ſuffir luy pourroit,
Si pour bien viure auoit de viure enuie.

Man doth the ſhortues of his Life repine;
Yet doth not duly ſpend nor rightly driue
The Time he hath: which might ſuffice his minde,
If, To liue well, he did deſire to liue.

118

Tu ne ſcaurois d'aſſez ample ſalaire
Recompenſer celuy qui t'a ſoigné
En ton enfance, & qui t'a enſeigné
A bien parler, & ſur tout à bien faire.

Thou hardly canſt ſufficiently requite
Him, who thy Child-hood hath been Tutor to;
Nor Him, that hath inſtructed thee a-right,
Both, well to ſpeak, but chiefly, well to doo.

119

Es ieux publics, au theatre, à la table,
Cede ta place au viellard & chenù:
Quand tu ſeras à ſon age venù,
Tu trouueras qui fera le ſemblable.

In Theaters, at publike Playes and Feaſts,
Giue alwayes place vnto the hoary head:
So, when like age ſhall ſiluerize thy Treſſe,
Thou ſhalt by others be like-honoured.

120

Cil qui ingrat enuers toy ſe demonſtre,
Va augmentant le loz de ton bien faict:
Le reprocher maint homme ingrat a faict:
C'eſt ſe payer, que du bien fair monſtre.

Who, for thy Friendſhip ſhowes himſelf ingrate,
Vnwillingly extolls thy Benefit:
But to vp-brayde one, makes a Man ingrate;
Who vaunts his Kindnes, payes himſelf for it.

121

Boire, & manger, ſ'exercer par meſure,
Sont de ſanté les outils plus certains:
L'excez en l'vn de ces trois, aux humains
Haſte la mort, & force la nature.

To eate, and drink, and exerciſe, in meaſure,
Three props of Health, the certaineſt ſhe hath:
But the exceſs in theſe (or other Pleaſure)
Enforceth Nature, and doth haſten Death.

122

Si quelquefois le meſchant te blaſonne,
Que t'en chaut il? helas, c'eſt ton honneur:
Le blaſme prend la force du donneur:
Le loz eſt bon, quand vn bon nous le donne.

If euill men ſpeak ſometimes ill of thee,
What need'ſt thou care? alas, it is thy Praiſe:
Blame, from the Author takes authoritie,
And 'tis a good Report that good men raiſe.

123

Nous meſlons tout, le vray parler ſe change:
Souuent le vice eſt du nom reueſtu
De la prochain oppoſite vertu:
Le loz eſt blaſme, & le blaſme eſt louange.

We all confound; true Language is tranſ-formed:
Vice oftentimes puts-on the Vertues name
Next oppoſite: 'Tis Forme to be de-formed:
Blame is a Prayſe; and Commendation Blame.

124

En bonne part ce qu'on dit tu dois prendre,
Et l'imparfait du prochain ſupporter,
Couurir ſa faulte, & ne la rapporter,
Prompt à lover, & tardif à reprendre.

Of what is ſpoken, euer make the beſt:
Bear the defect of Neighbour and of Friend:
Couer their fault; publiſh it not (at leaſt):
Ready to prayſe, and ſlowe to reprehend.

125

Cil qui ſe penſe & ſe dit eſtre ſage,
Tien le pour fol, & celuy qui ſe ſauant
Se faict nommer, ſonde le bien auant,
Tu trouueras que ce n'eſt que langage.

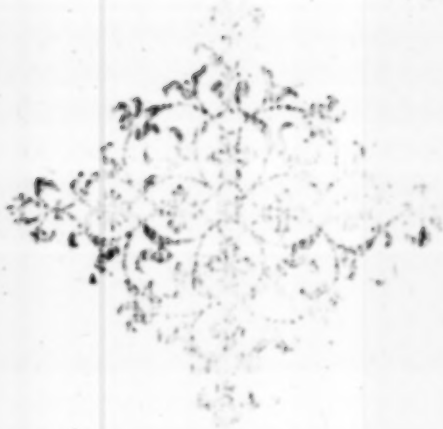
He that eſteems and vaunts himſelf for wiſe,
Think him a foole: And Him that doth aſſume
The name of Learned, whoſo ſoundly tries,
Shall finde him nothing but bare words and fume.

126

Plus on eſt docte, & plus on ſe deffie
D'eſtre ſcauant : & l'homme vertueux
Iamais n'eſt veu eſtre preſumptueux.
Voila des fruicts de ma Philoſophie.

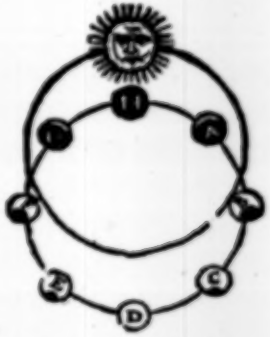
The better Learned, learn the more their want,
And more to doubt their owne ſufficiencie :
And Vertuous men are neuer Arrogant.
Theſe are the Fruits of my Philoſophy.

FINIS.



SONNETS

Upon the (late) miraculous Peace in Fraunce.



Acceptam refero.

To the moſt honorable, learned, and religious Gent. M. *Anthony Bacone.*

(***)

Bound by your Bounty and mine owne deſire,
To tender ſtill new tribute of my zeale
To you (your Countries watchfull Sentinel,
Whoſe Wiſedome, ours and other States admire)
Lo, heer I tune vpon mine humble Lyre
Our neighbour Kingdomes vn-expected weale,
Through ſuddain ceaſing of Warres *enter-deale;*
As Celtike *Muſes to my Muſe inſpire.*
Miraculous the Work; and ſo his wit
That firſtly ſung this ſacred MIRACLE:
A gracious Theame (If I diſ-grace not it)
That your grau e eyes my daigne for ſpectacle.
What e'r it be, accept it as a due
From him whoſe all doth all belong to You.

Ioſuah Sylueſter.

To the French King, Henry *the fourth.*

SONNET 1.

Henry, triumphant though thou wert in War,
Though Fate and Fortitude conſpir'd thy glory,
Though thy leaſt Conflicts well deſerue a Story;
Though *Mars* his fame by thine be dark'ned far;
Though from thy Cradle (Infant Conquerer)
Thy martiall proofs haue dimm'd *Alcides* praiſe;
And though with Garlands of victorious Bayes
Thy Royall temples richly crowned are:
Yet (matchles Prince) nought haſt thou wrought ſo glorious
As this vn-lookt-for, happy PEACE admired;
Whereby, thy ſelf art of thy ſelf victorious:
For, while thou might'ſt the worlds Throne haue aſpired,
Thou by this *Peace* thy war-like hart haſt tamed:
What greater conqueſt could there then be named?

But

SONNET 2.

BVt, what new Sunne doth now adorn our Land,
And giues our skie ſo ſmooth and ſmiling cheer?
For, 'tis not *Phœbus*; els his golden brand
Shines brighter now then 't hath don many a yeer.
Sweet Angel-beauty (ſacred PEACE) Heav'ns preſent;
Is 't not the Riſing of thy new-com ſtarr,
Which makes the Air more clear, the ſpring more pleaſãt,
Zephyre more calm, and *Flora* merrier?
Ah, I perceiue the *Oliue*, *Dous*, and *Bowe*,
Divine preſages that the Flood abates
(The diſmal flood where blood and tears did flowe)
And *Ianus* now locks-vp his Temple gates:
Iuſtice and *Faith* doo kindly kiſſe each other:
And *Mars*, appeas'd, ſits down by *Cupids* Mother.

SONNET 3.

Fair fruitfull Daughter of th' Omnipotent,
Great Vmpire that dooſt either World ſuſtain,
Without whoſe help all would return again
(Like hideous *Chaos*) to confuſion bent.
O Mother of the living, ſecond Nature
Of th' Elements (Fire, Water, Earth, and Air)
O Grace (whereby men climbe th' heav'nly ſtair)
Whence void, this world harbors no happy creature.
Pillar of Lawes, Religions pedeſtall,
Hope of the godly, glory of th' Immortall;
Honour of Cities, Pearl of Kingdomes all;
Thou Nurſe of Vertues, Muſes chief ſupportall;
Patron of Artes, of Good the ſpeciall ſpring:
All hail (deer *Peace*) which vs all heale dooſt bring.

Com

SONNET 4.

Com forth (deer *Fraunce*) from thy dark Cell of mone,
Com (as new-born) from Warrs vnkindly quarrels:
Turn tragick Cypreſſe to triumphant Laurels;
Change black to green, and make thy Graue a Throne.
Let *Ceres* dwell vpon thy Deſart Plain,
Bacchus, and *Dian*, on thy Hills and Groues,
Pomana in Gardens, *Pan* among thy Droues,
Secure all Rhoades, and ope all Gates again.
Reſume (O Cities) Rule and Reverence;
Reveſt (yee States) your Robes of dignity;
Riſe-vp (yee Ruines) in fair Battlements;
Com, *Muſes*, *Pallas*, *Themis*, *Mercurie*,
Reſtore vs Lawes, Learning, and Arts, and Trade:
And let our Age, a golden Age be made.

SONNET 5.

Moſt Chriſtian Kingdom, thou wert ne're ſo near
Drown'd in the deep Gulphes of thy Civill warre,
As in the tempeſt of this later Iar,
Which paſt conceit of calming did appear.
When all the windes adverſly armed were,
(Though ſelfly-foes, yet friends to work thy wrack)
Thy Ship a helm, thy ſelf a heart didſt lack,
On troubled waters toſſed here and there:
Then from aboue (O bounty moſt admired!)
Saint *Hermes* ſhin'd, whoſe gentle light preſageth
That then the anger of the Heav'ns aſſwageth.
O happy PEACE! leſſe hoped then deſired:
O grace much honour'd, little yet conceiv'd;
O bleſſed guile, that thus our ſenſe deceiv'd.

Who

SONNET 6.

Who could expect(but past all expectation)
So suddain order, from so sad confusion;
So loyall friendship, from false emulation;
So firm possession, from so fierce intrusion?
Who could expect(but past all likelihood)
From such a storm, such and so sweet a calme;
From *Fraunce* her cyndars, such a *Phœnix*-brood;
Pandoras box to yeeld so rare a balme?
Who could expect(but past all humane thought)
So frank a freedom from a thrall so late,
Or certain Rudder of so rent a State?
True *Æsculapius*, thou alone hast wrought
This MIRACLE, not on *Hyppolitus*,
But on this Kingdom, much more wonderous.

SONNET 7.

Th'vnlookt-for working of all things almost,
Inconstant-constant, in succession strange,
Amazeth those whose wits we chiefly boast,
To see this suddain vn-expected change.
Each feels th'effect, but none the cause descries
(No though he haue with starrs intelligence):
God to himself reserues such Mysteries,
Disposing Kingdoms by his Prouidence.
O end-less Bounty! In the midst of Broyls
He giues vs PEACE, when Warr did vs inflame;
And reaues the mischief we pursu'd yer-whiles:
But, this doth most extoll his glorious Name,
That when most sharply this extreamest Fit
Strouе to be cure-les, soon he cured it.

Som

SONNET 8.

Som reaſoned thus; No violence can laſt:
Revolted Subiects, of themſelues will quail:
Iuſt Soveraignty can never be diſplac't;
And lawfull Princes firſt or laſt preuail:
But, who could think, that the conioyned powers
Of *Spain* and *Rome*, with an exceeding number
Of rebell Cities, and falſe States of ours,
So weak a King ſo little ſhould encumber?
Others diſcourſed in another ſort,
While all things ſorted to another end
Then their imaginations did purport:
That earth may knowe, it cannot comprehend
The ſecret depths of Iudgements all-divine,
No: there's no ground, beginning, midſt, nor fine.

SONNET 9.

Admire we onely Gods Omni-potence,
His deep-deep Wiſedom, and his Mercy deer.
For, with theſe three, he hath ſurmounted heer
Our hatefull foes, our hopes, and all our ſenſe:
His power appears vpon our Lord and King,
As yerſt on *David*: for, they both attain
By war-like broyls their pre-appointed Raigne;
Strangers, and ſubiects, and ſelues conquering:
His Prudence ſhines, when to preſerue vs thus,
All humane wit his wiſedom doth convince:
His gracious bounty in our bountious Prince.
O various wonders! mel delicious
Flowes from a living Lion, *Mars* is quiet,
Valour relenting, Conqueſt void of ryot.

This

SONNET 10.

This was no action of a humane hand,
But th'only work of the great Thunderer,
Who (wiſe-directing all the things that are)
In vs divinely works his owne command.
Som men, vnwilling, benefit their Land,
Or vn-awares their Countries good preferr;
Another motions PEACE, but mindeth War,
And PEACE, ſucceeds what-ever drifts withſtand.
Th' Arch-Architect, the matchles Artizan
All inſtruments vnto good vſes prooues:
Man's but a wheel, which that great Moover moues;
Each gracious gift in that firſt cauſe began:
Each good's a gleam of that firſt light alone,
If Ill approach vs, onely that's our owne.

SONNET 11.

If God dart lightning, ſoon he dewes down rain;
A dreadfull Iudge, and yet a gentle Father:
Whoſe wrath ſlowe-kindled is ſoon quencht again,
To moue vs ſinners to repent the rather.
'Gainſt Hel-bred *Hydra*, Heav'n-born *Theſeus* brings
The great *Alcides* arm and armory:
Of greateſt Ill, a greater Good there ſprings;
And Mercy ſtill doth Rigour qualifie.
Ah *Fraunce*, ſo many Monſters to ſuppreſſe,
Thou hadſt great need of Royall fortitude,
Els had'ſt thou been an *Afrik* Wilderneſs.
O happy loſt Realm! for, it hath enſude,
That now thy gain is more, in reſtauration,
Then was thy loſſe in all thy deſolation.

But

SONNET 12.

But, if I ſing great *Henries* fortitude,
Shall I not then be blam'd for ouer-daring?
If over-ſlip it, then be taxt for fearing,
Of ſilent dread, and dumbe ingratitude?
What e're befall, my youth-bold thoughts conclude
(Like *Icarus*) my nimble *Muſe* to raiſe:
And if I fall in ſuch a Sea of praiſe:
What rarer *Mauſole* may my bones include?
A ſacred rage of ſom ſweet-furious flame,
Will-nill-I, rapts me boldly to rehearſe
Great *Henries* Tropheis, and his glorious name.
Then roule thou Torrent of my tender verſe:
Though his high Theam deſerue a conſort rather
Of all the Muſes, and all muſikes Father.

SONNET 13.

Great Prince, not pleas'd with a vain vertue-ſeeming:
Great Victor, prone to pardon humblenes,
Happy, all Hap Heav'ns onely gift eſteeming;
Warriour, whoſe warrs haue wrought his Coūtries PEACE:
Noble by deeds, and noble by deſcent;
Ancient *Achilles*, youthfull *Neſtor* ſage,
Whoſe ripe-experienç't courage confident,
To knocks knits counſail, and giues rule to rage.
As hard in toyle, as in compaſſion ſoft:
Inur'd to that, by nature born to this;
Who ſheds no blood, but ſheddeth tears as oft,
Who never fights but ſtill the field is his.
So like to *Mars*, that both in loues and warres,
Bellona and *Venus* take him ſtill for *Mars*.

A ſpirit

SONNET 14.

A ſpirit, to vertues cheerfully addreſt;
Apt to all goodnes, to no ill inclin'd;
Quick to conceiue, ingenious to digeſt;
Whoſe tongue is ſtill true Trumpet of the minde:
A body, reſting when it hath no reſt;
A waxen mildnes in a ſteely minde;
A ſoule tra-lucent in an open breſt,
Which others thoughts through boany wals can finde;
Whoſe front reflects maieſtical-humillity,
Whoſe graue-ſweet looke commandingly-intreats,
Which in one inſtant fear and loue begets:
A King ſtill warring to obtain tranquillity,
To ſaue his Country ſcorning thouſand dangers;
Mirrour of *Fraunce*, and miracle of Strangers.

SONNET 15.

If that, before thee fall rebellious Towers,
If battered walls, before thy Souldiers, looſe:
If hugeſt Rocks be pearced by thy powers;
If 'gainſt thine Armes, no armour be of proof:
If that our fields flowe with *Iberian* blood,
If that thy Campe compos'd of many a *Ceſar*
Can by no diſmall dangers be withſtood;
Iouſting with Gyants, as it were at pleaſure:
If lofty Mountains to thine homage vail;
If valleys riſe to bulwarke thee about;
If for thy ſake, rivers doo flowe and fail;
'Twas neither Canons, nor our conflicts ſtout,
Nor ſtrength, nor ſtomack got theſe victories:
No, 'twas thy preſence (*Henry*) and thine eyes.

They

SONNET 16.

They be to blame then, that thy boldnes blame,
For having put thy ſelf ſo oft in danger:
Sith, againſt Rebels and againſt the Stranger,
Thy looks, like lightning did thy Troops inflame.
Fraunce fought before, all bloody, faint, and lame,
Craving thine aid to venge her hatefull wrong:
When, like a Lion to preſerue her yong
Thou lay'dſt about thee to redeem the ſame.
Then had'ſt thou cauſe to hazard ſo thy life
(In extream perils, extream remedies)
But ſpare thee now, thy State is free from ſtrife:
Soveraign, our ſafety in thy ſafety lies.
Codrus could keep his, onely by his death:
Thou thine, alone by thine owne living breath.

SONNET 17.

What wreath were worthy to becom thy Crown,
What *Carr-Triumphant* equall with thy worth,
What marble ſtatue meet for thy renown,
Thou that haſt rais'd the Lilly of the Earth?
What honourable Title of Addition
Doſt thou deſerue, who (ioyning might with mildenes)
Haſt ſav'd this great Ship from a ſad perdition,
Nigh loſt in th' Ocean of warrs civill wildenes?
O modern *Hercules* (thy Countries Father)
Hope not of vs thy iuſt-deſerved meed:
Earth is too-baſe, in Heav'n expect it rather.
Our Laurels are too-pale to crown thy deed,
Who thus haſt ſalv'd the vniverſall Ball:
For, th' health of *Fraunce* imports the health of all.

Pardon

SONNET 18.

Pardon me (*Henry*) if Heav'ns ſiluer raine,
Dewing thy Pearles, impearle mine humble Laies:
And if my verſe (void both of price and paine)
Preſume thy Vertues paſſing-price to praiſe:
Pardon (great King) if that mine Infant Muſe
Stutter thy name; and if with skill too-ſcant
I limne thee heare, let zeale my crime excuſe;
My ſteel 's attracted by thine Adamant.
For, as the Sunne, although he doo reflect
His golden Rayes on groſſer Elements,
Doth neuer ſpot his beautifull aſpect:
So, though the praiſes of thine Excellence
Doo brightly gliſter in my gloomie ſtile,
They nothing loſe of their firſt grace the while.

SONNET 19.

Now, ſith as well by conqueſt as ſucceſſion
France is thine owne; O keepe it ſtill therefore.
'Tis much to conquer: but to keepe poſſeſſion
Is full as much, and if it be not more.
Who well would keepe ſo plentifull a portion,
Muſt ſtabliſh firſt the Heav'nly Diſcipline;
Then humane Lawes, reſtraining all extortion;
And Princely wealth with publike weale combine.
A Princes ſafety lyes in louing People;
His Fort is Iuſtice (free from Stratagem)
Without the which ſtrong Cittadels are feeble.
The Subiects loue is wonne by louing them:
Of louing them, n' oppreſſion is the triall:
And no oppreſſion makes them euer loyall.

SONNET 20.

Bold *Martialists*, braue Imps of noble birth,
Shining in steele for *Fraunce*, and for your King:
Yee Sonnes of those that heretofore did bring
Beneath their yoke, the pride of all the earth.
It is an honour to be high-descended;
But more, t'haue kept ones Country and fidelitie.
For, our owne vertues make vs most commended:
And Truth's the title of all true Nobilitie.
Your shoulders shoar'd vp *Fraunce* (euen like to fall)
You were her *Atlas*; *Henry*, *Hercules*:
And but for you, her shock had shaken All;
But now she stands stedfast on Ciuill PEACE:
Wherefore, if yet your war-like heat doo worke,
With holy Armes goe hunt the hatefull *Turk*.

SONNET 21.

But, you that vaunt your antike Petigrees,
So stately tymbring your surcharged shields,
Perking (like Pines aboue the lower Trees)
Ouer the Farmers of your neighbour fields;
Is't lack of loue, or is it lack of courage,
That holds you (Snaile-like) creeping in your houses,
While ouer all your Countries Foes doo forrage,
And rebell out-rage euery corner rouses?
If no example of your Ancestors,
Nor present instance of bright-armed Lords,
The feeble Temper of your stomack stirres,
If in your liues yee neuer drew your swords
To serue your King, nor quench your Countries flames,
Pardon me, Nobles, I mistooke your names.

SONNET 22.

You ſacred Order, charg'd the Church to watch,
And teach the holy Myſteries of Heav'n,
From hence-forth all ſeditious plots diſpatch,
And (Father-like) to all be alwaies euen.
Through ſuperſtition ſtirre to ſtrife againe;
Reuolts a miſchiefe euermore pernicious:
Pluck vp abuſes, and the hurtfull graine
Sprung from the Ignorant and Auaricious.
Auoid Ambition (common cauſe of ſtrife)
Your reuerend Robe be free from ſtaines of blood,
Preach holy Doctrine, prooue it by your life;
Fly Idlenes, chooſe exerciſes good;
To wit, all workes of liuely faith and pietie.
So, to your fold ſhall flock the bleſt Societie.

SONNET 23.

You graue aſſembly of ſage Senators,
Right Oracles, yee *Ephori* of *Fraunce*;
Who, for the States and Iuſtice maintenance,
Of Sword and Balance are the Arbitrers:
That from hence-forth (againſt all enemies)
Our PEACE may ſeat her in a ſetled Throne;
Repreſſe the malice of all mutinies,
Which through th'aduantage of theſe times haue growne.
At a lowe tyde 'tis beſt to mend a breach,
Before the flood returne with violence:
'Tis good in health to counſaile with a Leach:
So, while a People's calme from inſolence,
'Tis beſt that Rulers bridle them with awe;
And (for the future) curbe the lewd with law.

SONNET 24.

People, leſſe ſetled then the ſliding ſand;
More mutable then *Proteus*, or the Moone;
Turn'd, and return'd, in turning of a hand:
Like *Euripus* ebbe-flowing euery Noone.
Thou thouſand-headed head-les Monſter-moſt,
Oft ſlaine (like *Antheus*) and as oft new riſing,
Who, hard as ſteele, as light as winde art toſt;
Chameleon-like, each obiects colour pryſing.
Vnblinde thy blinde ſoule, ope thine inward ſight;
Be no more Tinder of inteſtine flame:
Of all fantaſtike humors purge thy ſpright:
For, if paſt-follies vrge yet griefe and ſhame,
Lo (like Obliuions law) to cure thy paſſion,
State-ſtabling *Peace* brings froward minds in faſhion.

SONNET 25.

Engins of *Vulcan*, Heav'n-affrighting wonders,
Like brittle glaſſe the Rocks to cyndars breaking;
Deafning the windes, dumbing the loudeſt thunders;
May yee be bound a thouſand yeeres from ſpeaking.
Yee hate-peace Hackſters flesht in Maſſacres,
Be you for euer baniſht from our ſoile;
Yee ſteeled Tooles of ſlaughter, wounds, and warres,
Be you condemn'd to hang, and ruſt a while:
Or (not to languiſh in ſo fruit-les reſt)
Be you transform'd to husband-furniture,
To plow thoſe fields you haue ſo oft depreſt:
Of (if you cannot leaue your wonted vre)
Leaue (at the leaſt) all mutinous alarmes,
And be from hence-forth Iuſtice lawfull Armes.

O *Paris*

SONNET 26.

O *Paris*, know thy ſelfe, and know thy Maſter,
As well thy heav'nly as thine earthly guider:
And be not like a Horſe, who (proud of paſture)
Breakes Bit, and Reanes, and caſts his cunning Rider
Who nill be Subiects, ſhall be ſlaues in fine:
Who Kings refuſe, ſhall haue a Tyrant Lord:
Who are not moou'd with the milde rods diuine,
Shall feele the furie of Heav'ns venging Sword.
Thy greatnes ſtands on theirs that weare the Crowne,
Whereof, th'haſt had now ſeuentie (ſauing ſeuen)
Thinke one ſufficient ſoone to pull thee downe:
Kings greatnes ſtands on the great King of Heav'n.
Knowing theſe two, then *Paris* know thy ſelfe,
By Warres afflictions, and by PEACE swealth.

SONNET 27.

Swell not in pride O *Paris* (Princely Dame)
To be chiefe Citie, and thy Soueraignes Throne:
Citie? nay modell of this totall Frame,
A mighty Kingdome of thy ſelfe alone.
The ſcourge that lately with paternall hand
For thine amendment did ſo mildely beat-thee,
If any more againſt thy Kings thou ſtand,
Shall proue that then God did but only threat-thee.
Were thou a hundred-thouſand-fold more mighty,
Who in th'Olympike Court commands the thunders,
In his leaſt wrath can wrack thee (moſt Almighty).
Thebes, *Babel*, *Rome*, thoſe proud heav'n-daring wonders,
Lowe vnder ground in duſt and aſhes lie:
For earthly Kingdomes (euen as men) doe die.

SONNET 28.

But, O my ſorroues! whither am I toſſ'd?
What? ſhall I bloodie ſweet ASTREAS Songs?
Re-open wounds that are now heal'd almoſt,
And new-remember nigh-forgotten wrongs?
Sith ſtormes are calmed by a gentle Starre,
Forget we (Muſe) all former furie-moods,
And all the tempeſts of our viper-Warre:
Drown we thoſe thoughts in deep-deep *Lethe* floods.
O but (alas) I cannot not-retaine
So great, notorious, common miſeries,
Nor hide my plaint, nor hold my weeping raine:
But 'mid theſe hidious helliſh out-rages,
I'le ſhowe and prooue by this ſtrange ſpectacle,
Our ciuill PEACE, a ſacred Miracle.

SONNET 29.

As he that, ſcap't from Ship-wrack on a planke,
Doubts of his health, and hardly yet beleeues
(Still faintly ſhiuering on the feare-les banke)
That (through that fraile helpe) certainly he liues:
As he that new freed from ſtrange ſeruitude,
Returnes againe to tread his natiue allies,
Seemes ſtill to feare his Patrons rigour rude,
And ſeemes ſtill tugging, chayned in the Gallies:
So alwaies, ruth, ruine, and rage, and horror
Of troubles paſt doo haunt me euery-where,
And ſtill I meete Furies and gaſtly Terror:
Then, to my ſelfe thus raue I (rapt with feare)
From pleaſures paſt, if preſent ſorrow ſpring,
Why ſhould not paſt cares preſent comfort bring?

We

SONNET 30.

We muſt not now vpbraid each others crimes
Committed wrongly in the time of Warre;
For we haue all (alas) too often-times
Prouok't the vengeance of the Lord too farre:
Some robbing Iuſtice, vnder maske of Reaſon;
Some blowing coles, to kindle-vp Sedition;
Some 'gainſt their King attempting open Treaſon;
Some Godding *Fortune* (Idol of Ambition).
Alas, we know our cauſe of maladie,
All apt t'accuſe, but none to cleanſe th'impure;
Each doth rebuke, but none doth remedie:
To know a griefe, it is but halfe a cure:
Is it our ſinnes? let's purge away that bane;
For what helps Phyſicke if it be not tane?

SONNET 31.

Who cloake their crimes in hoods of holines,
Are double villaines: and the Hypocrite
Is moſt-moſt odious in Gods glorious ſight,
That takes his Name to couer wickednes.
Prophane Ambition, blinde and irreligious,
In queſt of Kingdomes, holding nothing holy:
Think'ſt thou th'Eternall blinde (as thou in folly)
Or weake to puniſh Monſters ſo prodigious?
O execrable vizard, canſt thou hide thee
From th'All-pierce Eye? are treaſon, rape, and murder
Effects of Faith, or of the Furies-order?
Thy vaile is rent, the rudeſt haue deſcride thee.
'Tis now apparant to each plaine Opinion,
Thy hot Deuotion hunted but Dominion.

SONNET 32.

'Tis ſtrange to ſee the heat of Ciuill brands.
For, when we arme vs brother againſt brother,
O then how ready are our hearts and hands,
And Wits awake to ruine one another!
But, come to counter-mine 'gainſt ſecret treaſon,
Or force the forces of a ſtranger foe,
Alas, how ſhallow are we then in reaſon,
How cold in courage, and in camping ſlowe!
Fraunce onely ſtriues to triumph ouer *Fraunce*:
With ſelfe-kill Swords to cut each others throat.
What ſwarmes of Souldiers euery where doo float,
To ſpend and ſpoile a Kingdomes maintenance?
But, ſaid I Souldiers? ah I bluſh for ſhame,
To giue baſe Theeues the noble Souldiers name.

SONNET 33.

Is't not an endles ſcandall to our daies
(If poſſible our heires can credit it):
That th'holy name of PEACE, ſo worthy praiſe,
Hath been our Watch-word for a fault vnfit?
That the pure Lilly, our owne natiue flower,
Hath been an odious obiect in our eyes?
That kingly Name, and Kings heav'n-ſtabliſht power,
Hath been with vs a marke of trecheries?
T'haue baniſht hence the godly and the wiſe,
Whoſe ſound direction kept the State from danger;
Yea, made their bodies bloody Sacrifice?
And (to conclude) ſeeking to ſerue a Stranger,
T'haue ſtab'd our owne? but (O Muſe) keepe that in,
The fault's ſo foul, to ſpeake it were a ſinne.

I waile

SONNET 34.

I waile not I ſo much warres waſtefull rigours,
Nor all thy ruines make me halfe ſo ſorie,
As thy loſt honour (*Fraunce*) which moſt diſfigures,
Loſing thy loyaltie, thy Natiue glory.
From *Moores* to *Moſcouites* (O curſed change!)
The *French* are called, *Faith-les Parricides*:
Th'yerſt-moſt-prince-loyall people (O moſt ſtrange!)
Are now Prince-treachers more than all beſides:
With vs, *Maſſacres* paſſe for Pietie;
Theft, rape, and wrong, for iuſt-attaind poſſeſſions;
Reuolt for Merit, Rage for Equitie:
Alas, muſt we needs borrow the tranſgreſſions
And imperfections of all other Nations,
Yerſt onely blamed for inconſtant faſhions?

SONNET 35.

Not without reaſon hath it oft been ſpoken;
That through faire Concord little things augment,
And (oppoſite) that mightieſt things are broken
Through th'vgly Diſcord of the diſcontent.
When many tunes doe gently ſymphonize
It conquers hearts and kindly them compounds;
When many hearts doe gentle ſympathize
In ſacred frendſhip, there all bliſſe abounds.
Alas, if longer we diuide this Realme,
Looſing to euerie Partizan apart;
Farewell our Lillies and our Diadem.
For, though it ſeeme to breath now ſomewhat peart,
Our ſinnes (I feare) will worke worſe after-claps:
And ther's moſt danger in a re-relaps.

SONNET 36.

O, how I hate theſe partializing words,
Which ſhowe how we are in the Faith deuiſed:
Is 't poſſible to whet ſo many Swords,
And light ſuch flames 'mong th'In-one-Chriſt-baptized:
Chriſtians to Chriſtians to be brute and bloody,
Altars to Altars to be oppoſite,
Parting the limmes of ſuch a perfect Body,
While *Turkes* with *Turkes* doo better farre vnite?
We, in our Truth finde doubts (whence follow Schiſmes)
They, whoſe fond Law doth all of Lies conſiſt,
Abide confirm'd in their vaine Paganiſmes.
One nought beleeues, another what him liſt,
One ouer-Creeds, another Creeds too-ſhort;
Each makes his Church (rather his Sect) a-part.

SONNET 37.

Put-off (deere *French*) all ſecret grudge and gall,
And all keen ſtings of vengeance on all parts:
For, if you would haue PEACE proclaim'd to all,
It muſt be firſt faire printed in your hearts.
Henry, the mildeſt of all Conquerers
(Your perfect glaſſe for Princely clemencie)
He, to appeaſe and calme the State from iarres,
For his friends ſake, hath ſav'd his enemie.
Let's all be *French*, all ſubiects to one Lord;
Let *Fraunce* from hence-forth be one onely State;
Let's all (for Gods ſake) be of one accord:
So (through true zeale Chriſts praiſe to propagate)
May *the moſt Chriſtian King* with proſperous power
On *Sion* walls re-plant our Lilly-flower.

O Chri-

SONNET 38.

O Chriſtian cor'ſiue! that the *Mahomite*
With hundred thouſands in *Vienna* Plaine,
His Mooned Standards hath already pight,
Preſt to ioyne *Auſtrich* to his *Thracian* Raigne:
Malth, *Corfu*, *Candie*, his proud Threats diſdaine;
And all our *Europe* trembles in diſmay;
While ſtriuing *Chriſtians* (by each other ſlaine)
Each other weak'ning, make him eaſie way.
Rhodes, *Belgrade*, *Cyprus*, and the Realmes of *Greece*,
Thrall'd to his barbarous yoke, yet freſh-declare,
That while two ſtriue, a third obtaines the fleece.
Though name of *Chriſtian* be a title faire;
If, but for Earth, they all this while haue ſtriu'n,
They may haue Earth, but others ſhall haue Heau'n.

SONNET 39.

May I not one day ſee in *Fraunce* againe
Some new *Martellus* (full of ſtout actiuitie)
To ſnatch the Scepter from the *Saracen*,
That holds the Holy Land in ſtrait captiuitie?
May I not ſee the ſelfe-weale-wounding Launce
Of our braue Bloods (yerſt one another goring)
Turn'd with more valour on the *Muſſulmans*,
A higher pitch of happy proweſſe ſoaring?
But who (deare *Fraunce*) of all thy men-at-armes
Shall ſo farre aduance renue thine ancient Laurels:
Sith here they plot thine and their proper harmes?
I rather feare, that (through theſe fatall quarrels)
That hate-Chriſt Tyrant will in time become
The Lord and Soueraigne of all *Chriſtendome*.

Mid-

SONNET 40.

Mid all theſe miſchiefes, while the friend-foe Strangers,
With vs. againſt vs, had intelligence;
Henry our King, our Father, voides our dangers,
And (O Heav'ns wonder) planteth PEACE in *Fraunce*.
Thou Iudge that ſitt'ſt on th. ſupernall Throne,
O quench thy furie, keepe vs from hoſtilitie:
With eyes of mercy looke thou ſtill vpon
Our PEACE, and found it on a firme ſtabilitie:
Sith (in deſpight of diſcord) thou alone,
Inward and outward, haſt thus ſaly'd vs (Lord)
Keepe ſtill our *Fraunce* (or rather Lord thine owne)
Let Princes loue, and liue in iuſt accord:
Diſ-arme them (Lord) or, if Armes buſie them,
Be it alone for thy *Ieruſalem*.

FINIS.

A Dialogue vpon the Troubles paſt:

BETWEENE HERAclitus *and* Democritus, *the weeping and the laughing Philoſophers.*



Acceptam refero.

A DIALOGVE.

Heraclitus.

ALas, thou laugh'ſt, perhaps not feeling well
The painfull torments of this mortall Hell:
Ah I canſt thou (teare-les) in this iron Age,
See men maſſacred, Monſters horne to rage?

Democritus.

Ha, but why weep'ſt thou? wherefore in this ſort
Dooſt thou lament amid this merry ſport?
Ha, canſt thou chuſe but laugh, to ſee the State
Of mens now-follies, and the freaks of Fate?

Heraclitus.

He hath no heart that melts not all in teares,
To ſee the treaſons, murders, maſſacres,
Sacks, ſacrileges, loſſes, and alarmes
Of thoſe that periſh by their proper armes.

Democritus.

Who all diſmayed, ſwouneth ſodainly
To heare or ſee ſome fained Tragedie
(Held in theſe dayes, on euery Stage as common)
Is but a heart-les man, or but a woman.

Heraclitus.

O I would to God our Countries tragick ruth
Were but a fable, no effected truth:
My ſoule then ſhould not ſigh to angry Heav'n,
Nor for her plagues my tender heart be riv'n.

Democritus.

Democritus.

I take the world to be but as a Stage,
Where net-maskt men doo play their personage.
'Tis but a mummerie, and a pleasant showe;
Sith ouer all, strange vanities doo flowe.

Heraclitus.

Those vanities I haue in detestation,
As cursed causes of Gods indignation:
Which makes me alwayes weepe, sith on the earth
I see no obiect for the meanest mirth.

Democritus.

Thus, from one Subiect sundry sequels spring,
As diuersly our wits conceiue a thing.
I laugh to see thee weepe; thou weep'st to see
Me laugh so much, which more afflicteth thee.

Heraclitus.

Laugh while thou list at mortall miseries,
I cannot chuse but euen weepe out mine eyes:
Finding more cause for teares in bloody slaughter,
Then for thy sense-les, ill-beseeming laughter.

Democritus.

Melt thee, distill thee, turne to waxe or snowe;
Make sad thy gesture, tune thy voice to woe;
I cannot weepe, except sometimes it hap
Through laughing much, mine eyes let fall a drop.

Heraclitus.

I weepe to see thus euery thing confused,
Order disordred, and the Lawes abused;
Iustice reuerst, and Policie peruerted;
And this sicke State neere vtterly subuerted.

Democritus.

I laugh to see how Fortune (like a ball)
Playes with the Globe of this inconstant All:
How she degradeth these, and graceth those;
How, whom she lists vp, downe againe she throwes.

Heraclitus.

Heraclitus.

I raine downe Riuers, when againſt their King
Cities rebell, through ſubiects bandying:
When Colledges (through Armes) are reft of Art:
When euery Countie Kingdomes-it a-part.

Democritus.

I burſt with laughter, when (confounding State)
I ſee thoſe Rebels hunt their Magiſtrate:
When I heare Porters prate of State-deſignes,
And make all common, as in new-found *Indes*.

Heraclitus.

I weepe to ſee Gods glory made a vaile
To couer who his glory moſt aſſaile:
That ſacred Faith is made a maske for ſinne,
And men runne headlong to deſtructions ginne.

Democritus.

I laugh (with all my heart) at the transforming
Of lugling *Proteis*, to all times *Conforming*:
But, moſt I laugh t'haue ſeene the world ſo mad
To ſtarue and die, when thoſe damn'd *Atheiſts* bad.

Heraclitus.

I weepe (alas) to ſee the People weepe,
Oppreſt with reſt-les waight in danger deepe;
Crying for PEACE, but yet not like to get-her,
Yet her condition is not greatly better.

Democritus.

I laugh to ſee all cauſe of laughter gone, (mone:
Through thoſe which (yerſt thou ſaid'ſt) haue caus'd thy
Noting th'old guiſe, I laugh at all their new;
I laugh at more, but dare not tell it you.

Heraclitus.

Som ſorrowes alſo I in ſilence keepe;
But in the Deſart, all my woes ſhall weepe:
And there (perhaps) the Rocks will helpe me then;
For, in theſe dayes they are more milde then men.

Democritus.

Democritus.

I'le dwell in Cities (as my *Genius* guides)
To laugh my fill; for, smiling PRAER prouides
Such plentious store of laughing-stuffe to fill me,
That still I'le laugh, vn-les that laughing kill me.

FINIS.

AN ODE

OF THE LOVE AND beauties of *Astræa.*

To the most matchles-faire, and *vertuous*, M. M. H.

TETRASTICON.

THou, for whose sake my freedome I forsake,
Who, murdring me, doost yet maintain my life:
Heere, vnder PEACE, *thy beauties Type I make,*
Faire, war-like Nimph, that keep'st me still in strife.

Sacred PEACE, if I approue thee,
If more then my life I loue thee,
'Tis not for thy beautious eyes:
Though the brighteſt Lampe in skies
In his higheſt Sommer ſhine,
Seemes a ſparke compar'd with thine,
With thy paire of ſelfe-like Sunnes,
Paſt all els-compariſons.

'Tis not (deere) the dewes Ambroſiall
Of thoſe pretie lips ſo Roſiall,
Make me humble at thy feet:
Though the pureſt honey ſweet
That the Muſes birds doo bring
To Mount *Hybla* euery ſpring,
Nothing neere ſo pleaſant is,
As thy liuely louing kiſſe.

'Tis not (Beauties Empereſſe)
Th'Amber circlets of thy treſſe,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That ſo faſt my freedome bindes:
Though the pretious glittering ſand
Richly ſtrow'd on *Tagus* Strand;
Nor the graines *Pactolus* rol'd
Neuer were ſo fine a gold.

'Tis not for the poliſht rowes
Of thoſe Rocks whence Prudence flowes,
That I ſtill my ſute purſue;
Though that in thoſe Countries new
In the Orient lately found
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)
'Mong all baytes of Auarice
Be no Pearles of ſuch a price.

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yuorie neck
Makes me worſhip at thy beck;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy boſome panting ſtill:
Though no faireſt *Ledas* Swan,
Nor no ſleekeſt Marble can
Be ſo ſmooth or white in ſhowe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not (O my Paradiſe)
Thy front (euener than the yce)
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his milde-ſweet Mateſtie:
Though the ſiluer Moone be faine
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to ſuſtain diſgrace,
If by day ſhe meet thy face.

'Tis

'Tis not that ſoft Sattin limme,
With blew trailes enameld trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection
Keeps my thoughts in thy ſubiection:
Though it haue ſuch curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,
That on Lute to heare it warble,
Would mooue Rocks and rauiſh Marble.

'Tis not all the reſt beſide,
Which thy modeſt vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah too iniurious I)
Makes me of thy loue ſo curious:
Though *Diana* being bare,
Nor *Leucothoe* paſſing rare,
In the Cryſtall-flowing ſprings
Neuer bath'd ſo beautious things.

What then (O diuineſt Dame)
Fires my ſoule with burning flame,
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling Taper catches?
And what *Nectar* from aboue
Feedes and feaſts my ioyes (my Loue)
If they taſte not of the dainties
Of thy ſweet lips ſugred plenties?

What fell heat of couetize
In my feeble boſome fries;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy treſſes pureſt gold?
What ineſtimable treaſure
Can procure me greater pleaſure
Then thoſe Orient Pearles I ſee
When thou daign'ſt to ſmile on mee?

What? what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites,
If I ouer-paſſe the meſſe
Of thoſe apples of thy breſts?
What freſh buds of ſcarlet Roſe
Are more fragrant ſweet than thoſe
Then thoſe Twins, thy Strawberrie teates,
Curled-purled Cherrielets?

What (to finiſh) fairer limme,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rarer Subiect
Makes me make thee all mine obiect?
If it be not all the reſt
By thy modeſt vaile ſuppreſt
(Rather) which an enuious cloud
From my ſight doth cloſely ſhroud.

Ah

Ah 't 's a thing farre more diuine,
'Tis that peere-les Soule of thine,
Maſter-peece of Heav'ns beſt Art,
Made to maze each mortall hart.
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy ſweet grace and geſture fit,
Thy milde pleaſing curteſie
Makes thee triumph ouer me.

But, for thy faire Soules reſpect,
I loue Twin-flames that reflect
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes:
And thy yellow lockes likewiſe:
And thoſe Orient-Pearly Rocks
Which thy lightning Smile vn-lockes:
And the *Nectar*-paſſing bliſſes
Of thy honey-ſweeter kiſſes.

I loue thy freſh roſie cheeke
Bluſhing moſt *Aurora*-like,
And the white-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And thoſe Iuorie-marble mounts
Either, neither, both at once:
For, I dare not touch, to know
If they be of fleſh or no.

I loue thy pure Lilly hand
Soft, and ſmooth, and ſlender; and
Thoſe fine nimble brethren ſmall
Arm'd with Pearle-ſhel helmets all.
I loue alſo all the reſt
By thy modeſt vaile ſuppreſt:
(Rather) which an enuious cloud
From my longing ſight doth ſhroud.

FINIS.

SONNET 1.

Sweet mouth, that send'ſt a musky-roſed breath;
Fountain of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balm;
Eyes cloudy-clear, ſmile-frowning, ſtormy-calm;
Whoſe every glance darts me a living-death:
Browes, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arkes:
Smile, that then *Venus* ſooner *Mars* beſots;
Locks more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in cloſe ambuſh wanton *Cupid* lurkes:
Grace Angel-like; fair fore-head, ſmooth, and high;
Pure white, that dimm'ſt the Lillies of the Vale;
Vermilion Roſe, that mak'ſt *Aurora* pale:
Rare ſpirit, to rule this beautious Emperie:
If in your force, Divine effects I view,
Ah, who can blame me, if I worſhip you?

SONNET 2.

Thou, whoſe ſweet eloquence doth make me mute;
Whoſe ſight doth blinde me; and whoſe nimblenes
Of feet in daunce, and fingers on the Lute,
In deep amazes makes me motion-les.
Whoſe onely preſence, from my ſelf abſents me;
Whoſe pleaſant humours, make me paſſionate;
Whoſe ſober mood, my follies repreſents me:
Whoſe graue-milde graces make me emulate.
My heart, through whom, my heart is none of mine:
My All, through whom, I nothing doo poſſeſſe
Saue thine *Idea*, glorious and divine.
O thou my Peace-like War, and war-like PEACE,
So much the wounds that thou haſt given me, pleaſe;
That 'tis my beſt eaſe, never to haue eaſe.

Epi-

Epigramms and Epitaphes vpon Warre and Peace.

Vpon the Leagne.

FRaunce, without cauſe thou dooſt complain
Againſt the *League* for wronging thee.
Sh' hath made thee large amends again,
With more then common vſury:
For, for thy one King which ſhe ſlew,
Sh' hath given thee now a thouſand new.

Vpon the taking of Paris.

1

When *Paris* (happily) was wonne
With ſmall or no endangering,
Such ſuddain common ioy begunne,
That one would ſay (t' haue ſeen the thing)
Th' King took not *Paris*, *Paris* took the King.

2

O rareſt ſight of ioyfull woe,
Adorned with delightfull dread;
When *Henry* with one ſelf-ſame ſhowe,
Conquer'd at once and triumphed!

3

Sith, thee from danger and diſtreſſe to free,
The King thus took, or rather entred thee;
Paris, it was not in ſtern *Mars* his Moneth,
But in the month that mild ASTREA owneth.

Vpon the fall of the Millars-bridge.

1

The Millars in the River drown'd,
While *Paris* was beleagerd round;
To die were all reſolv'd in minde,
Becauſe they had no more to grinde.

2 Then

2

Then was their fitteſt time to die,
Becauſe they might intend it beſt:
But their intent was contrary,
Becauſe they then liv'd ſo at reſt.

3

As, after long ſharp famine, ſom (forlorn)
Of ſurfet Die, their greedines is ſuch:
This Mill-bridge, hauing faſted long from corn,
Is drown'd (perhaps) for having ground too-much.

Vpon the recouerie of Amiens.

I knowe not which may ſeem moſt admirable;
To take or re-take ſuch a Cities force:
But, yet I knowe which is moſt honorable,
To take by fraud, or to re-take by force.

2

Each where they ſing a thouſand wayes
The glory of this enterpriſe:
But yet of all their merry Layes,
The beſt is ſtill in the Re-priſe.

3

Hernand was happy by this Enterpriſe,
To take ſo ſoon our *Amiens* without blow:
More happy yet, to die yer the Re-priſe,
Els had he dy'de for ſhame to leave it ſo.

Vpon the Reduction of Nantes.

Nantes would not yeeld ſo ſoon (they ſayd)
Nor be recovered ſo good cheap:
And yet, for all defence it made,
'Twas made to make the *Britton* Leap.

Vpon PEACE.

1

Souldiers, late preſt, are now ſuppreſt;
Croſt and caſſierd from further pay:
Yet will they (in this time of reſt)
Take vp their lendings by the Way.

2 This

2

This PEACE (it ſeemeth) doth not ſound
To all the world; for every-where
More Sergeants now doo goe the Round,
Then Souldiers yerſt accuſtom'd were.

Vpon Captain Coblar.

A merry Coblar left the warrs,
To turn vnto his Occupation:
And, asked by his Cuſtomers,
The reaſon of his alteration:
'T hath pleas'd (quoth he) the King t'ordain
That each his Office take again.

Vpon Warre.

Here, vnder this huge heap of ſtones
Lately enterr'd, lyes cruell WARRE:
Pray God long reſt her ſoule and bones:
Yet, there is nothing worſe for her.

Vpon Rowland Rob-Church.

Heer lyeth *Rowland*, that was lately ſlain,
In robbing of a wealthy Chappell, ſpyde:
Yet I beleeue he doth in Heav'n remain,
Sith onely for the Churches Good he dyde.

Vpon Captaine Catch.

Heer vnder, Captain CATCH is layd,
Who ſixe times chang'd from ſide to ſide,
Of neither ſide (it ſeem'd) afraid:
He wore a white Scarfe when he di'de;
Yet ſom ſuſpect (and ſo doo I)
For his inconſtance ſhowne before,
That to the Black-band he did fly:
But now he can revolt no more.

Vpon

Upon Sir Nequam Neuter.

Heer lyeth he, who the more safe to pray
On both sides; *Neuter*, between both abode:
Whether his Soule is gone, I can not say,
Sith he was, nor for Diuell, nor for God.

Pax omnibus vna.

FINIS.



A l'honeur

A l'honeur de la Paix, chantée par Monſieur du NESME, & rechantée en Anglois par Monſieur SYLVESTRE.

SAns Paix rien ne ſubſiſte: en Paix tout croiſt & dure:
Dieu maintient par ſa Paix le beau Grand Vniuers
Et le Petit, baſtis de membres ſi diuers,
Touts s'entr'aydans l'vn l'autre en commune facture:
Elle vnit a ſon Dieu l'humaine creature:
Elle emplit de Citez les Royaumes deſerts:
Elle bride les fols, & rend les champs couverts
De biens donans plaiſirs, veſture, & nouriture.
Enuoy-la donc (O Dieu) a nos Princes & Roys,
En nos maiſons, en nous; & fay que d'vne voix
Nous ſuyvions les accords de ton Neſme *admirable:*
Lors (a iamais) ſeras loué de nos Gaulois
Par ſes chants tout-divins: & Syluestre, *en Anglois*
Redoublera ce loz d'vn ſtile immitable.

P. CATELLE. *I'attens le temps.*

THE PROFIT

of Imprisonment.

A PARADOX,

VVritten in French by *Odet de la Noue*, Lord of *Teligni*, being Prisoner in the Castle of *Tournay*.

Translated by IOSVAH SYLVESTER.



Acceptam refero.

To his long-approoued friend, M. R. Nicolſon, I. S. *wiſheth euer* all true content.

TO thee (the ſame to me as firſt I meant)
Friend to the Muſes, and the well-inclinde,
Louing, and lov'd of euery vertuous minde:
To thee the ſame, I the ſame Song preſent
(Our mutuall loue's eternall Monument)
Wherein, our Nephewes ſhall heer-after finde
Our conſtant Friendſhip how it was combinde
With linkes of kindnes and acknowledgement.
Accept again this Preſent in good part,
This ſimple pledge of my ſincere affection
To Tangley, *Thee, and thy* Soon-calm-in-hart
(Perfect good-will ſupplies all imperfection).
Chameleons *change their colour*: Guile *her game*:
But (in both Fortunes) *Vertue's ſtill the ſame.*

A Sonnet of the Author to his Booke.

THe body, *ouerprone to* Pleasures *and delights*
Of soft, fraile, dainty flesh, *and to selfe-*ease *addicted,*
Abhors Imprisonment, *as a base paine inflicted*
To punish the defaults of most vnhappy wights.
The soule, *as much surpriz'd with loue of heauenly sights,*
And longing to behold the place that appertaines her,
Doth loath the body, *as a* Prison *that detaines her*
From her high happines *among the blessed sprights.*
Then, sith both body *and* soule *their bondage neuer brooke,*
But soule *and* body *both doo loue their* libertie:
Tell, tell me (O my Muse) who will beleeue our Booke?
He that hath learn'd a right both these to mortifie,
And serue our Sauiour Christ *in* body *and in* spirite,
Who both from thrall *hath* freed *by his owne only merit.*

A Paradox,

That Aduersity is more necessary then Prosperitie; and that, of all afflictions, close Prison *is most pleasant, and most profitable.*

HOw-euer fondly-false a vain Opinion seeme,
If but the Vulgar once the same for right esteeme;
Most men account it so: so (in absurdest things)
Consent of multitude exceeding credit brings.
Nor any meane remaines when it is once receiued,
To wrest it from the most of erring minds deceiued.
Nay, whoso shall but say, they ought to alter it,
He headlong casts himselfe in dangers deepest Pit.
For, neuer nimble Barke that on aduenture runnes
Through those blew bounding Hills where hoarie *Neptune*
Was set-vpon so sore with neuer-ceast assault (wunnes,
Maintain'd on euery side by winds and waters salt,
When, raging most, they raise their roughest tempest drea-
As th'idiot multitude, that Monster many-headed (ded,
Bestirres it selfe, with wrath, spight, furie, full of terror,
Gainst whatsoeuer man that dares reproue her error.
Who vndertakes that taske, must make account (at first)
To take hot warres in hand, and beare away the worst.
Therefore a many Workes (worthy the light) haue died
Before their birth, in bresls of Fathers terrified,
Not by rough deeds alone; but euen by foolish threats:
Yet, onely noise of words base cowards onely beats.

Then.

Then feare who liſt (for me) the common peoples crie,
And who ſo liſt, be mute, if other-minded: I
(Scorning the feeble force of ſuch a vaine indeuour)
Will freely (ſpight of feare) ſay what I cenſure euer:
And, though my preſent State permit me not ſuch ſcope,
Mine vn-forbidden pen with Errors pride ſhall cope.
Cloſe Priſon (now a-daies) th'extreameſt miſerie
The world doth deeme, I deeme direct the contrarie:
And there-with-all will proue, that euen *Aduerſities*
Are to be wiſhed more then moſt Proſperities.
And, for *Impriſonment*, though that be moſt lamented,
Of all the griefes wherewith men feare to be tormented;
Yet, that's the Sate moſt ſtor'd with pleaſure and delight,
And the moſt gain-full too to any Chriſtian wight.
A *Paradox*, no doubt more true, then creditable;
The which my ſelfe ſometimes haue alſo thought a fable,
While guile-full vanities, fed not, but fill'd my minde,
For ſtrengthening ſuſtenance, with vn-ſubſtantiall winde.
I hated Death to death, I alſo did deteſt
All ſicknes and diſeaſe that might a man moleſt.
But, moſt I did abhorre that baſe eſteemed Stare,
Which to ſubiections Law our ſelues doth ſubiugate,
And our ſweet life enthralls vnto anothers will,
For, as my fancie wiſht I would haue walked ſtill.
Death (thought I) ſoone hath done, and euery griefe beſides,
The more extreame it is, the leſſer time abides:
But now, beſides that I eſteemd the priſoners trouble
Much worſe, me thought the time his martyrdome did dou-
So that, to ſcape that ſcourge, ſo irkſome to my hart, (ble.
I could haue beene content to ſuffer any ſmart.
Lo, by blind ignorance how iudgements are miſ-led:
Now that full thirtie monthes I haue experienced
That ſo-much-feared ill, 'tis now ſo vs'd to me,
That I (a priſoner) liue much more content and free,
Then when as (vnder cloake of a falſe freedome vaine)
I was baſe ſlaue (indeede) to many a bitter paine.

But, now I ſee my ſelfe mockt euery-where almoſt,
And feeble me alone met by a mightie hoaſt
Of ſuch, as (in this caſe) doo not conceiue as I,
But doo eſteeme themſelues offended much thereby.
And therefore (Father deere) this weake abortiue Child,
For refuge runnes betweene th'armes of his Grand-ſire mild.
If you accept of it, my labour hath his hire:
For, careles of the reſt, all that I heere deſire,
Is onely that your ſelfe (as in a Glaſſe) may ſee
The Image of th'eſtate of my Captiuitie:
Where, though I nothing can auaile the Common-weale,
Yet, I auaile my ſelfe (at leaſt) ſome little deale.
Praiſing th'all-powerfull Lord, that thus vouchſafes to poure
Such fauours manifold vpon me euery houre;
Wherof your ſelf (yer while) ſo ſweet ſure proof haue taſted,
In cruell bitternes of bands that longer laſted.
Now, I beſeech his Grace to bleſſe mine enterpriſe,
My heart and hand at once to gouerne in ſuch wiſe,
That what I write, may nought diſpleaſing him containe:
For, voide of his ſweet aide, who works he works in vaine.
Within the wide-ſpred ſpace of theſe round Elements,
Whatſoeuer is indewd with liuing ſoule and ſenſe,
Seekes (of it ſelfe) ſelfe-good; this inſtinct naturall
Nature her ſelfe hath grauen in harts of Creatures all:
And of all liuing things (from largeſt to the leaſt)
Each one to flie his ill doth euermore his beſt.
Thereof it comes (we ſee) the wilde Horſe (full of ſtrength)
Tamely to take the bit into his mouth at length;
And ſo, by force we tame each moſt vntamed beaſt,
Which, of it ſelfe, diſcreet, of euils takes the leaſt:
And though that that which ſeemes to be his chiefe reſtraint
He often-times deſpiſe, that's by a worſe conſtraint:
As when the Lyon fierce, feare-leſſe purſues the ſhining
Of bright keen-piercing blades, and's royal creſt declining,
Full of the valiant Fire, that courage woonts to lend,
Runnes midſt a million ſwords, his whelplings to defend,

More fearing farre that they their libertie should loſe,
Than on himſelfe the ſmart of thouſand wounding blowes.
But, all things haue not now the ſelfe ſame goods and ils;
What helpeth one, the ſame another hurts and kils:
There's ods between the good that ſauage Beaſts do like,
And that good (good indeed) which ſoul-wiſe man muſt ſeek:
When Beaſts haue ſtore of food, and free from foe's annoy,
Smart-leſſe, and ſound, and ſafe, may (as they liſt) enioy
Their fill of thoſe delights, that moſt delight the ſenſe:
That, that's the happines that fully them contents:
But reaſonable ſoules (as God hath made mankind)
Can with ſo wretched Good not ſatisfie their mind.
But, by how much the more their inly ſight excels
The brutiſh appetite of euery creature els,
So much more excellent the good for which they thirſt:
Man of two parts is made: the body is the worſt,
The Heav'n-born ſoule, the beſt, wherein mans bliſſe abides;
In body that of beaſts, nought hauing els beſides:
This body ſtands in need of manie an acceſſorie,
To make it ſomewhat ſeeme: the ſoule receiues this glory,
That ſelfly ſhe ſubſiſts; and her aboundant wealth
(Vnlike the bodies ſtore) is euer ſafe from ſtealth.
Our body took his birth of this terreſtriall clod:
Our ſpirit, it was inſpir'd of th'inly breath of God;
And either of them ſtill ſtriues to his proper place,
This (earth-born) ſtoopes to earth; that flies to heauen apace.
But, as the ſilly bird, whoſe wings are wrapt in lime,
Faine (but in vaine) attempts to flie full many a time:
So, our faire ſoule, ſurcharg'd with this foule robe of mud,
Is too-too often held from mounting to her GOOD.
She ſtriues, ſhe ſtrikes, ſometimes ſhe lifts her vp aloft:
But, as the worſer part (we ſee) preuaileth oft,
This falſe fraile fleſh of ours with pleaſure's painted lure,
Straight makes her ſloop againe downe to the duſt impure.
Happy who th'honour hath of ſuch a victory,
He crowns his conquering head with more true maieſty.

Then if he had ſubdued thoſe Nations, by his might,
Which doo diſcouer firſt *Aurora*'s early light,
And thoſe whom *Phœbus* ſees from his *Meridian* Mount,
Th' *Anti-podes*, and all; more then the ſand to count.
For, ſmall the honour is to be acknowledg'd King
And Monarke of the world, ones ſelfe vn-maiſtering.
But, each man on his head this Garland cannot ſet,
Nor is it giuen to all this victorie to get,
Onely a very few (Gods decre-belov'd Elect)
This happy Goale haue got by Vertues lyue effect:
The reſt, ſoon weary of this fame ſo painfull War,
Like well of Heauen, but loue the earth aboue it far:
Some, drunk with poyſony dregs of worldly pleaſures brute,
Know where true good conſiſts, but neuer doo enſue't:
Some doo enſue the ſame, but with ſo faint a heart,
That at the firſt aſſault they doo retire and ſtart:
Some, more courageous, vow more then they bring to paſſe
(So much more eaſie 'tis to ſay, then doo, alas) (ments,
And all, through too-much loue of this vaine worlds allure-
Or too-much idle feare of ſufferings and endunements:
Meere vanities, whereto the more men doo incline,
The farther-off they are from their *chiefe Good* diuine.
Therefore, ſo many think themſelues ſo miſerable:
Therefore the aire is fill'd with out-cries lamentable,
Of ſuch as dou diſdaine the thing that better is,
To entertaine the worſe, with forfeit of their bliſſe:
Therefore we ſee thoſe men that riches doo poſſeſſe,
Afflicted ſtill with care: and therefore, heauineſſe
Abandons neuer thoſe, that, fed with honours fill,
Fawne vpon Potentates, for flitting fauours ſtill.
And, cauſe (God wot) they haue, to be at quiet neuer,
Sith their felicitie is ſo vncertaine euer.
Neither are Kings themſelues exempted from vexation,
How-euer Soueraigne ſway they beare in any Nation:
For, now they wish to win, anon feare loſſe no leſſe,
Yea, though (for Empire) they did this wide world poſſeſſe,

Not-

Not one of them, withall, could full contented be:
For, how man more attaines, the more attempteth he.
Who (therfore) couets most such soon-past goods vncertain,
Shall ne'r enioy the ioy of goods abiding certain:
But, whoso seeks to build a true content, to last;
On else-what must else-where his first foundation cast.
For, all things here below are apt to alter euer;
Heere's nothing permanent, and therefore whosoeuer
Trusts thereto, trusteth to a broken staffe for stay;
For no earth's vanity can bleſſe a man for aye.
We must, to make vs bleſt, our firme aſſurance found
Els-where then in this world, this change-inthralled ground:
We must propose our selues that perfect, periſh-les,
That true vnfained good, that good all danger-les
From th'vniuſt ſpoile of theeues, which neuer, neuer ſtands
In need of guard, to guard from Souldiers pilling hands.
Now, 'tis with ſpirituall hands and not with corporall
That we doo apprehend theſe heauenly treaſures all:
Treaſures ſo precious, that th'onely hope to haue-them
In full fruition once, with him that frankly gaue-them,
Fills vs with euery ioy, our ſorrowes choakes and kills,
And makes vs feele, amid our most tormenting ills,
A much more calme content, then thoſe that euery day
On this frail earth enioy their hearts-wiſh euery way.
It's therefore in the ſpirit, not in the fleſh that we
Muſt ſeeke our *Soueraigne Good* and chiefe Felicitie.
Th'one is not capable of any iniurie,
Th'other's thrall to th'yoak of many a miſerie,
Th'one end-les, euer-laſts, th'other endures ſo little,
That wel-nigh yer 't be got 'tis gone, it is ſo brittle.
For, who is he that now in wealth aboundeth moſt,
Or, he that in the Court Kings fauours beſt may boaſt,
Or, he that's moſt with robes of dignity bedight,
Or, he that ſwimmes on Seas of ſenſuall ſweet delight,
But is in perill ſtill to proue the contrarie,
Poore, hated, honour-les, and full of miſery?

But, one, that scorning all these rich proud pompes & pleasures,
About him (*Bias*-like) beares al-waies all his treasures,
Euen (like to him) can leaue his native Country sacke,
Without sustaine of losse: and, with a mind infract,
Euen vanquished bereaue, the Victors victories,
Who, though he land he win, cannot his hart surprise.

Let exile, prisonment, and tortures great and small,
With their extreamest paines at-once assaile him all:
Let him be left alone among his mighty foes,
Poore, friendles, naked, sick (or if ought worse then those)
He doth not only beare all this with patience,
But (take it) euen) delight in such experience:
Regarding all these griefes, which men so much affright,
As Baby-fearing buggs, and skar-crowes void of might:
He chooseth rather much such exercise as these,
Then mid the flesh-delights to rust in idle ease.

But, very few there are, that thus much will admit:
Nay, few or none there are that easily credit it;
The most part taking-part with common most conceit,
Yet they haue heard of this, sustaine the tother streight:
Not seeing, that themselues shun and refuse still,
What vnto other men, for good they offer still.

Not one of them will brooke his Son in sloath to lurke,
But moues, and stirres him vp incessantly to work:
Forbids him nothing more then sin-seed idlenes:
Nor any pleasure vaine permits him to possesse,
(For well he knowes, that way to vertue doth not lead,
But thither-ward who walkes a path of paine must tread)
If he offend in ought, he chastens and reproues him,
In so much sharper sort by how much more he loues him.

Thus handleth man the thing that most he holdeth dere,
Yet thinks it strange himselfe should be so handled heere.
May we not rather thinke we are below'd of God,
When as we feele the stripes of his rust-gentle rod?
And that, whom heer he lets liue as they list in pleasure,
Are such as least he loues, and holds not as his treasure?

Therefore, not of our loues, but of our sonne-ship,
Be sharp-seuere chastisements the matters we correct.
In very deed God doth as doth a prudent Sire,
Who little careth what may crosse his childs desire,
But what may most availe vnto his betterment:
So, knowing well that ease would make vs negligent;
He exerciseth vs, he stirres vs vp, and prooues,
And, though we murmur much, yet neuer-more he ceases,
He chastens, he afflicts, and those whom most he striketh,
Are those whom most he loues, and whom he chiefly liketh.
No valiant men of warre will murmur or misliken,
For being plact to proue the foremost push of pikes.
Nay, rather would they there already from the foe,
With losse of deerest blood, their dauntlesse harts to show.
If an exploit approach, or Battel-day drawnie,
If ambush must be laid, for meet stratagemnotrie,
Or, must they vnsees the foe in eger skirmish fell,
Or, for the sleepy hoast all night keep sentinell:
From grudging at the paines, so far off are they all,
That blest they count themselues, therefore their Generall
Imployes them oftentimes, as most occasions,
And, them approu'd, he plants in places dangerous.
But, no man makes account of such as shun the charge,
Whose paine is not so little as their shame is large.
All of vs (in this world) resemble Souldiers right,
From day-breake of our birth euen to our dying night:
This life it is a warre, wherein the valiantest,
With hottest skirmishes are euer plied and prest,
Whom our grand-Captaine most sets-by, he sets a-front
The foreward as most fit to beare the chiefest brunt:
Cares, exiles, prisonments, diseases, dolours, losses,
Maimes, tortures, torments, spoiles, contempts, dishonours,
All these are hard exploits, & full of bickrings bold,
Which he commits to those whom he doth deerest hold:
But, leaueth those behinde for whom he careth little,
To stretch themselues at ease amid their honors brittle,

Their

their pomps, their dignities, their loues, their gems, their treasure
Their dainties, their delights, their pastimes & their pleasures,
Like coward Groomes that guard the baggage & the stuffe,
While others meet the foe, and shew their valours proofe.

But haue not these (say some) in these afflictions part?
No; but of punishment, they often feele the smart.
Afflicted those we count, whom chastnings tame, and turne;
The other punished, that at correction spurne,
The first (fruitfull of hope) reape profit by their rods,
The later (desperate) through spight wax worse by odds.

Boy-stragglers of a Camp, so should he punisht then,
Being naked set to fight with troupes of armed men,
Who cannot reap nor reach the pleasure, nor the meed,
Nor th'honour incident for doing such a deed:
To such praise-winning place, braue Souldiers gladly run,
Which as a dangerous place these faint-harts sadly shun.

What Warrior in the world, that had not rather trie
A million of extreames (yea rather euen to die)
Then with disgracefull spot to staine his Honour bright
In these corporeall Warres? Yet, in the ghostly fight
(Of glory eareles all) we shun all labours pain,
To purchase with reproche a reb'riest idly-vain.
Vertue is not atchiu'd, by spending of the yeer
In pleasures soft, sweet shades, down beds & dainty cheere:
Continuall trauell 'tis that makes vs there arriue,
And so by trauell too Vertue is kept a-liue:
For, soon all virtue vades without some exercise,
But, being stird, the more her vigour multiplies.

Besides, what man is he, that feels some member rotten,
Whereof he feares to die, but causeth straight be gotten
Some surgeon, that with sawe, with cauter, or with knife,
May take that part away, to saue his dreamed life:
And suffers (though with smart) his very flesh and bones
To be both sear'd, and saw'd, and cleane cut off at-once.
But, to recure the soule (the soule with sin infected)
All wholesome remedies are hated and reiected:

With

With the Phyſition kind th'impatient Patient frets,
Nor to come neere him once his helpfull hand he lets:
We are halfe putrified, through ſinnes coneagious ſpot,
And without ſpeedy helpe the reſt muſt wholly rot:
Cut-off th'infected part, then are we ſound and free,
Els all muſt periſh needs, there is no remedie.

Moſt happy they, from whom in this fraile life, the Lord
(With ſmart of many paines) cuts-off the paines abhord
Of th'euer-neuer death, wherein they lye and languiſh,
That heere haue had their eaſe and neuer taſted anguiſh.

But many, which as yet the aduerſe part approoue,
Conceiue (if not confeſſe) that it doth more behooue
By fainleſs exerciſe faire Vertue to maintaine,
Then ouer-whelm'd with Vice, at reſt to ruſt in vaine.
But yet th'extremitie of ſufferings doth diſmay them,
The foree where-of they feare would eaſily ouer-lay them:
They loue the exerciſe, the chaſtenings likewiſe like them,
But yet they would haue God but ſeld & ſoftly ſtrike them,
Els are they preſt to runne, to ruine, with the Diuels,
They are ſo ſore afeard of falſe-ſuppoſed euills:
Moſt wretched is the man that for the feare of niſles,
All lauely-breathing hopes of happy goodnes miſſes.
Of niſles, ſir, ſay they? ſeeme all their bitter croſſes,
As nothing, our their paines, nor lamentable loſſes,
That daily they indure? were not the wretches bleſt,
If from their heauie load their ſhoulders were releaſt?

Who is not happy (ſure) in miſery and woe,
No doubt, proſperity can neuer make him ſo:
No more then he that's ſick ſhould find more eaſe vpon
A glorious golden bed, then on a wooden one.
Man harbours in himſelfe the euill that afflicts him,
And his owne fault it is, if diſcontentment pricks him:
And all theſe outward ills are wrongfully accuſed,
Which fleſh and blood doth blame; for, being rightly vſed,
They all turne to our good: but whoſo takes offence
Thereby, hath by and by his iuſt rough recompence.

For

For neither in their power, nor in their proof the same
Are euill but effect, but in conceipt and name,
Which when we lightly waigh, the least of vs surmounts them,
Nor hurt they any one but him that ouer-counts them.
Neither ought that (indeed) for euill to be rated,
Which may by accident be vnto good translated:
For that is euer ill, and it contrarie euer
Directly vnto good, so that their natures neuer
Can be constrain'd to brooke each other, neither yet
Can th'one be turned to th'other opposite:
But, plainly perceiuing, that there's no languor such,
But long continuance and custome lighten much:
Familiarizing so the Fit, that how so fret it,
Euen in th'extremitie one may almost forget it.
What better proofe of this, then those poore Gally-slaues,
Which (hauing been before such Rogues and idle Knaues)
As shunning seruice so labour were so loth,
That they would starue & die rather then leaue their sloth,
But being vs'd a while to tug the painfull Oare,
Labour that yerst they loath'd, they now desire the more:
Or those that are assail'd with burning Feuer-fit,
Euen then when least of all they dread or doubt of it:
Who carefully complaine, and crie, and raue, and rage,
Frying in inward flames, the which they cannot swage;
Yet, if it wax not worse, the daintiest body makes it
In eight daies as a vice, and as a trifle takes it:
Or, those that haue sometimes the painfull rack indured,
Who without change of paine being a while inured,
The paine that did constraine them to bewaile and weepe,
Seems them so easie then, they almost fall a-sleepe.
All are not euill then, that are surnamed so,
Sith euill neuer can his nature mingle, no,
Nor turne it into good; whereas we plainly see
On th'other side, that this so are changed sodainly.
And, were they ill (indeed) sith they so little last,
Were 't not a vertue then to be so much agast?

But here againe (say they) th'ones nature neuer taketh
The others nature on, but still the stronger maketh
His fellow giue him place, and onely beareth sway
Till that, return'd againe, driue it againe away.
Nay, that can neuer be: for neuer perfect good
Can by his contrarie be banish'd (though withstood):
For, good is euer good, and where so e're it goe
Euill doth euer striue, but with too strong a foe.
There is no reason then, these, good, or ill to call,
That alter in this sort, and neuer rest at all:
Neither to blesse or blame them for the good or ill
That euer in her selfe our soule concealeth still.
For, if that from without, our bale, or else our blisse
Arriued: euermore withall must follow this,
That alwaies, vnto all, selfe ill, selfe paine, would bring:
Selfe good, one selfe content: but tis a certaine thing,
They are not taken for their qualitie and kind,
But rather as th'affects of men are most inclin'd.
One, loosing but a crowne hath lost his patience quight:
Another, hauing lost fiue hundred in a night,
Is neuer mou'd a iote, though (hauing lesse in store,
Then th'other hath by ods) his lot lesse might grieue him more.
One, being banished, doth nothing but lament,
Another (as at home) is there as well content.
And, one in prison pent, is vtterly dismaide,
Another, as at home, liues there as well appaid.
Needs must we then confesse, that in our selues doth rest
That which vp happieth vs, and that which makes vs blest:
In vs (indeed) the ill, which of our selues doth grow:
And in vs too the good, which from God's grace doth flow,
To whom it pleaseth him: true good that none can owe-yet,
Saue those on whom the Lord vouchsafeth to bestow-it:
And that the bitter smart of all the paines that wring vs,
From nothing but our sinne, receiueth strength to sting vs.
Yea, surely in our selues abides our miserie:
Our Grand-sire *Adam* left vs that for Legacie,

When

When he enthrall'd himſelfe vnto the Law of ſin,
Wherein his guilty heires their griefe-full birth begin.
The Lord had giuen to him a Nature and a feature,
Perfect (indeed) and bleſt aboue all other creature;
And of this Earthly world had ſtabliſht him as King,
Subiecting to his rule the reanes of euery thing:
His ſpirit within it ſelfe no ſelfe-debates did nurſe,
Hauing no knowledge yet of better nor of worſe:
His body euer blithe and healthfull felt no war
Of thoſe foure qualities that now doo euer iarre:
Nor any poyſony plant, nor any Serpent fell,
Nor any noyſome beaſt could hurt in any deale:
He might, without the taſte of bitter death attaine
Vnto the Hauen of Heauen, where all true Ioyes doo raigne.
And, had he not miſdone, he might haue well bequeath'd
The ſame inheritance to all that euer breath'd:
How happy had he been, if he had neuer eaten
Th'vnlawfull fatall fruit that double Death did threaten?
O that he neuer had preferd the Serpents flatter
Before th'eternall Law of all the worlds Creator.
You ſhall be (ſaid the Fiend) like ſupreame Deities:
This ſweet fruites ſugred iuice ſhall open both your eyes
Which now your tyrant God (enuying all your bliſſe)
Blindes with a filmy vaile of black Obſcurities,
Leaſt that you ſhould become his equals in degree,
Knowing both good and ill as well as euer he.
Poore *Eue* beleeues him ſtraight, & Man beleeues his wife,
And biteth by and by the Apple asking-life:
Whereof ſo ſoone as he had taſted, he begins
(But all too-late alas) to ſee his curſed ſinnes.
His eyes (indeed) were ope, and then he had the skill
To know the difference between the good and ill,
Then did he knowe how good, good was: when he had loſt-it,
And euill too he knew (but ah too deerely coſt-it)
Leauing himſelfe (beſides the ſorrow of his loſſe)
Nothing but ſad deſpaire of ſuccour in his croſſe.

He

He found himselfe falne down frō blisse-full state of peace
Into a ciuill warre where discords neuer cease:
His soule reuolting, soone became his bitter foe.
But (as it oft befalls that worst doo strongest growe)
She is not eas'd at all by th'inly striuing iarres,
Which doo annoy her more then th'irefull open warres.
Wrath, hatred, enuie, feare, sorrow, despaire, and such:
And passions opposite to these, afflict as much,
Distracting to and fro the Princesse of his life,
In restles mutinies, and neuer ceasing strife.
Then th'humor-brethren all, hot, cold, and wet, and dry,
Falne out among themselues, augment his misery.
So that (by their debate) within his flesh there seeded
A harueſt of such weeds as neuer can be weeded.
All creatures that before (as Subiects) did attend-him,
Now, 'mong themselues conspire by al means to offend-him:
In briefe, Immortall borne, now mortall he became,
And bound his soule to bide Hells euer-burning flame,
Leauing his wofull heires (euen from their births beginning)
Heires of his heauy paine, as of his hainous sinning.
So that, in him, the Lord condemned all mankind,
To beare the punishment to his foule sinne assign'd:
And none had euer scap't, had not the God of grace
(Desiring more to saue, then to subuert his race)
Redeem'd vs by the death of his deer onely Son,
And chosen vs in him before the World begun:
Forgiuing vs the fault, and with the fault the fine;
All saue this temporall death, of *Adams* sin the signe.
Now in the horror of those ease-lesse, end-lesse paines,
It may be rightly said that euill euer raignes:
That's euill's very selfe; and not this seeming-woe,
Wherof the wanton world complaineth daily so.
Liv'd we ten thousand yeeres continually tormented,
In all fell torures strange that euer were inuented,
What's that compar'd to time, that never shall expire,
Amidth infernall flames, whose least-afflicting fire

Exceedeth

Exceedeth all the paines, all mortall hearts can think?
Sure, all that we endure, till *Lethe* drops we drink,
Is all but eaſe to that, or if it be a paine,
'Tis in reſpect of that a very trifle vaine.

But, were't a great deale worſe, why ſhould we euill name
That which we rather finde a medicine for the ſame?
Health, wealth, ſecurity, honour, and eaſe doo make vs
Forget our God, and God for that doth ſoone forſake vs:
Whereas afflictions are the ready meanes to moue vs,
To ſeeke our health in him that doth ſo deerely loue vs.

'Tis true indeed (ſay ſome) that benefit they bring vs,
But yet the ſmart thereof doth ſo extreamely wring vs,
That th'euill which they feele that doo endure the ſame,
Makes them eſteeme it iuſt to giue it that for name.

Mans nature, certainly (it cannot be denied)
Is thrall to many throes, while here on earth we bide
In body and in ſoule: the troubled ſoule ſuſtaines
A thouſand paſſions ſtrong, the body thouſand paines,
And that's the wretched State, the which yer-while I ſaid,
Was iuſtly due to vs, when *Adam* diſobay'd.

But, he that's once new-borne in Ieſus Chriſt by faith,
Who his aſſured hope in God ſole ſetled hath,
Who doth beleeue that God giues eſſence vnto all;
And all ſuſtaineth ſtill: that nothing doth befall
But by his ſacred will, and that no ſtrength that ſtriueth
To ſtop his iuſt decrees, can ſtand, or euer thriueth:
Not onely doth accept all paines with patience,
The which he takes for due vnto his deepe offence:
Nor onely is content (if ſuch be Gods good pleaſure)
To feele a thouſand-fold a much more ample meaſure,
But euen delights therein, and void of any feare,
Expects th'extremitie of all aſſaults to beare:
Whether almighty God abate their vvonted vigor,
Or (that his may not feele their croſſes cruell rigor)
Doo wholly arme them with new forces for the nonce,
To beare the bitter brunt: or whether both at-once.

And

And, to approoue this true; how many dayly drink
Of torments bitter Cup, that neuer seeme to shrink?
Alas, what sharper smart? what more-afflicting paines?
What worser griefe then that, which ceas-lesly sustaines
He that by some mischance, or els by martiall thunder,
Vnhappily hath had some maine bone broke in sunder?
What torment feeleth not the sore-sicke deepe-diseased?
One while with cruell fit of burning Feuer seised:
Another while assail'd with Colick and with Stone,
Or, with the cure-lesse Gout, whose rigour yeelds to none?
Or, thousand other griefes, whose bitter vexing strife
Disturbes continually the quiet of our life?
Yet notwithstanding this, in all this painfull anguish,
(Thogh the most part repyne, & plain, & mourn, & languish,
Murmuring against the Lord, with malcontented voice)
Some praise his clemencie, and in his rods reioyce.
How many such (deere Saints) haue fel tormenters seene,
To die betweene their hands, through moody tyrants teen?
So little daunted at their martyrdome and slaughter,
That in th'extremity they haue expressed laugheer?
How many at the stake, nay, in the very flame,
Haue sung with cheerful voice, th'Almighties praise-ful name?
Yet were they all compact of artirs and of veines,
Of sinewes, bones, and flesh: and sensible of paines
(By nature at the least) as much as any other,
For being issued all from one selfe earthly Mother.
What makes thē then to find such extreme smart so sweet?
What makes them patiently those deadly pangs to meet?
No doubt it is the Lord, who first of nothing made-vs,
Who with his liberall hand of goodnes still doth lade-vs,
Some more and other lesse: and neuer ceaseth space
From making vs to feele the fauours of his grace.
Accurst are they (indeed) whom he doth all abandon
To doo their Lust for Law, and runne their life at randon:
Accurst who neuer taste the sharp-sweet hand of God:
Accurst (ah, most accurst) who neuer feele his rod.

Such men (by nature borne the bond-slaues vnto sinne)
Through selfe-corruption, end worse then they did beginne:
For, how they longer liue, the more by their amisse,
They draw them neerer Hell, and farther-off from blisse.
Such men, within themselues their euils spring containe:
There is no outward thing (as falsly they complaine)
Cause of their curelesill: for good is euery thing,
And good can (of it selfe) to no-man euill bring.
Now, if they could aright these earthly pleasures prize
According to their worth, they would not in such wise,
For lack, or losse of these (so vaine and transitorie)
Lament so bitterly, nor be so sadly-sorrie.
But, ouer-louing still these outward things vnstable,
To rest in true content an houre they are not able,
No, not a moments time, their feare doth so assaile them:
And, if their feare fall true, that their *Good-fortune* faile them,
Then swell their sullen hearts with sorrow till they burst,
And then (poor desperate soules) they deem thēselues accurst
And so (indeed) they are: but yet they erre in this,
In blaming other things, for their owne selfe-amisse,
Other indifferent things, that neither make, nor marre,
But to the good, be good; to th'euill, euill are.
Is't not great foolishnes, for any to complaine,
That something is not don, which doth him nought cōstraine?
Sith, if he vse the same, soule-health it hurteth not,
Or, if he doo not vse't, it helpeth not a iot.
But needs must we complain (say some) for we haue cause:
Then at your perill be't; for, that which chiefly drawes
You thereto, 'tis in truth your bruteneſſe in mis-deeming
Things euill, that are good (for sense-contrary seeming)
And, while that in the darke of this foule errors mist,
Your drowsie spirits doo droope, alas what maruell is't
If euill follow you, and if (iniurious) still
To others you impute your selfe-ingendred ill?
Happy are they to whom the Lord vouchsafeth sight
To see the louely beames and life-infusing Light

Of

Of his ſweet ſacred Truth; whereby we may perceiue
And iudge a-rightly, what to loue, and what to leaue.
Such men within their ſoules, their goods haue w holly plac't,
Such goods, as neuer fire can either burne or waſte:
Nor any Theefe can ſteale, nor Pyrate make his praie,
Nor vſurie conſume, nor Tyrant take away;
Nor times all-gnawing tooth can fret away, nor finiſh,
Nor any accident of ſad miſchance diminiſh.
For, it is built on God, a Rock that euer ſtands:
Not on the vanities of theſe inconſtant ſands,
Which are more mutable then wind, and more vnſtable,
And day by day doo make ſo many miſerable.
O, to what ſweet content, to what high ioyes aſpires
He that in God alone can limit his deſires!
He that in him alone his hopes can wholly reſt,
He that for onely end, waites for the wages bleſt,
Wherewith he promiſeth for euer (ſans reſpect
Of their ſelfe-meriting) to guerdon his Elect?
What is it can bereaue the wealth of ſuch a man?
What is it that diſturbe his perfect pleaſures can?
What is it can ſupplant his honours and degrees?
Sith all his treaſures, his delights, his dignities
Are all laid vp in Heauen, where it were all in vaine
For all the ſonnes of earth to warre with might and maine.
No doubt (will ſome man ſay) each Chriſtian doth aſpire
(After their bodies death) to thoſe deere treaſures higher,
That are reſerv'd in Heauen, whereof the ſweet poſſeſſion
Feares not the violence of all the worlds oppreſſion:
But, while that heere below this fraile fleſh-burthen ties-him,
But the bare hope he hath: which how can it ſuffice-him
Againſt the ſharpe aſſaults of paſſions infinite,
Whoſe glad-ſad croſſe conflicts afflict him day and night?
Needs muſt I graunt (indeed) that that ſame perfit ioy
We cannot perfitly vpon this earth enioy:
But, that that Hope alone doth not ſufficiently
Bleſſe his life where it liues (for my part) I denie.

Some doo not feare (we ſee) to ſpend their ſtock and ſtore,
To vnder-take the taske of many trauailes ſore,
To hazard limmes, and liues in ſeruitde of ſome Lord;
Depending oft vpon his foole-fat-feeding word:
Or waiting els (perhaps) without all other hold,
Vntill it pleaſe himſelfe his frankes to vnfold:
Not reaking all their paine, they are ſo inly pleas'd
With hoped benefit, whereof they are not feaz'd?
And, ſhall th'aſſured hope of euer-blitles then,
For which we haue the word, not of vaine mortall men,
That teach their tongues to lie; but of the higheſt God,
The God of truth, truth's ſelfe, where truth hath ſtill abode:
Shall that (I ſay) not ſerue to ſettle our faint hearts,
Againſt (I will not ſay) like dangers and like ſmarts:
But 'gainſt theſe petty griefes, that now and then do pain-vs,
No more like thoſe then heauen neer earth that doth ſuſtain-vs?
Ah, ſhall we then deſpiſe all trouble and vexation,
Supported by a prop of doubtfull expectation?
And, whileſ for earthly things we can indure all this,
Shall we not do aſmuch for an immortall blitle?

Indeed not of our ſelues: for, ſelfly nought we can,
But God (when pleaſeth him) doth giue this ſtrength to man,
Whereby he ſtandeth ſtout; euen like a mightie rocke
Amid the mounting waues when *Eole* doth vnlocke
Sterne *Auſters* ſtormie gate, making the waters wraſtle
And ruſh with wrathfull rage againſt the ſturdie caſtle,
While it (for all the force of their fell furie ſhowne)
Is not ſo much as moou'd, and much leſſe ouerthrowne.

So fareth ſuch a man: for, if from high degree,
He ſodainly do ſlide to liue contemnedly
With the vile vulgar ſort: that cannot make him wauer:
For, well he is aſſur'd that Gods high holy fauour
Depends not on the pomp, nor vaine-proud ſtate and port,
That for the grace of Kings adornes the courtly ſort.

If he be kept in bands, thrall to the tyrannies
And extreame-cruell lawes of ruthleſs enimies,

Both

Both voide of helpe and hope, and of all likelihood
Of being euer freed from their hands thirſting-blood;
In ſpight of them, he knowes that one day he ſhall die,
And then he ſhall inioy an endles *Libertie*.
If he be forc't to flie from his deere country-clime,
In exile to expire the remnant of his time,
He doth ſuppoſe the World to be a Country common,
From whence, no tyranny (till death) can baniſh no-man.
If that he muſt forſake his Parents and his Kin,
And thoſe whoſe amitie he moſt delighteth in:
He knowes, that where he finds a man, he findes a Kinſ-man,
For, all mankind is come from one ſelfe Father (ſinnes-man).
If (being ſpoil'd of wealth, & wanton-pampering plentie)
He find vpon his bourd two diſhes ſcant of twenty,
And to his back one coate to keepe the cold away,
Whereas he had before, a new for euery day:
He learneth of Saint *Paul*, who bids vs be content
With food and furniture to this life competent:
Sith nothing (as ſaith *Iob*) into this world we brought,
Nor with vs when we die can we hence carrie ought.
If he be paſſing poore, and in exceeding lack
Of euery needfull thing for belly and for back,
He learneth of the Sonne, that God the Father heedeth
To giue to euery one (in time) the thing he needeth:
And that the Fowles of Heauen, and Cattel ſmall and great,
Doo neither ſowe nor reape, yet find they what to eate:
Yea, that the *Lillies* faire which growe among the graſſe,
Doo neither ſpin nor worke, and yet their garments paſſe
(For colour and for coſt, for Art and ornament)
The glorious *Salomon*'s rich robes of Parlament.
If ſo, that he be ſicke, or wounded; in the arme,
In body, back, or breſt, or ſuch like kind of harme:
If in extremitie of angry paine and anguiſh,
Enfeebled ſtill by fits, he bed-rid lye and languiſh:
If all the miſeries that euer martyr'd man,
At once on euery ſide afflict him all they can:

The more that he endures, the more his comforts growe,
Sith ſo his wretchednes he ſooner comes to knowe;
That from worlds vanities he may himſelfe aduance,
Which hold all thoſe frō heauen, that ſtill delight that dance:
He feares not thoſe at all that with their vtmoſt might,
Hauing the body ſlaine, can do no farther ſpight:
But onely him that with ten thouſand deaths can kill
The ſoule and body both, for euer if he will:
He knowes it is their lot that ſeek to pleaſe their God
To be afflicted ſtill with perſecutions rod:
So that, what euer croſſe, how euer ſharpe aſſaile him,
His conſtant harts-content and comfort cannot faile him.
But, he muſt die (ſay you): alas can that diſmay?
Where is the Labourer that (hauing wrought all day
Amid the burning heat, with wearineſſe oppreſt)
Complaines that night is come when he ſhall goe to reſt?
The Marchant that returnes from ſome far forraine Lands,
Eſcaping dreadfull rocks, and dangerous ſhelfs and ſands,
When as he ſees his ſhip her home-hauen enter ſafe,
Will he repine at God, and (as offended) chafe
For being brought too ſoon home to his natiue ſoil,
Free from all perils ſad that threaten Saylours ſpoile?
He knowes, frō thouſand deaths that this one death doth loſe
That in heauens euer-ioyes, he euer may repoſe him: (him,
That he muſt bring his Bark into this Creeke, before
In th'euerlaſting Land he can ſet foot a-ſhoare:
That he can neuer come to in-corruption,
Vnles that firſt his fleſh doo feele corruption:
So that, all rapt with ioy, hauing his helpe ſo readie,
This ſhip-wrack he eſcapes, as on a rock moſt ſteddie.
But, more (perhaps) then death the kind of death diſmaieth,
Which ſerues him for a bridge that him to heauen cōuaieth.
Whether he end his dayes by naturall diſeaſe:
Or in a boyſterous ſtorme do periſh on the Seas:
Or, by the bloody hands of armed foes be ſlaine:
Or by miſchance a ſtone fall downe, and daſh his braine:

Or

Or by the murdering ball of new-found earthly thunder,
By day, or els by night his bones be paſht a-ſunder;
Or burned at a ſtake; or bitterly tormented
By cruell ſlaughter-men, in tortures new-inuented.
Alas, alas, for that, much-letſe then leaſt he careth:
For, as a man falne downe into a Pit, he fareth;
Who, if he may be drawne vp from the noiſom place,
Where Adders, Toades, and Snakes crawle ouer feet & face,
Reſpects not, whether that ye vſe a ſilken skaine,
Hemp-rope, or chaine of gold, ſo he get vp againe:
Euen ſo, ſo he may come to his deſired bliſſe,
The maner and the meanes to him indifferent is:
As for the differing paine (if any him doo torture)
If it be violent, he knowes it is the ſhorter:
But, be it n'er ſo long, long ſure it cannot laſt
To vs, whoſe Poſt-like life is all ſo quickly paſt.
Now, ſuch a man, in whom ſuch firme contents do hyue,
Who can denie to be the happieſt man aliue?
And who ſo impudent, that dareth now profeſſe
That this worlds fained ſweet (whoſe vnfain'd bitterneſſe
Brings (to this very life) full many torments fell,
And after dingeth downe to th'endles paine of Hell)
Should be prefer'd before theſe ſeeming-ſowrs, that make vs
Taſte many true-ſweet ſweets yer this dead life forſake vs,
And after, lift vs vp to that ſame bleſſed ioy,
That euermore ſhall laſt, exempt from all annoy.
So few there will be found (as I ſuppoſe) ſo deeming,
As many which (more fear'd with theſe ills falſly-ſeeming,
Than inlie falne-in-loue with Heauen-ioyes excellence)
Approouing this eſtate, flye 't as the peſtilence.
And yet, in this eſtate is found felicity
(As far forth as it may, amid the vanity
Of this frail fading world, where ech thing hourly changes):
For, neuer from it ſelfe true happineſſe eſtranges:
It neuer doth decay, it neuer doth decreaſe,
In ſpight of angry Warre, it euer liues in peace:

Maugre poore want, it hath ten thouſand kinds of wealth:
Amid infirmities it hath continuall health:
Inuiron'd round with woe, it doth reioyce and ſing:
Depriv'd of dignities, it's greater than a King:
It ſits ſecure and ſafe, free from hart-pining feares:
For, euer with it ſelfe it all deere treaſures beares.
Not needing any aide of men-of-armes to watch them,
Nor fearing fraud, nor force of any foe to catch-them.
Whereas, we daily ſee ſo many men, whoſe mind
To tranſitorie traſh of world-wealth is inclinde,
In their aboundance beg, and in their plenty poore
(For who hath had ſo much, that hath not wiſhed more?)
No treaſures can ſuffice the gulfe of their deſire,
Yea, make them Emperours, yet will they more aſpire:
Peace cannot pacifie the fell rebellious broyle
That in their troubled ſoule doth euer burne and boyle.
For euery ſhort content of any falſe delight,
A thouſand bitter throwes torment them day and night.
All their eſtate doth ſtand abroad in hands of Strangers:
Therfore, the more their wealth, the more their daily dāgers,
The more their miſeries, becauſe the more they need
Much ſtrength and many men vnto their hoords to heed:
Dreading (with cauſe) leaſt craft and cruelty, or either
Bereaue them of their bliſſe, and treaſure both together.
Needs muſt we then confeſſe, that in aduerſity
There is more happines then in proſperitie;
Sith that the minde of man ſo ſoone it ſelfe betrayes
Vnto the guilefull ſnares that worldly pleaſure layes,
Which make vs at the laſt head-long to Hell to runne:
All which, aduerſitie doth make vs ſafely ſhunne.
But here it may be askt, if pleaſure, ſtate, and ſtore
Plunging vs in the Pit of vices more and more)
Be ſubiect ſo to make vs more and more accurſt,
Muſt we eſteeme that griefe (which ſenſe eſteemeth worſt)
More fit to better vs, and bring vs vnto bliſſe,
Then thoſe whoſe ſmarting ſting is not ſo ſtrong as this?

Sure,

Sure, ſith that in our ſelues our cauſe originall
Of bliſſe and bale we hide, it matters not at all:
For, ſtill the faithfull man one and the ſame remains,
Whether the griefe be great or little he ſuſtains:
Sith, how ſo e're it be, he takes occaſion thence,
To ſeek in God alone, his comfort and defence.
But for becauſe our ſoule (the while ſhe doth conſort
With this groſſe fleſhly lump) cannot, but in ſom ſort
Suffer as ſenſible, yea, oftentimes ſo far,
That her beſt functions all, leſſe apt and able are,
Than els at other times: I doo ſuppoſe the proof
Of one, then other ill, auailes more in behoof.
That this is ſo, we ſee, a ſick-man oft to finde
Such ioyfull quietnes, and comfort in his minde;
That he eſteems himſelfe the beſt content a-liue:
But yet the ſharpe diſeaſe (which doth his health depriue)
With-holdeth in ſom ſort his ſenſes and his wit,
That freely other-where he cannot vſe them fit.
And ſo it fares with him, that (through-reſolued well)
Endures the cruell ſtrains of any torture fell.
Now, for the baniſht man, the changing of his dwelling
Neuer diſturbes his ioy. And he whoſe wealth excelling
Turns in a trice to want, by whatſoeuer chaunce,
His courage never ſhrinks, nor yet his countenaunce.
So that in their content, all foure are all a-like,
A-like reioycing all in their afflictions eke:
A-like contemning all worlds pompous vanities:
But, the two laſt haue odds in their extremities;
In that, without impeach, they may apply their minde
To many goodly things, wherein great ioy they finde
(I mean when each diſtreſſe offends a man alone,
Not when he is aſſail'd at once of euery one.)
Yet, perill's quickly paſt, danger endureth not,
Exile ſo eaſie growes that it is ſoon forgot,
The greateſt loſſe that is we minde not many houres:
For, thouſand accidents diſtract this ſoule of ours,

Which

Which cannot in ſuch ſort the ſenſes ſtill reſtrain,
But that they will goe feed on many obiects vain;
Whereby at vn-awares ſhe oftentimes, ſurpris'd,
Is ouer-reacht by thoſe, whoſe rigour ſhe deſpis'd:
And ſo, the pleaſant taſte ſhe doth vntimely miſſe,
Wherewith affliction ſweet doth ſeaſon heer her bliſſe.
So that, ſom other State (wherein our ſoule, leſſe fed
With ſundry obiects vain, ſhall be more ſetled)
May rightly be preferd to theſe which make her ſtay,
And ſtumble often-times, vnto her owne decay.
And therefore, I maintain, *cleſe Priſon* to be beſt,
Of all afflictions that may a man moleſt.
Conſidering, all defects to other croſſes common,
In this are ſeldom found, and almoſt, felt of no man.
For *Priſon* is a place where God ſequeſters men,
Farre from the vile proſpect of vanities terrene,
To make them thence with-drawe their harts, and to confeſſe
That in his grace alone conſiſts their happineſs.
It is a learned School, where God himſelf reads cleerly
True wiſedoms perfect rules, to thoſe he loueth deerly.
There, th'vnderſtanding (free, amid the many chains,
That binde the body faſt) findes out a thouſand means,
To learn another day to be more apt and able
(According to our place) for vſes ſeruiceable,
To profit publike-weal: for euermore we ought
(In ſeeking ſelf-gain) ſee that common good be ſought.
Knowledge is onely learn'd by long exercitation:
For which, what fitter mean then ſuch a ſequeſtration,
Where each-man vndiſturb'd, through diligence may growe
According to the gifts that gracious Heav'ns beſtowe:
One, in ability to rule a lawfull State,
The vertuous to aduance, and vicious to abate:
Another, from the Tombe to fetch Antiquity:
Another to diſcern true Truth from Sophiſtrie,
Another (by the feats of elder men at Armes)
To frame wiſe Stratagems for wofull wars alarmes,

For

For, Souldiers oftentimes may more experience get
By reading, then they can where Camp and Camp is met)
And (briefly to conclude) ſom, gravely to aduiſe,
Som, bold to execute, as each mans calling lies:
But moſt of all, to ſearch within the ſacred Writ,
The ſecret myſteries to mans ſaluation fit.
A world of vanities, that doo diſtract vs heer,
During our *Libertie*; in Durance, com not neer:
The wall that lets our leggs from walking out of door,
Bounding vs round about within a narrow floor,
Doth gard vs from the gall which Sathan (ſpring of ſpight)
Mingles among the ſweet of this vain worlds delight.
If he be happier man that liueth free from foes,
Then he whom angry troops of enemies incloſe:
Much more the Priſoner then of his high bliſſe may boaſt,
For being ſo farre off from ſuch a hugie hoaſt
Of hatefull foes ſo fierce in malice and in might,
Himſelf ſo faint and weak, and ſo vnfit to fight:
For he, and we (God wot) inſteed of ſtanding to-it
(How-euer in a vein, we vaunt that we will do-it)
When 't commeth to the brunt we cannot brook the field,
But either flie like Hares, or els like cowards yeeld.
The ſundry obiects fond, which make vs ſoon forget
Each other chaſtiſement, in this doo neuer let.
For turn we where we liſt, and look which way we will,
At all times to our ſight one thing is offred ſtill:
Whether on pauement, roof, or wall, we caſt our eye,
Alwaies of our eſtate an Image we deſcry;
And ſo it alſo fares with our newes-greedy ear,
One very ſound reſounds about vs euery where:
Where-euer harken we, we hear of nought but foes,
Our Keepers commonly are not too-kinde (God knowes)
By the leaſt noiſe that is, continually they tell
In what eſtate we ſtand, and in what houſe we dwell.
So that, inceſſantly our harts are liſt on high:
Som-times to prayſe the Lord for his benignity,

Who

Who doth not puniſh vs after our foule offence,
Though by a thouſand ſinnes we dayly him incenſe:
Som-times to magnifie his admirable might,
Which hath our feeble harts with ſuch great force be light,
That we, in ſteed of grief, or grudging at the pains
Of ſharpeſt chaſtiſements, whereof the world complains,
Leauing this loathed Earth, we mount the higheſt place,
Where (through true faith) we taſte his honey-ſweeter grace:
Som-times to giue him thanks for all the wealth exceeding,
Which from his liberall hand we haue to help our needing:
And to be ſhort, ſans ceaſe to meditate on all
The countles benefits that from his goodnes fall,
Not ſuffering any houre to paſſe away for nought
Without exalting him, in deed, or word, or thought.
Yet, doth the world eſteem this, a moſt hard eſtate,
And him that feels the ſame, it counts vnfortunate:
But I would gladly ſee ſom other ſtate, wherein
(With ſuch commodity) ſo much content is ſeen;
Wherein leſſe hinderance, and leſſe incomberance lies,
To make men miſſe the path vnto perfections priſe.
Sure ſir (will ſom man ſay) you ſet a good face on-it,
One might at length conuert, commenting ſo vpon-it,
The cruell'ſt Priſon-houſe into a Manſion fair,
Where 'twere not hard to liue content, and void of care:
You take your *Priſoner* for a practiue man of Art,
But ſuch as thoſe God knowes you finde the feweſt part:
You fain him to be friend to ſolitude and quiet,
But the moſt part are prone to reuell and to riot:
One muſt be free from noyſe that means to ſtudy well:
Whereof, who can be ſure in ſuch a ſervile Hell?
Beſides, he muſt haue Books, and Paper, Pen, and Inke,
All which in *Priſoners* hands are ſeldom left I think;
So that, you do not fain your gail ſo good and gainfull,
As to finde out the ſame is difficult and painfull.
I anſwere in a word (if any ſo ſhall wrangle)
I doo not bound all bliſſe within ſo ſtraight an Angle:

I

I say, great happines and hart-reuiuing ioy
Follo wes th'afflicted sort in euery sharp annoy:
But that there is no crosse that doth so much auail,
To make vs fit to help our neighbour, as the gail,
Wherein the God of grace at his good pleasure giues
Means to effect the same, vnto the least that liues.
But be it so, in bands, that nothing learn we can,
'Tis to be learn'd inough, to be an honest man:
And this is th'only School, wherin th'Arch-maister teacheth,
Himself, by secret means, rules that the rudest reacheth.
Th'aduise of such a one more profit doth impart,
Then of the wicked sort with all their curious Art.
Concerning solitude, although that commonly
Our nature be inclin'd vnto the contrary:
There, the assistant grace of God we chiefly finde,
Who changing of our place doth also change our minde.
For being free from noyse, and for obtaining tools
To help our knowledge with, as in all other Shools:
God euer cares for those that fear his name for loue:
And, if that any such, such inconvenience proue,
If any money need, or els (through ample distance)
Be destitute of friends, he gets them (for assistance)
The fauour of their foes, whose harts he handles so
(How euer they intend his childrens ouerthrowe)
That his, of what they need haue euermore inough,
According as he knowes to be to their behoof.
Now say that we consent (say som) that this is true:
But what, if somwhat worse then all this worst ensue?
What, if he be enforc't his Countrey to forsake?
What, if continuall fits his sickly body shake?
What, if he lose at once his wealth and reputation?
Replear on euery side with euery sharp vexation?
Can he still keep his ioy, and can he still retain
Such means to profit still, for all his grief and pain?
Concerning his content, it 's alwayes all a-like,
Whether that euery grief particularly strike,

Or

Or, whether all at once he feel their vtmoſt anger:
And if he be ſurpris'd with ſo extream a languor
That (as I ſayd before) the ſpirit it inforce
(Through ſuffering of the ſmart that doth afflict the corps)
To leaue his Offices, ſo that he cannot write
Nor read, nor meditate, nor ſtudy, nor indight;
It is ſo quickly paſt, that in compariſon,
Regarding ſo great good, 'tis not to think vpon.
For, by a mighty grief, our life is quickly ended,
Or els, by remedy it ſelf is ſoon amended:
And, if it be but mean, then is it born the better,
And ſo vnto the ſoule it is not any letter.
Beſides, we muſt conceiue, our ſpirit (as oppreſt
With fainting wearines) ſomtimes deſireth reſt,
To gather ſtrength again, during which needfull pauſe
We are not to be blam'd ſith need the ſame doth cauſe:
So, that the time that 's loſt while ſuch ſharp pangs do pain,
May be ſuppos'd a time of taking breath again.
In priſon (to conclude) a man at once may tiue
All manner of extreams of earthly miſery:
In which reſpect (perhaps) the worſe ſom deem of it,
Being (as 'twere) the Butt that all men ſtriue to hit;
But, I eſteem the ſame the perfecter for that:
For, if one croſſe alone can make vs eleuate
Our groueling earth-deſires from cogitations baſe,
To haue recourſe to God, and to implore his grace;
Seeking in him alone our perfect ioy and bliſſe:
Much more ſhall many griefs at once, accompliſh this.
For many can doo more then one (without reſpect)
And ſtill, the greater cauſe, the greater the effect.
Indeed (ſay other-ſom) theſe reaſons haue ſom reaſon:
But, then whence comes it, that ſo many men in Priſon
With hundred thouſand pains, pincht and oppreſſed ſore;
In ſteed of bettering there, wax worſer then before:
In ſteed of ſweet content, doo ſtill complain and crie;
In ſteed of learning more, loſe former induſtry?

Though

Though (in apparance great) your sayings seem but iust,
Yet plain experience (sure) we think is best to trust.
That hidden vertue rare, that so great good atchiues,
Lies in the Prisoners hart, not in his heauy Gyues;
The good growe better there, the bad become the wurse:
For, by their sinne they turn Gods blessing into curse.
And that's the cause the most are mal-content and sad:
Sith euermore the good are fewer then the bad.
But, wherefore doth not God to all vouchsafe this grace?
Proud earth-worms, pawse we there: let's fear before his face,
Admiring humbly all his holy Iudgements high,
Exceeding all too far our weak capacitie.
The Potters vessell vile, doth vs our lesson showe,
Which argues not with him why he hath made it so:
Much less may we contend, but rather rest content
With that which God hath giuen. He is omnipotent,
All gracious, and all good, most iust, and perfit wise:
On som, he poures a Sea of his benignities,
On som, a shallow Brook, on other som, a Flood:
Giuing to som, a small; to som, a greater Good:
As, from eternity hath pleas'd th'eternall Spirit
To loue men more or lesse, without respect of merit.
For my part, should I liue ten *Nestors* yeers to passe,
Had I a hundred tongues more smooth then *Tully*'s was,
Had I a voice of steel, and had I brazen sides,
And learning more then all the *Helyconian* guides;
Yet were I all too-weak to tell the many graces
That in ten thousand sorts, and in ten thousand places,
Ten hundred thousand times he hath vouchsafed me
(Not for my merits sake, but for his mercy free):
But yet, 'mong all the goods that of his liberall bounty
I haue receiv'd so oft, none to compare accountpt-I
With this *close prisonment*, wherein he doth with-drawe-me
Far from the wanton world, and to himself doth draw-me.
I posted on apace to ruin and perdition,
When by this sharp-sweet Pil, my cunning kinde Physition

Did

Did purge (maugre my will) the poysony humor fell
Wherewith my sin-sick hart al ready gan to swell.
I looke for nothing, let se then for those miseries
And pains that I haue prou'd: the worlds vain vanities
Had to seduce my soule with baits of sugred bane,
That it was death to me, from pleasure to be tane:
But (crossing my request) God (for my profit) gaue
Me quite the contrary to that which I did craue.
So that, my body hurting from all freedom shall,
He set my soule at large, which vnto sinne was thrall.
Wounding with musket-shot my feeble arme, he cur'd
The festring sores of sinne, the which my soule endur'd:
Tripping me from the top of som mean dignity,
Which drew me vp to clime the Mount of vanity,
He rais'd me from the depth of vices darksom Cell,
The which incessantly did ding me down to Hell:
Easing me (to conclude) of all the grief and care,
Wherewith these false delights for ever sauced are,
He made me finde and feel (amid my most annoyes)
A thousand true contents, and thousand perfect ioyes.

But som (perhaps) amaz'd, wil muse what kinde of pleasure
Here I can take, and how I passe my time and leasure:
For, in soule idlenes to spend so large a time,
It cannot be denied to be a grieuous crime.

First, in the morning, when the spirit is fresh and fit,
I suck the honey sweet from foorth the *sacred VVrit*,
Wherein (by faith) we taste that true celestiall bread,
Whence our immortall soules are euer onely fed:
Then, search I out the sawes of other sage Diuines
(The best here to be had) among whose humain lines,
Supported by the grace of Gods especiall power,
I leaue the thorn behinde, and pluck the healthsom flower.
Sometimes, I doo admire, in books of Heathen men,
Graue-sayings sauoring more a sacred Christian pen,
Than many of our age, whose bold vnlearned pride
Thinking to honour God, hath err'd on euery side:

Sometimes,

Sometimes when I obserue in euery ancient storie,
Such vertues presidents, trim patterns of true glory;
I wofully bewaile our wretched wicked dayes,
Where vertue is despis'd, and vice hath all the praise.
Oft I lament to see so many noble Wits
(Neglecting Gods high praise, that best their learning fits)
To sing of nought but lyes, and loues, and wanton Theames,
False sooth-sin flatteries, and idle Fairie dreames.
Then, turning towards those, that fill'd with holier flame,
For onely obiect choose th' Eternall sacred name:
These chiefly I admire, whose honourable browes
Disdain the fained crowne of fading *Laurel* boughes:
Then full-gorg'd with the sweets of such a dainty feast
(Prickt forward with desire to imitate the best)
Oft-times I exercise this Art-les Muse of mine
To sing in holy Verse some argument diuine.
One while to praise my God for all receiued good:
Another while to beg, that in his deere Sons blood
My black sinnes he will wash, and that he will not waigh
At his high Iustice beame, how I haue gone a-stray.
Sometimes, these wretched times to pitie and deplore,
Wherein the wicked ones do flourish more and more.
Sometime to waile the State of sad distressed *Sion*
Imploring to her aide the Tribe of *Iudah's* Lion.
If any other Theame at any time I take,
Yet neuer doth my Verse the setled bounds forsake
That Veritie prescribes, nor now no more disguise
The vgly face of sinne with maske of painted lies.
And though that (heeretofore) I also in my time
Haue writ Loues vanities, in loose and wanton rime:
Twas as a whet-stone that, whereon I whet my stile,
Yet it were ably-apt ought grauer to compile;
Yet I repent thereof: for, we must neuer tend
To bring by euill meanes a good intent to end.
When as my wearie spirits some relaxation aske,
To recreate the same, I take some other taske:

One while vpon the Lute, my nimble ioints I plie,
Then on the Virginalls: to whose sweet harmonie
Marrying my simple voice, in solemne Tunes I sing
Some Psalme or holy Song, vnto the heauenly King,
So that, the idlest houre of all the time that flies
So fast, is neuer free from some good exercise:
Wherein I ioy as much, as euer I haue done,
In the most choise delights found vnderneath the Sun.
But, you can neuer walke, nor goe to take the aire,
Nor once looke out of doore, be weather ne're so faire:
But there in solitude you lead your life alone,
Bard from the fellowship of (almost) euery one:
Which doubtles (at the last) must grieue you needs I thinke.
A man that neuer thirsts hath neuer need of drinke:
So, though I be bereft these other things you speake of,
I misse nor minde them not, as things I neuer reake of.
For, I haue school'd my heart since my captiuitie,
To wish for nothing els, but what is graunted me:
And, what is graunted me, contents me passing well,
In each condition doth some contentment dwell:
But men of differing states haue difference in delights,
What pleaseth common eyes, that irketh Princes sights,
What rashlings do delight, that sober men despise,
What fooles take pleasure in, doth but offend the wise,
What prosperous people loath, afflicted folke will loue,
And what the free abhorr, that prisoners will approue:
But all haue equally indifferent power to make
Them equally content, that can them rightly take:
For, whoso presently himselfe can rightly beare,
Hath neither passed ill, nor future ill to feare:
Th'one, which is now no more, ought now no more affray vs.
Th'other, which is not yet, as little can dismay vs.
For, what no essence hath, that also hath no might,
And that which hath no power, can do a man no spight:
Besides, sith that our life is but a pilgrimage
Through which we dayly passe to th'heauenly heritage:

Although it seeme to thee that these my hands do let me,
Yet haste I to the goale the which my God hath set me,
As fast as thou that runst thy selfe so out of breath
In poasting night and day, by dales and hills and heath.
If thou haue open fields, and I be prisoner;
T'importeth me no more, then to the mariner
Whether he go to sea shipt in some spacious arke,
Or els (at lesser scope) aboord some lesser barke.
Nay, heer the least is best, sith this vast Ocean wide
Whereon we daily saile, a thousand rocks doth hide,
Gainst which the greater ships are cast-away full oft;
While small boats (for the most) float ouer, safe, aloft.
Then may I well conclude with reason and assurance
That there's no better state then to be kept in durance.
A sweeter kind of life I neuer prou'd then there:
Nor was I euer toucht with lesser griefe and care:
If that I care at all, it is for others cause,
And for the miseries this times corruption drawes.
But, being well assur'd that nothing heere befalleth
Against Gods ordinance and will that all things guideth:
And knowing him to be good, iust, and most of might,
I gladly yeeld my selfe to th'order he hath pight.
For he it is, that now makes me accept so ill
And like of this estate which others hate so hell:
He 'tis, that heeretofore vouchsaf't me like reliefe,
When as I was oppresst with a more grieuous griefe:
He 'tis from whom I hope in time to-come no lesse,
Although a hundred fold were doubled my distresse.
Yea, he it is that makes me profit euery day,
And also so content in this estate to stay,
That of my liberty I am not now so faine
To think by liberty a happier life to gaine:
For, I were well content no more from hence to go,
If I might profit most my friends and countrie so.
Now here I humbly pray (expecting such an end)
The Lord still towards me his fauour to extend,

And also he will vouchsafe still to afford his grace
To all that set like cause are handled in like case.

FINIS.

OF THE WORKE, AVTHOR, AND *TRANSLATOR.*

LOheer, a MONVMENT admir'd of all
That weigh the *compaſſ*, *weight*, and *height* of It;
O'retopping *Enuie*'s clowds, and ever ſhall,
Sith built by deepeſt *Art*, and higheſt *Wit*.
The BASE that bears it, is the WORD that ſtands
True GROVND of higheſt *glory*, *truth*, and *grace*:
The BVILDING rear'd by two rare *Heads* and *Hands*
(Diuinely holp) to glorifie that BASE.
Heer *French* and *Engliſh*, ioyn in friendly fight
(On even *Ground*) to proue their vtmoſt pow'r;
Who ſhew ſuch equall *Skill*, and equall *Might*,
That hard it is to ſay who's Conquerour.
But, *Engliſh* bound to foot it like the *French*,
And offer nought, but what ſhall like her foe,
It is as glorious feld to take a Wrench,
As, being free, to giue an Overthrowe.
If *French* to *Engliſh* were ſo ſtrictly bound,
It would but paſſing lamely ſtriue with it;
And ſoon be forç't to loſe both *grace* and *ground*
Although they ſtraue with equall *Skill* and *Wit*.'
Beſides, all *Proſe* is eaſier to tranſlate
Than *Verſe*; and eaſier lowe, than lofty *Lines*:
Then, theſe LINES, reaching to the top of STATE,
Are hard'ſt of all; yet none of all declines.

O fair *Translation* then, with ſmoothed face,
Go forth t'allure TIMES *Turns* to turn Thee o're:
So ſhall they in thy folds vnfold thy *grace*;
And, grace thee with Fames glorie, more and more.

If * HE, that churn'd the cream of *Poetry*,
To honied *Butter*, that the *Muſes* feeds,
Divined truely, it ſhould never die;
Then, what ſhall *This*, that far the ſame exceeds?

* *Ouid. Metamor.*

He labour'd *Lines*, which though they doe endure
All turns of *Time*, yet was their Stuf profane:
But, Theſe are drawne of STVF more heavenly-pure,
That moſt ſhall ſhine; when Thoſe are in the wane.

He, though his *Braines* (profanely) were diuine,
And glorious *Monuments* of Art compos'd,
Was yet exil'd for many a looſer *Line*,
That made them wantons, chaſtly elſe diſpos'd:

But, Thou (*cleer* BARTAS, his *dear* SYLVESTER,
Whoſe *Lines* do lead to VERTVES only gain,
And with ſweet *Poeſies* ſtrew'ſt the way to Her)
How ſhould the *World* remunerate thy pain?

And, if *from Hearts Abounda*nce *Tongues do ſpeak*;
And what we moſt affect, we moſt do minde:
It argues, thou this *Argument* didſt ſeek;
Sith, in thy *Soule* before, thou didſt it finde.

So, BARTAS was but Mid-wife to thy *Muſe*,
With greater eaſe to vtter her *Conceits*;
For whoſe deare birth, thou didſt all eaſe refuſe,
Worlds-weal, and (being a *Marchant*) thy *Receits*.

This *pain*, ſo pleas'd thy labouring *Thoughts*, that thou
Forſook'ſt the *Sea*, and took'ſt thee to the *Soil*;
Where (from thy royall *Trade*) thou fell'ſt to Plow
Arts furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.

This ſtole thee from thy ſelf, thy ſelf to finde
In ſacred *Raptures* on the *Muſes* Hill:
And, went'ſt out of thy *Body* with thy *Minde*,
More freely ſo, to vſe thy *Wit* and *Will*.

And

And (O!) how hapleſs had we *Britans* been,
(Sith heer is ſtor'd ſuch ſweet Soule-*raviſhments*)
Hadſt thou not made them to vs clearly ſeen:
Who giue thee for it praiſing-*Diſcontents*.
If ſo great *Art* and *Grace*, finde nought but *Fame*
Of famous *Men* for grace; the *Preſt* ſhall be
Preſt but for *Vices* Seruice (Sourſe of *Shame*).
So, *Times* to come, in *Print* our ſhame ſhall ſee.
But O! bee't farre from this ſo famous Iſle
For *Armes* and *Learning*, either to neglect;
Sith it doth grace and glory quite exile;
And is the cauſe of many a bad effect.
O terren Gods, as ye to *State* aſpire
Lift *Learning* vp with you; eſpecially
If matcht with *Wiſedom*, and diuine deſire:
So ſhall ye twice be like the DEITY!
And, weigh what powr the PENS of ſuch poſſeſs
(Of ſuch; for others will but gild your *Crimes*)
Their PENS eternize can your worthineſs,
And make ye glorious paſt ſucceeding *Times*.
But you do iuſtly to neglect and ſcorn
The curſed crue, that do the Muſe abuſe:
For, they your praiſes to diſpraiſes turn;
As Vice, in prayſing VERTVES grace, doth vſe.
Their wine-driuen Braines, inuolv'd in Follies Cloud,
Fly here, and there, (and where not?) with a trice;
And, though both Beggars baſe, yet paſſing proude;
Conſtant in nothing but inconſtant Vice.
Making looſe lines (forſooth) their *Scala Coeli*;
A *Tauerne* for a Temple to adore
Their only god, their guts, their beaſtly Belly;
To whom they offer all their ſlender Store.
The *Laudes* of ſuch, are odious like their Lives)
They (*Pitch*) pollute what-ere they do but touch;
Whoſe glory to the fowleſt ſhame arrives:
Then, well you fence your fame to keep off ſuch.

But they whose liues, and latids, and lines are SOVRCE
Of Morall vertue, running by each stone
(Men High, and Hard; that let them in their Course)
To Seas of glory, like cleere *Helicon*;
O! these ye should support, and still receiue
Into the Ocean of your bound-less loue:
For, these (like trueſt Friends) will take, and giue
No more but what true *Vertue* shall approue.
If these should pine away, through your neglect,
Your memories shall dy, or liue with shame;
Sith such a Muse is the chief *Architect*,
To reare, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*, a lasting NAME.
Achilles fame, with him, had been interr'd,
Had HOMER's lines not ty'd it to the *Starrs*;
And, of *Æneas* we had never heard,
Had *Virgils* STRAINES not been his *Trumpetters*.
One of the NINE had been our *Warwick's* GVY,
(The NINE, whose *worth* all *Times* so much commend;
And so disrankt great BVLLENS GODFEREY)
Had he but had a TASSO for his friend.
LAVRA had nere so greenly growen above
Hir *Peeres*, as now she doth, to after-times,
Had she not had a PETRARCH to hir Loue;
Which made hir mount, with NETCTAR dropping *Rimes*.
No, no: ye cannot but out-liue your Fame,
If ye vphold not FAME's best-Notaries:
If these ye scorn, your glory is but game;
For, when ye dye, in game your glory dies.
And, though blest PEACE hath turnd our Spears, to Spades,
Let it not turn our *Pens* to *Ploughes*, or worse;
By *Learning* som should liue, as som by Trades,
In blessed STATES, that would incur no curse.
Where Vertue is not rais'd, and Vice suppreſt,
There all to Vice will run; and so to wrack:
For, then the worst shall Lord it ore the best;
And where that is, all goes to vtter sack.

Re-

Reward and *Punishment* (like *Armes* of Steel)
Do still vphold each KING vpholding STATE:
For, neither wants, but it begins to reel;
But, both imploy'd, stands sure in spight of *Hate*.
Then may thy HOPES (wingd by thy virtuous Muse,
Dear *Sylvester*) expect some cherishment,
In this blest *State*, that still those *Armes* will vse,
To staie her *Grace*, and grace her *Government*:
But, if thy *paines* acquire but pure *renowne*,
Thou art *Christ*'s Image; crost, for *Glories* crown.

Beneficium dando accipit, qui digno dedit.

The vnfained louer of thine Art,
honesty, and vertue,

IOHN DAVIES *of Hereford.*

FINIS.



A briefe Index, explayning moſt of the hardeſt words ſcattered through this whole Worke, for eaſe of ſuch as are leaſt exerciſed in theſe kinde of readings.

A

Abyſſe a gulfe or bottomles pit.

Abderian & *Abderite*, Democritus, the laughing Philoſopher of Abdera, a citie in Thracia.

Aben-Roes, a learned Philoſopher of Corduba, ſprung from Arabian parents.

Abidus, Leanders Towne.

Academian Shades, Platos Schoole.

Aceberon, a riuer in Hell.

Aconite, Libbards (or Wolfes) bane.

Achilles, the moſt valiant captain of the Myrmidons.

Adonis, a moſt beautiful yong man, beloued of Venus.

Adrian, *Adriatike* } *Sea*, the gulfe of *Venice*.

Aeſon, the father of Iaſo made young againe by the skill of Medea.

Aetherial, heauenly.

Aeſculapius, an excellent Phyſician, father of Apollo.

Africa, the South-quarter of the World.

Aiax Shield, a prouerb, for a ſure defence.

Aigueſcald, a bath in Gaſconie.

Alarbies, and *Alarbians*, wilde & vpland *Arabian* theeues.

Albion, England, the Ile of great Brittaine.

Alceſte, the moſt chaſte and louing wife of admetus, that gaue her owne life to ſaue her husbands.

Alcides, Hercules: *Alcides ſpires* Hercules Pillers: *Alcides griefe*, the falling ſickenes.

Alcmena, the mother of Hercules.

Alcaron, the Turks Law, and Religion.

Alleband, a Cittie in Caria, of olde famous for the beſt Bowe-ſtrings.

Alecto, looke Furies.

Alexanders Altars, were at the foote

foot of the Ryphean Mountaines.

Almicanthrarats, and *Almucantarats*, Arabian names of Circles which are imagined to passe through euerie degree of the Meridian, Paralel to the Horizon vp to the Zenith.

Alhidade, a Rule on the backe of the Astrelabe to measure heights, breadths & depths.

Amafrosse, *gutta serena* a disease in the sinnewes of the sight.

Amalthean Horne, plenty of all things.

Amblygone, a flat Triangle.

Ambrosia, the Gods meate.

American, the French disease brought first from the Indies to Naples, from thence to France, &c.

Amia, a fish like a Tunny, found in the Sea neere Constantinople.

Amphitrite, the Sea.

Amphisbæna, a Serpent hauing a head at both ends.

Amphion, the author of Harmonie and builder of Thæbes.

Amyclean Harpe, Arion, the Lesbian Harper.

Amyot, a learned French-man, translator of Plutarke, and other Greek Authors.

Ancossa, a Bath in Gasconie:

Andromeda, the Wife of Perseus, (with her husband, Father and Mother) turned into a Starre.

Androdus, a Romane slaue gratefully requited of a Lion.

Anorexia a queasinesse of stomach.

Antheus, Antenors sonne, beloued and vnwillingly slain by Paris.

M. *Anthonie*, competitor with Octauius and Lepidus for the Roman Empire.

Antiperistasis, incounter of contraries, or contrarie circumstance.

Antipodes, those people that dwell directly vnder vs.

Antartike, Southerne.

Aonian band, the Muses.

Apelles, an excellent Painter.

Apium risus, a kinde of Crowfoote that killes men with laughing.

Appian way, one of the broadest wayes in Rome.

Apollo, the Sunne: the God of Musicke and Physicke.

Apoplexie, a kinde of dead palsie.

Apoge, the point farthest from the Center of the earth.

Ara,

Arabians, people of Asia, inhabiting between Iudea & Egypt, rich in aromatical spices and sweete Odors.

Arcadian scoute, Mercurie.

Arcenal, an Armorie or storehouse.

Archelaus, a king much praised by Plutarch and others for wisedom & temperance, & for delight in husbandry.

Archimedes a famous Mathematician of Syracusa.

Archytas, a noble Philosopher of Tarentum.

Arion, a famous Harper and lyrike poet, born at Methymna in the Ile of Lesbos.

Arne, a Riuer in Italie.

Arcewik, orpine supposed okar

Artemisia, Queene of Caria, wife of Mausolus.

Artemisia herbe, mugg-woorte.

Armorik, Brittaine in France.

Armados, Spanish Armies, or great shippes of Warre.

Artik, Northrē, or of the north

Aristotle, the most famous Philosopher of Stagyra.

Asia, a third part of the world, in former times most famous for Learning & Religion; but now for the most part miserably yoaked vnder the Turkes tyranny.

Asylum, a refuge or defence.

Assur, one of the Sons of Seth: also the countrie of Assyria.

Astaroth, an Idol of the Philistines.

Astrea, Iustice.

Astrelabe, an instrument to gather the motion of the Starrs.

Attam, a short two-edged sword.

Attalus, a wealthy King of Pergamus, delighted in the country life.

Atlantick Sea, is the Mediterranean, or a part thereof.

Atlas, a King skilfull in Astronomy, therefore fained to beare vp Heauen, it is also a mountaine in Barbary.

Athenian Sage, Socrates.

Attick Muse, Xenophon.

Atheists, those that acknowledge no God, infidels.

Aurora, the morning.

Auster, the South winde.

Auernus, Hell.

Auicen, a learned Philosopher & Physician, borne at Seuil, of Arabian stock.

Azimuths, great Circles meeting in the Zenith, or verticall Point.

Anian, a Streight, or narrow Sea betweene Asia and America, as yet little discouered.

A

Aglaia, looke Graces.

Aetna, a burning Mountaine in Sicilia.

Asphaltis, Mare mortuũ. The stinking lake, wherein Sodo & her execrable sisters stood.

Annals, Histories from yeere to yeere.

Archi. Colonel, vsurped for the Generall, or chiefe Captaine of the Hoast.

Anathem, execration, curse, excommunication.

Anatomie, the incision or cutting vp of the body of Man or Beast as Surgeons doo, to see the parts.

Amphitryonide, Hercules, begottē by Iupiter on Alemæna, the wife of Amphitryo.

Attick, a Prouince of Greece; wherein stood the Cittie of Athens.

Atropos, look Parcæ.

Alecto, look Furies.

Assabine, Iupiter with the Assyrians.

Aglaia, look Graces.

Architraue, the crown or chapter of a Piller: also a principall beam in any Building.

Arabian bird, the Phœnix.

Argolian showers, Iupiters golden Raine in the lap of Danae daughter of Acrisius, King of Argiues, Argolikes, or Argolians.

Aegisthus, look Clytemnestra.

Aspiks, venemous little serpēts

Anchyses Pheere, is Venus on whom he begat Aeneas.

Abramide, of the race of Abraham.

B.

Baltik Ocean, the Danish sea.

Baignere, a Bath in Gascony e.

Bandans, the Ilanders of the Moluques, rich in excellent cer.

Bacchanalian Freeres, Women priests of Bacchus, the God of Cups.

Bardes, ancient Poets & Sages.

Barege, a Bath in Gasconie.

Barn-Geese and *Barnacles,* a kinde of foules that grow of rotten Trees & brokē ships.

Bek, a Phrygian word, signifying bread.

Belgian, of the Nether-lands.

Belgrad, a Town in Hungary, taken by the Turke.

Bellona, Goddesse of warre.

Belus Sonne, Ninus, first King of Assyria, supposed to be inuenter of Nauigation.

Bitumen, a kinde of oylie, slimie, gummie, or clammy Clay.

Bizantium, Constantinople.

Brontes, one of Vulcās Forgemen.

Briareus, a Giāt with 100. hands

Brutus heires, Englishmen, Brit-

Britaine.

Baccani, Poisonie confections, Italian figges.

Bon-iours, Good-morrowes.

Bonaces, a kinde of Beast-planres.

Bootes, a little starre in the North Pole neere to *Vrsa minor*, vessell for the North.

Boreas, the North-winde.

Bosphores, 2. Straicts, so called of an Oxes wading ouer the one surnamed Thracian, the other Cimmerian.

Bouima, a hungry, or greedie disease in a cold stomach.

Bucephalus, the couragious Horse of Alexander the great.

Busiris, a most cruell Tyrant of Egypt which vsed to sacrifice strangers to Iupiter.

Butrio, a learned and eloquent German (of late daies) Counsailer to Casimirus.

Bombards, great Ordinance.

Babastik, that is Egyptian.

Bethel, a Mountaine in the South Confines of Israell where Ieroboham set vppe one of his Calues.

Bindon, a Wildernesse in the West of Egypt.

Babels, indeede Babies, idle Monuments of Pompe and Plenty.

Belzebur, the God of Acharon the prince of Diuels.

Brachmans, Indian Philosophers, Moderne writers call them Brammines.

Bigaurian Hills, part of the Pyrenie Mountaines betweene Fraunce and Spaine.

C

Cabalistik, mysticall Traditions among the Iewes Rabbins.

Cæsari, Emperours, so called from C. Iulius Cæsar the first Emperour.

Cadmus, sonne of *Agenor*, who slew a serpent & pulling out his teeth sowed them in the ground, whereof instantly there sprung-vp ready armed men.

Cairo, a Cittie in the midst of Ægypt, of olde called Babylon, and thought one of the greatest in the world.

Calamario, a fish that may be well called the Sea-Clarke, being furnished with necessaries for a scribe.

Calliergater, an excellent Carver, especially in smal works.

Calpe, a Mountaine within the Straights of Gibaltar in opposit to *Abila*: these two are

are called the Pillars of Hercules.

Canibals, people in the South part of America that eate mans flesh.

Candia, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, subiect to the Venetians.

Cana, a Town in Galile, where Christ wrought his first miracle, at a mariage.

Cantharus, a fish of admirable chastity.

Caphareus Rock, a most dangerous and sockie Coast of Euboea, now called Negropont.

Carpese, a venemous plant, whose iuice causeth deepe sleepe, and so strangleth the Patient.

Carinthia, a Dutchie belonging to the Dukes of Austria.

Carraques, great Spanish Vessels.

Caligula, a most wanton and wicked Emperour of Rome.

Cassegale, the Cittie Quinzay, in the East Indies.

Cassiopeia, Mother of Andromeda.

Castalian Well, Springes, Fount, Springs at the foote of Parnassus sacred to the Muses.

Cathay, a large Country in East Asia fronting on the Sea, now called Cambalu.

Catharact, a violent fall of any Water, causing deafnes with the noyse, also a disease in the Eye distilling a tough humour like gelly.

Catiline, a factious Citizen of Rome, famous for his dangerous conspiracie against his Country.

Cato, a reuerent and renowned Romane both for his temperate life, and resolute death.

Caudrets, a Bath in Gascony.

Caucasus, a verie high Mountaine that diuides Scythia from India.

Ceres, Goddesse of Harvest, inuentresse of Tillage and of the vse of Corne, somtimes vsed for the earth.

Cephalus, the husband of Procris, the minion of Aurora.

Centaures, half men, half horses, begotten by Ixion on a Clowd.

Chelydres, a Serpent of sundry colours, with hornes like a Ramme.

Cerathus, a River in Candie from whence comes the best Malmsie.

Cerbus

Cerbus, a Tree in the Indies, of 15. fadome about.

Cerberus, the three-headed dogge of Hell, the Porter there.

Celtike, a part of France.

Chaos, a confuſed heape, the matter of the World before it receiued forme.

Chaldea, the Country wherein Babylon ſtood: where were great Aſtronomers, Magicians, and Sooth-ſayers.

Charles Martel, K. of France, ouerthrewe 400000. Turks neere vnto Tours.

Coermes, the grain wherewith Skarlat and Crimſon are dyed.

Chymeras, ſtrange Fancies, monſtrous Imaginations, Caſtles in the Aire.

Cincinnatus, one called frō the Plough (all duſtie & almoſt naked) to the Romane Dictatorſhip.

Cimmerians, People far North, that are thought neuer to ſee the Sun.

Cittadel, a Caſtle built, with a ſmall Garriſon to keepe a great Towne in awe.

Cirques, round Liſts to behold publike Races.

Chus, Æthyopia.

Clio, one of the Muſes, reciting the glorious Acts of Worthineſſe.

Clytus, one of Alexāders greateſt Minions, whome yet in his drunkenneſſe he ſlewe.

Cocos, an admirable Nutte brought from the Indies.

Cocytus, a River in hell.

Colchos, Medeas countrie from whence Iaſon fetcht the Golden Fleece.

Codrus, a King of Athens, that gaue his owne life for the ſafe-guard of his Country.

Colonies, numbers of People ſent to inhabite ſome newe conquered Countrie.

Colures, 2. Circles in heauen wherein the Sun-ſtops are cauſed.

Cochenel, grain wherwith Purple is died.

Coloſſes, huge Statues erected in honor of any perſon.

Columbus, a Genoeſe, diſcouerer of America for Ferdinando, King of Caſtile.

Comitiall Ill, the Falling ſickneſſe.

Commodus, a moſt vicious Emperour.

Cones, geometricall figures, broad beneath, and ſharp aboue, with a Circular bottome.

Concentrik, hauing one com-

mon center.

Copernicus, a learned German that maintaineth the heauēs to ſtand ſtil, & the Earth to turn round about.

Corninus, a Roman Orator, that after a great ſickenes forgat his owne name.

Corfu, an Iland in the Ionian Sea, ſubiect to the Venetiās.

Critik, and Criticall, ſharp Cenſurers: all dangerous dayes for health, obſerued by Phyſicians.

Creſcent, the Moon increaſing

Cteſiphon, the builder of Dianas Temple at Epheſus.

Cteſibes, an excellent inuenter of water Engines.

Cubes, geometricall figures foure-ſquare, like a Die.

Cucuio, a ſtrange birde in new Spain.

Cupid, the baſtard of Mars, and Venus, the little God of loue.

Curius, a Citizen of Rome, famous for frugalitie & temperance, who delighted rather to commaund the rich, then to be rich.

Cylindres, geometrical figures round and long, conſiſting frō top to toe of two equall parallel-Circles.

Cyclops, Giāts with one eie, working in the Forge of Vulcan.

Cyprus, a fruitfull Iland in the Gulfe of Iſla, formerly ſubiect to the Venetians, but now vſurped by the Turke, aunciently conſecrated to Venus.

Cynthia, *Phœbe*, *Diana*, the Moone.

Cytharea, Venus.

Cynoſure, 7 ſtarres in the North pole, the North Pole, the North-ſtarre.

Cymbrians, the people of Denmarke and Nor-way.

Cyrus, the great King of Perſia, conquerour of the Medes, and after ſlaine by Tomyris Queen of the Maſſagets.

Charites, looke Graces.

Clotho, looke Parcæ.

Camoſh, the Idol of the Moabits

Chiron, a Centaur, an excellent both Phyſician and Muſician the Maſter of Achilles.

Cornaline, looke Onyx.

Clarian, Lot-guider.

Cornich, looke Frize.

Criſis, the daungerous, or (as Phyſicians call it) criticall day for any diſeaſe.

Clyde, a Riuer rūning by Dombertan in Scotland.

Cyclades, floting Ilands in the Ægean Sea.

Cedron, & *Kedron*, a Brooke in Iudea.

Cimik-

Civik-Garland, a crowne or chaplet of Oaken ſprigges, giuen to honor Him that had reſcued a citie.

Clytemneſtra, wife of Agamẽnon, whom with the help of her Adulterer Ægiſthus, in a ſleeue-les ſhirt ſhe murdered.

Cypris ſap, ſeed of generation.

Caſtor & Pollux: Twinnes begot on Læda, by Iupiter in the ſhape of a Swan: & ſuppoſed Sea-Gods fauourable to Sailours.

Crimſin Gulf: the red Sea.

Cecropian that is, Athenian: of Cecrops, firſt King of Athens.

Cineas, a Theſſalian, exceeding eloquent and of admirable memory, Embaſſador from King Pyrrhus to the Romans.

Carthaginian, of that famous City of Affrica built by Dido, & by Hanniball vndon.

Cadmean, by ſom wrighters vſed for Carthage.

Coronan, that is Lacedemoniã: for Corone, was a citie of the Meſſenians, who were ſubiect to that State.

Ceſt, in Latin Ceſtus & Ceſtum the Brides Girdle which the Bridegroom tookoff at night

Coloquintida, a kinde of wilde Gourd, that purgeth Choler.

Chryſocolle, Boras, gold-ſoder.

Cibele, looke Rhea.

D

Damon, the moſt faithfull friend of Pythias, both diſciples of Pythagoras.

Danae, daughter of Acriſius, who kept her lockt in a brazen Tower; Iupiter raynde himſelfe in a Golden ſhower into her lap.

Danubius, the greateſt Riuer in Europe, called alſo Iſther.

Dardane Ants, Indian Emmets

Darius, a King of Perſia, vanquiſhed by Alexander the great.

Delian Twinnes, the Sun and Moone.

Delian Princeſſe. Diana.

Delos, an Iland, one of the Cyclades, which for a long time floated as hidden in the Sea, and after ſuddainly appeared

Delphian Oracle, the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphos.

Delphos God, Apollo.

Democritus, the laughing Philoſopher of Abydus.

Demoſthenes, the beſt Orator of the Grecians.

Denis, or Dionyſius, a Tyrant of Syracuſa.

Deucalion, ſon of Prometheus,

who with his wife Pyrrah, escaped the Flood & (as the Poets fain) restored the world.

Diabete, a disease, when one cānot hold his water.

Diapason, a Concord of all.

Diarrhaea, a Laske or loosenes of the Belly.

Diameter, a strait line diuiding any figure into equal parts, passing through the middle point of any figure.

Dialect, a forme of speech diuers frō others in any lāguage

Diana, the Goddesse of virginity, the Moone.

Dirceanwalles, Thebes.

Disenteria, the bloody-flixe:

Dodochedrons, figures of 12. Angles.

Druides, anciēt learned Priests & Sages of Fraunce: supposed, to haue first issued out of this Ile of Brittaine.

Dombertan, a Towne in Scotland.

Dagon, the Idoll of the Philistines.

Demain, Possessions of inheritance, time out of minde continued in the occupation of the Lord.

Duel, single Combat.

Demi-Gods, looke Heroik.

Dorik musike, soft and effeminate musike, heer opposed to the Phrygian, which was more lofty and full of life, and fitter to stirre vp a Courageous spirit.

Dan, a Town in the North frōtier of Iudea, where Ieroboam erected his other Calfe.

Ditthyrambik, Song in the Honour of Bacchus.

E

Ecliptik line, a great Circle in the middle of the Zodiake through which the Sun runneth his proper course in 365. dayes.

Egyptian flood, The Riuer Nilus

Electrum, Amber.

Electra, one of the sisters o Phaeton, who incessantly weeping for her brothers fall, was turned into a Tree that droppeth Amber.

Elixir, an Arabian word, signifying Quintessence, the Philosophers stone.

Elisium, the fayned Paradise of hethen Poets.

Eldebag, a learned Arabian Satyricall Poet.

Embryon, the Childe in the mothers Womb before it haue receiued shape.

Encyclopedie, that learning which comprehendeth all liberall Sciences.

Endimion, a young shepheard

the

the fauourite of Cinthya.

Engaſtromith, one poſſeſſed, which ſeems to ſpeak in his belly.

Empyema, an impoſtume in the Breaſt.

Enyon, the ſame that Bellona ſiſter to Mars, & Goddeſſe of Battaile.

Enthouſiaſmos, poeticall fury.

Eoan Monarke, Alexander the great.

Eolian ſcoutes, the windes.

Ephemerides, Day-books, Regiſters, Iournals.

Epheſian Temple, the Temple of Diana in Epheſus.

Epheſian moan, Heraclitus, weeping at the worlds miſeries.

Ephori, a kinde of Magiſtrates, protectors of the people.

Epidemik iliet, Vniuerſall Diſeaſes.

Epicicle, a leſſer Circle, whoſe center is in the circumferẽce of a greater.

Epicurus, a Philoſopher that placed mans felicitie in the pleaſures of the Senſe, beleeuing no God but Fortune.

Epilepſis, the Falling-ſickneſſe.

Epithalamie, a nuptiall ſong.

Epitaph, a funerall ſong, or an Inſcription on a Tombe or Graue.

Epithets, additions to nownes, expreſſing ſome quality.

Epitome, an Abbridgement.

Epirus, a Countrie in Greece (now called Albania) famous in late times by the Noble exploites of G. Caſtriot (ſir-named Scanderbeg) againſt the Turke.

Equinoctiall, a Circle in Heauẽ through which when the Sun paſſeth, the dayes and nights be of equall length.

Eretrian ſoile, medicinable Earth, brought from Eretria.

Erebus, a Riuer in hell: Hell.

Erythrean Deep, the red Sea.

Erynnis, one of the Furies.

Eridanus, a figure in Heauẽ, the Riuer Po, in Lumbardie.

Eurus, the Eaſt winde.

Euripus, a narrowe Sea, which ebbeth and floweth ſeauen times in 24. houres.

Euphrates, one of the Riuers of Eden, that runnes through Babylon.

Europa, Chriſtendome, or this Weſterne part of the world.

Eccentrik, that hath his center wholly ſeparated from the Center of the Earth.

Eryſipiles, hot & red ſwellings, called S. Anthonies fire.

Erycina, Venus.

Euphroſyne, looke Graces.

Euphorbium, a certaine medicinable Plant found and named

med by Euphorbus, King Iubas Physician.
Ethnik, see Pagan.
Entidorian.
Etesian gates, easterly windes.
Ephod, a linnen garment worne by the Priests and Leuites of Israel.
Edom and Idumea, a part of Palæstine.
Eleutherian, Deliuerer.
Epicarpian, Fruit-keeper.

F

Fabritius, a famous Roman, contemner of Riches, and in extreame pouerty most puissat for vertuous valour and integrity.
Faustina, a most lasciuious Empresse, wife to Marcus Aurelius, and daughter of Antonius Pius.
Fez, a Kingdome in Barbarie.
Fizland, a Dukedom vnder the king of Sweden.
Flamine, a Sacrificer, or high Priest, among the Heathen.
Flauio, Melphio a Neapolitan inuenter of the needle in the Mariners compasse, and the vse thereof.
Foix, a Countrey belonging to Nauarr, neere the Pyrene Mountains.
Flora, a faire and rich harlot which made the people of Rome her Heire: in respect wherof, they made her God desse of Flowers: and kept yeerely Feasts in honor of of her.
Furies, 3 (viz.) Alecto, Megera, and Tesiphone (sometimes also called Persyphone) which are said to be Tormenters of the damned in Hell, wittily fained to expresse the fear and Fury of a guilty cõscience.
Frize and *Cornich*, the crests, furniture & finishing at the vpper end of a column.
Farfalla, a Candle flye.
Fergusius, *Euenus*, *Donaldus*, famous ancient Kings of Scotland.
Fanes, Temples, consecrated Places.
Funambulant, a Rope-walker.
Feretrian, Peace-bringer or dread-striker.

G

Galen, a famous Physician born at Pergamus, whose learned workes through all ages haue been honoured.
Galenist, one skilfull in Physicke, wherein Galen excelled.
Ganges, a great Riuer in India.
Gaules, the ancient name of the French men.

Genius,

Genius, a mans ſpirit, or naturall inſtinct or inclination.

Gemoniae, or *Gemonian* Ladders: a place in Rome from whence condemned perſons were throwne downe.

Ghion, one of the riuers in Edē

Gnidian Idols, Venus and Cupid: for in Gnidos ſhee was worſhipped.

Gonorrhaea, a foule and inuolūtary Fluxe of ſeed, the Running of the Reines.

Gordian knot, a knot thought impoſſible to bee vndone, wherewith Gordius had faſtened his Oxe-yoake in the Temple of Apollo.

Gorgons, vgly helliſh monſters, in forme of ſcaly Dragons, with crooked teeth, one eye, Iron talents, and mighty wings.

Graces, look Charites.

Gymnoſophiſts, Philoſophers of India, ſo called, becauſe they went naked.

Groon-land, an exceeding colde Countrey, butting vpon the Sea, beyond Irland.

Graue, is as much as an Earle with vs: but in this place vſed for the General and Gouernor, IOSVAH.

Galaſtite, a kind of white Marble, or Alabaſter.

H

Halcyon, a little water-bird thought to be the kings fiſher.

Harpies, rauenous Birdes, with faces like woemen.

Hecatombes, Heathē Sacrifices wherein were offered 100. Beaſts.

Hebe, Ioues Cup-bearer: the Goddeſſe of youth.

Heber, of whome the Hebrues and Hebrue Tongue are ſo called, the great-great-Grand-Childe of Sem, the ſonne of Noah.

Hecuba, the Frantike and diſfigured, olde wythered wife of Priamus King of Troy, and heere oppoſed to the freſh, young, beautifull *Helena*, the fatall Prize of their ſonne Paris.

Helicon, a Mountaine ſacred to Apollo and the Muſes.

Helena, the wanton wife of Menelaus: cauſe of the tedious ſiege & finall ſack of Troy.

Hemiſphear, half the compaſſe of heauen which we beholde.

Hercules, the moſt renowned Monſter-Tamer of Thebes.

Hermes, Mercurie.

Hero, the faire Seſtian Nunne, for whoſe ſake Leander was drowned in Helleſpont.

Heroes, halfe Gods, excellent Men, for valour, and vertue.
Herophilus, a very ancient Phy ſician.
Herodotus, an Eloquent Greek Hiſtoriographer.
Heſiodus, an anciẽt Greek Poet
Heſperian Plant, Golden fruit-Trees garded by a Dragon which was ſlain by Hercules: but heer it is vſed for the Sugar Cane, a richer Plant thẽ thoſe (fayned) golden fruits.
Hexameters, verſes of ſixe feet
Hiades, 5. ſtarres (ſome holde 7.) in the head of the Bull.
Hiero, a king of Sicilia (after Agathocles) greatly delighted in husbandry.
Hieroglyphiks, ſecret Cyphers, ſtrange characters, myſticall wrighting by ſundry formes of things.
Hiram, King of Tyrus, remembred in the Scripture for ſending Timber and workmen to Salomon, to the building of the Temple in Ieruſalem.
Homer, ſo called for his blindnes, the moſt excellent of all the Greek Poets.
Horizon, a Circle diuiding the halfe-ſpheare of the firmament which wee ſee ouer vs, from the other halfe vnder vs, which we ſee not.
Hun furious, Attyla, who ſirnamed himſelf the ſcourge of God, and Terror of the World.
Hyantian Fount, ſprings ſacred to the Muſes.
Hydraulik braule, Muſicke artificially made with the fall of waters.
Hyæna, a horrible Beaſt that counterfaiteth mans voice.
Hydrargire, quick-ſiluer.
Hydra, a Serpent with 50. heads ſlain by Hercules.
Hybla, & } Mountains abouũding
Hymetus } in bees and hony.
Hymen, the God of Mariage.
Hyper-borean, aboue or beyõd the blowing of the North-winde.
Hyppocrates, a moſt excellent Phyſician.
Hyppolitus, the ſonne of Theſeus, who ſhunning the wãton inticements of his ſtep-dame Phædra, was (through her falſe accuſations) torne in pieces.
Hyren, a faire Greeke Mayden Captiue, on whome Mahomet the 2. extreamely doated.
Heſperus, the Euening-ſtarre, the Euening.
Helleborus, an herbe whereof be

be 2. kindes, ſuppoſed our Ling-wort and Bears-foot.

Heroik, noble: but anciently appropriate to thoſe which were counted Demi-Gods, ſuppoſed to be born & begot of a heauenly & an earthly Parent, as Æneas, of Venus and Anchyſes.

Hebridian Waue, the Sea about the Iles Hiberides, to the North from Ireland.

I

Ianus, an auncient King of Italy, whome in reſpect of his wiſedome & prouidēce, they figured with 2. faces, as looking backe into thinges paſt, and foreſeeing thinges to come.

Iaffa, (anciently *Ioppa*) a notable Hauen-Towne in Syria, wher they land that Trauail to Ieruſalem.

Iapetus, a Theſſalian, more famous by his two ſons (Prometheus, and Epimetheus) then for any great worth of his owne.

Iaſon, Captain of the Argonautes, by the fauour of Medea, ſurmounting all daungers, brought home the golden Fleece.

Ibis, a certain high Bird, with a long Bill and ſtiffe legs, worſhipped by the olde Egyptians.

Ibnu-farid, a learned Arabian, Not much knowne in theſe parts.

Iberians, Spaniards.

Icarus, the ſon of Dedalus, who preſuming to flie, was drowned in that Sea, which after bore his name.

Ichneumon, Pharaohs Ratte: a little Beaſt, enemy to the Crocodile.

Idalian Fire, the burning heate of Loues deſire.

Idea, an Image or Patterne of things conceiued in the Fācie.

Idioma, a proper and peculiar forme of ſpeech.

Ieſſean Harpe, the holy muſick of Dauid the Son of Iſhai, commonly called Ieſſe.

Iliaca Paſſio, a kinde of Collicke.

Illium, and Ilion: Troy.

Imaus, a Hill in India, part of Caucaſus.

Impartiall maydes, the Fatal ſiſters, Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos.

Ile of Iron, or *Iſola di-Ferro*, one of the fortunate Ilands now called Canaries.

Incubus, a diſeaſe oppreſſing the ſtomach in our ſleepe, which

which the ignorant haue thought to be a ſpright: it is commonly called the Night Mare.

Individuum, a body that cannot be diuided.

Ioues Bird, the Eagle.

Iris-bowe, the Rain-bowe.

Iunos bird, the Peacocke.

Iſleban, glory of Wittinberg: Martin Luther.

Iſthmus, a narrow-ſtrait of land between two Seas.

Iſther, Danubius.

Ithacan, Vlyſſes the prudent husband of the moſt chaſte Penelope.

Iupiter, the cheefe God of the Pagans.

Iubile, a yeer of liberty and releaſe, which was euery fiftieth yeere.

Inſtinian, a learned Emperor Compiler of the Ciuill lawes.

Inturna, the North part of Scotland towards the Orcades.

Iaboc, a little Brooke running into the Riuer Iordan.

Iſis, the wife of Oſiris, both Idols of the Egyptians.

Iuuenes.

Ioue, *Iupiter*, chiefe of the Heathen Gods.

Iuno, the ſiſter & wife of Ioue: Goddeſſe of Dominion and wealth, and ſuppoſed helper to woemen in trauaile: ſometimes taken for the Aire.

Iris, the Rain-bow.

Iapheau (or Iatſian) Seas beate vpon the Coaſt of Zabulon towardes Tyre and Sydon, on the fartheſt North of Iudea: heere oppoſed to Tigris in Meſopotamia, the fartheſt South of the ſame.

Iaffa, of olde called *Ioppa*.

Iſaacians, children of *Iſaac*, Iſraelites.

Izeland, an Iland in the fartheſt North towards *Groonland*.

Iebuſites, the Heathen inhabitants of Ieruſalem, before it came to the *Poſſeſſion* of the Iſraelites.

K

KAros, a drowſie, and ſtupifying diſeaſe in the head.

Kennet, a pleaſant Riuer running through Barkſhire, neere vnto whoſe flowery bankes, our callow Cignets had their neſt.

L

LAcedæmõ (called alſo Sparta) a Citty and a Common-wealth, moſt famous and flowriſhing vnder the Lawes of Lycurgus.

Laconia,

Laconia, the Countrie where that City ſtood.

Lachesis, looke Parcæ.

Leda, the wife of Tyndarus, who by the help of Iupiters Swan, laid 2. egges, whereof were hatched double Twins: of the one, Pol-lux and Helena, of the other Caſtor & Clytemneſtra.

Latmos, a Hill in Ionia, where Cynthia is fayde to haue imbraced her deer Endymion.

Latona, the Mother of Diana and Apollo.

Latonian Twinnes, thoſe Children of hers, the Sunne and Moone.

Lais, a beutiful & coſtly Harlot of Corynth, frequented by many gallants of Greece.

Lee, a neat little Towne in Eſſex, in the mouth of the Thames.

Leander, a yong man of Abydus beloued of Hero, drowned in Helleſpont while hee was ſwimming to her.

Lers, a riuer in France, of moſt ſtrange quality.

Lethe, a riuer in Hell. which cauſeth forgetfulneſſe.

Lethargie, the ſleepy diſeaſe.

Leſtrigons, a cruell people of Campania in Italy, which were ſaid to feed on Mans Fleſh.

Lyguria, the Territorie of Genoa.

Lycurgus, the famous Law-Maker of the Lacedæmonians.

Lemnos, Vulcans Iland, Now called Stalimene.

Limbo, Hell.

Linus, an excellent anciẽt Muſician, maiſter of Orpheus.

Linx, a beaſt of exceeding quick & pearcing ſight.

Leucippus, a Philoſopher that imagined infinite worlds.

Leucothoe, a Sea Goddeſſe.

Liquour-God, Bacchus.

Lopez, a late Iew-ſpaniſh Phyſician, executed for infinite Treaſons againſt this State.

Lotos, an admirable plant, ſtrãgely ſympathizing with the Sun.

Lucania, a prouince of Italy, now called Baſilicata.

Lucina, Iuno, and Diana, ſuppoſed of olde to be aſſiſtant to women in their trauell.

Lucrecia, the chaſte wife of Collatinus, raviſhed by Tarquin.

Lucretius, a very anciẽt Latine (Poet.

Luna, the Moone.

Lupercales, Sacrifices & Feaſts ſolemnized to Pan.

Lyceum, the Schoole of Ariſtotle.

Legiſlator,

Legislator, a Law-Maker, or a Law-giuer.

Lesbian Squire: the Lesbians were so perfect Workemen, that they made Rules and Squires by their Worke, and not their Worke by the Rule.

Lowmond, a great Lake in Scotland, wherein they say, there is a floating Iland.

Lucifer, the Prince of the proud Angels that fell from heauen. The Diuell, also the morning-starre.

Lachesis, looke Parcæ.

Locusts, a kind of Grashoppers

Libanus and *Lebanon*, a mountaine in Syria, famous for the faireſt Cedar Trees.

M

Madera, one of the Canaries, from whence com excellent Sugars.

Malta, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, where the Knights (that were) of Rhodes, now keep their residēce

Manie, a disease in the head causing madnesse.

Martian-field, a fielde between Tiber, & the City of Rome, where they vsed to beholde the fight of condemned men with wilde Beasts.

Mars, the God of warre.

Mark Pole, a notable Venetian Nauigator and Discouerer.

Maiz, Indian wheat.

Mausole, a sumptuous Tombe built by Artemisia Queen of Caria, for her husband Mausolus.

Marcellus, a most noble Romane Captaine, Conqueror of Syracusa, and fiue times Consul.

Mahomite, the Turkish Emperour, worshipping Mahomet.

Mantuan Muse, the Poet Virgil

Massacres, horrible murders.

Medea, a sorceresse, or (as some call them) a cunning-woman.

Meanders, crooked turnings, so called of the Riuer *Meander*, for his exceeding crookednesse.

Medices, the late Queene mother of France, being of the house of Florence.

Medusas Tresse, a head with snake-like hairs, turning the beholders into stones.

Mein, a Riuer in Germany, wheron stands Frankfort, the famous Mart of the World.

Meonian Bard, Homer.

Mecanas, a noble Romane, & liberall fauourer of Virgil.

Megera,

Megera, one of the Furies.

Melt, an admirable Tree in Mexico, a mighty kingdom of America.

Memphians, *Memphites*, *Memphiſts*, *Memphitiſts*. } Egyptians.

Mercurie, one of the Planets, the God of wit, eloquence, inuention, and ſubtilty, and the meſſenger of the Gods.

Mercurial (as it were) a Chancerie, controuling and reuoking falſe iudgements of inferiour Courts.

Meridian, the ſouth circle.

Metaphoras, borrowed ſpeeches.

Metempſychoſis, tranſmigration of ſoules from one body to another: after *Pythagoras*.

Metaphiſicall, ſupernaturall,

Milo, a man of prodigious ſtrength, that carried a Bull on his back, killed him with his fiſt, & eat him vp in one day.

Mince, a Riuer neere Mantua, where Virgil was borne.

Minerua, the ſame that Pallas: Goddeſſe of wit and warre.

Moly, an herbe brought from heauē by Mercury to Vlyſſes, ſuppoſed to be our Rue, or herbe-grace.

Moloch, the Idoll of the Ammonites.

Moluques, rich Ilands in the Eaſt Indies, plentifull in all kind of excellent Spices, & other Treaſures.

Moores, the people of Ethiopia, ſubiects of Preſter Iohn.

Morpheus, the God of Dreams

Mummie, a drugg, takē for part of ancient imbalmed bodies.

Muſculus, a little Fiſh moſt officious to the Whale.

Muſulmans, Arabians.

Mycana, Agamemnons Kingdome.

Midas, a wealthy King of Phrygia, whoſe touch (by the grāt of Bacchus) turned all things into Gold: ſo that at laſt his Gold-turned meate in his mouth choaked him.

Myrmecides, a cunning & curious Caruer in ſmall works.

Myron, an excellent ſtatuarie, or Image-maker.

Mounte banks, Iugglers.

Meroe, an Iland in the Riuer Nilus.

Megera, look Furies.

Mages, Sages, Wiſe-men, Sooth-ſayers.

Moriſco, and *Mattachine*, Antike & fantaſtike daunces.

Moderatrix, a Regent or Gouerneſſe.

MAGNIFICENCE, Greatnes, State, glory, pomp.

Munificēce, bounty, liberality

Medalls, Images of wood, ſtone, or metall.

Muſaik work, a kinde of painting ſo curiouſly ſhadowed, that it ſeemes in ſome places imboſt, in ſome carv'd, in ſom in-layde, in ſom grauen, &c.

Meteors, or exhalatiōs, ſtrange apparitions of comets, or other figures in the aire.

Megarian, where flowriſhed the Philoſopher Euclides, in the ſame time that Socrates in Athens.

N

NAcre, the Pearle-ſhell, or mother of Pearl.

Nadir, the point directly vnder vs, iuſt oppoſite to the Zenith or point verticall.

Natolia, Aſia minor, now wholly vnder the Turke.

Nectar, the drink of the Gods.

Neptune, the Sea.

Nephelian, Crook-horne, the Signe Aries.

Nepenthe, an herbe which being ſteeped in wine, is thought to expell ſadneſſe.

Nereus, the Sea.

Nero, a moſt cruell Emperour of Rome, the monſter of nature, & ſhame of mankinde.

Neſtor, a wiſe & eloquēt Greek who being nigh 300. yeers old, came to the ſiege of Troy.

Nile, and *Nilus*, the famous Riuer of Egypt, vſed often for Egypt it ſelfe.

Nimrod, the builder of Babel, the firſt ambitious vſurper of ſoueraignty.

Niphates, a mountaine from whence the Riuer Tigris hath his ſource.

Nitre, a light, white, ſpongie mater, much like ſalt, which ſom haue (falſely) thought to be ſalt-peter.

Noremberg, a City in Germany, eſpecially famous for curious handy-crafts.

Nubian, of a Kingdome fronting on the South of Egypt.

Numidian, people of a part of Affrica, accuſtomed to liue continually in the fieldes with their flocks, & heards, remooving often for freſh paſtures.

Numa Pompilius, 2. from Romulus King of the Romanes and their firſt law-giuer.

O

OBſequies, funerall ceremonies.

Ocean, and *Oceanus*, the Sea.

Odipus, a Riddle-Reader of Thebes.

Oedems, thinne, wateriſh, and flegmatik ſwellings.

Olympius, an Arrian Biſhoppe, ſtrook dead with Lightning for blaſpheming the Deitie of Chriſt.

Olympus, a very high hill fronting on Macedonia: it is often vſed for Heauen.

Ophthalmy, a diſeaſe in the Eye through inflamation of the vttermoſt tunicle.

Optick ſinnew, is that which bringeth ſight vnto the Eye.

Orgies, Sacrifices to Bacchus.

Oracles, Myſteries of the heathen Gods, deliuered by diuers meanes, and in diuers manners.

Orion, a tempeſt-boading ſtar.

Orpheus, an excellent Poet & Muſician of Thrace.

Oromene, a Mountain in India, full of Salt-quarres.

Ortygian Delos, a floating Ilād where Diana, and Apollo were borne.

Orithias loue, Boreas, the North-winde.

Ottoman, the firſt Emperour of Turkes.

Ouids heires: wanton Poets.

Oxygone, a ſharp-Triangle.

Omer, a certaine meaſure among the Hebrues.

Ophir, ſuppoſed to be Peru.

Onyx, a red pretious ſtone, fit for Seales.

Orient, the Eaſt Sun-Riſing (Cleer.

Oran, a Port-Towne in Barbarie, within the Streictes of Gibraltar.

P

Pactolus, a riuer in Lydia, which (after the waſhing of King Midas) is ſayd to haue Golden ſands.

Pallas, the Goddeſſe of Arts & Wiſedome.

Palamon, a Sea God, called alſo Melicertes.

Paleſtine, Iudea, the holy land, firſt called Canaan.

Pan, the God of Shepheards.

Pandects, Books treating of all manner of Arguments.

Panchaya Fumes, Incenſe.

Pannonia, Hungary & Auſtria.

Panope, a Sea-Nymph.

Pandora, fayned (by Heſiodus) to be the firſt woman, and made by Vulcan: indued by all the Gods with ſeueral excellent gifts, but afterwarde by Iupiter (in his diſpleaſur) ſent to hir ſpouſe Epimetheus, with a Box full of al māner of miſeries.

Paphos Archer, Cupid, the little God of loue.

Paphian, Fier or ſhott } his Arrowes.

Parrhaſius,

Parrhasius, a most excellent painter of Ephesus.

Parthians, a people of Asia, excellent Archers, and notorious enemies to the Romans.

Paros, an Iland in the Archipelago (which diuideth Europe & Asia minor) wherein is excellent white Marble or Alablaster.

Parcas, *Parca*, (à non parcendo) the Destinies, or 3. fatal Sisters, (viz) Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos: Death it selfe, the eneuitable end of all.

Parallels, lines euery wher like distant.

Paradox, an argument maintained contrary to the common and receiued opinion.

Pegasus, the flying Horse of Bellerophon, which straying to flye vp to Heaven, with his hoofe rased the top of Helicon, whence immediatly gushed out a spring, which therefore is called Hyppocrene.

Penelope, the most chaste wife of the wandring Prince Vlysses.

Penean Vale, is Tempe a most pleasant valley in Thessaly, on the verge of the Riuer Peneus.

Penthens, a young Prince, who for contemning the drunkē feasts of Bacchus, was by his owne mother (*Agaue*) murdered.

Peripneumonie, the Impostume of the Lungs.

Perige, that point of Heaven wherein the Sun (or other planet) is neerest to the center of the Earth.

Persiphone, or Proserpine: the Queen of Hell and Horror.

Perseus, a most triumphant Champiō, that rescued Andromeda from the Sea-mōster: who for his prowesse is both by Poets and Astronomers magnified as a God, and placed among the Starres.

Pernassus, the mountain of the Muses.

Persian Monark with the heauen of glasse, was Sapores.

Peru, one of the largest and richest parts of America.

Phaeton, the Son of Phœbus, who presuming to guide his fathers Chariot, set the world on fire, and fell himselfe headlong into the Riuer Eridanus.

Phœbus, the Sunne.

Phalaris, a most cruell Tyrant of Agrigent.

Phalec,

Phalec, the ſonne of Heber.

Pharos, a Lanthorne Tower to beare a light for the guide of Saylors in a hauen by night: alſo an Iland.

Phlegon, one of the horſes of the Sunnes Chariot.

Phlegeton, a Riuer in Hell, taken oft for Hell it ſelfe.

philtre-charmd, inchanted with loue-potions.

Phantik, ſuch as are haunted with ſtrange & illuding Viſions.

Philirian Scout, the ſigne Sagittarius.

Philometor, an ancient king of Egypt, much giuen to husbandry, and delighting in the Countrie life.

Phlebotomie, Bloodletting.

Phlegmons, hot & red inflammations of bloud.

Phrygian Skinker, the ſigne Aquarius.

Phrixus ſiſter, was Helle, drowned in Helleſpont, which of her is ſo called.

Phrenzie, a moſt violent and daungerous diſeaſe of the braine.

Phthiſik, The conſumption of the Lungs.

Phthiriaſis, the lowſie diſeaſe.

Pica, the longing diſeaſe of women with childe.

Phyſon, one of the Riuers in the garden of Eden.

Pigmes, little people of the North, a Cubit high.

Pyrene, a princeſſe from whom Pyrene Mountaines (which diuide France and Spaine) are ſo called.

Pindus, a Mountaine ſacred to the Muſes.

Pierian Maydes, the Muſes.

Pirrhon; (read Pirrho) a Philoſopher alwayes doubtfull of all things, yea euen of thoſe ſubiect to our ſenſes.

Plato, Prince of the Academiks, ſirnamed diuine, and indeede the moſt neere approaching diuinitie of all the heathen.

Pleiades, the 7. Starres,

Pleſſis, a noble learned Frenchman of our time, a notable defender of the Truth of Chriſtian religion, againſt all Iewes, Turkes, Pagans, Papiſts, Atheiſts, and Infi- Infidels what-ſoeuer.

Pluto, the God of Hell and of Riches, the Diuell and all.

Po, the riuer that watreth Lumbardy the garden of Italy.

Polypes, a ſubtill fiſh called a Manie-fecte, or Pourcontrell.

Polymnia, manifold memory, in variety of knowledge.

Poles, the imagined Hinges of the Heauens, whereon the World is turned, commonly vſed for heauen.

Poetaſters, Baſe, Counterfait, vnlearned, witleſſe, & wanton Poets that peſter the World, either with idle vanities or odious villanies.

Porphirie, Marble.

Porus, a King of India of huge ſtature, ouercome by Alexander.

Polygamie, the hauing of many wiues.

Polyphem, a huge and cruell Gyant, with one ey in his fore-head.

Pomona, Goddeſſe of fruits.

Pontik heath, Pontus is a region in Aſia minor, fronting Eaſt-ward vpon Colchis.

Progne, Pandions daughter, ſiſter of Philomele, and wife of Tereus, transformed to a ſwallow.

Proteus, a Sea-god, that taketh on him all ſhapes.

Problems, mathematicall propoſitions, referred eſpecially to practiſe.

Prometheus, is fained to haue made the firſt man, and to haue ſtollen fire from heauen, to put life into his Creature.

Pryenian Sage, Bias.

Ptolomeus Philadelphus, moſt famous for his learning and loue to the learned, and eſpeciallie for his noble Librarie, erected in Alexandria.

Pyramides, exceeding huge & high Spires, built by the kings of Egypt for fond & idle oſtentation of their riches and pride.

Pyrauſta, a fier-flye, or winged worme, breeding and liuing onely in the fier.

Python, a horrible Dragon ſlaine by Apollo.

Pagan, Heathen, an Infidel, vncircumciſed, vnbaptized, that knowes not God.

Phydias, a famous Caruer in wood and ſtone.

Perſyphone, look Furies.

Pirenes, look Bigaurian.

Phrygian Muſick, look Dorik.

Pellean Prince, Alexander the great, borne in the Citie of Macedonia called Pella, as was alſo Philip his father.

Panomphean, all-hearing.

Phyxian, fugitiue.

Proſelyte, a ſtranger new-conuerted to our faith & faſhiõ.

Pharan, a Citie between Egypt & Arabia: alſo a Wildernes which the Iſraelites paſſed in their

their Pilgrimage to Canaan.

Pharus, look Pharos.

Pirrhus, a valiant King of the Epirots, a notable Enemie to the Romans.

Paſs-Lamb, the Paſchal Lamb.

Peluſian Foord, Nilus the great Riuer of Egypt.

Pythian Knight, is Apollo, ſir-named Pythias, for ſlaying the dreadfull Serpent Pytho.

Parian Rocks, mountaines of white Marble or Alabaſter, in the Ile of Paros.

Patagons, Indian Canibals, ſuch as eate mans fleſh.

Poſthumus, one borne after his Fathers death.

Prodigies, extraordinary and miraculous accidents.

Picts, ancient inhabitants of a part of Scotland.

Para-Nymphes, Bride-dreſſers, too curious prankers of themſelues.

Pyrrhik Galliard, a kinde of dauncing in armour, inuented by Pyrrhus.

Porphire, a kind of red Marble.

Plynth, a part of the baſe of a piller, flat ſquare like a Tyle.

R

Rabbines, great Doctors among the Iewes.

Rabican, the name of a gallant horſe in *Orlando Furioſo*.

Regulus, a noble Conſul, and reſolute Captaine of the Romans in the Punik-war.

Remora, a little fiſh (which ſom call a Suck-ſtone) that ſuddainly ſtoppeth a ſhip vnder al her ſayles in her ful courſe

Rendez vous, an appointed place of meeting.

Romes Dragon, the Pope.

Ryphean wood, Forreſts of Scythia.

Rhea, the ſame that Cibele, Veſta, Tellus, the Earth.

Rhenbarb, an excellent roote, and very pretious for the purging quality.

Rubrick, the Titles & Directions in the olde Pſalters, or Seruice-Bookes: ſo called, becauſe they are written or printed in red Letters.

S

Saba, chiefe Cittie of the Sabæans in Arabia, aboũding in Cinamõ, Caſſia, Frankincenſe, and Myrrhe.

Salamander, a ſpotted beaſt like a Lizard, whoſe extream coldnes quencheth the fire.

Salmoneus, a King that with certaine violent Engins,

counterfaited Thunder.

Saluſt, a notable Roman Hiſtoriographer, alſo the ſirname of our noble and renowned Author du BARTAS.

Samian wiſe, Pythagoras.

Sardanapalus, a moſt effeminate king, the laſt of the Aſſyrians.

Sargus, a Fiſh ſtrangely luſtfull.

Saturnes doore, the end of Time.

Saturnales, feaſts kept in December in the honour of Saturne.

Satyres, nipping Poeſies that reproue vice ſharpely, without reſpect of perſons.

Scaliger Ioſephus, now liuing, a Frenchman, admirable in all Languages, for all manner of learning.

Scipio (ſir-named Affirican) a moſt wiſe, valiant, & vertuous Captaine of the Romans, who being ill requited for infinite honourable ſeruices, ſequeſtred himſelfe to a Country-life.

Scirrhes, a kinde of hard (yet paine-leſſe ſwellings in the fleſh.

Scolopendra, a certain Fiſh that calleth forth her bowels, to cleere them from the hook.

Scopas, a notable Architect, imployed in the building of Mauſolus Tomb, which is numbred among the ſeauen wonders of the world.

Syrtes, dangerous ſands in the Lybian Sea.

Serean Forreſts (now Cathay, and Cambalu) are in Aſian Scythia, abounding in the beſt Silkes.

Serranus, a worthy Romane fetcht from his plough to the Dictatorſhip, which was (for the time) an office of King-like Authority.

Sentinel, a ſcout, or Night-watch in a Camp or Towne of Garriſon.

Seraphin, an Angell.

Sein, the riuer of Paris.

Shynar, or *Sennaar*, the plaine where Nimrod built the Tower of Babel.

Sibyls, Propheteſſes: Varro remembreth 10. of them.

Semiramis, the proud and wanton Queen of Babylon, wife of Ninus.

Sirius, the Dogge ſtar, at whoſe riſing the Dog-dayes alwayes begun.

Skinc Alexandrian, a kinde of Serpent, a land Crocodile.

Skinker, the ſigne Aquarius.

Sol, the Sunne, one of the 7. pla-

Planets.

Solides, 5. regular bodies or figures Geometricall (viz.) the Circle, Cube, Pyramid, Cilinder and Dodochædron.

Soſtrates, a notable Architect builder of the Lanthorn-Tower in the Ile of Pharos.

Stagirian, Ariſtotle, there born

Stix, } Hell.
Stigian ſtrand, }

Steropes, one of Vulcans Cyclopes.

Stoikes, ſeuere Philoſophers, pretending to condemne al Paſſions: and eſteeming all things to be ordered by an ineuitable neceſſity of Fate or Deſtinie.

Strymon, a Riuer between Macedon and Thrace.

Suiſſes (wee call them Swizers) the warlike people of the Cantons of Heluetia.

Sulphur, Brimſtone.

Star-ſhippe, Argos a ſigne or Conſtellation in Heauen, ſuppoſed to haue been the Shippe that Iaſon and his fellowes fetcht the Golden Fleece in.

Syxonimas, words of the ſame ſignification.

Symbolize, to reſemble or agree.

Sympathie, conſent or reſemblance of qualitie.

Symphonie, conſent of time or harmonie.

Symmetrie, proportiõ of parts betweene themſelues, & to their whole.

Syracuſa, a great, wealthy, and wanton Citie in Sicilia.

Syrens, Mer-Maydes.

Satyr, a wilde wood-monſter, halfe man, halfe-goate: alſo a kinde of nipping Poeſie, reproouing vice vnpartially.

Salem, Ieruſalem.

Spartans, look Lacædemon.

Sina, or Sinai, a mountaine in Arabia, the ſame that Horeb, where the Lawe was giuen to Moſes.

Salamina, an Iland and Citie in the Euboik Sea, now called the Gulfe of Negrepont.

Stentorian, Homer reports him to haue had the voice of 50. men.

Signories, Lordſhips, Dominions.

Suez, a Port in the Eaſt part of Egypt vpon the red Sea.

Seir, a mountaine in Idumæa, betweene Aſphaltis and Egypt.

Siddim, the place where Lot,

with the Princes of Sodom, was taken prisoner by Chedorlaomer.

Sanctum Sanctorũ, the inmost Sanctuarie, the Holy of Holies, where onely the high Priest might enter once a yeare.

Stratian, War-like.

Scammonie, alias Diagridium, an hearbe purging Choler mightily.

T

TAgus, the Riuer of Lisbone in Portugall.

Tanais, a mighty Riuer diuiding Asia from Europe.

Tantalus, a King of Phrygia, whom they fained to stand in Hel vp to the chin in water, and to haue delicate Fruits, dangling ouer his vpper lip, yet can touch neither: either to ease his hunger, or allay his thirst.

Tambat, A Country of the Negros, which is a part of Africa extending to the vttermost bounds therof toward the South and East.

Taprobane, An Iland vnder the Equinoctiall (now called Sumatra) Situate betweene Malaca and Iaua Maior, aboue 450. leagues long, and aboue 120. broade: abounding in Golde, & very plentifull in other excellent Cõmodities.

Tarentum, a famous Citie in Calabria.

Tarnasser, is in the East Indies, neere the gulfe of Bengala.

Thebes, a Citty in Bæotia where Hercules was borne: it was first built built by Cadmus, but more beautifully restored by Amphion.

Thetis, the Sea.

Themis, Iustice.

Therſites, the fouleſt Lubber in al the Grecia Campe, whõ Achilles slew with his fist.

Theſeus, for valour, another Hercules: but most famous for his kinde and constant friendship to Perithous.

Theſiphone, one of the Furies.

Thisbes Tree, the mulberie.

Thule, an Iland beyond the Orcades, the farthest North that was knowen to the Romanes, therfore then called *Vltima Thule*.

Timanthes, one of the most excellẽt of the anciẽt Painters.

Tindarides, Castor and Pollux.

Tigris, a Riuer in Asia, passing by the East of Mesopotamia, throgh Armenia & Media.

Titan,

Titan, the Sun.

Tirrhenian, the Tuſcan Seas.

Tyrians, Marchant men of Tyrus, a Citie of Syria, anciently flowriſhing in trade, and famous for the excellent purple-Die.

Tiuoli, a village neere Rome, where the Cardinall of Ferrara hath a ſumptuous houſe of pleaſure, furniſhed with infinite Curioſities.

Torpedo, the Cramp-fiſh.

Treſor-troue, Gold, monie, or other Riches found vnder ground.

Troglodytes, a people of Aethiopia, that dwel vnder groũd, go naked, and eate Serpents.

Tropicks, two great Circles in heauen in equall diſtance from the Equinoctiall, the one called the Tropik of Cancer, the other of Capricorne, at the which the Sun turneth either higher (hauing been at the loweſt) or lower (hauing beene at the higheſt) wherof they are ſo called.

Trytõs, Neptunes Trumpeters.

Tuſcan, Italian.

Tyber, the Riuer of Rome.

Typhis, the maſter or Captaine of the Ship Argos that ſaild with Iaſon to Colchis for the Golden Fleece.

Tymothy, an excellent caruer that wrought on Mauſolus Tombe.

Typhon, a huge Giant, that indeuoured to pull Iupiter out of Heauen.

Type, a figure or ſtampe of any thing.

Teſiphone, or Theſiphone one of the Furies.

TROPHEIS, glorious Monuments erected in honour of ſome famous victorie.

Timothius Mileſius, an excellent muſician, that flowriſhed vnder Philip of Macedon and Alexander his ſon.

Theorie, Contemplation, ſtudy.

Tullie, Cicero, the Prince of Roman Orators.

Teſyphone, look Furies.

Thalia, look Graces, & Muſes.

Tabernacle, properly a Tent or Pauilion.

V

V *Alois*, one of the Royall families of France, extinguiſhed in the late Henry the third, (ſlaine by a Frier before Paris) who in his Monſieurſhip (with his mo-

ther and the Duke of Guise) had beene too busie an Actor in the bloodie Massacre.

Venus, the Goddesse of Loue and Beautie, also one of the planets.

Venus Escuage, Knights (or Nights) seruice to Ladies.

Venereanmirth, Idem.

Ver, the Spring.

Vertumnus, an imagined God of the Romanes that tooke on him all shapes.

Vespucio, Americus Vespucius, a Florentine, first discouerer of America, of whom it was so called.

Viginere, a learned Frenchman of late times, translator of Cæsar, Liuius, and other Latine writers.

Vienna, a Citie in Austria, where vsually the Emperor keeps his Court.

Vrania, one of the Muses, especially handling Heauenly things, therefore called the Heauenly Muse.

Vrim, and *Thummim*, 2. words grauen in the Brest-plate of Aaron, signifying Illumination and integritie.

Vlysses, the politike Prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelope.

Vulcan, the God of Fier and forge-men.

Vranascopus, a fish alwayes gazing vp to heauen.

X

Xanth, called also *Scamander*, the Riuer of Troy, there is also an Iland in the Archipelago, so called.

Xenian, hospitious, mild-entertainer.

Z

Zebut, an Iland in the west Indies, exceeding rich in Gold, Sugar, & Ginger.

Zenith, the point verticall, the point of Heauen right ouer our heads, the contrarie point is called Nadir.

Zeno, the chiefe of the Stoicke Philosophers.

Zeuxis, a most cunning and exceeding rich Painter.

Zodiak, a byaz or sloaping Circle in the Heauens, wherein are the 12. Signes, thorough which all the planets passe.

Zones

Zones, Imagined Circles, diuiding the World into fiue parts.

Zopyrus, a Perſian that ſtrangely disfigured himſelfe to do his Prince an important ſeruice.

Zephirus, the Weſt, the Weſt-winde.

FINIS.

THE HISTORIE OF IVDITH, IN FORME OF A POEME.

Penned in French, by the Noble *Poet*, G. SALVST. *Lord of* BARTAS.

Engliſhed by *Tho. Hudſon.*

Ye learned, binde your browes with Laurer band:
I preaſe but for to touch it with my hand.



1611.

The Printer to the Reader.

PErceiuing our diuine du BARTAS *ſo generally applauded, euen of the greateſt and the graueſt of this Kingdome; and all* His workes *ſo welcome vnto all: to make the ſame* (in this ſecond Edition) *more compleat, I haue preſumed to annex* This Peece; *indeed no part of his incomparable* WERKS (*neither heer apparalled by the ſame Workman*) *yet doubt-les a Child of the ſame Parent, and* (*if I be not deceiued*) *one of his firſt borne: which arriuing long-ſince in* Scotland, *was there* (*among the reſt*) *royally receiued, and thus* (*as you ſee*) *ſuited, ſomewhat to that Countrie faſhion. Whoſe* Dialect *and* Orthography (*conſidering vnder what authoritie it was firſt publiſhed, & now the rather reſpecting our happie vnion by the ſame eſtabliſhed*) *I haue not dar'd at all to alter. Accept it therefore* (*gentle Reader*) *as it is: and allow at leaſt of my good will; who, wiſhing thee the profit of theſe happy labours, haue aduentured* (*to doo thee pleaſure*) *to incur* (*I doubt*) *double diſpleaſure.*

Thine, H. L.

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE, IAMES the Sixt, King of *Scotland*, his Maiesties moſt humble Seruant, THO. HVDSON, wiſheth long life with euerla-ſting felicitie.

AS your Maieſtie, Sir, after your accuſtomed and vertuous maner was ſometime diſcourſing at Table with ſuch your Domeſtiques, as chaunced to be attendant;

It pleaſed your Highneſſe not onelie to eſteeme the peereleſs ſtile of the Greeke *Homer*, and the Latin *Virgill* to be inimitable to vs (whoſe tongue is barbarous and corrupted): But alſo to alledge (partly thorow delight your Maieſty tooke in the Hautie ſtile of thoſe moſt famous Writers, and partly to ſound the opinion of others) that alſo the lofty Phraſe, the graue inditement, the facound termes of the French Saluſt (for the like reſemblance) could not be followed nor ſufficiently expreſſed in our rude and impoliſhed Engliſh language. Wherein, I more boldly then aduiſedly (with your Maieſties licence) declared my ſimple opinion; not calling to mind, that I was to giue my verdit in preſence of ſo ſharp and clear-eied a Cenſor as your Highneſſe is: But raſhly I alleadged, that it was nothing impoſſible euen to follow the footeſteps of the ſame great Poet *Saluſt*, and to tranſlate his verſe (which neuer-

uertheleſſe is of it ſelfe exquiſite) ſuccinctly, and ſenſibly in our owne vulgar ſpeech. Whereupon it pleaſed your Maieſtie (among the reſt of his works) to aſſigne me, *The Hiſtorie of Iudith*, as an agreeable Subiect to your Highneſſe, to be turned by me into Engliſh verſe: Not for any ſpeciall gift or Science that was in me, who am inferiour in knowledge and erudition to the leaſt of your Maieſties Court: but by reaſon (paraduenture) of my bold aſſertion, your Maieſtie, who will not haue the meaneſt of your houſe vnoccupied, would haue mee to beare the yoke, and driue forth the penance, that I had raſhly procured. Indeede, the burden appeared heauie, and the charge almoſt inſupportable to me: neuertheleſſe, the feruent deſire which I had to obtemper vnto your Maieſties commandement, the earneſt intention to verifie my raſh ſpeaking, and the aſſured confidence which I ankred on, your Highneſſe helpe and correction, encouraged mee ſo, & lightned on ſuch wiſe my heauy burthen, that I haue with leſſe paine, brought my half deſpaired worke to finall end. In the which, I haue ſo behaued my ſelfe, that through your Maieſties concurrence, I haue not exceeded the number of the lynes written by my Author: In euerie one of the which, he alſo hath two ſyllables mo then any Engliſh beares. And this notwithſtanding, I ſuppoſe your Maieſtie ſhall finde little of my Authors meaning pretermitted. Wherfore if thus much be done by me, who am of another profeſſion, and of ſo ſimple literature, I leaue it to bee conſidered by your Maieſtie, what ſuch as are conſummate in letters, and knowes the waightie words, the pithie ſentences, the poliſhed tearms, and full efficacie of the Engliſh tongue, would haue done. Receiue them, Sir, of your owne ſeruant, this little worke at your owne commandement enterpriſed, corrected by your Maieſties owne hand, and dedicated to your owne Highneſſe. If I haue done well, let the praiſe redound to your Maieſtie, whoſe cenſure I haue vnderlyen. If otherwiſe, let my default of skill bee imputed to my ſelfe, or at the leaſt my good entention allowed, whereby others may haue occaſion to doe

better

better. To your Highneſſe conſideration, referring Sir, both my diligence done in this ſmal tranſlation, and the inueterate affection which I haue, and ought alwaies to beare vnto your Maieſtie, I commit with all humilitie, your Highnes, your Realme and eſtate, to the gouernment of God, who gouerneth all the World.



SONNET.

SInce ye immortall ſiſters nine hes left
All other countries lying farre or neere,
To follow him who from them all you reft,
And now hes cauſde your reſidence be heere;
Who though a ſtranger yet he lov'd ſo deere
This Realme and me, ſo as he ſpoild his awne,
And all the brookes and banks, and fountains cleere
That be therein, of you, as he hath ſhawne
In this his work: then let your breath be blawne
In recompence of this his willing minde,
On me; that ſine may with my pen be drawne
His praiſe. For though himſelfe be not inclyn'd
Nor preaceth but to touch the Laurer tree:
Yet well he merits crownd therwith to be.

FINIS.

SON-

SONNET.

THe Muses nyne haue not reuealde to mee
Whitt stanted seeds are in their garden sowen;
Nor how their Salust gaines the Lawer tree,
Which to throw thy style in Brittain ground is growen:
But, sith they see thy trauell truely shewen
In Vertues schoole, th' expiring time to spend,
So haue they to his Highnes made it knowen,
Whose Princely power may dewly thee defend.
Then you, that on the Holy Mount *depend*
In cryst all ayr, and drinke the cleared spring
Of Poettie, *I doe you recommend*
To the protection of this godly King:
Who for his vertues, and his gifts diuine,
Is only Monark *of the Muses nyne.*

FINIS. M. V. F.

The Authors admonition to the Reader.

BEloued Reader, it is about fourteene yeares past, since I was commanded by the late Illustrate and most vertuous Princesse Iean, Queene of Nauarre, to reduce the Historie of Iudith, in forme of a Poeme Epique. Wherein I haue not so much aimed to followe the phrase or text of the Bible, as I haue preased (without wandring from the verity of the History) to imitate Homer in his Iliades, & Virgill in his Aeneidos, and others who hath left to vs works of such like matter: thereby to render my work so much the more delectable. And if the effect hath not answered to my desire, I beseech thee to lay the fault vpon her who proposed to me so meane a Theame or subiect, and not on me who could not honestly disobey. Yet in so much as I am the first in Fraunce, who in a iust Poeme hath treated in our tongue of sacred things, I hope of thy fauour to receiue some excuse; seeing that things of so great weight cannot be both perfectly begunne and ended together. If thou neither allow my stile nor workmanship, at least thou shalt be driuen to allowe the honest pretence and holy desire which I haue to see the youth of Fraunce so holily by mine example exercised.

I may not forget, that they doe greatly wrong me, who thinks that in discriuing the Catastrophe of this Historie (truely tragicall) I am becomne a voluntary Aduocate to these troublesome and seditious spirits, who (for to

serue

ſerue their temerarious paſſiõs, and priuate inſpiratiõs) conſpires againſt the liues of placed princes. For, ſo much doe I diſaſſent that this example and the like ought to be drawen in conſequence, that I am verily perſwaded that the act of Ahud, *of* Iaell, *and of* Iudith, *who vnder colour of obeyſance & pretext of amity layd their reuenging hands vpon* Aeglon, Sisara, *and* Holophernes: *had been worthy of a hundreth gallowes, a hundreth fires, and a hundreth wheeles, if they had not been peculiarly choſen of God for to vnlooſe the chains, and break the bands which retain'd the* Hebrew *people in more then* Aegyptian *ſeruitude, and expreſly called to kill thoſe Tyrants with a death as ſhamefull as their liues were wicked and abhominable. But ſeeing this queſtion is ſo diffuſe that it cannot be abſolued in fewe words, and that my braine is too weak for ſo high an enterpriſe; I ſend you to thoſe who haue ſpent more oyle and time in turning the leaues of the ſacred ſcriptures, then I haue done for the preſent. It me ſufficeth for the time to admoniſh the* Reader, *to attempt nothing without a clear and indubitable vocation of God againſt thoſe whom he hath erected aboue vs; and aboue all things, not to abuſe the law of humane hoſpitality, and other holy bands for to giue place to theſe frenetike opinions ſo to aboliſh a pretended tyranny. I haue alſo to warne thee of two different ſorts of men: of the which one ſort is ſo depraued that they can heare nothing, but that which is altogether prophane; and the other is ſo ſuperſticious, that they make conſcience not onely to write, but alſo to read of holy things in verſe, as though that the meaſure and iointure of ſyllabes were ſo conſtrained as it were vnpoſſible to keepe the ſenſe vnperuerted,*

uerted, or at leaſt not exceſſiuely obſcured. Now if I perceiue that this my firſt aſſay may bee to thee agreeable, I ſhall continue more gladly my newe commenced race, in ſuch ſort that thou ſhalt not repent thine indulgence nor I my paſſed paine. But if contrarie fall, in time to come I will be ware to lay out my ſmal pack in this ample Theatre *of* France, *where there is almoſt as many Iudgements as beholders. A Dieu.*

GSSDB.

The Argument of the whole Hiſtorie of Iudith.

AFter that the Children of *Iſrael* were deliuered from captiuitie and returned to their land, the Citty of *Ieruſalem* reedified, the Temple builded and prepared to the ſeruice of the Lord, the multitude of the people, being ſcattered in ſundry towns and places of the Land, where they liued in peaceable reſt: the Lord knowing man to be negligent of GOD and his ſaluation, chiefly when he liues at eaſe, and all things frames vnto his fraile deſire; to th' end that his people ſhould not fal in ſuch an inconuenience, would exerciſe them with a feareful affliction and temptation, ſending vpon their Countrey an army ſo great in number and puiſſance, that made the whole earth to tremble. This expedition was vnder the *Perſian Monark*, named in the hiſtorie *Nebuchadnezzar* (which neuertheleſſe is not his right name). His chiefe Lieutenant generall and Conducter of the whole Armie, was *Holophernes*, who

(whereſoeuer hee came) ouerthrewe all religion, permitting none to inuocate or acknowledge any other God, but *Nebuchadnezzar*, his Maiſter; whome hee enforced to conſtitute and eſtabliſh for the onely God. So entred hee *Iudea* with intent to deſtroy it all: which the people perceiuing, and that his power was ſo great that no nation could reſiſt him, and alſo knowing his cruell hatred; were ſore affraied, and almoſt driuen to extreame deſperation; ſeeing none other thing preſent before them, but ruine and deſtruction. And this the Lord ſuffered, to ſhowe (in time) his worke to bee more wonderfull. For the people being humbled, and hauing called to the Lord for mercie and ſuccour at his hand, hee both heard and ſuccoured them at neede. The meane was not through ſtrength or ſtoutneſſe of ſome worthy Captaine; but by the hand of *Iudith*, a tender feeble woman, to the ſhame of this moſt proud and cruell tyrant, and all his heathen hoſte. For ſhee cut off his head, put all his campe to flight, deſtroyed his men of Armes, in ſuch wiſe that they fled here and there; and, ſeeking to ſaue their liues, left all their tentes and baggage. Thus the Lorde, by the weake, and thoſe that are not regarded, makes his workes admirable. By one ſelfe meane hee ſaued his owne, and executed his iuſtice againſt his enemies. In which wee haue to conſider his ſingular prouidence and goodneſſe, and the care which he hath in eſpeciall for his faithfull, and all his whole Church. This Hiſtorie is intituled by the name of *Iudith*, becauſe it containes the narration of her great vertues, and

for

for that the Lorde vſed her as an inſtrument for the deliuerance of his people. It is not certaine who was the firſt Author hereof: neuertheleſſe the reading of it hath beene receiued in the Church, for the doctrine and vtility of the ſame.

THE SVMMARIE OF
The I. Booke.

HOLOPHERNES Lieutenant generall and chief of the army of *Nabuchadnezzar* K. of the Assyrians, was in the field before to subdue diuers people, and amongst others, the Iewes. All the Nation is seazed with great feare, for the cruelties committed by the enemy. Then as is vsuall in bruits of war, al the whole people were troubled: some saluing themselues in corners for feare, others attending (in great perplexity) some sad and Tragicall ende, the last sort calls vpon God. This while IOACHIM the chiefe Priest gouerned the people: he by his letters and expresse commandement recalls those that were fled and scattered, and made them returne to Ierusalem: where, in presence of the Leuits, hee made sacrifice & earnest prayer vnto God to withdrawe his ire and to bee mercifull to his people: which done he enters in counsell and requires his Princes to consult vpon the cause, and consider what is most expedient: and to preferre the loue of Gods law and the country, before all private things: the first that gainstands this exhortation is an hypocrite, and fauourer of the enemy, who giues counsell to render them to HOLOPHERNES, calling him a Prince gratious to those that applauds to him, and inuincible in battell to those that dare resist him. But the second Lord replying zealously against, detecteth his false hypocrisie and careleſse securitie, exposing the people to the mercy of a barbarous godlesse enemy, before the duty they ought to their God and their countrey: and to establish in place of the true God, a wicked NEMROD consummat in all impiety and wickednes, to abolish all vertue and godlinesse. For he proues, that if the nations should be rooted out for the right religiō, God should be more honored in the death of the Iewes, then in their liues: and that it is more worthy to die like men, then to liue infidels: and free men, then slaues: Shortly, that they ought to prefer honor and duty before feare and a vaine hope to prolong their dolefull dayes. This reply encouraged all the assistants: whereof IOACHIM gaue thankes to God, and (resoluing himselfe vpon a iust defence for the conseruation of the seruice of God, and the freedome of his nation, and the liues of the innocent against this villanous inuasion) wisely deputed the regiments of towns to persons conuenient, who past to their assigned places, each one preparing according to their power vnto the warre with courage, paine, and diligence.

The first Booke of Iudith.

Propositiõ & summe of this worke.

I Sing the vertues of a valiant Dame,
Who (in defence of *Iacob*) ouercame
Th' *Assyrian* Prince, and slew that *Pagan* stout,
Who had beset *Bethulia* walles about.

Invocation of the true God.

O thou, who kept thine *Izak* from the thrall
Of infidels, and steeld the courage small
Of feeble *Iudith*, with a manly strength;
With sacred furie fill my heart at length:
And, with thy *Holy* spirit, my spirit enspire,
For matter so diuine. Lord I require
No humain stile; but that the Reader may
Great profit reape, I ioy, thou praise alway.

Dedicatiõ of the Author altred by the translatour.

And since in vulgar verse I presse to sing
This godly Poeme to a Christian King,
To him who God in goodnesse hath erect
For princely Piller, to his owne elect:
For lawfull Lord, to raign with trueth and right:
For lonesom Lawer, to the vertuous wight:
Him (I beseech) this trauell to defend,
That to his pleasure I the same may end.

WHen *Izrell* was in quiet rest and peace,
And fruitfully the ground gaue her encrease,
Which seauenty yeer vntilled lay before me,
And nothing bare but thistle, weed and thorne;
It pleased God (vpon his iust correction)
T'awake his owne, that were of his election;

Least

Leaſt that the longſom peace ſhould them withholde,
And dull their ſpirits, as doth the warriour bolde,
Who ſpoyls his horſe with pampring in the ſtable,
That makes him for the manaige more vnable:
He ſpred their land with bands of enemies ſtout,
Whoſe cloudes of ſhot bedimd their land about.
Their *Hoaſte*, with arrowes, pikes, and ſtandards, ſtood *The Army of*
As briſtle-pointed, as a thornie wood. *Holopherne.*
Their multitude of men, their iuers dri'd,
Which throw the wealthy *Iuda* ſweet did ſlide:
So that flood *Iordane* finding dry his banke,
For ſhame he bluſht, and down his head he ſhranke,
For woe that he his credit could not keep,
To ſend one waue, for tribute to the deep.
Scarſe had the Harueſt-man, with hook in hand,
Diſpoylde the fruit and let the ſtubble ſtand:
Scarſe had the hungry Gleaner put in binde
The ſcattered grain, the Shearer left behinde:
And ſcarſe the flapping flaile began to threſh,
When vnto *Iacob*, newes was brought afreſh,
That *Holophern* his frontiers did inuade,
And paſt all Rivers, ſtraits, and murders made
So vile, that none he left that drew the breath;
But olde and young, he put to ſodain death:
The ſucking babes, vpon their mothers knee,
His cruell cut-throates made them all to dee.
Then like a flock of ſheep, that doth beholde
A wolfe come from the wood vpon their fold,
Shapes no defence, but runnes athwart the lands,
And ſhortly makes of one, a hundreth bands:
So *Iſaaks* ſonnes, in dreading for to feel
This tyrant, who purſued them at the heel, *The Hebrews*
Diſſundring fled, and ſought their liues to ſaue
In hils, and dales, and euery deſert caue.
The ſheepheard of his flocke had now no eare: *Fear of the e-*
But fearing death, fled to ſom mountain bare. *nemy.*

The

The Craftsman now his tooles away hath layde:
The Marchant left his traffike and his trade,
To hide himself more safely in a vault,
Then in a Rampier, to sustaine th'assault.
The Lords esteemde them selfes in surer holde
In Dennes of beasts, then castles gilt with golde.
Fear lent the wings for aged folke to flie,
And made them mount to places that were hie.
Fear made the wofull women for to bear
Their cradles sweet to hilles that highest were:
Fear made the wofull childe to waile and weep,
For want of speed, on foot and hand to creep:
All where was nothing heard but hideous cries,
And pitious plaints that did the harts agrise.
O Lord (sayd they) wilt thou still, day by day,
Affliction causeth prayer. The arrowes of thine anger neuer stay?
Wilt thou that *Caldie* conquere vs again?
Shall *Iuda* yet the *Heathen* yoke sustain?
Wilt thou again that they make every towne,
But stony heaps of houses castен down?
Again shall sacrilegious fire deuoure
Thy holy house where we do thee adore?
Then *Ioachim* the priest of God most hie,
Who ouer *Iuda* then had chief degrie,
Stood like a Pylot stour in tempest great,
Who seeing winde and weather for to threat,
Yet to his mates, his fear no terrour drawes,
Nor leaues his ship vnto the wrackfull wawes;
But, with disgusting fear, his face vp casts,
And stoutly doth gain-stand the balefull blasts:
Right so this prudent prelate sent, in haste,
Two hundreth men to passe where men were plac't
In places strong, and thence commanded them
For to repair vnto *Ierusalem*.
Now sinceth Eternall did reueale his will,
Vpon the sacred top of *Syna* Hill,

The Arke of God which wiſedom more did holde,
In Tables two, then all the *Greeks* haue tolde;
And more then euer *Rome* could comprehend,
In huge of learned books that they pend:
Long wandred it throw trybes, throw kin and kin, *Sam.1.4.*
And found no certain place of reſting in. *Sam.2.6.*
Yea, ſomtime it the ſhamefull ſpoyl hath been
To ſacrilegious hands of *Paleſtine*,
Vntill that time, that *Ieſſies* holy race,
For euer lodged it in *Iebus* place.
But, for that *Dauids* hands with blood were fild, *Ieruſalem.*
Throu infinits of humains he had kild;
The king of peace would haue a king of reſt
To build his *Temple* farre aboue the beſt: *Sam.2.7.*
His houſe, whoſe front vpreard ſo high and eaven,
That light lied earth, and ſeem'd to threat the heaven,
Vntill that wicked time a tyrant vile,
Of name and deed that bare the ſemble ſtile, *Nabuchad-*
That did this king, that building braue he wrackt, *nezar.*
And to the ſacred ground all whole it ſackt.
Yet when, long after, *Abrahms* holy race,
Of *Tyger* banks had left the captiue place, *Eſd.6.*
With combers great they redified with pain,
That moſt renowmed houſe of God again.
Which though vnto the firſt it ſeemd as ſmall,
As to a Princes houſe, a ſhepheards hall:
And though the hugenes were not as it was,
Yet ſure the height and beauty did ſurpas
And overſeilde the famous work of *Pharie*,
Epheſus Temple, and the tombe of *Carie*,
The *Rhodian Collos*, and the *Caldean* wall,
That *Semirame* ſet vp with tourrets tall.
Alſo the wondrous work of this ſame Temple
Might ſerue a *Cteſiphon* for his exemple:
Lyſippus eke to carue by ſquare and line,
Or guide *Apelles* penſile moſt divine.

Heer

Heer in this place, all *Iezrel*, moſt deuoute,
Withdrew themſelues to *Salem* round about;
As when the Heav'n his ſluces opens wide,
And makes the floods vpon the ground to glide,
The brooks that breaks adoun from diuers hils
With courſe impetuous till one deep diſtils.
Amongſt the Dames, that there deuouteſt were
The holy *Iudith*, faireſt did appear:
Like *Phœbus* that aboue the ſtarrs doth ſhine:
It ſeem'd that ſhe was made on moulde diuine.
This primate then aſſiſted with the kinne
Of great *Eleazar* (prieſts whoſe head and chinne
Was neuer ſhav'n) deuoutly on he preaſt:
A pearled Myter on his balmed creaſt,
And with a holy Alb, with garnettes ſpred,
And golden Belles, his ſacred bodie cled:
And ſlew, and burnt, the bulks (as was the guiſe)
Of many a kid, and kalfe for ſacrifiſe:
And with their blood, the Altars hornes he dyed,
And praying thus, to God immortall cryed.

Prayer.

" O Lord of Hoaſtes, we com not vnto thee,
" To wey our merits with thy maieſtie:
" Nor to proteſt before thy heauenly might,
" That ſackleſly, thy ſcourge doth on vs light:
" But rather we confeſſe (as true it is)
" Our ſinnes haue iuſtly merite more then this.
" But Lord if thou thy couenant would forget,
" Which thou with *Abrahm* made, and ſo wilt ſet
" For mercy great, thy iuſtice moſt ſeuear,
" Thou ſhould a greater plague vpon vs rear.
" Change then our proces from thy iuſtice ſeat,
" And ſaue vs at thy throne of mercy great.
" Forgiue vs Lord, and holde, farre from vs all,
" Theſe plagues, that on our heads are like to fall.
Alas, what helpeth vs thy heavy ſtroke,
To binde our necks to ſuch a ſervile yoke,

Where-

Wherewith th' *Assyrian* tyrants long haue grieued
Thine *Izak*, till their bondage thou relieued;
If so this natiue ground that new is tild,
If so these Hostries new with folke refild,
If so (alas) our chaste and modest Dames,
Our infants young, our Virgins good of fames,
Should be a pray to *Ammon*, and to *Perse*,
To *Calde*, and the mutine *Parthian* fierse;
If that we see this Altar made prophane,
And witches it abuse with Idols vain:
Yet Lord if thou no pittie on vs take,
At least great God, do (for thy glories sake)
Haue pitie on this holy building now,
Where not a God hath sacrifice but thou:
Where not a God but thou hast residence,
To feel the sauour sweet of frankensence.
Hold back (O Lord) the *Caldean* cressets bright
From these rich *Cedar* vaults of stately hight.
Preserue these vessels, ornaments of gold,
From sacrilegious hands of neighbours bolde:
And let the blood of beasts before thy face,
Thy Iustice stay, and grant thy seruants grace.
This prayer done, the people went their way,
Then *Ioachim* conuen'd, that present day,
The princes all of *Iuda*, and them praid,
Gainst this mischief for counsell, and thus sayd:
Companions, if your former zeal remain,
If ardent loue to God ye still retain:
If wife, or childe, may cause your care or loue,
Which should the Centers of your senses moue:
If in your brests a noble hart doth bide,
Let deed bear witnes at this wofull tide.
For, sauing God and your foresight, in deed
Tis done, tis done with vs, and all our seed:
And after this, th' *Immortall* shall not see
This altar fume before his maiestee.

When

Comparison.

When th' *Air* is calme, and ſtill, as dead and deaf,
And vnder Heav'n quakes not an aſpin leaf,
When Seas are calme, and thouſand veſſels fleet
Vpon the ſleeping ſeas with paſſage ſweet,
And when the variant winde is ſtill and lowne,
The cunning Pylot never can be knowne.
But when the cruell ſtorme doth threat the Bark
To drowne in deeps of pits infernall dark,
While toſſing tears both ſather, maſt, and ſail,
While mounting ſeems the *Azur* ſky to skail,
While driues perforce vpon ſom deadly ſhore,
There is the Pylot knowen, and not before.
Alas, I pray you then what care and ſtrifes
Haue we to keep our honours, goods, and lifes?
Forget not then the care of this ſame place,
Your countreyes weale, Gods glory and his grace:
But humbly giue your ſelues into the hand
Of God moſt high, and with a holy brand
" Repurge your ſpirits from euerie hatefull ſinne,
" Which cauſeth God his Iuſtice to begin:
And ſee what may to God be agreeable,
For *Iacobs* weal, and for you profitable.
This ſaid: an ancient traytour, from his youth,
Who foſtred gall in hart, with hony in mouth,
Enforcing from his eyes ſom fained tear
(To cloke his malice) ſpacke as ye ſhall hear:
My tongue me fails, my hair for dread vp-ſtarts,

The oration of a ſubtill worldling.

My heavy ſpirit from penſiue corps departs,
When I bethink me of yone tyrant ſtout,
Who hath bedround the world with bloud about,
Approching threats our townes with fiery flames,
Our ſelfs with death, diſhonour to our Dames:
Yet when I call to minde the curtſie great,
That this great Lord doth vſe, who doth intreat
Not onely thoſe that beaſtiall are become,
And haue their hope in brutall Idols d[illegible]

But

But euen to zealous folke who do embrace
The faith, and law (like vs) of *Abrams* race:
Who, being well aduiſde, did humbly ſue
His pardon, and eſcap't his vengeance due;
Then thanke I God, who ſends vs ſuch a foe,
As plagues the proude, and lets the humble goe:
For we aſſoone ſhall vanquiſh him with teares,
As will be long to wrack him with our weares.
Then whil'ſt we may haue choiſe of either ſtate,
Of peace or warres, his fauour or his hate;
Let vs not follow (ſeeing skath at hand)
The follie of our fathers, to gainſtand:
But rather let vs beare another ſaile,
And ſerue his king as beſt for our availe.
But think not yet, that I this counſell giue
For craft, or warrant for thy ſelfe to liue:
For I haue els my daies ſo neerely ſpent,
That for to dye I could be well content.
Th'*Aſſyrian* neede not in my breſt to ſtrike
His fethred Dart, nor yet his trembling pike:
Yea, if my youth to me ſhould eft returne,
And make my youthly bloode within me burne,
So honour I my God, and country deare,
That for to dye for them, I would not feare,
As *Sampſon* did, if ſo my death might yield
The victory of the *Vizroy*, and the field.
But moſt I (feare) leaſt we, with curious zeale,
Fight for the lawe, yet fight againſt her weale,
Againſt our ſelfs, to bring ſo great a wrack,
That proud, and cruell tyrants ſhall vs ſack,
And grow in pride (ſuppreſſing *Indas* ſtrength)
For to contemne the glory of God at length.
For, *Iſraell* being loſt, who ſhall enſue,
To render here to God deuotions due?
What people ſparſed on this earthly ball
From *Indian* ſhoare to where the Sunne doth fall,

Or from the Climate of the northren blaſt,
Vnto that place where ſommer ay doth laſt;
Hath God elect, ſave *Iſrael* for his owne
Vpon this Hill to have his glory ſhowne?
At this the valiant *Cambris* of renowne,
With righteous rage grew pale and gan to frowne,
And brake the ſilence with a vehement ſtile,
His courage moy'd the Princes all the while.
Nay rather where I ſtand let ope the ground
(Quoth he) to ſwallow me in pit profound:
Yea rather righteous Heav'n let fry blaſt
Light on my head that thou on *Sodom* caſt,
Ere I my malice cloke or overſile,
In giving *Izac* ſuch a counſell vile.
For, if the Leader of this folk profane
Vpon our bodies onely ſought to raigne,
Although that we haue dearely bought alway
Our freedom from our firſt maternall day
(Which dearer is then gold for to be kept)
I would aſſent, the holy Church except:
But ſince more pride this tyrants heart enroules
To lay a greater burden on our ſoules,
Who are the vaſſels of that onely King,
That Thunder ſends and ſcepters down doth thring:
,Should we forget him who made vs of nought,
,More then all wondrous things that he hath wrought,
Who treats and loues vs like our Father & King,
Still vnder ſhadowes of his wondrous wing?
Will he that we receiue a Prince ambitious?
For God, a gods contemner, *Nemrode* vitious?
Whoſe beaſtly life is of ſo vile a fame,
That of a man he merits not the name?
Goe to, goe to, let men for men aſſaye
With ſword and ſhot to deale it as we may:
The victory lies not in mortall hands,
Nor barded horſe, nor force of armed bands.

These are but second instruments of God,
Who, as him list, may send them euen or od.
But if our soueraigne God willes such annoy;
That folke vncircumcis'd our land destroy,
Because we him offend while we haue breath;
Alas, yet honour, honour him in death:
And if we lose and all be ouercome,
Let patience winne the glory of martyrdome.
For soth, though *Assurs* soldiers braue and bold
Extinguish quite the race of *Izak* old,
Yet shall they not deface the liuing Lorde,
As these *Apostats* falsly do afforde.
For he, who peopled first this world so round,
But with one man, from whom the rest abound:
And who long after, in an arke of wood,
Repaird the waste, made by the genrall flood;
May he not eke transforme the hardned stone,
To people who will honour him alone?
And may not he do now, as he hath donne,
Who gaue to *Abrams* barren wife a sonne?
Them giuing Children moe, then in the heauen
Are starrie Circles, light as firie leauen:
And mo, then Northren windes (that driues the Rack)
Of *Cyrene* sands in number can compack;
Who will obserue his lawe an hundreth folde
More zealously then wee, who should it holde.
'Then, fathers chose you warres: for better tels,
'To lose like *Iewes*, then winne like infidels.
'Let not the greede of gaine your hearts attame,
'To leaue the right: preferre not feare to shame.
Scarce enden was th'Oration of this Lord,
When all the Princes (with a sound accord)
By word and deed confirmde his good aduise.
The chiefe Priest, gladdest of this enterprise,
Vnto the heauen held vp his hands and face,
And sayd, I thanke the Lord, who of his grace

,Conioynes no leſſe our wils, then bolds our harts:
,A ſure preſage, that God is on our parts.
This done, vnto his princes he diuides
The tribes and townes, and ordaines them for guides;
For feare leaſt ſome of them led with ambition
In *Izrell* might ſtirre vp ſome ſedition.
So they withdrew, and ſtoutly did prouide,
This furious ſtorme of *Mars* for to abide.

Compariſon. Then as ye ſee ſometime the honie Bees
Exerce themſelfs on buddes of ſweeteſt trees,
Where they ſometime aſſault the buzzing waſpe,
That comes too neere, their flowrs away to claſpe;
Or when they hony draw from ſmelling Time,
Or from the palme, or Roſes of the prime:
And how they draw their wax with wondrous art,
Obſeruing ioin— iuſt in euerie part,
Both vp and downe they build ten thouſand ſhops,
With equal ſpace ful fild vp to the tops:
Or where the maſter Bee, of thouſand bands,
Conducts the reſt in legions throw the lands,
Who daily keeps within their Cities wall:
Their houſe, their work, their lawes and maners all:
So thus the ſonnes of *Iacob* ply'd their paine,
VVith hote deſire their quarrell to ſuſtaine.

Preparations of defence. Some built the breaches of their broken town,
That Heaven, and *Panim* yre, had caſten down.
Some other found a cautell, 'gainſt the Ramme,
To ſaue the wall vnbroken where it camme.
Thus *Iacobs* towns on all ſides had their flanks,
VVith *Gabions* ſtrong, with bulwarks and with banks.
Some others buſie went and came in routs
To terrace towers, ſome vnder baskets louts:
Some others alſo wanting time and might
To ſtrength their towns, yet vs'd all kinde of ſlight,
To dig vp ditches deepe, for ciſterns good,
To draw them to the beſt and neereſt flood.

VVhile

While th'Armorers with hammers hard and great
On ſtithies ſtrong the ſturdy ſteele doth beate,
And makes thereof a corſlet or a iacke,
Some time a helme, ſome-while a mace doth make,
While ſheepherds they enarme vnus'd to danger,
While ſimple birds, and whiles the wandring ſtranger;
The tilling Culter then a ſpeare was made,
The crooked Sithe became an euened blade:
The people foode forgets, no eaſe they take,
Some on a horſe, ſome on his proper backe,
Some on a Cart, ſome on a Cammell beares
Corne, wine, and fleſh, to ſerue for many yeares;
As done theſe *Emets*, that in ſommer tide, *Compariſon.*
Comes out in ſwarmes their houſes to prouide:
In harueſt time (their toyle may beſt be ſeene
In paths where they their cariage bring betweene)
Their youth they ſend to gather in the ſtore,
Their ſick and old at home do keep the skore,
And ouer grainels great they take the charge,
Oft turning corne within a chamber large
(When it is dight) leaſt it do ſproute or ſeede,
Or come againe, or weeuels in it breede.

FINIS.

THE SVMMARIE OF The II. BOOKE.

VVE haue heard before, how the people of God vsed all diligence to maintaine the libertie of Gods true religion & their Countrey. Now is set forth the extreame pride of *Nabuchodonosor*, who thought with one word to ouerthrow them all. But to make himselfe some pastime, he assembleth his Councell, to vnderstand of them what people they were, that inhabited the mountaines in the Frontieres of IVDEA, that durst make him resistance. Vpon this he is informed by the mouth of one of his chiefe captaines, of that which he looked not for: to wit, a discourse of the History of the IEWES, from the time of ABRAHAMS comming out of Caldea to enter into the Land of Promise, vnto their deliuerance from the Captiuitie of Babylon, following the order of the times quoted by the holy scriptures: with the praises of the prouidence of the almightie God, in defending of his Church, and a sharpe threatning to those that dare presume to disquiet the same. The chiefe Counsellers of the Heathen hearing this, became more cruell, incensing their Generall to murder this Captaine. But HOLOPHERNES with vaine ambition deferreth their bloody request: and, after that he had outraged him in words, he further blasphemeth the liuing Lord. And lastly caused him to be bound hand and foote, and to be laied neere to the Citie of Bethulia: where he is by the besieged Souldiers brought into the Citie, and there declareth his case: exhorting them to continue constant, to God, and their Countrey, and promiseth his assistance to his liues end.

THE SECOND BOOKE of IVDITH.

NOw *Holopherne* in *Scythique* Rampier stood,
With standards pight of youthly heathen blood;
Of nothing thinking lesse, then warre and fight,
But in deuising pastime day and night:
Till he was war, that *Iacob* would aduance,
Against his *Panim* force and arrogance.
A packe of what? a packe of country clownes
(Quoth *Holophern*) that them to battell bownes,

With

With beggers, bolts, and Leuers no arreſt
My warriours ſtrong; with whom I haue ſuppreſt
Both *Tigris* ſwift, and faire *Euphrates* ſtream, *People of Aſia.*
With froſty *Taurus* and rocke *Niphathoome*.
Are they not wrackt? ye Cheefs of *Moabitz*,
And valiant *Ephrem*, ye ſtrong *Ammonias*?
Ye that as neighbours knowes this folke of olde,
That ſcattered thus, doe all theſe mountaines hold:
Tell me what men are they, of what off-ſpring,
What is their force, their cuſtomes and their king?
,For, wiſe is he that wots with whom he playes,
,And halfe is victor, as the Prouerbe ſayes.
The Lord of *Ammon* then, with reuerence due,
Right wiſely ſpack the Duke; and yet, for true,
He was a *Panim* both of faith, and kinde:
But ſo (with fained tongue) he ſpake his minde,
And all the *Hebrews* acts diſcourſt ſo well,
That *Eſdr'* and *Moſes* ſeemd in him to dwell,
As did that ſprite that made the Prophet bleſſe *Num.23.*
The *Iſraelites*, whom *Balac* did addreſſe
To curſe them all, and wage his couetous toung,
Which ſpake contrarie that he would haue ſoung:
So pleaſe it you my Lord, I ſhall deſcrie
The ſtorie of *Iſrell*: yet, ſo doing, I
Am like the modeſt Bee, that takes but ſmall
Of every flowr, though ſhe haue choiſe of all:
For where ſhe liſt, the ſweeteſt off ſhe crops.
Theſe people that ye ſee on mountain tops, *A briefe diſcourſe of the eſtate of the Iewes.*
Encamped in theſe craggs, are of the line
Of *Abraham*; who (ſeruing *God* diuine,
That mighty *God* of Gods who creat all,
And firmely knit and built this mighty ball)
Came to this Land that then waſt tild and ſowen, *Gen.12.*
And by the name of wealthy *Canaan* knowen:
Where onely God his wealth did multiplie,
In goods, and ſiluer, gold, and familie.

And when of age he was an hundred yeare,
His wife eake barren, neuer child did beare;
God gaue them *Isaac*, swearing that his seed
Should many Scepters rule, and Land bespreed:
But, when that holy *Abraham* was old,
And hoped well the promise made should hold
(O pitious case) th'*Eternall* voice him spake,
And bad him sacrifice his sonne *Isaac*.
Gen.22. Then like a ship between two windes beset,
Vpon the raging sea on both sides bet,
In doubtsom fear, ne woot what way to keep,
Least one of them confound her in the deep:
Makes close her ports, and slides on *Neptunes* back;
At pleasure of the boisteous windes to wrack:
So felt this *Hebrew*, in his heart to fight
Both loue, and duety, reason, faith and right.
Nor wist he way to take: his troubled soule,
From this to that continually did roule,
Vntill the time, his heauenly fear and loue
His naturall earthly pitie did remoue.
Then hauing built the fire and all anone
His sonne he layd vpon the sacred stone,
And with a trembling hand the curtlasse drewe,
With heauied arme the stroke for to ensewe;
When, lo, th'Eternall staid the balefull knife,
And down it fell, and spaird the guiltles life.
Then God, content to haue so great assaye
Of *Abrams* faith, defended him alway.
Of *Isaac*, *Iacob* came, and *Iacob* than
Of valiant sonnes had twelue in *Canaan*,
Who (forc't by famine) fled to *Egypt* Land:
Exod.1 Where for a while, their dwelling good they fand;
And grew so great in number, that they were
A fear to those that had them harboured there.
And though th'*Egyptians* dayly them oppresst,
And burthens on their sweating backs were drest:

Yet like the valiant *Palme* they did ſuſtaine
Their peſant weight, redreſſing vp againe.
This mov'd King *Phare* to command through all
Great *Nilus* Land, where raine doth neuer fall,
He bad his folke ſhould ſlay (whereſo they came)
All children males the ſeede of *Abraham*;
Aſſoone as they from mothers wombs were free,
Their day of birth ſhould be their day to dee.
O cruell *Tiger*, thinks thou that this deede
Of *Izak* may cut off th'immortall ſeede? *Exclamatio.*
Well may it ſlay the ſucklings for to liue,
And kill th'accuſtomde fruite that heaven doth giue:
But, ſpite of this, men *Iacobs* ſeede ſhall ſee
In flouring ſtate to rule all *Canaane*:
The firſt of every houſe ſhall feele the hand
And wrath of God againſt this law to ſtand.
It fortun'd *Phare's* daughter, with her traine
Of Ladies faire, to play them on the Plaine,
Vpon the ſhoare where *Goſſan* floode doth ſlide:
Where, after many paſtimes they had tride,
She hears an enfant weepe amongſt the reedes.
Then, iudging it for one of *Izaks* ſeeds,
As ſo it was (yet, with *Paternall* feare)
Againſt his pitious plaint ſhe clos'd her eare:
But after, vewing in that infants face
I know not what of fauour and of grace,
Which did preſage his greatnes to enſew;
Loue vanquiſht awe, and pittie dread withdrew:
So from the floode not onely ſhe him caught,
But curiouſly ſhe cauſde him to be taught,
As her owne ſonne. O ſonne elect of God, *Admiration.*
That once ſhall rule the people with thy rod,
Thou haſte not found a ſeruant for thy mother,
But euen a Queene to nurſe thee and none other.
"Now ſee how God, alwaies for his elect, *Note.*
"Of wicked things can draw a good effect:

"His.

"His prouidence hath made a wicked thing,
"Vnto his owne, great profit for to bring.
Gen.41 "When *Ioseph's* brether sold him like a slaue,
"He after came a kingly place to haue.
"Of *Haman* proude the darke enuious hate
"Brought *Mardoche* the iust to great estate.
Est. "For, where his enemie sought his shamefull end,
"The same vnto the worker he did send.
This *Hebrew Moses* once as he did keepe
Father in Law. On *Horeb* mount his father *Iethro* his sheepe:
He saw a fearefull sight, a flaming fire
Enclose a thorny bush whole and entire:
From whence a mighty voice vnto him spake,
Which made the ground betweene the *Poles* to shake:
Exod.3. *I am that One, is, was,* and ay shall bee,
Who create all of nought, as pleaseth mee:
I can destroie, I am the great, and iust,
The faire, the good, the *Holy* one to trust,
Whose strong right hand this world hath set in frame,
I am th' *Almighty God of Abraham*:
I plague my foes, and grant my seruants grace,
All those that knowledge me, and all their race.
Then follow thou my will, and quickly go,
From me, to that prophane King *Pharao*,
Who holds the towrs of *Memphis* and the field,
Of *Nilus* shore that rich encrease doth yeeld;
And bid him let my people freely goe:
But, if with hardned hart, he will not so,
Stretch out thy staffe for to confirme thy charge,
And it shall turne into a *Serpent* large.
And this he shortly did, the thing to proue:
It quickned lo, and on the ground gan moue.
(O Miracle) he saw without all faile,
It grew a *Serpent* fell with head and taile:
Which crangling crept, and ranne from trod to trod
In many a knot, till time th' Almighty God

Com

Commanded him the ſame for to retaine,
Which to the former ſhape returnd againe.
Thus ſiling humain ſight, it changed form,
One while a Rod, one while a creeping worm.
Then armed with this ſtaffe, the Lord him ſent,
The proud idolatrous princes to torment.
He, in the name of God, full oft did pray
The King, to let the *Hebrews* go their way,
Vnto the deſert where he did deuiſe,
To offer God a pleaſant ſacrifice.
But *Pharo* clos'd his eare againſt the Lord,
And to his holy word would not accord.
Then God th'Eternall wrought by *Moſes* hand, *Exod.4*
To approue his word, great wonders in that Land.
For, he not only Riuers turnd to blood, *Exod.7*
But alſo all the heads of *Nilus* flood
(Which watreth wealthy *Egypt* with his ſources)
Was turnd to blood amid their ſiluer courſes:
So that the king himſelfe, his life to feede,
Was faine to vſe ſuch water for his neede.
This *Moſes* made the froggs in millions creep, *Exod.8*
From floods and ponds, and ſeralls from ditches deepe
Who cled all *Miſraim* with their filthy frie,
Euen on the king and all his family.
To young and old of either Sexe that while, *Exod.9.*
He ſent a plage of ſcalding botches vile:
So that the *Memphites*, layd on beds to reſt,
VVith vncouth venim daily were oppreſt:
To *Medciners*, the medcine vailed not,
So ſore the poiſond plague did vndercot.
He alſo ſmote the forreſts, herbs, and graſe,
The flocks of sheep and euery beaſt that was:
Throw poiſon of th'infected ground ſo fell,
The Morrain made them all to die or ſwell:
So that the Shepheard, by the riuer ſide,
His flock hath rather dead then ſick eſpide.

He

He, earthly duſt, to lothly lice did change,
And dimd the Ayre, with ſuch a cloud ſo ſtrange
Exod.10 Of flyes, graſhoppers, hornets, clegs and clocks,
That day and night throw houſes flew in flocks,
That with inciſions ſharpe did ſheare the skinnes
Of *Ægypt Panims*, throw their proudeſt vynnes.
And when the heauen moſt quiet ſeemd and fair,
Th'Eternall ſent a tempeſt throughthe air,
And (at this *Hebrew*'s prayer) ſuch a reare
Of thunder fell, that brought them all in feare.
Here lay a Bull, that woodran while he braſt:
There lay the Keeper, burnt with thunder blaſt:
And now the forreſt high, that hid the air,
With many a ſpreading arme, is ſpoild and bair:
So that the ſap that grafters keepe with paine,
Which ſhould reſtore the ſtock, and leafe againe,
Is loſt (alas) in leſſe then halfe a day,
The husbands hoped fruite gone to decaye.
What more? th'Eternall darkned ſo the skye,
For three dayes ſpace none could another ſpye:
That cloude, ſo thick, the *Memphis* rebels fand,
That they might firmly feele it with their hand:
It ſeemd that *Phœbus* left his ancient Round,
And dwelt three dayes with men of vnderground.
"And as the ſunne at one ſelfe time is fele,
"With heate to harden clay, and wax to melt:
"So *Amrams* ſacred ſonne, in theſe proiects,
"Made one ſelfe cauſe, haue two contraire effects.
"For, *Izak* humbly knew the Lord diuine:
"But *Pharo*, more and more, did ſtill repine:
"Like to the corpſlet colde, the more 'tis bet
"With hammers hard, more hardnes it doth get.
Exod.11 Yet when his ſon was ſlaine by th'*Angels* hand,
Heyre. Amongſt the eldeſt heires of *Ægypt* Land;
He was afraide, and let them go that night,
Where pleaſed them to ſerue their God of might:

Who ſent a cloud before them all the day,
By night a Piller of fire, to guide their way.
But ſodainly this tyrant did gainſtand
His former graunt, and armd all *Egypt* Land
With hote purſute againſt all *Iacobs* hoſte,
That were encamped on the Red-ſea coſte.
Such noyſe was neuer, ſince the foraigne tide
Brak throw *Gibraltar*, when it did diuide
The *Calp*, from *Abill*, or when *Sicill* ſtrand
Diuorced was from her *Italia* Land;
As was in theſe two campes: that one, with boſte,
That other with their wailings fild the coaſt:
It ſeemd the ſounds of furious horſe and men,
With hornes and pypes, to heaven reſounded then.
O Iuggler ſaid the *Iewes*, what hatefull ſtrife
Hath moued thee to change our happie life?
What? are we fiſhes, for to ſwimme the ſeas?
Or are we foules, to fly whereas we pleaſe,
Beyond the Sea? or ouer hilles to ſoare?
Was there not graues for vs on *Goſſen* ſhoare;
But, in this deſart heer to dy, or haue
The blood-red *Ocean* Sea, to be our graue?
Then *Moſes*, with his quickned rod, that tide,
He ſmote the ſea, which (fearfull) did diuide;
Diſcouering land that ſunne had neuerſeene,
And ſtaid the ſea, as there two walles had been:
Which made a paſſage dry of ample ſpace,
For all to paſſe who were of *Iſaacs* race:
But contrarie the Red-ſea did deuower
The barbrous tyrant with his mighty power,
Who proudly durſt himſelfe to that preſent,
Which opened but to ſaue the innocent.
O happy race, ſince God doth arme for thee,
Both fire and aire, the windes, the clouds and ſee
(Which all vnto thy pay haue whole inclinde)
Let not conſuming time weare out of minde.

Exod. 14 They murmure.

So

So rare a grace; but let thine elders ſhewe
This to their noble ſeed that ſhall enſewe:
And let their ſonnes, vnto their ſonnes recorde
Throw all the world theſe wonders of the Lord.
God, with Cœleſtiall breade (in time of need)
Exod. 6. His loued *Iacob* fortie yeare did feede:
And gaue them water from the ſolide ſtone,
Which of it ſelfe had neuer moiſture none.
Their caps, their coates, and ſhooes, that they did weare,
God kept all freſh and new, full fortie yeer.
Exod. 20. And farther, leaſt their ſoules, for want of food,
Should faint or faile; he, of his mercies good,
Gaue them his law, pronounced by his voice,
His ſpirit to theirs, in him for to reioice:
So teaching them, and vs in precepts ten,
Our dutie firſt to God, and next to men;
To th'end that man to man ſhould truely ſtand,
And ioyne with God, and neuer break that band.
Ioſua. This mightie Prophet dead; Duke *Ioſua* than,
Their Captaine ſtout, this *Palmy* prouince wan:
Throw might of God, he Scepters did ſubdew
Of thirtie tyrant Kings, whom all he ſlew.
At his commandement like the thunder ſound,
The Rampers ſtrong fell fearefully to ground;
Before the *Tortuſe*, or the horned Ramme,
Had bet, or mined, from their wall a dramme:
For, euen of hornes, full hoarſe, their ſimple blaſt
An engine was, their towres adoune to caſt.
He pray'd the heaven for to prolong the day,
And made the horſes of the ſun to ſtay;
To th'end, the night ſhould not with cloud be cled,
To ſaue the faithles, that before him fled.
Now when this *Panim* ſcourge (with age at laſt)
Had left this life, and vnto heauen paſt;
Then *Iſaac* had of Rulers ſundry men,
Whoſe glorious acts deſerues eternall pen.

Who

Who knowes not *Samgar*, *Barac*, and *Othoniell*? *Iudges.*
Tha valiant *Delbor*, *Abud* and good *Samuell*?
What Land (O *Sampſon*) rings not thy renowne,
Who ſole, vnarmed, bet an Army down?
What laude to *Iephthe* iuſtly might we low,
Had he not hurt his owne, through haſtie vow?
Whar hill or dale, what flood or fixed ground,
[illegible] not the famous *Gedeons* praiſe reſound?
In later time, their kings ſome good, ſome bad,
Of all the *Hebrew* ſtate the ruling had.
Had I the Harpe of *Dauid* (holy King)
[illegible] other ſound but *Dauid* would I ſing.
[illegible]en as all the deeds that *Dauid* did,
C[illegible]ot be done by none, but by *Dauid*:
So none but *Dauid*, on his yv'rie harpe,
The glorious praiſe of God could onely carpe.
But, here, his praiſe I preaſe not to proclaime,
Leaſt I throw want of skill obſcure the ſame:
Yet leaue I not his Son, whom grace diuine *Salomon.*
Made no leſſe rich, then wondrous of engine:
Whoſe doctrine drew to *Salem* from all wheare,
A hundred thouſand wyzards him to heare:
From *Araby*, from *Ynde*, to *Affrik* ſhore,
His toung entyſte them with his cunning lore.
Shall I forget the kings, who ouerthrew *Ioſias.*
Idolatrie, and plaç't religion dew?
Shall I forget that King, who ſaw deſcend *Hezekiah.*
A winged *Hoaſt*, *Solyma* to defend? Ieruſalem.
Shall I forget him, who before his eene, *Aſa.*
Enchaſt the bands of *Chus* on *Gerar* greene?
Shall I forget him, who preparing fight *Ioſaphat.*
'Gainſt *Ammon*, *Seir*, and *Moabs* Idoll might,
Saw ech of their three hoaſts on others fall,
And with them ſelfs their ſelfs, diſconfit all?
Yet, for their ſinnes God gaue them in the hands
Of *Calde* Kings, who conquered all their Lands:

And

And took King *Zedekee*, and made an end
Of that Impire; till God did *Cyrus* ſend,
Who ſet them free, and gaue them of his grace
Two rulers of their owne. And now this place
Is kept by ſacred *Ioachim*, whoſe powers
Conſiſts not onely within *Sions* towers;
But, *Edom*, *Sidon*, *Moab*, and we all
Do knowe his ſtrength and knowes him principall.
Now Sir, you hear the progreſſe firſt and laſt
Of *Iſaacs* race in order as it paſt.
One while the Lord enhaunſt them to the skie:
One while he drew them downe in deepe to lie.
,But were he Iudge, or Prince, or King of might,
,Who reul'd the *Hebrews* policie aright,
,While they obſerv'd th'alliance made before
,By their forefathers, who to God them ſwore,
,In happy ſtate all others they ſurpaſt:
,And vnderfoote their proudeſt foes were caſt.
,And all the world, that their deſtruction ſought,
,Againſt their ſtate, and name preuailed nought.
,But, contrary, as oft as they aſtraide
,From God their guide, he on their ſhoulders laid
,The Barbare yock of *Moab*, and oft-times
,Of *Paleſtine* and *Ammon* for their crimes,
,The heauie hand of God was ſeen to be,
,On their ingratefull infidelity.
Now, if ſo be that any odious ſinne
Prouoke their Lord his Iuſtice to begin:
Then mine not you their towers and tourets tall,
Nor bring the wracksom engine to their wall:
Nor place thy battries braue, nor yet aduenter,
With thy courageous camp, the breach to enter.
For, if *Libanus* mount, or *Carmell* faire
Or *Niphathai* ſhould parke them from repaire:
If *Ynde* and *Nilus* with the *Rhene* and *Rhone*
To cloſe them round about, ſhould run in one,

For their defence yet shall they not withstand
(With all their force) thy furious fighting hand:
But if they haue not broke the band indeed
That God with *Abraham* made and with his seede,
Beware, my Lord, beware to touch or moue
These people that the Lord so much doth loue,
For, though couth *Satan* would dispeople his Lande,
And bring the blackest *Moores* to swarme in bandes:
If *Northren Boreas*, vnder his banners colde,
Would bring to field his hideous Souldiers bolde:
If *Zephyrus* from sweet *Hesperia* coste,
Would send his chosen armed men to *Hoste*:
If *Eurus*, for to aide thine enterprise,
Would bring his men from whence the Sun doth rise:
Yet all their numbers hudge, and forces strong,
Can neuer do to *Israell* any wrong,
Nor hurt one hair, if their great God say nay.
That God will them defend, because he may
With one small blast confound all Kings that darre
(As thou doest now) prouoke him vnto warre.

Then like as ye behold the quiet see
Not raging when the windes ingendring be:
But, blauncheth first, then growes in little space,
In wallowing waues to flowe with fomy face,
And lastly beates the banks, and ships vnshrouds,
With wrackfull waues vphoist to highest clouds:
So, almost all the princes of that hoste,
With inward anger gan to be emboste,
As oft as they the prayse of God did heare,
So to his speech encreast their spitefull chear:
Which, in the end, to blasphemy them brought,
Th'immortall God of Gods to set at nought.

Kill and cut off (quoth they) this traytour fine,
Whose subtill talke, with all his whole engine,
Pretends to saue these *Hebrews* from our hands,
And threats vs with vaine Gods of forraine Lands:

For if it pleaſe you (noble prince) to ſend
But twenty men of value that are kend,
Within your campe, that ſee reckleſſe rebels then
Shall be a pray to all your warlike men.
(O wicked wight!) but then the *Diuell* ſtout,
With power, appeaſde the murmur of the route:
And to him ſaid: O ſhameleſs *Prophet* thou,
What *Sibill*, or what charmer tell me now?
What Diuell or *Demon* ſo doth thee inſpire,
That *Izrell* ſhall of vs haue his deſire?
Such men, as with no God can be content,
But ſuch as pleaſed *Moſes* to inuent
Of his owne head: a God that hath no power
For to deliuer them, nor thee this hower.
Blaſphemie.
Haue we an other God, or king of kings,
Then our great Perſian *Monark*, now that reigns?
Whoſe barded horſe ore runns the Nations all,
Whoſe armed men, out of theſe mountaines tall,
Shall rake theſe Rebels that from *Egypt* came
To this, where they vniuſtly keep the ſame.
Dye, dye, thou ſhalt, O wretch: thy toung vntrue,
And double heart, ſhall haue their wages due.
But, foole, what ſpeake I thus? no haſte, a while:
Thy blood (O villaine) ſhall not me defile.
So iuſt a paine, ſo ſoone thou ſhalt not haue,
For thy deceipt, ſo ſoone to go to graue.
,For, in a wretches ſodaine death, at ones
,Their long ſome ill is buried with their bones.
But, to that end I may prolong thy ſtrife,
In *Bethull* town I will prolong thy life:
Where euerie howre, thou ſhalt haue ſuch affraye
To dye vndead a thouſand times a day,
Till time with them who thou ſo ſtrong haſt thought
To ſhamefull end with them thou ſhals be brought.
What? wherefore tremble ſt thou and art ſo pale?
What ſorrow makes thy heart ſo ſoone to faile?

If

If God be God, as thou right now haſt ſaid,
Then of thy faith giue witneſſe, vndiſmaid.
A marſhall of the campe then being preſt
(Who was not yet ſo cruell as the reſt)
There tooke this demy Pagan (*Ammons* Lord)
And ſent him bound to *Bethuli* (with a cord).
Then euen as in his clawes the kite doth beare
The chirping chicken, throu the weather cleare,
While that the cackling hen, belowe on ground,
Bewayles her bird with vaine lamenting ſound:
So in like woe his worthy men were left,
For that ſo worthy a chief was them bereft.
The Townſmen then beholding neere their wall
Theſe *Miſcreants*, to armour ſtraight they fall,
Yclad in plate and mail, and runnes in bands,
And fearcely fronts their foes with ſteele in hands;
As faſt as done the riuers doun the hils,
That with their murmur hudge the deepes vp fils.
The Heathen, ſeeing this, retirde away,
And left the Lord of *Ammon* for a pray
To th' *Hebrew* ſoldiers; who did him conſtraine,
Though he was willing, with them to remaine.
When all the folke with preaſe about him paſt,
His eyes and hands vp to the pole he caſt,
,And thus he ſpake: O God that great abides
,Vpon th' Immortall ſeat, and iuſtly guides
,The ruled courſe of heav'n, whoſe liuing ſpreete
,Reuiuing ſpreds, and through all things doth fleete;
,I render thee, O God, immortall prayſe,
,For that before I end my wofull dayes,
,Now from th' vnfruitfull ſtock thou doeſt me race,
,To graft me in thy fruitfull tree of grace;
,Where in deſpite of all contrary ſtriſe,
,I ſhall bring forth the fruits of laſting life.
And ye, O *Iacobs* ſonnes, thinke not at all
That I of purpoſe captiue am and thrall,

So that I meane he by your wrack to bring,
For, God he knowes, I thinke not such a thing:
But I am captiue thus, perdie I holde,
What wondrous workes the Lord hath done of olde,
To you and your forefathers euer still,
Deliu'ring them that would obey his will.
Then doubt not you a thousand flaffing flags,
Nor horrible cries of hideous heathen hags:
Coole not your hearts. For, if the world about
Would compasse you with all their warriours stout
(Prouiding first ye seek your helpe at need
At power diuine, and not at mortall seede)
You surely shall see *Moemuris* renning flood,
Made red, with *Assurs* hoste and *Ethnique* blood:
Ye surely shall see men, not vsde to fight,
Subdue their foes, that seemes of greater might.
The hand of God assailes you not with hate:
But, for your weale, your pride he will abate;
To let you wit, it is within his power,
To leaue or to relieue you euery houre.
As on th'vnsauorie stocke the lilly is borne:
And as the rose growes on the pricking thorne:
So modest life, with sobs of grieuous smart
And cryes deuout, comes from an humbled hart.
For, euen the faithfull flocke are like the ground,
That for good fruit, with weedes will still abound,
If that the share and culter idle lye
That riues the soyle, and roots the brambles bye:
But, in the end, God will his yre relent,
Assoone as sinners truely will repent:
And saue you from these plagues that present be
In shorter time then ye do think to see.
Take courage, friends, and vanquish God with teares:
And, after, we shall vanquish with our weares
These enmies all. Now, if there rest in me
The former force that once was wont to be:

If

If elde haue not decaid my courage bolde,
That I haue had with great experience olde;
I render me to ſerue you to my ende,
For *Iacobs* weale, Gods law for to defend.

FINIS.

THE SVMMARIE OF The III. BOOKE.

IN this third book, the *Poet* ſetteth forth the ſeege of *Bethulia*, and the extremity that God permitted them to feele, thereby to giue an entry to his miraculous deliuerance; who is accuſtomed to leade his people to the gates of death, and from thence to retire them aboue all humane expectation, to the ende they ſhould confeſſe that the arme of fleſh, nor worldly wiſedome maintaines not the Church: but the only fauour of the Almightie, to whome the whole glory of duty ſhould be rendred. Farther, three principall things are to be noted: Firſt, the preparations of the beſeegers, and the defences of the beſeeged; and how after, throw the counſell giuen to *Holopherne* for the reſtraint of the water from the towne, enſewes a furious aſſault, which the Iewes repelled with great paine: Secondly, the extreame deſolation through want of water, whereof proceedeth ſundry ſorts of death, with lamentations, murmurations, and danger of mutinie within the Citie, and how the Gouernour endeuours himſelfe with wiſe and godly admonitions to appeaſe the ſame: But the Commons, in this hard eſtate regarding no reaſon, required to render the Citie, rather then to periſh in ſuch apparant miſerie. The Gouernour, being carried with a humane prudence, promiſeth to render the Towne within fiue dayes, if God ſend them no ſuccour. Yet ſuch is the eſtate of Gods Church in this world, that when all things faileth, God manifeſteth his power. And therefore in the third part is IVDITH introduced, who (being eſpecially moued by the reading of Holy Scriptures) is encouraged to deliuer her Country: but when ſhe vnderſtood the reſolution of the Magiſtrates, Shee (being in eſtimation honourable) modeſtly reproues them. After their excuſe, ſhee promiſeth to attempt ſomething for the publike weale: not ſhowing her deuiſe, but onely deſired to haue paſſage by night vnto the enemies campe, and this is granted.

THE THIRD BOOKE of IVDITH.

THe Snoring ſnoute of reſtles *Phlegon* blewe
Hote on the *Ynds*, and did the day renewe
With skarlet skie, when *Heathen* men awooke
At ſound of drumme: then pike and dart they tooke,
In order marching, and to combat calles
Th'vndaunted ſonnes, within their Cities walles.
The meeds in Maie with flowers are not ſo dect,
Of ſundry ſauours, hews, and ſeere effect,
As in this campe were people different farre
In toungs and maners, habits, tents, and warre.
Yea *Chaos* old, whereof the world was founded,
Of members more confuſe, was not compounded:
Yet ſoundly they in vnion did accord
To wage the warre againſt th'*Almightie* Lord,
Who ſhakes the *Poles*, whoſe onely breath doth beat
Libanus mount, and makes *Caucaſus* ſweat.
There came the *Kettrinks* wilde, of cold *Hircania*,
Ioynd with the men of great and leſſe *Armania*:
With coppintanks: and there the *Parthian* tall
Affaid to ſhoot his ſhafts, and flee withall.
The *Perſians* proud (th'Empyre was in their hands)
With plates of gold, ſurbraued all their bands.
The *Medes* declar'd through fortunes ouerthwart
They loſt their Scepter, not for lack of hart:
And that no coſtly cloath nor rich aray,
Nor painting fine, that on their face they lay,
Nor borrowd hair, of fair and comly length,
Might ought impair their aneient power and ſtrength.
There were the happie *Arabs*, thoſe that buields
In thatched waggons, wandring throu the fields.
The ſubtill *Tyrians*, they who firſt were clarks,
That ſtaid the wandring words in leaues and barks,

The

The men of *Moab*, *Edom*, *Ammon*, and
The People sparst on large *Elimia* land.
The learned *Memphians*, and the men that dwell
Neere to the *Æthiopians* black and fell:
In short, the most of *Asia* (as it wair)
Encamped was within that armie fair.
So that this Duke mo forraine souldiers lad,
Then all the *Hebrewes* natiue people had.
But they, who did the *Hebrewes* greatest wrong,
Were *Apostats* of *Ephrem* fierce and strong:
Who fought with hatefull harts, them to deface,
Least they should be esteemd of *Izaks* race.
Then, as in time of Spring the water is warme,
And crowping frogs like fishes there doth swarme;
But with the smallest stone that you can cast
To stirre the streame, their crouping stayes as fast:
So while *Iudea* was in ioyfull dayes,
The constancie of them was worthy prayes:
For that in euery purpose ye should heare
The praise of God, resounding euery wheare;
So, that like burning candles they did shine
Among their faithfull flocke, like men diuine.
But, looke how soon they heard of *Holopherne*,
Their courage quailde and they began to dern:
Their ardent zeale with closed mouth they choke;
Their zeale too hote returnd to fuming smoke:
The fear of losse of life, and worldly good,
Brought Infidels to shed their brothers blood.
Alas, how many *Ephramits* haue we,
In our vnhappy time? all which we see
Within the Church like hypocrits to dwell,
So long as by the same they prosper well:
Who feines a zeale, th'Euangill to maintaine,
So long as serues their honour, or their gaine:
But, turne the chance with some contrary winde,
So that their browes but half a blast do finde;

Engins of Warre.

Then faints their harts, and they ſeek otherway,
Like bankers out their God they diſobay,
Diſcyphring then their malice to be more
To Gods contempt, then was their zeale before;
And fights againſt the Lord with greater hate,
Then *Celſus* did, or *Iulian* Apoſtate.
The *Hebrewes* now, from heights of houſes faire,
Who ſaw ſo many banners beat the aire,
And men to march againſt their forces ſmall,
Who now might well deeme their feeble wall;
They ſwoune with fear, and fand none other aid,
But of that God, to whom their fathers praid.
O father (quod they) father, holy king,
Who ſhields vs alwayes vnderneath thy wing;
Since now the world againſt vs doth conſpire,
Defende vs mighty Lord we thee require.
Thus hauing humbly prayd the Lord of might,
The *Gouernour* renforc't his watches wight,
And fires at midnight built in euery way;
Which made the night appear as clear as day;
And wakerife through the corpſgard oft he paſt:
And thought that *Phœbe* hyed her courſe too faſt
With horſes paile to ſteale away the night,
To leaue the *Hebrews* to their enmies ſight.
Again, the *Pagan* thought ſhe did but creep,
Or that with *Latmies* ſonne ſhe was on ſleep.
"But humain wiſhes neuer hath the powre
"To haſte or hold the courſe of heaven one hower.
Then as *Aurora* roſe with ſanguine hew,
And our *Horyzon* did the day renew;
The *Vizroy* made a thouſand trumpets ſound,
To drawe his ſcattred Cornets to a Round,
Who from all parts with ſpeed aſſembled weare
About the Generals tent, his will to hear:
As doth the hounds about their hunt at morne
Com gladiſhing at hearing of his horne.

Now

Now when the towne his ſommonds did diſdain,
To conquer it perforce he plyde his pain:
And their, th'*Engineurs* haue the *Trepan* dreſt,
And reared vp the *Ramme* for batterie beſt:
Here bends the *Bricoll*, while the cable cracks,
Their Croſbowes were vprent with yron Racks.
Here croked *Gornies*, ſtaeing bridges toll,
Their ſcathfull *Scorpions*, that ruyne the wall.
On euery ſide they raiſe with ioynture meet,
The tymber towres for to command ech ſtreet.
The painfull Pioners wrought againſt their will,
With fleaks and fagots, ditches vp to fill:
Or vnder ground they delue in duſt with pain,
To raiſe a mount, or make a mount a Plain,
Or Cauerns cut, where they might ſoldiers hide,
T'aſſaile the towne at ſodain vneſpide.
Som ladders dreſt to ſcale the wall, or els
To ſteale vpon the ſleeping *Sentinels*.
Som vndermines, ſom other vndertook
To fire the gates, or ſmore the towne with ſmoke:
The greateſt part did yet in trenches lurke,
To ſee what harme their engins firſt would wirke,
That if the wall were bet, they would not faile
With braue aſſault the Citie to aſſaile.
There *Mars* towre-myner, there *Bellona* wood,
Enforced feeble Cowards to ſuck blood.
Their hidious horſes braying loude and clear,
Their *Pagans* fell, with clamor huge to hear,
Made ſuch a dinne as made the heaven reſound,
Retented hell, and tore the fixed ground.
Yet, God who keeps his watch aboue the skyes
For his elect, who neuer ydle lyes;
Took pity on his people in that tide,
Repreſſing (part) this cruell princes pride,
In cauſing all the chiefes of *Moabites*,
Of *Edom* ſtrong, and awfull *Ammonites*

Engins of Warre.

To

To ſpeak him thus, and thus him terrours dreſt.
O Prince, that Scepter beares aboue the reſt,
And giues them law, and holds the world in thrall,
Set not thy ſoldiers to aſſault this wall.
For neither bowe, nor ſling, nor weapons long,
Nor ſword nor buckler, will be found ſo ſtrong
And is this threatning rock whoſe mighty corſe
Suſtains their wall, of ſuch eternall force,
That thou can make no skallade on no coſte,
But on the corpſes dead of half thine hoſte.
'The victor can no honour iuſtly clame
'To loſe the men who ſhould aduance the ſame.
'O valiant Prince, that fiſher is not fine,
'Who for a frog will loſe a golden line.
'The holy headband ſeems not to attyre
'The head of him, who in his furious yre
'Preferrs the pain of thoſe that haue him teend
'Before the health and ſafety of one freend.
You may (my Lord) you may, in little ſight,
Subdue theſe Roags, and not to loſe a knight.
Surpriſe me firſt their chiefeſt water ſpring,
From whence theſe rebels do their conduits bring;
Then drought ſhall driue them from their whole defence,
In cords to yeld them to thine excellence.
'The noble Lyon neuer ſleas the leaſt;
'But alway prayes vpon ſom worthy beaſt.
'The thunder throwes his ſulphred ſhafts adowne
'On *Atlas* high or colde *Riphes* crowne.
'The tempeſt fell more feruently doth fall,
'On houſes high, then on the homely hall:
So you my Lord need not to preaſe your powre,
Againſt ſuch foes as will themſelfs deuowre.
Sir, this is not for fauour or for meede,
Nor that this Cities ſack may cauſe vs dread:
Nor that we mean thy high attempts to ſtay.
For, ere we from thy ſtandarts ſturre away,

For thee, th'immortall Gods we ſhall defie:
For thee, we ſhall break down their altars hie:
For thee, we frankly ſhall purſue and thole,
Th'eternall heat and colde of either *Pole:*
For thee, our hardy hands ſhal helpe to tear,
From *Ioue* and *Neptune*, both their Eagle and ſpear:
For thee the ſonne for father ſhall not care,
Nor father ſonne, nor brother, brother ſpare.
Now, *Holopherne* to conqueſt whole enclynde,
And weighing well this counſell in his minde;
Diſmiſſed from his camp a galliard rout
Of men, to guard the Riuers round about.
This ſtratageme, the *Hebrews* wel might knowe,
To ſee their fountains run with paſſage ſlowe.
Then manfully their ſoldiers out they ſend
Againſt their foes, the water to defend.
There fought the *Pagan* for to winne him fame:
The *Hebrew* ment, he would not dye with ſhame.
Together ſoon they ſhock with hatefull yre,
And firſt they forç't the heathen to retyre:
Who (turning face) again do them purſew,
And wins the victory from the victors new.
So doubtfull was the fight, none could define
(Saue God) to whom the victrie would encline.
Till *Izrell* was on all ſides ouereled
With clouds of ſhott: then to their town they fled.
As doth the *Pilgrim* paſſing through the Plain,
Who is beſet with tempeſt, haile, or rain,
Who leaues his way, and ſeeks himſelf to hide
Within ſom caue, or hollow mountain ſide.
The *Panims* them purſued without all pitty,
And *Peſtmell* entred almoſt in the Citty
At open gate. Then roſe the cry vnſweet
Of fearfull folke who fled in euery ſtreet;
And rent their haſr and their affrighted face,
As Panims els had wonne that holy place.

How

How flee you cowards now, and leaues your Port?
(The Captain sayes) haue ye another Fort?
Thinke ye to finde for safety of your crowne
In this *Bethulia* another *Bethull* towne?
(Alas) if ye make no defence at all,
While time this tyrant is without your wall;
How dare you him resist, when he hath wunne
This forte of yours, from which ye feebly runne?
The commons with this check, brought to their powers,
Where *Cambris* and Sir *Carmis*, like two towers,
Stood at th'assaulted gate, and did withstand
The Heathen host with ech of them in hand
An yron mace (in stead of launces long)
And brazen bucklers beating back the throng:
Their habergions like stiddies stithe they baire
With helmets high and pennons pight in aire:
Of equall age they were, and equall length,
Of equall courage, and of equall strength:
Like Poplers twain that reacheth vp their tops,
And holds their heads so high that none them crops;
But on the Riuers side do sweetly sway
Like germain brether hailsing oft a day.
The *Heathen*, seeing thus the *Iews* descend,
With edge of sword their Citie to defend;
They left th'assault, and thence retyring went
(As they commanded were) vnto their tent.
But when I think how xxx. dayes that towne
Tormented was with mischief vp and down;
Too sad a song I cannot hear inuent
So great a sadnesse right to represent:
My hand for horrour shakes, and now no more
Can lead my sacred pen as erst before.
For, now mine eyes, that watred are with tears,
Declares my matter all of mischief beare.
Oh *Sprite*, from whence all sprit and life doth come,
Thou loosde the tongue of *Zacharie* that was dõme;

And

And sent thy *Heralds* through the world to preach
Thy name, and in a hundreth tongues to teach;
Guide thou my pen, and courage to me lend,
That to thy honour I this worke may end.

Although that *Izak* sawe on euery hand
A world of folke against his towne to stand;
Yet (tracting time) he thought he would prouide
No lesse to keep, then coole th'Assiegers pride:
But, when they fand the conduits cut and rent,
By which, their water to their towne was sent;
Their courage bolde, and all their craks (alas)
As liecur faild, so did their stoutnesse pas.

Their Lords, preferring death to bondage vile,
Made them beleeue the thing did them beguile:
To wit, they gaue men hope that they might keep
Sufficient wat'r in wels and cesterns deep,
Through all the towne, the people to relieue,
That thirst should not the souldiers greatly grieue.
The magistrates in deed had great regard
To see this water wisely spent and spar'd,
That Bottell sweet, which serued at the first
To keep the life, but not to slocken thirst.
When wels grew dry, the Commons ran in rage, *A vive description of Thirst.*
And sought out euery sink their thirst t'asswage:
And drank with longsom draught the pools in haste,
To quench their thirst with ill contented taste:
Which poysoned ayre, enfect their purest breath;
Whereby the drinker drank his present death.

O wretched folke who felt so hard a strife!
Drink, or not drink, both wayes must lose their life.
For, he that drank, and he that did refrain,
Had of their enmies, both an equall pain.
For why? the water vile slew them throughout,
No lesse, then did their enmies them about.
That wretched towne had neuer a street nor rewe,
But *Parcas* there had found som facion newe

To

To murder men, or martyr them with fears,
As mov'd the moſt indurate hart to tears:
If ſo much water in their brains had been,
As might forbear a drop to wete their een.
There plaind the old man, that the ſouldier ſtrong
Had reft his Bottell from his head with wrong:
But while he ſpake, his hart (for thirſt) did faint,
And life him left, which fruſtrate his complaint.
The ſouldier braue, Oh hart brek for to tell,
His proper vryne drank, thirſt to expell.
The wofull mother with her ſpettle fed
Her little childe half dead in cradle bed.
The Lady with her Lord, at point of death,
Embracing fals and yeelds their lateſt breath.
"For, cruell thirſt came out of *Cyren* Land,
"Where ſhe was foſtred on that burning ſand,
"With hote intracted tongue, and ſonken een,
"With ſtomack worn, and wrinkled viſage keen,
"With light and meigre corſe and pailed vains,
"In ſtead of blood that brimſtone hote retains:
"Her poyſond mouth blew, throw that holy town,
"Such helliſh ayr, that ſtifled vp and down
The Arters of the *Iewes* in ſuch a way,
That nought was ſeen but burials night and day:
So that the heauen, to ſee their dolours deep,
Could ſcarſly keep his courſe, but preaſd to weep;
And would haue ioind his tears to their complaint,
If God of hoſts had made them no reſtraint.
Yea, I my ſelf muſt weep, who cannot ſpeak
The woes, that makes my heavy hart to break,
And ſo will ſilent reſt, and not rehearſe,
But counterfait the painter (in my verſe)
Who thought his colours paile could not declare
The ſpeciall woe, king* *Agamemnon* bare,
When ſacrificed was his onely race:
With bend of black, he bound the fathers face.

*Looke the Table.

Now

Now while the people were in this eſtate,
And with their princes wrangling in debate,
They thus beſought the Lord for to decide
Betweene their ſimpletie and their princes pride:
The Lord be iudge of that which ye haue wrought,
And what your wicked counſells hath vs brought.
If you had offred peace to this great Lord
At firſt, we might haue wonne him to accord.
Then happy happy dayes we might haue ſeen,
And not ſo many ſouldiers murdred been.
Alas, what hope haue we within this holde?
Our enmies are more meek a thouſand folde,
Then are our owne. They, haps, would vs preſerue:
Our wilfull owne, pretends to ſee vs ſterue.
Our children do our childrens weal denay,
And headlong haſtes vnto their owne decay.
We knowe, O Lord, the breaking of thy law,
Hath cauſed thee this ſword on vs to draw:
And iuſtly thou thine yrefull bowe doeſt bend,
On our vnloyall heads the ſhot to ſend.
But thou, who doth not long retain thine yre
Againſt thine owne, thy mercy we require.
Change thou the purpoſe of our fooliſh guides,
And of theſe *Heathen*, armed at our ſides:
Or els let vs vpon their weapons fall,
And of their hands to be deſtroyed all,
Er we this drougth and deadly venim haue,
With languiſhing to ſend vs to the graue.
My brethren dear (the Ruler then gan ſay)
Our whole deſire hath been, both night and day,
Not for to ſee the ſeed of *Abraham* loſt,
For which we ſtriue againſt this furious hoſte.
What? haue ye pain? ſo likewiſe pain haue we:
For in one boat we both imbarked be.
Vpon one tide, one tempeſt doth vs toſſe:
Your common ill, it is our common loſſe.

Th'

Th' *Assyrian* plague shall not vs *Hebrews* grieue,
When pleaseth God our mischief to relieue:
Which he will do if ye can be content,
And not with grudge his clemency prevent.
Then striue not you against that puissant king
Who create all, and gouerns euery thing
For comfort of his Church and children dear,
And succours them, though time do long appear.
Somtime an Archer leaues his bowe vnbent,
And hong vpon a naile, to that intent
It may the stronger be to bend again,
And shoot the shot with greater might and main:
Right so th' eternall doth withholde his ill
A longer time (perchance) for that he will
More egerly reuenge him of their crime,
Who do abuse his long forbearing time.
When men applauds to sinne, they count it light,
And but a matter small in sinners sight:
But in the end the weight doth so encrease,
That Iustice leaues the sinner no release;
Like th' *Vsurer* who lends vpon the skore,
And makes the reckles debters debt the more.
What if the thundring Lord his iustice stay,
And (for such sinne) do not this tyrant slay?
The waters of the ground and in the aere
Are in the hand of God: then who is there,
That dare sediciously his yoke refuse,
Although he haue not water now to vse?
No, no, though heaven do seem serene and clear,
On euery part, and wete doth not appear;
He may with moisture mildly wete the land,
As fell when *Saul* the Scepter had in hand. *Sam. 1. 12.*
For, all the starres, that do the heaven fulfill,
Are all but executors of his will.
All this could not the peoples thirst allwage;
But thus with murmurs they their Lords out-rage:

What

What ? ſhall we dye, O ſacred ſoldiers bolde,
For pleaſure of our Lords theſe trayt'rours olde?
What? ſhall we dye on credit, for to pleaſe
Theſe wyzard fooles, who winks at our vneaſe?
Who, with our blood, would win them ſelfs renown,
So louable, as neuer ſhal go down?
Nay, nay, let vs cut off this ſeruile chain:
To free our ſelfs, let vs in hands retain
The ruling of this towne, the forte and all;
Leaſt we into theſe deadly dangers fall.
Then like a wiſe *Phyſician*, who perſaues
His patient that in feruent feuer raues,
Yet highs him more then Art can well performe:
So Prince *Oſias* in this rurall ſtorme,
He promiſt to the people their intent
If God within fiue dayes no ſuccour ſent:
Then *Iſrak* left their ſorrowes all and ſome,
And preſent wo and fear of chance to com;
For that if they, through this, gat not their will,
At leaſt they would auoyd the greateſt ill.
But *Iudith* then whoſe eyes (like fountains two)
Were neuer dry, which witneſt well her wo;
Right ſad in ſound th' *Almighty* ſhe beſought,
And on the ſacred ſcriptures fed her thought.
Her prayers much auayld e to raiſe her ſpreet
Aboue the skye: and ſo the ſcriptures ſweet,
A holy garden was where ſhe might finde
The medcyne meet for her moleſted minde.
Then *Iudith* reading there, as was her grace,
She (not by hazard) hapned on that place,
Where the lame handed *Abud* (for diſdain
To ſee the *Iewes* the *Heathen* yock ſuſtain)
Sm ote *Eglon* with a dagger to the heft,
And from his flank the blood and life bereft.
The more ſhe read, the more ſhe wonder had
Of *Abuds* act, and hote deſire her lad

Iudicum.

T'enſue his vertue: yet her feeble kinde
Empeached oft the purpoſe of her minde;
Propoſing oft the horrour of the deed,
The fear of death, the danger to ſucceed,
With haſzard of her name: and more then that,
Though ſhe likewiſe the peoples freedom gat;
Yet for a man, this act more ſeemly wear,
Than for a wife to handle ſword or ſpear.
While *Iudith* thus with *Iudith* did debate,
A puffe of wind blew down that leaf by fate;
Diſcov'ring vp the ſtory of *Iaell*, how
She droue a naile into *Siſaras* brow,
And ſlew that Pagan ſleeping on her bed,
Who from the *Hebrews* furious hoaſt was fled:
In teaching vs albeit a tyrant flee,
Yet can he not auoyde the Lords decree.
This laſt example now ſuch courage lent
To feeble *Iudith*, that ſhe now was bent,
With wreakfull blade, to ſlea and to diuorce
The *Heathen* ſoule from ſuch a ſinfull corſe.
But while ſhe did her carefull minde imploy
To finde ſom means to murder this *Vizroy*;
She heard report (that made her hart to ſwoune)
Of the determination of the toune.
Then, all the preſent perils to preuent,
Vnto the Rulers of the towne ſhe went;
Reprouing them with words of bitter ſweet,
What do ye mean, O princes indiſcreet?
Will ye the helping hand of God reſtrain,
And captiue it within your counſels vain?
Will ye include him vnder courſe of times,
Who made dayes, years, all ſeaſons and their primes?
Do not abuſe your ſelfs: his power profound
Is not to mens Imaginations bound.
God may all that he wills, his will is iuſt:
God wils all good to them that in him truſt.

Now

Now fathers: that which doth my hope reuiue
Is onely this; Ther is no wight on liue,
Within this towne, that hath contracted hands
To ſerue dumme Gods, like folk of forrain Lands.
All ſinnes are ſinne: but ſure this ſinne exceeds
Our former faults; by which, our blinde miſdeeds
Offends the heaven; by which, the Lord of might
Is frauded of his honours due and right,
In wreſting of the title of his name,
To ſtocks, and ſtones, and metalls, men do frame.
Since *Izak* then from ſuch a fault is free,
Let vs to Gods protection caſt our ee.
Conſider that all *Iuda* reſts in fear,
Aſpecting onely our proceedings hear.
Conſider that all *Iacob* in this treſſe
Will follow either our force or feebleneſſe.
Conſider that this houſe and altar ſtands
(Next vnder God) vpholden with your hands.
Thinke, that of *Izrell* whole ye keep the kaye:
Which if ye quite, and giue this tyrant way,
Who more then death hates all of *Izaks* kinne,
Yee ſhall the name of kin-betrayers winne.
Then ſayd the Captain, I cannot deny,
That we offended haue the Lord moſt hye.
Vnwiſe are we, our promiſes are vain:
But what? we may not call our word again:
But if thou feele thy hart ſo ſore oppreſt,
That moueth thee to tears for our vnreſt,
Alas, weep night and day and neuer tyre;
So that thy weepings may appeaſe the yre
Of that hie Iudge, who hears in euery part
The perfit prayer of the humble hart.
I will, quoth ſhe; and, if God giue me grace,
Repell the ſiege of this afflicted place
By famous ſtroke. But ſtay me in no wiſe,
But byde the ende of my bold enterpriſe:

And let me goe, when night his mantle ſpreeds,
To th'enmies Camp. Quoth he, if thou wilt needs;
The great repreſſour of oppreſſors pride,
Preſerue thy hart and hand, and be thy guide.

FINIS.

THE

THE SVMMARIE OF The IIII. BOOKE.

ACcording to the promis that *Iudith* made to the beſieged Captaines in *Bethulia*, ſhe prepareth her ſelfe with armour meet for the execution of her enterprile: to wit, The inuocation of the name of God, with a holy determination to deliuer her countrey from the hand of the *Tyrant*; whom ſhe deliberates to ouertome with the ſweet and faire apparence of her amiable beutie and behauiour. At her departing to the enemies camp, our *Poet* introduceth one of the chief Captains of the town diſcriuing to another, her ſtock and vpbringing, with the progreſſe of her three eſtates, *Virginitie*, *Mariage*, and *Widowhood*: Thereby ſetting forth a ſingular example of all womanly behauiour & vertue. After her entrance to the Camp, ſhe is brought to *Holophernes*, who was curious to knowe the cauſe of her comming there. And after audience giuen, he is ſo ſurpriſed with her beutie and eloquent language, that ſhe obtaineth licence to withdrawe her ſelf by night to the next valley, there to pray to God. And, continuing this exerciſe, ſhe requireth ſtrength of the Hyeſt, that in taking away the chieftaine, ſhe might at one inſtant deſtroy all the *Heathen* Army. Herein giuing example that the beginning, and end of all high attempts, ought to be grounded vpon the fauour and earneſt calling vpon him, without whome all wiſedome, and humaine force is nothing but winde: and who, contrariwiſe, may by the moſt feeble inſtruments of the world, execute things moſt incredible and incomprehenſible to humaine capacity.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE of IVDITH.

THen wofull *Iudith*, with her weeping ees
Beholding Heav'n, and proſtrate on her knees,

Held vp her guiltleſſe hands and God beſought,
Diſcouv'ring him the ſecrets of her thought.
O God (quoth ſhe) who armed with a ſpear
Dan *Symeon*, who reveng'd his ſiſter dear;
Lend me the blade in hand, that I may kill
This *Tyrant*, that exceeds all *Sichems* ill:
Who not contents to ſoyle the ſacred bed
Of wedlocke chaſte; but more with miſchief led,
Entends thy holy name for to confound,
And race *Solyma* temple to the ground;
Ambitious *Satrap* he, whoſe hope doth ſtand
In mortall men, led with vnrighteous hand:
Who rules a hundreth thouſand ſtalworth ſteeds,
That combat craues, and in our paſtures feeds;
Not dreading thee, who daunts both man and beaſt,
And kills and captiues them when they ween leaſt:
Who ſtrengths the poor, and pridefull men down thrings,
And wracks at once the powers of puiſſant kings.
Grant, gratious God, that his bewitched wit
May with my criſped hair be captiue knit.
Grant, that my ſweet regards may gall his hart
With darts of loue, to cauſe his endles ſmart.
Grant, that theſe gifts of thine, my beuty ſmall,
May binde his furious rage, and make him thrall.
Grant, that my artificiall tongue may moue
His ſubtill craft, and ſnare his hart in loue:
But chiefly Lord grant, that this hand of mine
May be the *Pagans* ſcourge and whole ruine;
To th'end, that all the world may knowe, our race
Are ſhrouded ſo in rampiers of thy grace,
That neuer none againſt vs durſt conſpire,
That haue not felt at laſt thy furious yre:
Euen ſo good Lord, let none of theſe prophane
Returne to drink of *Euphrate*, nor *Hytane*.
Thus *Iudith* prayd, with many a trickling tear,
And with her ſighs her words retrenched wear.

At night, she left her chamber sole and cold,
Attyr'd with *Ceres* gifts and *Ophir* golde.
O siluer *Diane*, regent of the night,
Darst thou appear before this lucent light?
This holy starre, whose contr'aspect most clear
Doth stein thy brothers brightnes in his *Sphear*?
While thus she ment (vnseen) away to slyde,
Her pearls and Iewels caus'd her to be spyde:
The musk and ciuet Amber, as she past,
Long after her a sweet perfume did cast.
A *Carboncle* on her Crystall brow she pight,
Whose firy gleams expeld the shady night.
Vpon her head a siluer crisp she pind,
Loose wauing on her shoulders with the wind.
Gold, band her golden hair: her yvry neck,
The Rubies rich, and Saphirs blew did deck.
And at her eare, a Pearle of greater valew
Ther hong, then that th'Egyptian Queen did swallew.
And through her collet shee shewde her snowie brest:
Her vtmost robe was colour blew Cœlest,
Benetted all with twist of perfite golde,
Beseeming well her comely corps t'enfolde.
What else she wore, might well been seen vpon
That Queen who built the tours of *Babylon*.
And though that she most modest was indeed,
Yet borrowd she som garments at this need,
From Dames of great estate, to that entent
This *Pagan* Prince she rather might preuent.
Achior then, who watched at the gate,
And saw this Lady passing out so late,
To *Carmis* spake, who warded eke that night,
What is she this? where goes this gallant wight
So trim, in such a time? hath she no pitty
Of this most wretched persecuted City?
Quod *Carmis* then, their flowrisht heer of late
Merari, one, that was of great estate;

Who had no childe but one, and this is ſhe,
The honour of that houſe and family.
The fathers now do venture body and ſoule,
That treaſures vpon treaſures they may roule:
But, for the wit or learning, neuer cairs,
That they ſhould leaue to their ſucceeding hairs:
Like thoſe that charely keeps their rich araye
In coffers cloſe, and lets it there decay;
While that the naked bodies dyes for cold,
For whom the clothes are dearly bought and ſold.

Compariſon. But as the painfull plowman plyes his toyle,
With ſhare and culter ſhearing through the ſoyle
That coſt him dear, and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it vnder-ſprout,
And neuer ſtayes to ward it from the weed:
But moſt reſpects to ſowe therein good ſeed;
To th'end, when ſommer decks the medowes plain,
He may haue recompence of coſts and pain:
Or like the maid who carefull is to keep
The budding flowre that firſt begins to peep
Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,
To make it ſeemly ſhowe the head aloft;
That it may (when ſhe drawes it from the ſtocks)
Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks:
So wiſe *Merari* all his ſtudy ſtilde,
To facion well the maners of this childe;
That in his age he might of her retire
Both honour and confort, to his harts deſire.
For, look how ſoon her childiſh tongue could chat,
As children do, of this thing or of that;
He taught her not to read inuentions vain,
As fathers dayly do that are profain:
But in the holy ſcriptures made her read;
That with her milke ſhe might euen ſuck the dread
Of the moſt high. And this was not for nought:
Inſomuch as in ſhort time ſhe out-brought

Appa-

Apparant fruites, of that ſo worthy ſeed,
Which chaung'd her earthly nature far indeed:
As done the pots that long retains the taſte
Of licour ſuch, as firſt was in them plaſte:
Or like the tree that bends his eldren braunch
That way where firſt the ſtroke hath made him launch.
So ſee we wolfs, and bears, and harts full olde,
Som tamenes from their daunted youth to holde.
Thus ere the Moon twelf doſen chaunges paſt, *Virginitie.*
The maydens maners fair in form were caſt.
For, as the perfite pylot fears to runne
Vpon the rocks, with ſingling ſheet doth ſhunne
Cyanes ſtraits or *Syrtes* ſinking ſands,
Or cruell *Capharois* with ſtormy ſtrands:
So wiſely ſhe diſhaunted the reſort
Of ſuch as were ſuſpect of light report:
Well knowing, that th'acquaintance with the ill,
Corrupts the good. And though they euer ſtill
Remain vpright: yet ſom will quarrell pike,
And common bruit will deem them all alike.
For, look how your Companions you elect;
For good, or ill, ſo ſhall you be ſuſpect.
This prudent Dame delighted not in daunce,
Nor ſitting vp, nor did her ſelfe aduance
In publike place, where playes and banquets been
In euery houſe, to ſee and to beſeen:
But rather vnderſtanding ſuch a trade
Had been the wrack of many a modeſt mayd,
Who following wandring *Dina* wanton dame,
Haue oft time put their noble houſe to ſhame;
She kept at home her fathers habitation,
Both day and night in godly conuerſation.
She pitious Nurſe applyde her painfull thought,
To ſerue and nouriſh them that her vpbrought:
Like to the gratefull ſtork that gathereth meat,
And brings it to her elders for to eate;

And

And on a firtree high, with *Boreas* blowne,
Giues life to thoſe, of whom ſhe had her owne.
But if ſhe might ſom howre from trauell quite,
At vacant time it was her chief delyte
To read the ſcriptures, where her faithfull minde
Might conſort of the heav'nly *Manna* finde.
Somtime ſhe broyded, on the canuas gall,
Som bird or beaſt, or Aegle, or Elephant tall.
While ſubtely with ſiluer nedle fine
She works on cloth ſom hiſtory diuine.
Heer *Lot*, eſcaping the deuouring fire,
From ſinneſull *Zodom* ſhortly doth retire
To *Segor*; where his wife, that was vnwitty,
Caſt back her eye to ſee the ſinnefull Citty:
And, for her miſ-beliefe, God plagued the falt,
Transforming her into a Pillar of ſalt.
Here ſhe *Suſannaes* ſtory viuely wrought,
How neer ſhe was to execution brought;
And yet how God the ſecret did diſcloſe,
And made the miſchief fall vpon her foes.
Here *Ioſephs* ſtory ſtands with wondrous art,
And how he left his cloke, and not his heart,
To his laſciuious Dame; and rather choſe
The Priſon, then her armes him to encloſe.
Her cruell *Iephte*, with his murdring knife,
To keep his vow, bereaues his daughters life.
(Her trauell done) her lute ſhe then aſſayes,
And vnto God ſhe ſings immortall prayes:
Not following thoſe that plyes their thriftles pain
In wanton vearſe and waſtefull ditties vain;
Thereby t'entrap great men, with luring looks:
But, as the greedy fiſher layes his hooks
Alongſt the coſte to catch ſom mighty fiſh,
More for his gain, then holeſom for the diſh
Of him that byes: euen ſo theſe ſiſters braue
Haue louers mo, then honeſt maydens haue.

But

But none are burnt with their impudent flame,
Saue fooles and light lunatikes voyd of shame.
Of vertue only, perfect loue doth growe:
Whose first beginning though it be more slowe
Then that of lust, and quickens not so fast;
Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.
The strawen kendles soone, and slakes again:
But yron is slowe, and long will hot remain.
Thus was the holy *Iudiths* chaste renowne
So happily spred, through *Israell* vp and down,
That many a man disdaind the damsels fine,
With Iewels rich and haire in golden twine,
To serue her beuty: yet, Loues firy dart
Could neuer vnfriese the frost of her chaste hart:
But, as the *Diamant* byds the hammer strong,
So she resisted all her suters, long;
Vnminded euer for to wed, but rather
To spend her dayes with her beloued father:
Till at the last her parents, with great care,
Withstood her will, and for her did prepare
Manasses, one who was of noble race,
Both rich and faire as well of sprite as face.
Her mariage, then was not a slight contract *Mariage.*
Of secret billes, but by a willing act
" Before her friends. The chaunce that once befell
" To wandring *Dina*, may be witnesse well,
" That secret mariage, that to feue is kend,
" Doth neuer lead the louers to good end.
" For, of our bodies, we no power may clame,
" Except our parents do confirme the same.
Then see how loue, so holily begunne,
Between these two, so holy a race they runne
(This chaste young-man and his most chastest wife)
As if their bodies twain had but one life.
What th'one did will, the other will'd no lesse;
As by one mouth, their wils they do expresse.

And

And as a ſtroke, giuen on the righter eye
Offends the left: euen ſo by *Sympathie*,
Her husbands dolours made her hart vnglad,
And *Iudiths* ſorrowes made her husband ſad.
Manaſſes, then his wife would not controule
Tyranniouſly: but look how much the ſoule
Exceeds the corſe, and not the corſe doth grieue,
But rather to preſerue it and relieue:
So *Iudith* with *Manaſſes* did accorde,
In tender loue and honourde him as Lord.
Their houſe at home ſo holy was, to tell
It ſeemd a Church, and not a priuate Cell.
No ſeruant there, with villain ieſtes vncouth,
Was ſuffered to corrupt the ſhamefaſt youth.
No ydle drunkard, nor no ſwearing wight
Vnpuniſht durſt blaſpheme the Lord of might.
No pleaſant skoffer, nor no lying knaue,
No dayly Dycer, nor no Ruffian braue,
Had ther e abode: but all the ſeruants weare
Taught, of their Rulers, Gods eternall feare.
Manaſſes, he who ſaw that in his time
All iuſtice was corrupt with many-a cryme,
And that the moſt peruers and ignorant,
For money, or fauour, would none office want
Of high eſtate, refuſde all publike charge;
Contenting him with eaſe to liue at large,
From Court, and Palace, free from worldly pelfe:
But, ſince he thought him borne not for himſelf,
But alſo that ſom charge he ought to bear
For confort of his friends and countrey dear;
Yet did he more, not being magiſtrate,
For publike weale, then men of more eſtate:
So that his houſe was euen the dwelling due
Of Iuſtice, and his mouth a ſentence true.
Th' afflicted poore he dayly did defend,
And was the widowes ayde, and tutor kend

To *Orphelines*, and was the whole ſupport
And chief conforter of the godly ſort.
The vain deſire of *Indian* treaſures great
Made neuer his ſhip to ſayl nor oar to beat.
The greedy hope of gain, with ventrous daunger,
Made neuer his ſword be drawen to ſerue the ſtranger.
He neuer ſold, within the wrangling Barre,
Deceitfull clatters, cauſing clients ſtarre;
But quietly manurde his little feild,
And took th' encreaſe therof that time did yeilde.
He ſowde and planted, in his proper grange
(Vpon ſom ſauage ſtock) ſom frutry ſtrange.
The ground, our common Dame, he vndermines:
On ſtake and ryce, he knits the crooked vines,
And ſnoddes their bowes: ſo neither hote nor cold
Might him (from labour) in the chamber hold.
But once as he beheld his harueſt train,
With crooked Circle cutting downe the grain;
The ſunne a diſtillation on him ſent,
Whereof he dyed: his ſoule to heauen it went.
He that the number of the leaues could caſt,
That in *Nouember* fals by winter blaſt:
He that could tell the drops of rain or ſlete,
That *Hyad*, *Orion*, or *Pleiades* wete
Sheds on the ground, that man might only tell,
What tears from *Iudiths* eyes inceſſant fell.
What treaſure and golde, and what he left her tho, *Widowhead.*
In place of pleaſure, cauſed all her woe.
The ſight of them made her in heart recorde
Their olde poſſeſſor, and her louing Lord.
Though ſhe had had aſmuch of gold and good,
As *Lydia* Land, or *Tagus* golden flood;
Yet, loſing him, of treaſure ſhe was bare:
For whom, all other treaſures cauſde her care.
Yet in this ſtate ſhe ſtoutly did ſuſtain,
Like patient *Iob* (contempning) all her pain.

Three

Three times the Sunne returned had his prime,
"Since this befell: and yet the sliding time,
"That wonted is to wear walloes away,
Could neuer for his death her dolour stay:
But alwayes in som black attire she went
Right modestly, and liv'd on little rent.
Deuout she was, and most times sole and sad,
With dole in heart, and mourning vesture clad,
Out shedding tears, as doth the turtle doue
On withred stalke, that wails her absent loue;
And widow like all pleasures doth forsake,
And neuer intends to take a secound make.
Thus *Iudith* chaste within her house abode,
And seldom was she seen to com abroad:
Vnlesse it were to see som wofull wife,
Whose childe or husband was bereft of life:
Or for to visit som in sickenesse rage,
Their longsom pain and dolours to asswage:
Or for to go to Church as God allowes,
To pray and offer and to perform her vowes.
Thus haue I shortly told you, brother dear,
The state of her, on whom our Citie hear
Haue fixed all their eyes: but I can nought
Tell where she goes, much less whats in her thought.
But if we may of passed things collect
The things to come: then may we well aspect
Great good of her, for that euen in her face
Is signe of ioy, and great presage of grace,
Or som good hap. With this and other talke,
They cut the night as they together walke.
This while, the worthy widdow with her maid
Past towards th'enmies camp not vnafraid:
For, ere she had two hundreth paces past,
The *Syrian* Soldiers in her way were cast:
Who spack her thus; O fair excellent wight,
Whence? what art thou? what doest thou here this night

In

In *Syrian* camp? I am(quoth ſhe)again
An *Iſraelite*, whom dolours doth conſtrain
To flee this towne, and for my lifes relief,
Submits me to the mercy of your Chief.
They took her to the Duke. But who hath ſeen
The throngs of folke where proclamations been
In ſom great town, or where ſom monſtrous beaſt
Is brought and wondred at by moſt and leaſt;
That man might iudge what flockes of ſoldiers came
From euery part to ſee that *Hebrew* Dame:
To ſee that fair, ſo chaſte, ſo amiable.
The more they gaſde, ſhe ſeemd more admirable,
Her wav'ring hair diſparpling flew apart
In ſeemly ſhed: the reſt with reckles art
With many-a curling ring decor'd her face,
And gaue her glaſhie browes a greater grace.
Two bending bowes of *Heben* coupled right
Two lucent ſtarres that were of heav'nly light,
Two geaty ſparks where *Cupid* chaſtly hides
His ſubtill ſhafts that from his quiuer glydes.
Tween theſe two ſunnes and front of equall ſiſe,
A comely figure formally did riſe
With draught vnleuell to her lip deſcend,
Where *Momus* ſelf could nothing diſcommend.
Her pitted cheeks aperde to be depaint,
With mixed roſe and lillies ſweet and ſaint.
Her dulcet mouth, with precious breath repleat,
Excelde the *Saben* Queen in ſauour ſweet.
Her *Corall* lips diſcov'red, as it were,
Two ranks of *Orient* pearle with ſmyling chere.
Her yv'ry neck, and breſt of *Alabaſtre*,
Made Heathen men, of her, more *Idolaſtre*.
Vpon her hand no wrinkled knot was ſeen;
But as each naile of mothet of pearle had been.
In ſhort, this *Iudith* was ſo paſſing fair,
That if the learned *Zeuxis* had been thaire,

And

And ſeene this Dame, when he with penſile drew
Helen. The *Croton* Dames, to forme the picture trew
Of her, for whom both *Greece* and *Aſia* fought.
This onely patron chiefe he would haue ſought;
No ſooner *Iudith* entred his Pauilion,
But in her face aroſe the red vermillion,
With ſhamefaſt feare: but then with language ſweet
The courteous Generall mildely gan her greet.
My loue, I am, I am not yet ſo fell,
As falſe report doth to you *Hebrews* tell.
They are my ſonnes, and I will be their father,
That honours me, and them I loue the rather,
That worſhips for their God th' *Aſſyrian* King:
They ſhall be well aſſurde to want nothing.
And this ſhall *Iſaac* knowe, if they will render
Vnto that bountious king as their defender.
For thy (my loue) tell me, withouten feare,
The happy motyf of thy comming heare.
O Prince (quoth ſhe, with an aſſured face)
Moſt ſtrong and wiſe and moſt in heauens grace,
That drawes the ſword, with ſteele vpon his breſt,
With helme on head, and launce in yron reſt:
Since that my feeble *Sex*, and tender youth,
Cannot long time indure, the cruell drouth,
The wakrife trauels, frayes, and haſzards great,
That day and night our Burgeſſes doth threat:
Yet neuertheleſſe this is not whole the cauſe
That from my Cities body me withdrawes.
To this your Camp: but that moſt grudging griefe,
Which burnes my zealous hart without reliefe,
Is this, my Lord; I haue a holy feare
To eate thoſe meates that God bids vs forbeare:
But, Sir, I ſee that our beſieged towne
Is ſo beſet with miſchiefe vp and downe,
The people will be forç't to eate in th'end
The meats that God expreſly doth defend:

Then

Then will the Lord with iuſt reuenge him wreak
Vpon all thoſe, that do his ſtatutes breake.
Without en fight their Cities he will ſack,
And make one man of thine ten thouſand wrack,
That flyes his fury, and thy furious face.
Now, I of *Bethul* am; and in this place
Beſeech thy noble Grace, if ſo thee pleaſe,
With courteous aide, to giue my dolours eaſe.
,Of common ſenſe he is depriued cleene,
,That fals with cloſed eye on daunger ſeen.
,And he that may both paine and hurt eſchew,
,Is vaine if he his proper death purſew.
Then in this quiet dale if I may byde
(In ſecret for to pray each euening tyde
To God; I ſhall, as he doth me enſpyre,
Aſſure you when enkendled is his yre,
Againſt our folke. Then ſhall I take on hand
To leade thine army through all *Iurie* Land,
And ſtreaming ſtandarts ſet on *Syon* hill,
Where none with weapons dare reſiſt thy will.
No, not a very dog, in euening dark,
At noyſe of harneſs ſhall againſt thee bark.
Thy onely name ſhall fray the Armies bolde.
Before thy face the mountaine tops ſhall folde.
The floods ſhal dry, & from their running ſtay,
To make thine Hoſte a new and vncouth way.
O Iewell of the world (quoth he) O Dame,
For gratious ſpeech and beuty worthy fame,
Now welcome here: would God it might you pleaſe
Long time with vs to dwell in reſt and eaſe.
For, if your faith and trouth concurrent be,
To this your talke, which greatly pleaſeth me;
I will from this time forth with you accord
To ſerue your onely *Hebrews* God and Lord;
And will my ſeruice whole to you enrowle,
Not of my Scepter onely, but my ſoule.

I will your name and honour ay defend
From *Hebrew* bounds vnto the world his end.
This ſaid: with ſilence, as the moone aroſe,
This widow her withdrew, and forth ſhe goes
Vnto a valley cloſe on euery part,
Where as ſhe waſht her corſe and clens'd her heart;
And with her weeping eyes the place beraid,
And to the God of *Iſaac* thus ſhe praide:
O Lord, withdraw not now thy helping hand
From thoſe, that at thy mercie onely ſtand.
O Lord defend them that deſire to ſpend
Their goods and blood, thy cauſe for to defend.
O Lord graunt that the cries of Children may,
With plaints of Oldmen weeping night and day,
And virgins voyces ſad in ſhroude of ſhame,
And laudes of *Leuits* ſounding forth thy fame,
Mount to thy throne, and with diſſundring break
Thy heauy ſleep. Wherefore doeſt thou awreake
Thy ſelf on *Hermon* with thy burning blaſt?
Or why doeſt thou on carefull *Carmell* caſt
Thy dreadfull darts? forgetting all the ſpace,
Theſe *Giants* that thy Scepter would diſplace?
Ah wretch, what ſay I? Lord apardon me.
Thy burning zeale (and none hypocriſie)
That frets my heauy heart at euery howre,
Compels my toung this language out to powre.
O thou, the euerliuing God and Guide
Of all our race, I know thou wilt prouide
For our reliefe againſt this furious boſte,
And iuſtly kill the Captaine of this hoſte.
I knowe, that thou wilt help my onely hand,
To be the wrack of all this heathen Band.

FINIS.

THE

THE SVMMARIE OF The V. BOOKE.

Holopherues, being surprised with the sweete language, and excellent beautie of the chaste *Iudith*, becommeth altogether negligent of his charge and gouernement. Wherein is represented the vnhabilitie of the reprobate, who cannot withstand such temptations as the Lord sendeth vpon them. But as they become slaues to their owne affections, so by the same they are enforced to fall into perdition. In place of some faithfull seruant to warne him of his vices, *Holopherues* conferreth with *Bagoas* an *Eunuch*, who feedeth him in his humour, & bringeth *Iudith* to his Tent. And here the Poet reprooues all flatterers and bawdes, with the vices of all Courts in Generall. *Iudith* seeing her chastitie in perill, and the time vnmeete to execute her enterprise: subtilie drawes the Tyrant to talke of other affaires. He thinking to insinuate himselfe the more into her fauour, taketh pleasure to crack of his conquests and of his speciall worthinesse; discoursing so long till suppertime approached & she auoyded the inconuenience. And here is to be noted, that whilest the tyrants boast of their cruelty against the Church, God prouideth for his owne, & preserueth them for that worke, that he hath ordained by them to be done.

THE FIFT BOOKE of IVDITH.

IN stead of marrow in bone, and blood in vaines,
Great *Holopherne* doth feede his cruell paines:
He bootlesse flees, and feeles; but he ne knowes
The quenched fire that of his ashes growes.
For, so the charming Image of this Dame,
The onely marke whereat his soule did ame,
Transported him in passions of despaire,
That of his mighty camp he quits the care,

And goes no more his matters to diſpatch,
Nor vewes his corpſgard, nor relieues his watch,
Nor Councell cals, nor ſent to ſpy the coſte,
Nor vewes the quarters of his ſpacious hoſte.
But as the ſheep that haue no hirde nor guide,
But wandring ſtrayes along the riuers ſide,
Throw burbling brookes, or throw the forreſt grene,
Throw meadowes cloſures, or throw ſhadows ſhene:
Right ſo the Heathen hoſte, without all bridle,
Runns inſolent, to yicious actions ydle,
Where none obeyes, ech one commanding ſpeaks,
Eche one at pleaſure from his banner breaks.
What do you *Hebrews* now within your wall?
Now time to fight, or neuer time at all,
To pay theſe *Pagans*, whoſe confuſed corſe
Combats againſt themſelfs with deadly force.
Nay, ſtay a while: of ſuch a great victory,
Your onely God will haue the onely glory.
Before this tyrant was with loue yblent,
To winne the towne he plide his whole entent:
But now, both night and day, his minde doth frame
To conquer this moſt chaſt vnconqueſt Dame.
So luſt him led: th'vndaunted *Theban* knight,
With waighty mace, had neuer him affright:
But now a womans look his hart enfeares,
And in his breſt the cureleſſe wound he beares.
Ambition, erſt, ſo had him ouercumme,
That made him dayly ryſe by ſound of drumme.
Now *Cupid* him awaks with hote alarmes,
That him withholds to do the *Hebrews* harmes.
Before, he rulde aboue both Prince and King:
Now can he not himſelfe in order bring.

Complaint.

Alas (quoth he) what life is this I haue,
Becomming captiue to my captiue ſlaue?
(Vnhappy chance) what life is this I ſay?
My vertue gone, my forces fals away.

Nay

Nay ſure no life it is, more pain I feele,
Then *Ixion* torn vpon th' *Eternall* wheele:
My life is like the theefs that ſtole the fire, *Prometheus.*
On whoſe mortall hart there doth alwayes tire
A rauenous fowle, that gnawes him to the bone,
Reuiuing ſtill, bound to the *Scythian* ſtone.
What ſerues it me, t'haue won where I haue haunted?
What ſerues my victor arme, for to haue daunted
The people ſituate tween *Hydaſpe* large,
And port where *Cydnus* doth in ſea diſcharge;
Since I am vanquiſht by the feeble ſight
Of captiue *Iudith?* what auailes my might,
My targe of ſteele, my Burguinet of Braſſe,
My guard of warriours ſtout whereſo I paſſe;
Since her ſweet eye hath ſent the pointed dart
Throgh men and weapons, pearcing throu my hart?
What ſerues my courſers, who with ſwiftnes light
Exceeds the ſwallow, ſwifteſt bird of flight;
Since I on him cannot auoide, one ynch,
The care that night and day my heart doth pinch?
Then change (O *Hebrewes*) change your tears in ſong,
And triumph ore my hoſte and army ſtrong.
I am no more that Duke, whoſe name alone
Hath made great warriours quake both lim and bone:
But I am he, whoſe hart was ſometime braue;
Now letſe then nought, the ſlaue but of a ſlaue.
I com not here your *Iſaac* to annoy,
With fire and ſword, your houſes to deſtroy:
But to require your *Iudith*, her to render
More milde to me. What? is my wit ſo ſlender
(Berapt with loue) haue I not heer my ioy,
That onely may relieue me from annoy?
Yet neuertheleſſe I cleue the aire in vain,
With plaints, and makes myne eyes but fountains twain.
I wretch am like the wretched man indeed, *Tantalus.*
The more he hath the greater is his need.

Although he deeply plonge in water cleare,
To quench his thirſt: yet he is not the neare.
For, ſo do I reſpect the heavenly grace,
That largely is beſtowde vpon her face,
That with mine eyes I dare not her behold,
My toung doth ſtay and in the palat folde.
Why haue not I a heart of *Cryſtall* cleare,
Tronſparent through, to let my paine appeare?
That there ſhe might of all my torments reed,
Which loue withholds within my heart in dreed?
Now, ſince that *Iudith* to this camp arriv'd,
The light of heav'n had thriſe his courſe reviv'd,
And darkned thriſe, and gan with ſaffron hew
To light the *Ynds*, the fourth day to renewe;
When thus the Duke, who left repaſt and reſt,
Vnto his *Eunuch* this like porpos dreſt.
O *Bagos*, ſonne adoptife, not by chaunce,
Whom I haue choſe of nought thee to aduance,
By ſpeciall grace, and made thee (though I boaſte)
Firſt of my hart, and ſecond of myne Hoaſte;
I rage, I burne, I dye in deſp'rate thought,
Through loue, by this ſame ſtrangers beuty brought,
Go, ſeek her then, and ſhortly to her ſay,
What ſecret flame torments me day by day:
Shew that I ſhall her to ſuch honours bring,
As he that beares the Scepter of a King:
But chiefly ſee thy talke be framed thus,
That ſhe do come this night and ſuppe with vs.
Now ſhould it not to me be folly and ſhame,
To haue within my holde the faireſt dame,
That ground doth beare, if I dare not aſpire
To quench the burning flame of my deſire?
I ſhould but ſerue my ſoldiers for a Ieaſt:
And *Iudith* faire would count me but a beaſt.
Then *Bagos* well acquaint with ſuch a caſt,
He fed the lamp that brunt but ouerfaſt.

If

If priuate men (quoth he) and people poore,
That goes not ouer the threshold of their doore,
But spends their daies in trauell and debate,
And neuer seeks to win a better state,
Liues not content, if that the *Cyprian* Dame
Do not sometime their frozen harts enflame;
What slaues are those then, on whose backs are dreſt
The burdens of this world, who takes no reſt
For Publike weale, but wakes with *Argus* eies,
For others ease that to no care applies;
If they, among so many great vexations,
May not receiue in loue some recreations?
Pursue your loue my Lord, and make no let
To take the fish that els is in your net.
And as ere this you haue me faithfull found,
In like Ambassades when ye them propound:
So shall you finde me, in this loue of new,
To be as faithfull, secret, treſt, and trew.
Alas, how many such are in our times
In princes Courts, that high to honour climes,
More for their handling such an enterprise,
Then for their being valiant, learnde, or wise?
Sometimes the Courts of kings were vertuous schooles:
Now finde we nought in Court but curious fooles.
O you, whose noble harts cannot accord
To be the slaues to an infamous Lord:
And knowes not how to mixe, with perlous Art,
The deadly poyson of the Amorous dart:
Whose natures, being free, wills no constraint,
Nor will your face with flattring pensile paint,
For wel, nor wo, for pittie, nor for hire,
Of *good my Lords* their fauours to acquire;
Go not to Court if yee will me beleue:
For, in that place where ye think to retreue
The honour due for vertue, ye shall finde
Nought but contempt, which leaues good men behinde.

Ye worthy Dames, that in your breaſts do bear
Of your al-ſeeing God no ſeruile fear:
Ye that of honour haue a greater care,
Then ſights of Courts, I pray you come not thare.
Let men, that in their purſe hath not a myte,
Clothe them like kings, and play the hypocrite,
And with a lying tale and feined chear,
Court-cozen them whom they would ſee on bear.
Let there the *Pandar* ſell his wife for gain,
With ſeruice vile, his nobleſſe to attain.
Let him that ſerues the time, chaunge his entent,
With faith vnconſtant faile at euerie vent.
Ye ſonnes of craft, bear ye as many faces
As *Proteus* takes among the Marine places,
And force your natures all the beſt ye carr
To counterfait the grace of ſome great man;
Chamaleon like, who takes to him ech hew
Of black or white, or yellow, green, or blew,
That comes him next: So you that finds the facion
To hurt the poor, with many-a great taxacion:
You that do preaſe to haue the princes eare,
To make your names in Prouinces appear:
Ye ſubtill *Thurims*, ſell your fumiſh winde,
To wicked wights whoſe ſenſes ye do blinde.
Ye fearfull Rocks, ye ymps of *Achelois*,
Who wracks the wiſeſt youth with charming vois:
Ye *Circes*, who by your enchantment ſtrange,
In ſtones and ſwine, your louers true do change:
Ye *Stymphalids*, who with your youth vpeaks,
You rauens that from vs our riches raks:
Ye, who with riches art, and painted face,
For *Priams* wife, puts *Caſtors* ſiſter in place:
Ye *Myrrhas*, *Canaces*, and *Semirames*,
And if there reſt yet mo defamed dames,
Com all to Court, and there ye ſhall refaue
A thouſand gains vnmeet for you to haue.

There

There ſhall you ſell the gifts of great prouinces,
There ſhal you ſell the grace of graceles princes.
Stay heer my Muſe: it thee behoues to haue
Great conſtancy and many-a *Hercles* braue
To purge this age, of vices more notable,
Then was the ſtals of foule *Aegeans* ſtable.
Return to *Judith*, who to bring to paſſe
Her high attempt, before her ſets her glaſſe,
And ginnes to deck her hair like burniſht gold,
Whoſe beuty had no peer for to behold.
Then went ſhe to his tent, where ſhe eſpide
The gorgious tappeſtries, on euerie ſide,
Of *Perſian* Kings, of *Meds*, and *Syrian* ſtories,
How *Ninus* firſt (prickt forth with great vain glories)
Subdewd the Eaſt: then next in order came
(Diſguis'd in kinde) his wife Queen *Semirame*;
Who took the Scepter and with tourrets hye
Great *Babylon* erected to the skye.
Lo, how a Prince, with fingers white and fine, *Sardanapa-*
In womens weed the tender twiſt doth twine, *lus.*
Who bare a Rock in ſted of Royall mace,
And for a man with woman changeth grace.
In geſtures all: he friſles and he fards,
He oynts, he bathes, his viſage he regards
In *Cryſtall* glaſſe, which for his ſword he wore,
And loſt his crowne without all combat more.
Amongſt his vertugals, for ayde he drew,
From his Lieutenant, who did him purſew,
And wan his Scepter. Yet with feeble yre,
He burnt himſelf, and ended his empyre.
Behold, a Bitch then feeds a ſucking childe,
Amongſt the pricking thornes and brambles wilde; *Cyrus.*
Who grew ſo great and was of ſuch a fame,
That bond, and free, his waged men became,
And afterward ſubuerted, to his lawe,
The *Median* ſcepter vnder *Perſians* awe.

But.

But what is he that ſo reformed goze
Before the camp, and wants his eares and noze?
That was that ſeruant true, who by that ſlight,
Brought *Babylon* again in *Darius* might.
While *Iudith* fed her eies with figures vaine,
Her hart replete with paſſions and with paine;
The *Genrall* came, and with a viſage gent,
Saluted her, and by the hand her hent,
And cauſed her ſit down vpon a chare,
The more at eaſe to view her beuties rare.
Then, when he ſaw himſelf ſo neare his pleaſure,
He brunt in hart, and ſcarſe could byde the leaſure
Till *Venus* with her garland ſhewde in ſight,
On his *Horizon* to renue the night.
This widow, finding then the time vnmeete,
Gods iuſt determination to complete;
Made much delay, and fand full many a skuſe,
With ſundry talke this tyrant to abuſe:
And ſaid; my Lord, I pray you ſhew to me,
What furie iuſt hath mov'd your maieſty?
What haue our people done (pleaſe it your Grace)
By whom or when that *Izaks* holy race
Might ſo prouoke a Prince to wrack full war,
In toungs, and lawes, ſo ſep'rate from vs far?
Then ſaid the Duke, vncourteous ſhould I be
If I deny (O faire) to anſwere thee.
Now as the heav'n two Sunnes cannot containe,
So in the earth two kings cannot remaine
Of equall ſtate. So doth ambition craue,
One king will not another equall haue.
My Prince is witneſſe: who at warres did fall,
With king *Arphaxat*, cauſe he raiſde his wall
Of *Ecbatane* ſo high that it did ſhame
To *Ninive*, and *Babell* feard the ſame:
For which, he vndertooke to ſpoyle his throne,
And race his Scepter to the loweſt ſtone:

With

With ſpite, his buildings braue he caſt adown.
Arphaxat then, a man of great renowne,
And worthie of his Scepter and his ſtate,
Thought better in the field to make debate,
Then beare a ſcorne, his *Medes* to battell drew:
Thus 'tweene them two did cruell war enſew.
Arphaxat armed all the yles of *Greece*,
Where *Iaſon* was, but ſought no golden fleece,
But golden lingots with aboundant gaine,
Wher *Phaſis* ſtreame bedeawes the pleaſant Plaine.
The *Harmaſtans*, and *Albans*, ſtrong, and wiſe,
That ſowes but once, and haue their haruеſt thriſe:
The men that neer to *Oxus* banks abydes,
And thoſe that *Antitaurus* horns diuydes:
And thoſe that mans the mount vpon whoſe breſt
The ſhip that ſcap't the gentall flood did reſt:
And thoſe that are (not hid) within the Reame,
Wher proude *Iaxartes* flowes with furious ſtreame:
In ſhort; the *Medes* brought men to ayde their plea,
From *Pontus* far beyond the *Caſpian* ſea:
And of this Hoſte *Arphaxat* was commander,
With hope and heart more high then *Alexander*.
My prince deſirous then to winne or dy,
Left nought vndone that furthred to ſupply
His troubled ſtate. He armed *Syttacene*,
And waged Archers out of *Ofrohene*:
Ye Lords of Lands that yelds the hundreth corne,
Leaue *Euphrates* and bounds where ye were borne:
Ye *Carmans* bolde that all on fiſh do feede,
And of their pelts do make your warlike weede;
Leaue *Hytan* bounds, go ſeek the golden ſands:
Ye *Parths*, ye *Coſſes*, *Arabs*, and ye lands,
That of your *Magi* Prophets thinks ye knowe
Their ſpells diuine, your ſelf for pik men ſhowe.
O *Calde*, chaunge thine *Aſtrolab* and ſquare
To ſpeare and ſhield: for, we no wight will ſpare

Of

Of able age, of high or lowe degrie
That trails the pike, or launce layes on his thie.
Let women, Children, and the burghers olde
At home alone, let them their houſes holde.
We ſommond eke the *Perſians* and *Phœnicians*,
The ſoft *Aegyptians*, *Hebrews*, and *Cilicians*,
To come in haſte, and ioyne their force to ours:
But they diſdainfully deteind their powrs;
And, with their wicked hands, and words vnſage,
They did our ſacred meſſengers outrage.
My maiſter for a time, put vp this wrong,
Attending time, to quite theſe enmies ſtrong;
With purpoſe, more at leaſure, to prouide
T' abate this ſacrilegious peoples pride.
Battell. Two greater kings were neuer ſeen beforne,
Then camped was in *Ragau* field at morne,
With hauty harts enarmed all in yre:
Ech ſoldier ſet another ſo on fire,
That ſcarſly they could keep them in their bound,
Till pipe, or Cymball, or the trumpets ſound,
Denounce the choke: but with their furious faces,
They thret their foes afarre with fell menaces,
And ſtrokes at hand: two thouſand Lads forlorne
(To blunt the ſword) were down in battell borne.
Vpon their flanks flew feruently the ſtones,
That bet their bucklers to their bruſed bones.
The ſquadrons then ſteps ſternly to the ſtrokes,
With harts inhumain all the battell yokes,
And are ſupplide with many mighty bands:
Som counters them, and ſternly them withſtands:
With foot to foot ech other ouer plyes:
Both *Meds* and *Caldes* claſp with gaſtly cryes;
Like *Nilus* ſtream that from the rocks doth romble,
Or *Encelade* when he in tombe doth tomble.
Here ſom lies headles: ſom, that cannot ſtand,
Trails on his wombe, and wants both foot and hand,

Cut

Cut off with ſtroks: ſome perç't throu plate and mails:
Some ſhoulder-ſlaſht: ſome panched in th'entrails:
Some brains outbet: ſome in the guts were gor'd:
Some dying vomit blood: and ſome were ſmor'd:
Some neither quick nor dead, do yet attend
What place it pleaſeth God their ſoules to ſend:
So loth the little life, that doth abyde,
Is, from the dying body to diuide.
The ground that erſt was yellow, greene, and blew,
Is ouercled with blood in purpure hew.
While this man giues ſome one his deadly baine,
He of another gets the like againe.
The rage encreaſing growes with yrefull flame:
The field is ſpred with bodies dead and lame.
Like as ye ſee the wallowing ſea to ſtriue,
Flood after flood, and waue with vvaue to driue, *Comparison.*
Then waues with vvaues, the floods with floods do chaſe,
And eft returnes vnto their former place:
Or like the crops of corne in mids of May
(Blowne vvith the vveſtren wind) aſide doth ſway,
Both to and fro, as force doth them conſtraine,
And yet their tops redreſſeth vp againe:
So, whiles the *Syrians* are by *Medes* diſplaced;
And whiles the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechaſed.
Then, like two raging floods that down do fall,
From two contrarie mutine mountains tall;
Downe bearing bridge and bank, and all deſtroyes,
And ſtriues which one may do the moſt annoyes:
So, theſe two kings, in force and courage ſtout,
Excels the reſt with ſlaughter them about:
Wherſo they preaſt, they left on either ſide,
Behinde them, two long opened wayes and wide:
For, all their bucklers, *Morions*, and *Quiraces*
Were of no proofe againſt their peiſant maces.
Yet (for the time) the *Medes* ſo fearcely fought,
That they th'*Aſſyrian* bands in terrour brought,

And pauld his ſoldiers harts, and brak their might;
Who (ouercome) tooke them to ſhamefull flight.
The *Medes* purſewd, and wounded, in that chace,
Ten thouſand men; but none, vpon the face.
In ſhort, this day our Scepter had depriued,
Had I not like the thunder dint arriued
In battels brunt. Their male and their vantbras,
Their helme and ſhield, before my Coutelas,
Were fraile as glas: and neuer a ſtroke I lent
But deadly was, and them more terrour ſent
Then all our camp. The ſoldier then in feare
With trembling hand could ſcarſly weild his ſpeare.
The pal-hewd knight with hart in breſt that quakes,
His thyes in ſaddle, and feet in ſtirrops ſhakes
For dread of me. There ſome, with trenchant glaiue
From hight of head, to middle down I claiue.
And ſome ſo farre I foyned through the Iack,
The blade aperde a foote behinde his back:
So that the *Medes*, afrayd at ſuch a thing,
In heat of fight they fled and left their king.
Who ſeing himſelf betrayd, his clothes he rent,
And bloodie towards *Rayan* towne he went:
Where we him met, yet (*Brane*) did him defend,
And ſought amongſt his foes a famous end:
As doth the *Tyger* wilde who ſees her den
Beſet about with hunters dogs and men,
That turns her feare to furious raging rife
And will not vnreuenged loſe her life:
So he them thunderbet wherſo he went,
That neuer a ſtroke in vaine his right hand ſpent:
But er with murdring blade they could him quell,
Full many-a bold precurſor he ſent to hell.
At laſt, *Arphaxat* gan of ſlaughter tyre,
And (wounded ſore) left both his life and yre,
And fell, as doth ſome huge high planted oak,
That long hath byde the winds, and many-a ſtroak

Of many an axe; yet ſtoutly doth ſuſtaine
Their trauels long, and fruſtrats all their paine;
The roote doth ſigh, the dale doth roring ſound,
And to the heauen the noyſe doth high rebound;
His head now here, now there, ſeemes to incline,
And threats him here and there with great ruine:
Yet ſtands vpright aboue the higheſt okes,
Till, vanquiſht with a thouſand thouſand ſtrokes,
He falls at laſt, and brings with him to ground
Both trees and cattell to the Plaine profound:
So with *Arphaxat* fell the *Medes* empyre.
My king the king of kings, then in his yre
Ras'd *Ecbatan*: and now growes weed and herbe,
Where ſometime ſtood his palaces ſuperbe.
So that where erſt the lute and lowde *Hautbois*
Were wont to ſound with ſweete concordant nois,
Now ſhriking owles and other monſters moe
In funerall ſound fulfils the place with woe.
My potent Prince, when all this warre was ceaſt
Conſumed moneths foure in Royall feaſt,
In *Ninive* the great: which banket done,
He me commanded to aſſemble ſone
His Royall hoſte, to puniſh all and ſome,
That to his former ayd diſdaind to come:
And that I ſhortly ſhould with ſword and flame
Reuenge his honour: but alas, *Madame*,
Full farre am I from that I would purſew.
For, comming here thy nation to ſubdew,
I vanquiſht am by thee; ſo that deaths might,
Shall ſhortly cloſe mine eyes with endles night,
If you not (with a louing kiſſe) to me
Reſtore my life. O worthy Prince, quoth ſhe,
Continue your diſcours, and to me tell
What great aduentures to your Hoſte befell.
Then he retooke his tale he left alate,
And made a long diſcours of all his ſtate,

Part, true, part falſe: as do ſome warriours braue,
Who ſpeaking of their Acts will lye and raue.

Oration. My Camp aſſembled, then gan I t'enflame
My ſoldiers harts thus, for to win them fame:
Companions, now, if euer ye pretend
To winne renoume that neuer ſhall haue end,
Go forwards now, plague theſe inhumain Lands,
That on our ſacred Legats layd their hands.
Reuenge, reuenge, ye men, your moſt hie Prince,
That ever Scepter bare in rich prouince,
That euer came adowne with mighty arme,
From circled ſtarres. *Alarm'* ſoldats, alarme:
Take blades in hand, and brands of burning yre,
To waſte the weſtern world with ſword and fyre.
With bloody ſeas bedewe ech mount and vvood,
And make your horſes fearce to ſwimme in blood.
Receiue the Scepter great and crowne of might
Of all this world vvhich is to you behight.
Receiue this laude, that for your conqueſt braue,
Shall draw your fames from the forgetfull graue.
Receiue yee valiant men the noble ſpoyle
Of many-a land that ye ſhall put to foyle.
Let men behold that ſees you day by day,
How ye are cloyde with honour ſpoile and pray:
Thus ended I. And as my words were ſpent,
They bet their bucklers, ſhowing them content
With courage bolde, to fight with me and byde.
Then ſixſcore thouſand men I had to guide,
Or moe, and ſo from *Ninive* we paſt
And marched vnto (*Bellide*) at laſt,
I through *Edeſſi*, *Amidi*, and *Carran* came,
Where ſometime dwelt your father *Abraham*:
I wan the mount vvhoſe thwarting hornes diuyds
All *Aſie*; and ſerues for bounds on ſundrie ſyds,
To manie great Empyrs: I ſlew, I brent
All in my way. My fellon ſoldiers vvent

Like

Like mowers with their sithes in sowple hands,
Who leaues not after them a straw that stands;
But ample swathes of grasse on ground doth cast,
And showes what way their sharped sithes haue past.
All *Lydia* knowes, that nought now growes in it
But weeds. And *Phuls*-and *Tharsis* feeles it yit.
I was wel-neare the straits that closeth all
Phœnice and th'*Isbique* Rouers, like a wall,
When *Rosea*, *Solea*, *Mops*, *Anchiali* and *Iscia*,
And sweete *Egei*: and (short) the whole *Cilicia*,
This passage took before and lay in wait,
To stay my Armie for to passe this straight.
If I the harmes and hassards all should tell
Of all th'affairs and bloody frayes that fell,
And succours sent; the day should slide away
Before my tale. For that *Cilicia* I say,
Through great aduantage of their ground so narrow,
Defended them from both the speare and arrow:
So that my Hoste, that gaue before the chace,
To puissant kings, now fled with great disgrace. *Craking.*
Then soming in despite, despaire, and yre,
I cast my selfe where shot flew like the fyre:
And though they hurt me in a hundred parts,
And though my buckler bare a wood of darts:
Yet left not I, but with audacious face
I brauely fought, and made them all giue place.
My army followde, where my arme made way
With trenching blade, on bodies dead that lay.
The greatest coward, that my captains led,
Pursewd and slew the most of them that fled.
The *Cidnus* streame (who for his siluer flood
Esteemd a king) ran now with humaine blood:
The *Pyram* fearce, in seas discharged than
Full many-a helm, and sword, and worthy man.
In short as your owne riuer seems to rest,
With swelling tyds and frothy foods repressd,

Within his bank: yet furiously him wreaks
With weightie force and banks and bridges breaks,
And strojes the Plaines, and makes for many-a day
More wrak, then if his channels open lay:
In semble sort their bands I did enchace,
That kept the entrance of that craggie place.
I brunt, I slew, cast down, all that I fand;
And, *Asia* spoild, I entred th'easter Land.
I wan *Celes*, and raged pitti-les
Vpon the fruitfull shore of *Euphrates*.
I bet the desart *Rapse*, and *Eagria* Land,
Who knowes the vertue of my conquering hand.
From thence to seaward sewing mine entent
I wasted *Madian*. Northward then I went
To *Liban*-ward, *Damascus* ouerrinning,
With other towns, *Abila*, and *Hippas* winning.
From thence, vvith curious mind my standerds styes
The hill, where sunne is seen to set and ryes.
And so from thence I forward led mine hoste,
To th'*Occident* on the *Phœnician* coste.
Then *Sidon*, *Bible*, *Beryte*, *Tyre*, and *Gaze*,
With *Ascalon*, and *Assot*, in a maze
For feare, sent humbly to my sacred seat,
Wise messengers, my fauour to intreat.
We come not here, my Lord said they, with armes
For to resist the chok of thy *Gens d'armes*:
But Prince, we come, of thee for to resaue
Both life and death, and what law vve shall haue.
Our townes are thine, our citties and our hills,
Our fields, our flocks, our wealth is at your wills.
Our seruice, and our treasures, great and small,
Our selfs, our wyues, and our faire children all,
Now only rests to thee, if so thee please
To take vs thus, O God what greater ease:
O God vvhat greater good may vs befall,
Then vnto such a Chiefe for to be thrall:

Who

Who weilds the valiant lance and ballance right,
With vertue, like the Gods of greatest might.
So were to me as gratious to beholde
Their townes and Cities both: for, young and old
With crownes, and presents of the *Flora* sweet,
And costly odours, humbly did me greete.
At sounds of hornes and pypes they dauncing vvent,
With goods and bodies me for to present.
Then I, abusing not the law of armes,
Entreated them, and did to them no harmes,
Nor to their Lands: But first their forts I mand,
With men of mine, and theirs tooke in my Band.
For where that I my people farthest drew,
My camp in bands, from bands, to armies grew,
As doth the *Danow* which begins to flow,
By *Raurak* fields with snakish crangling slow,
Then swels his floods with sixty riuers large,
That in the *Golfe Euxinus* doth discharge.
I vvende *Madame* that *Izrell*, like the rest,
Would yeeld to me, that I should not be strest
Against their brest to moue my murdring speare:
But as I came the *Scythique* rampier neare
(The Tombe of her whose milk had such a hap
To feede the twise borne *Denis* in her lap)
I heard their wilfull rage first in that place:
Which doubtles will destroy all *Abrahams* race.

FINIS.

THE SVMMARIE OF The VI. BOOKE.

Iudith, hauing escaped the perill of her chastity, is brought to a sumptuous banquet prepared by *Holophernes* for the intertainment of her, & farther prouocation of his filthy lust: In which the abhominable vice of gluttonie is by the *Poet* wisely deserued, and sharply reprehended. And whereas the *Tyrant* thought by such excesse to ouercome the chaste widow: himself is so ouercome with wine, that vpon a very simple delay he lets her goe till he was in his bed. And here is noted that the snares that the wicked laies for others, they fal in them their selfs. Whiles the *Tyrant* contemplated his lust, *Iudith* in trouble called vpon her God, who made way for her works through the *Tyrants* owne wickednesse: who heaping sin vpon sin, approched at last to the end of his tragœdy: and mounting vpon the skaffolde of the yre of God, falls asleep in his sinfull bed, and is by *Iudith* beheaded in his beastly drunkennes. True it is that in this execution she felt her great infirmity: but likewise she found that God was able to strengthen the most feeble for the execution of his Iustice. And as before she was preserued in the midst of her enemies: so the Lord to make a miraculous end of his work, brings her safe home to her people. The *Bethulians* giues thankes to God. The *Ammonit* ravished with this miracle, embraced the true religiõ. The head of *Holophernes* (that *Iudiths* seruant brought) being set vp for a terrible spectacle to the Heathen encouraged the Citizens to giue assault vpon the camp. *Bagoas* who had beene an instrument of the *Tyrants* wickednes, is the first that finds his masters headles Carkas, and puts the camp in such affray, that they fled all before *Israell*, in such sort that scarce one was left to bring newes to *Ninive*, of the fortune of the battell. And that was Gods Iustice, that those that had followed this *Tyrant* in his wickednes should be companions of his death. *Iudith* last of all celebrates the deliuerance of God, with a song, to the honour and glorie of his almighty name.

THE SIXT BOOKE of IVDITH.

BEfore the Pagan had his purpoſe ended,
The night obſcure from mountains high deſcended,
And ſewers ſet the boord with coſtly meate,
Of paſſing price, ſo delicate to eate,
That *Holopherne* vnto his ioyous feaſt
Aperd t'haue cald the kings of weſt and eaſt.
O glutton throtes, O greedy guts profound!
The choſen meats, within the world his bound
By th'*Abderois* inuented, may not ſtaunch,
Nor ſatisfie your foule deuouring paunch:
But muſt in *Moluke* ſeek the ſpices fine,
Canary ſuger, and the *Candy* wine.
Your appetits (O gluttons) to content,
The ſacred breſt of *Thetis* blew is rent:
The Aire muſt be diſpeopled for your mawes:
The *Phœnix* ſole can ſcarſe eſcape your iawes.
'O plague, O poyſon to the warriour ſtate!
'Thou makes the noble harts effeminate.
'While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curioes* and *Fabricet*,
'Who fed on roots and ſought not for delices:
'And when the onely *Creſſon* was the food
'Moſt delicate to *Perſia*; then they ſtood
'In happy ſtate, renowmde in peace and warre,
'And throu the world their triumphs ſpred afarre:
'But when they after, in th'*Aſſyrian* hall,
'Had learnd the leſſons of *Sardanapall:*
'And when the other, giuen to belly chear,
'By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitells* gouernd weare,
'Who gloried more to fill a coſtly plate,
'Then kill a *Phyrrhus* or a *Mythridate*;
'Then both of them were ſeen for to be ſacked
'By nations poore, whom they before had wracked.

Exclamatiõ.

Gluttonie.

'Of little, Nature liues: ſuperfluous meat
'But duls the ſprite, and doth the ſtomack freat.
'When they were ſet, then throw that Royall rout
The *Maluesie* was quaffed oft about.
One drinkes out of an *Alabaſtar* Cuppe:
One out of *Cryſtall* doth the *Nectar* ſuppe:
Som out of curious ſhells of *Vnicorne:*
Som ſpills the wine, and ſom to beds were borne,
But namely there the *Vizroy* would not tyre,
But more he drank, the more he had deſire:
Like to the *Ocean*-Sea, though it reſaues
All *Nilus* floods, yea all freſh water craues
From Eaſt to Weſt, yet growes he not a grain,
But ſtill is ready for aſmuch, again.
One glas drawes on another glas: and whan
The butler ment to ceaſe, he but began
To skink god *Bacchus:* thus this dronken wight
Among his dronkards tippled till midnight:
Then each of them, with ſtackring ſteps out went,
And groping hands, retyring to his tent.
This tyrant wiſht them oft away before:
To whom ech moment ſeemd to be a skore.
Aſſone as they were gone, then gan he preaſe
The trembling *Iudith:* Ceaſe, great prince, O ceaſe
The widow ſayd: what haſt need you to make
To reap the flowre that none can from you take?
My Lord, go to your bed and take your eaſe;
Where I your ſweet embracings will compleaſe,
Aſſoone as I my garments may remoue,
That bindes my body brunt with ardent loue.
Now, if that ſober wits and wylie brains
Cannot auoide the female tricks and trains:
Abaſh not reader though this reckles Roy
(Bewitcht by *Semels* ſonne, and *Venus* boy)
Was thus beguilde: conſidering, both theſe twain
Confounds the force of thoſe that them retain.

So,

So letting *Iudith* ſlide out of his arme,
He gins to looſe his garments ſoft and warme:
But throw his haſt, his hand came leſſer ſpeed,
And though he was deceiv'd, yet tooke no heed,
But wening well t'vntruſs his peeuiſh points,
He knits them twyfold with his trembling ioints;
So long till he, with anger diſcontent,
Cuts me them all, and off his clothes he rent,
And naked went to bed. Then as ye ſee
The bloody boweman ſtand behind a tree,
Who warely watches for the wandring deare:
To euery part, where de doth thinke to heare
Some trembling buſh, ſome beaſt or *Lezard* ſmall,
That motion makes, ſo turneth he withall
His face and hand to ſhoot, but all in vaine
For to relieue his long aſpecting paine:
Euen ſo, this fooliſh tyrant when he hard
Some rat or mouſe, then thought he to himward,
His Miſtris came: and when he heard no more,
Yet thought (ſhe came) whom moſt he did adore.
While vp he lifts his head, while lets it fall:
While lookes about, while counts the paſes all,
That ſhe ſhould paſſe, to come vnto his bed.
Thus turning oft, as ardent luſt him led,
He thought his bed was ſowen with pricking thorne:
But now the drink, that he had dronke beforne,
Brewd in his braine, and from his mind it took
The ſweet remembrance of her louing look.
So fell on ſleepe: and then to him appears
Ten thouſand flames, ten thouſand dinnes he hears,
And dreams of Diuels, and *Damons* dark and dim,
Meduſas, *Minotaurs*, and *Gorgons* grim.
This while, the hart of *Iudith* gan to beat
Inceſſantly, beſet with battell great:
One while her feare refeld her firſt entent:
One while her action iuſt her courage lent.

Then ſayd ſhe, *Iudith*, now is time, go to it,
And ſaue thy people: Nay, I will not do it.
I will, I will not; Go, feare not againe:
Wilt thou the ſacred geſtning then prophane?
Not it prophane; but holier it ſhall ſtand,
When holy folke are helped by my hand.
But ſhamefull liues the traytour euermore;
No trayt or ſhe who doth her towne reſtore.
But murdrers all, are of the heav'n forſaken:
All murder- is not for murder alwayes taken.
Alas, are they not murdrers ſleyes their Prince?
This tyrant is no prince of my prouince:
But, what if God will haue vs vnder his awe?
Hee's not of God that fights againſt his lawe.
For then ſhould *Abud*, *Iabell*, and *Iehew*,
Be homicids, becauſe they tyrants ſlew.
But what? they were commanded of the Lord:
To ſuch an act, my hart ſhould ſoone accord.
Alas, my hart is weak for ſuch a deed:
Th'are ſtrong ynough whom God doth ſtrength at need.
But when 'tis done who ſhall my warrant be?
God brought me here, God will deliuer me.
What if the Lord leaue thee in Heathen hands?
Were this *Duke* dead, I fear no death nor bands.
But what if they pollute thee like a ſlaue?
My body with my hart they ſhall not haue.
Thus ſhe reſolued in her minde at laſt,
Her hands and eyes vnto the heauen ſhe caſt,
And with an humble voyce to God ſhe prayd:
O gratious God that alwayes art the ayd
To thy beloued *Iſaak*, I thee pray
To ſtrength my hand, euen my right hand this day,
That I may make this bloody tyrant dye,
That to diſcepter thee would skale the skye.
But ſince thy goodneſſe hath preſerued me,
And brought my bote ſo near the ſhoare to be;

Grant

Grant that some sleepy drinke I may prouide,
To dull this tyrants hart and daunt his pride,
To th'end that I may free thy congregation;
Vnto thy honour, and our consolation.
This prayer done, she looked round about,
And heard this dronken prince in sleeping rout:
Then stept she to his sword that by him stood,
Which oft had bath'd the world with humain blood:
But as she preast this tyrant for to quell,
Fear reft the sword from her, and downe she fell,
And lost at once the strength of hart and corse.
O God (quoth she) now by thy mighty force
Restore my strength. This said (with pale annoy)
She rudly rose, and stroke this sleeping *Roy*,
So fell, that from his shoulders flew his powle,
And from his body fled his *Ethnique* sowle
Hie way to hell. His bulk all blood bestaind
Lay still, his head in *Iudiths* hand remaind;
The which her maid put vp into a sack:
Thus throw the camp they close away do pack,
Empeacht of none. For, those that had her seen,
Supposde she went (as she had wonted been,
The nights before) vnto the valley, whear
They thought she went to serue *Diana* clear.
When *Iudith* chaste came near the *Hebrew* wall,
Let in (quoth she) for our great God of all
Hath broke this night the whole *Assyrian* power,
And raysd the horne of *Izak* at this hower.
Then men, amazde of her vnhoped state,
About her ran assembling at the gate,
Where holy *Iudith* on a hill was mounted,
And all her chaunce from point to point recounted;
And there discov'ring drew out of the sack
The bloody head of th'enmy of *Izak*.
The Citizens, that saw how she did stand
With th'end of *Assurs* head in her right hand;

They

They prayſed God, who by her hand had ſlain
And puniſhed that traytour inhumain.
, But, moſt of all Duke *Amuon* did admire
, The worke of God. Then he t'eſcape the yre
, Of *Iacobs* God, who aydes the weakeſt part,
, He ſhortly circumcis'd his fleſh and hart.
, O God, that rightly by foreſight diuine
, Repels the purpoſe of all mens engine:
, Who for to lead th'elect to deſtnyed health
, (Even when it ſeemes them fardeſt from their wealth)
, Of ill, thou drawes the good, and ſom in ill
, Thou lets them runne thy Iuſtice to fulfill;
, (O Lord) the vile deſire of blood and ſak,
, Made *Holopherne* to warre vpon *Izak*:
, But where that he would *Izaks* blood haue ſhed,
, He loſt his owne for *Izak*, on his bed.
, Thus thy good grace hath made his vain inuention
, To take effect contrary his intention.
, So *Paul* became a *Saint*, who was a *Phariſee*;
, And, of a tyrant, teacher of thy veritee:
, So was the theefe, that hong with our *Meſsias*,
, (For all his ſinne) preſerued with *Elias*:
, His vitious corps could haue no life here downe;
, His ſoule by grace yet got a heav'nly crowne.
, Change then (O God) the harts of chriſtian princes,
, Who ſheds the faithfuls blood in their prouinces.
, Let thou that ſword, that thou giues them to guide,
, Vpon thy enmies onely be applyde;
, Vpon thoſe tyrants whoſe vnrighteous horne
, Deteins the Land where thy dear ſonne was borne:
, Not on the backs of thoſe, who, with humilitie,
, Adores the *Triple* one great God in vnitie.
Then, at commandement of this widow chaſte,
A ſoldier tooke the tyrants head in haſte;
And, for to giue the *Hebrews* hart withall,
He fixed it vpon the foremoſt wall.

Their

Their fathers came, and ſonnes, and wiues, and mayds,
Who erſt had loſt, amongſt the *Heathen* blayds,
Their ſonnes, their parents, maks, and louers dear;
With heauie harts and furious raging chear,
They pild and paird his beard, of paled hew,
Spet in his face, and out his tongue they drew,
Which vſde to ſpeak of God great blaſphemies,
And with their fingers poched out his eyes.
The rife remembrance of ſo late an ill,
Made vulgar folke ſuch vengeance to fulfill.
This while, *Aurora* ceaſed to embrace
Her ancient loue, and roſe with ruddy face,
Vpon the *Indian* heaven: the warriours ſtrong,
That kept the towne, now ſorted forth in throng,
Enarmed all, with ſuch a hydeous ſound
As ſeemde the elements foure for to confound,
And break the bands that keeps them in their border,
Retyring them vnto their olde diſorder.
The *Pagan* watches next the Cities ſide
(Awaked with this din) ſtart vp and cryde
Alarme, Alarme, like fearfull men agaſt:
Then through the Camp, the hote Alarum paſt.
Som takes his neighbours armour firſt he findes, *Confuſion.*
And wrong on armes the bracels both he bindes.
Som takes a ſtaf for haſt, and leaues his launce:
Som madling runnes, ſom trembles in a traunce:
Som on his horſe ill ſadled ginnes to ride,
And wants his ſpurres, ſom boldly do abide:
Som neither wakes nor ſleeps, but mazing ſtands:
Som, braue in words, are beaſtly of their hands.
This brute from hand to hand, from man to man,
Vnto the *Pagans* Court at laſt it ran.
Then *Bagoſ*, *Eunuch*, ſadly forth he went
T'awake the ſleeping *Ethnique* in his tent;
And knockt once, twiſe, or thriſe, with trembling hand:
But ſuch eternall ſleep his temples band,

That

That he had paſt already (miſerable)
Of *Styx* ſo black the flood irrepaſſable.
Yet *Bagoas*, hearing *Iudith* cry encreaſe,
He with his foot, the dore began to preaſe,
And entred: where the bed he did beholde
All bled with *Holophernes* carcaſſe colde:
He tore his hair; and all his garments rent,
And to the heauen his howling cries he ſent.
But when he miſt the *Hebrew*-Dame away,
Then raging he began a gaſtly fray.
And from the bloody tent as he ran out,
Among the Heathen thus began to ſhout:
Woe, woe, to vs, a ſlaue (they *Iudith* call)
In ſleaing *Holopherne*, hath ſlain vs all,
That daunted all the world. Theſe nouels laſt,
Ioynd to the former fear that lately paſt,
Affrighted ſo the ſouldiers one and all,
That pike and dart, and target they let fall,
And fled through mountains, valleis, and throw heaths,
Where ev'rie chaunce procurde them worſer deaths.
Then all th'aſſieged folk in flocks deſcended,
And on their enmies backs their bowes they bended.
Both parties ran: but th'one that other chaſed,
The weary flyers flight, themſelfs defaced.
The *Hebrews* there, in fight not one they loſt;
But they bet down and ſlew the Heathen hoſte:
As doth a Lion of *Getulia* wood
Beſpred the land with woried beaſts and blood,
So long as he may finde a beaſt abide,
That dare oppone him to his cruell pride.
Som headlong throwes themſelfs from craggie Rocks,
And breaks their bones and all their brains out knocks:
Som hath forgot, that *Pareas*, every whear,
Waits on their end that drowne in water clear:
But if that any ſcapte by ſom great hap,
He ſcapte the firſt, but not the after clap:

Fore

Fore all the straits and passages were set,
That none should scape aliue where thy were met:
Yea scarsly one was left to tell the king,
At *Ninive*, of all this wondrous thing.
This battell done, all those whose *Sex* and age
Withheld at home (their dolours to asswage)
Came forth out of their fort to see and hear
What God had done for them his people dear.
They found som men dismembred hauing breath,
That cried in vain a hundreth times for death.
Another gnashes with his teeth, in pains:
Som dead in face their former rage retains.
And som is shot directly throw the hart.
Ech soule departs to his appointed part,
According to the valew, or the chaunce,
That fortun'd them to dye on sword or launce.
In short: to see this sight so dreadful was,
That even the *Hebrews* would haue sayd Alas,
If they had vanquisht any enmie els.
This while, amongst the corses infidels,
Among a hundred thousand, their was found
The chestains carcas rent with many-a wound
Of spear and sword, by th'*Hebrews* in their yre.
Ther was no sinew, Arter, vain, nor lyre,
That was not mangled with their vulgar rage:
No time nor moment might their yre asswage.
If *Holopherne* had been like *Atlas* long,
Or like in limmes vnto *Briarius* strong;
Yet should his body been too small a pray,
To sati fie their furie ev'ry way.
For, in that Camp was not so small a knaue,
But of his flesh som collup he would haue.
O tyrant now (quoth they) giue thy right hand
To the *Cilicians*, and to *Medea Land*:
Leaue thou thy left. And to *Celea* sweet,
To *Ismaell* and *Aegypt* leaue thy feet;

To

To th'end that al the world, by thee offenced,
With ſuch a preſent may be recompenced.
But heer I faile thy corps thus to deuiſe
In *Attomy:* for, it will not ſuffiſe.
This thankfull widow then who neuer thought
To ſmore this wondrous work that God had wrought,
Entun'd her vearſe, and ſung to ſweet conſort
Of inſtruments, and paſt with gracious port
Before the choſen Dames and virgins thair,
That were eſteemde for honeſt chaſte and fair.
Sing ſing, with hart and voyce and ſounding ſtrings,
And prayſe the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Who doth diſthrone the great, and in their place
Erects the poore that leans vpon his grace.
Who would haue thought that in a day one towne
Could ouercome a camp of ſuch renowne,
Who daunted all the world, whoſe pride was felt
From *Indian* ſhore to where the *Caſpees* dwelt?
Great God, who will beleeue that *Holopherne*,
Who did a hundred famous princes derne,
Should be diſceptred, ſlain, left in a midow,
By no great *Gyant*, but a feeble widow?
Great God, who will beleeue that he who raind,
From north to ſouth, and in his hands retaind
Both Eaſt and Weſt; now gets not grace to haue
An ynch of *Gazon* ground to be his graue?
This Conqu'rour, that came with no army ſmall,
Now lyes on ground abandond of them all;
Not ſole: for, thoſe companions him in death,
That followde him while he had life and breath.
Not now the ground, but Ravens hungr-ſterv'd,
Are now his tombe as he hath well deſerv'd.
No vaults of Marble rich, nor *Porphyr* pure,
That he had built, could be his ſepulture.
Euen ſo good Lord from henceforth let vs finde
Thee not our Iudge, but for our father kinde:

But

But let all tyrants that againſt thee gather,
Findethee their Iudge; but not their louing father.

The Tranſlator.

I. Here *Iudith* ends: *And alſo heare I ſtay,*
With thankes to God. So, for his ſtate I pray
At whoſe command I vndertooke this deed,
To pleaſe his Grace, and thoſe that will it reed.

FINIS.





A TABLE OF SIG-
nification of ſome wordes as *they are vſed before.*

(***)

Words.	Significations.
A *Baerois, Abile.*	Prophane and delicate Epicures. A hill in *Affrica*, one of the *Pillers* of *Hercules.*
Abraham.	Father of the Iewes or the faithfull.
Achelois Ympes.	*Sirenes* or *Mermaids.*
Amram.	The father of *Moſes.*
Aſſur. Aſſurs head,	The Countrey of *Aſſyria* or their king.
Aſſyrian Prince.	*Holophernes.* Vizroy or Generall.
Agamemnon.	The Generall of the *Greekes*, being preſent at the ſacrificing of his onely Daughter, was painted with a bende about his eyes, either for the

vnskilfulnes of the painter, who could not sufficiētly expresse the fathers speciall teares, or els for that he thought it not decent to paint so mighty a Prince weeping; or vnnaturall, not to weepe.

Words.	Significations.
Aconite.	A poysonable herbe.
Autan.	The South or southwinde.
Aurora.	The morning.
Arphaxat.	Supposed to be *Arbactus*, King of *Medes*.
Atlas.	A great *Giant*.
Argus.	Had a hundreth eyes.
Alexander.	The great.
Apelles.	An excellent painter.
Bethull or Bethulia.	The City where *Iudith* dwelt.
Babell.	*Babylon*, or the whole countrey
Bellona.	Goddesse of Battell.
Briccoll.	An engine of warre.
Briarius.	A Giant with a hundreth hāds.
Bacchus,	Wine or drunkennes.
Boreas.	The North or north wind.
Chameleon.	A beast that chaungeth his colours.
Ctesiphon.	A cunning *Architecter* or builder.
Chaos.	A confusion before the worlds creation.
Caphareis.	Two perilous Rocks.
Cyanes straits	
Calpe.	A hill in *Spaine*, one of the pillars of *Hercules*.
Cyprian Dame.	*Venus*, loue, or lust.
Cupido.	Loue or lust.

Words	Significations.
Cornies.	Crooked yrons to drawe down buildings.
Caſtors ſiſter.	*Helen*, the diſhoneſt wife of *Menelaus.*
Canacee.	Inceſtuous women.
Circes.	Witches, abuſers of louers.
Cyrene.	A dry ſandy countrey, or drouth.
Carmell.	A mountaine in *Iudea*, or the whole countrey.
Danow.	*Dannbius*, a riuer in *Germany.*
Denis twice born.	*Bacchus.*
Diana or *Cynthia.*	The Moone.
Dina.	The daughter of *Iacob.*
Aegyptian Queen.	*Cleopatra* the Concubine of *M. Antonius*, who ſwallowed a rich pearle.
Elimia Land.	The Elamits.
Eurus.	The Eaſt, or Eaſt winde.
Aegeans ſtable.	Where horſes deuoured men.
Encelade.	A Giant buried vnder mount *Aetna.*
Generall.	*Holophernes.*
Gibraltar.	A City in *Spaine*, neere to *Calpe*-hill, one of the Pillers of *Hercules.*
Holopherne.	Vizroy, chiefe of the Army.
Hermon.	A Hill in *Iudea*, or the coũtry of *Iudea.*
Heſperian coſte.	The weſt.
Hyade.	A water nymph or watrie ſtar.
Heraults.	Apoſtles, or preachers.
Iacobs ſonnes.	The people of *Izrell.*
Izrell or *Iacob.*	The Land of *Iudea.*
Izaak.	The people of the Iewes.
Iſmaell.	*Idumeans* or *Edom.*
Ixion.	One tormented in Hell.

Words.	Significations.
Iebus place.	*Ierusalem* or *Sion*.
Iudith.	of *Bethulia* of the tribe of *Ruben*.
Iessies race.	*Dauid* and his seed.
Iethro.	Father in law to *Moses*.
Latmies sonne.	*Endymion*, the long sleeper, supposed to lye with the Moone.
Lysippus.	A cunning caruer.
Monarke.	One sole gouernour.
Memphits.	Men of that Citie in *Aegypt*.
Misraim.	The Land of *Egypt*.
Mocmur.	The riuer neare *Bethulia*.
Momus.	A scornfull detractour of all things.
Mars.	God of strife or battell.
Myrrhaes & Syllaes.	Women betrayers of their cõtrey.
Minotaurs.	Vnnaturall monsters.
Medusaes.	Furies of hell.
Neptunes back.	The Sea.
Niphathai.	A mighty strong Rocke or mountaine in Syria.
Palestine.	The Land of the Philistins.
Pharia.	A famous tower in *Egypt*.
Phlegon.	One of the foure horses that was supposed to draw the sunne.
Phœbus.	The sunne.
Phœbe.	His sister the moone.
Proteus.	A man changing himself in sundry formes: there is a fish of like nature.
Priams wife.	*Hecuba* the honourable.

Pestmell

The Table.

Words	Significations.
Peſtmell.	All mixt confuſedly together.
Ramme.	An ingine of warre for battry.
Sina-hill.	*Sinai*-hill.
Salem.	*Ieruſalem.*
Solyma.	*Ieruſalem.*
Sichem.	The rauiſher of *Dina.*
Sabean Queene.	Sauours of *Saba* land.
Simeon.	*Dinaes* brother.
Scythique Rampier.	The tombe of *Semele*, mother of *Bacchus.*
Styx.	A Riuer in hell.
Sympathie.	Concordance of natures and things.
Sentinelles.	Watchmen.
Semirames.	Women *Viragoes.*
Syrtes.	Dangerous ſands.
Satrap.	Prince.
Stymphalides	Rauenous foules with female faces, *Harpyes.*
Syrian camp.	The Hoſte of *Holophernes.*
Semels ſonne.	Bacchus or wine.
Tranſparent.	That which may be ſeen throgh and whole, like glaſſe.
Tortuſe.	An engine of warre.
Trepan.	An engine of warre.
The forraine tyde.	Suppoſed to haue been the flood of *Noah*, or the deluge of *Deucalion* that diuided *Affrica* from *Europe*, and *Sycilia* from *Italia.*
Thetis.	The Sea.
Thurims.	Deceitfull Aduocats.
Theban knight.	Captaine of the Greeks army.

The Table.

Words.	Significations.
Theefe that ſtole the fire.	*Prometheus*, who ſtole fire from *Iupiter*.
Zedechias.	Laſt king of the Iewes.
Zephyrus.	Weſt or weſt winde.
Zeuxis.	A painter of *Italie*, who being required to paint the picture of *Helen*, deſired to haue all the faireſt women of *Creton* to be preſent for his paterne.

FINIS.

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